OBSERVATIONS

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I.

VERSE 12. *Where never ſcience rear'd her lawrel'd head.*]



THE *Phæacians* having a great ſhare in the ſucceeding parts of the *Odyſſey*, it may not be improper to enlarge upon their character. *Homer* has here deſcrib'd them very diſtinctly: he is to make uſe of the *Phæacians* to convey *Ulyſſes* to his country, he therefore by this ſhort character, gives the Reader ſuch an Image of them, that he is not ſurpriz'd at their credulity and ſimplicity, in believing all thoſe fabulous recitals which *Ulyſſes* makes in the progreſs of the Poem. The place likewiſe in which he deſcribes them is well choſen; it is before they enter upon Action, and by this method we know what to expect from them, and ſee how every action is naturally ſuited to their character.

Boſſu obſerves that the Poet has inſerted this verſe with great judgment: *Ulyſſes*, ſays he, knew that the *Phæacians* were ſimple and credulous; and that they had all the qualities of a lazy people, who admire nothing ſo much as romantic adventures: he therefore pleaſes them, by recitals ſuited to their own humour: But even here the Poet is not unmindful of his more underſtanding Readers, and the truth intended to be taught by way of moral is, that a ſoft and effeminate life breaks the ſpirit, and renders it incapable of manly ſentiments or actions.

Plutarch ſeems to underſtand this verſe in a different manner; he quotes it in his diſſertation upon Baniſhment, to ſhew that *Nauſithous* made his people happy tho' he left his own country, and ſettled them far from the commerce of mankind, ἐκὰς ἀνδρῶν ἀλφηςάων, without any particular view to the *Phæacians*, which was undoubtedly intended by *Homer*; thoſe words being a kind of a Preface to their general character.

This *Phæacia* of the ancients is the Iſland now called *Corfu*. The Inhabitants of it were a Colony of the *Hyperians*: *Euſtathius* remarks, that it has been a queſtion whether *Hyperia* were a City or an Iſland; he judges it to be a City: it was infeſted by the *Cyclops*; but they had no ſhipping, as appears from the 10th of the *Odyſſey*, and conſequently if it had been an Iſland, they could not have moleſted the *Phæacians*; he therefore concludes it to be a City, afterwards call'd *Camarina* in *Sicily*.

Mr. *Barnes* has here added a verſe that is not to be found in any other edition; and I have render'd it in the tranſlation:

II.

VERSE 24. *Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.*] The Poet, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, celebrates the beauty of theſe two attending Virgins to raiſe their characters, that they may not be eſteem'd common ſervants, or the Poet thought extravagant when he compares *Nauſicaa* and her damſels to *Diana* and her nymphs.

The

The judgment with which he introduces the viſion is remarkable: In the *Iliad*, when he is to give an air of importance to his viſion, he cloathes it in the likeneſs of *Neſtor*, the wiſeſt perſon of the Army; a man of leſs conſideration had been unſuitable to the greatneſs of the occaſion, which was to perſuade Kings and Heroes. Here the Poet ſends a viſion to a young Lady, under the reſemblance of a young Lady: he adapts the circumſtances to the perſon, and deſcribes the whole with an agreeable propriety. *Euſtathius.*

III.

VERSE 31. *The ſpouſal ornament neglected lies;*
Ariſe, prepare the bridal train.]

Here is a remarkable cuſtom of Antiquity. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that it was uſual for the bride to give changes of dreſs to the friends of the bridegroom at the celebration of the marriage, and *Homer* directly affirms it. *Dacier* quotes a paſſage in *Judges* concerning *Sampſon*'s giving changes of garments at his marriage feaſt, as an inſtance of the like cuſtom amongſt the *Iſraelites*; but I believe, if there was ſuch a cuſtom at all amongſt them, it is not evident from the paſſage alledg'd: Nothing is plainer than that *Sampſon* had not given the garments, if his riddle had not been expounded: nay, inſtead of giving, he himſelf had receiv'd them, if it had not been interpreted. I am rather of opinion that what is ſaid of *Sampſon*, has relation to another cuſtom amongſt the Ancients, of propoſing an Ænigma at feſtivals, and adjudging a reward to him that ſolv'd it. Theſe the *Greeks* call'd γείφους συμποτικὰς; *griphos convivales*; *Athenæus* has a long diſſertation about this practiſe in his 10th book, and gives a number of inſtances of the Ænigmatical propoſitions in uſe at *Athens*, and of the forfeitures and rewards upon the ſolution, and non-ſolution of them; and *Euſtathius* in the 10th book of the *Odyſſey* comes into the ſame opinion. So that if it was a cuſtom amongſt the *Iſraelites* as well as *Greeks* to give garments, (as it appears to be to give other gifts) this paſſage is no inſtance of it: It is indeed a proof that

that the *Hebrews* as well as *Greeks* had a cuſtom of entertaining themſelves at their feſtivals, with theſe *griphi convivales*: I therefore believe that theſe changes of garments, were no more than rewards or forfeits, according to the ſucceſs in the interpretation.

IV.

VERSE 33. *A juſt applauſe the cares of dreſs impart.*] It is very probable that *Quintilian* had this verſe in his view when he wrote *Cultus magnificus addit hominibus, ut Græco verſu teſtatum eſt, authoritatem.* His words are almoſt a tranſlation of it.

Ἐκ γάρ τοι τέτων φάτις ἀνθρώπυς ἀναβάινει,
Ἐσθλή.

What I would chiefly obſerve is the propriety with which this commendation of dreſs is introduc'd; it is put into the mouth of a young Lady (for ſo *Pallas* appears to be) to whoſe character it is ſuitable to delight in Ornament. It likewiſe agrees very well with the deſcription of the *Phæacians*, whoſe chief happineſs conſiſted in dancing, dreſſing, ſinging, *&c.* Such a commendation of ornament would have been improper in the mouth of a Philoſopher, but beautiful when ſpoken by a young Lady to *Alcinous*.

V.

VERSE 35. *Haſte to the limpid ſtream.*] This paſſage has not eſcap'd the raillery of the Critics; *Homer*, ſay they, brings the Goddeſs of Wiſdom down from heaven, only to adviſe *Nauſicaa* to make haſte to waſh her cloaths againſt her wedding: what neceſſity is there for a conduct ſo extraordinary upon ſo trivial an occaſion? *Euſtathius* ſufficiently anſwers the objection, by obſerving that the Poet very naturally brings about the ſafety of *Uly*ſſes

lyſſes by it; the action of the waſhing is the means, the protection of *Ulyſſes* the end of the deſcent of that Goddeſs; ſo that ſhe is not introduced lightly, or without contributing to an important action: And it muſt be allow'd that the means made uſe of are very natural; they grow out of the occaſion, and at once give the fable a poetical turn, and an air of probability.

It has been further objected, that the Poet gives an unworthy employment to *Nauſicaa*, the daughter of a King; but ſuch Critics form their idea of ancient, from modern greatneſs: It wou'd be now a meaneſs to deſcribe a perſon of Quality thus employ'd, becauſe cuſtom has made it the work of perſons of low condition: It would be now thought diſhonourable for a Lady of bright ſtation to attend the flocks; yet we find in the moſt ancient hiſtory extant, that the daughters of *Laban* and *Jethro*, perſons of power and diſtinction, were ſo employ'd, without any diſhonour to their quality. In ſhort, theſe paſſages are to be look'd upon as exact pictures of the old World, and conſequently as valuable remains of Antiquity.

VI.

VERSE 41. *The royal car obtain.*] It would have been an impropriety to have render'd ἅμαξαν by the word chariot; *Homer* ſeems induſtriouſly to avoid ἅρμα, but conſtantly uſes ἀπήνη, or ἅμαξα; this car was drawn by mules; whereas, obſerves *Euſtathius*, the chariot or ἅρμα was proper only for horſes. The word Car takes in the Idea of any other vehicle, as well as of a Chariot.

This paſſage has undergone a very ſevere cenſure, as mean and ridiculous, chiefly from the expreſſions to her father afterwards, ὕψηλην, εὔκυκλον: which being render'd, *high, and round*, diſgrace the Author: No perſon, I believe, would ask a father to lend his high and round Car; nor has *Homer* ſaid it: *Euſtathius* obſerves, that εὔκυκλος is the ſame as εὔτροχος κύκλα λέγονται οἱ τροχὸν, or wheels; and that ὑπερτερεία, is τὸ ἐπιπεί-

μενον

μενον τετράγωνον πλινθίον τῷ ἄξονι, or the quadrangular body of the Car that reſts upon the axle of it; this fully anſwers the Criticiſm: *Nauſicaa* deſcribes the Car ſo particularly, to diſtinguiſh it from a Chariot, which had been improper for her purpoſe: The other part of the objection, concerning the roundneſs of the Car, is a miſtake in the Critic; the word having relation to the wheels, and not to the body of it, which, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, was quadrangular.

VII.

VERSE 47. *Then to the Palaces of heav'n ſhe ſails.*] *Lucretius* has copy'd this fine paſſage, and equall'd, if not ſurpaſs'd the original.

Apparet Divûm numen, ſedeſque quietæ,
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis
Aſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruinâ
Cana cadens violat: ſemperque innubilus æther
Integit, & largè diffuſo lumine ridet.

The picture is the ſame in both Authors, but the colouring in my opinion is leſs beautiful in *Homer* than *Lucretius*: the three laſt lines in particular are fuller of ornament, and the very verſes have an air of the ſerenity they were intended to paint.

VIII.

VERSE 61. *——The Queen her hours beſtow'd*
In curious works.]

This is another image of ancient life: We ſee a Queen amidſt her attendants at work at the dawn of day: *de nocte ſurrexit, & digiti ejus apprehenderant fuſum.* This is a practice as contrary to the manners of our ages, as the other of waſhing the robes: 'Tis the more remarkable in this Queen, becauſe ſhe liv'd amongſt

mongſt an idle effeminate people, that lov'd nothing but pleaſures. *Dacier.*

IX.

VERSE 88. *Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial bears.*] It is not without reaſon that the Poet deſcribes *Nauſicaa* carrying the whole wardrobe of the family to the river: he inſerts theſe circumſtances ſo particularly, that ſhe may be able to cloath *Ulyſſes* in the ſequel of the ſtory: he further obſerves the modeſty and ſimplicity of theſe early times, when the whole dreſs of a King and his family (who reign'd over a people that delighted in dreſs) is without gold: for we ſee *Nauſicaa* carries with her all the habits that were uſed at the greateſt ſolemnities; which had they been wrought with gold could not have been waſhed. *Euſtathius.*

X.

VERSE 95. *Now mounting the gay ſeat,* &c.] This Image of *Nauſicaa* riding in her Car to the river, has exercis'd the pencils of excellent Painters. *Pauſanias* in his fifth book, which is the firſt of the *Eliacs*, ſpeaks of a picture of two Virgins drawn by Mules, of which the one guides the reins, the other has her head cover'd with a veil: It is believ'd that it repreſents *Nauſicaa*, the daughter of *Alcinous*, going with one of her virgins to the river. The words of *Pauſanias* have cauſed ſome doubt with relation to the picture; he ſays, ἐπὶ ἡμιόνων, or *upon Mules*, but *Homer* deſcribes her upon a Car; how then can *Nauſicaa* be intended by the Painter? But *Romulus Amaſæus*, who comments upon *Pauſanias*, ſolves the difficulty, by obſerving that ἐπὶ ἡμιόνων does not ſignify upon Mules, but a Car drawn by Mules, by a figure frequent in all Authors. *Pliny* is alſo thus to be underſtood in his 35th book; *Protogenes* the *Rhodian* painted at *Athens Paralus*, and likewiſe *Hemionida*, who is ſaid

to represent *Nausicaa*; *Hemionida* is used (as *Hermolaus Barbarus* observes upon that passage) as a term of art to express a Virgin riding upon, or more properly drawn by Mules, or ἐπὶ ἡμιόνων. *Spondanus.*

XI.

VERSE 101. *Where gathering into depth from falling rills,*
The lucid wave a spacious bason fills.]

It is evident, that the Ancients had basons, or cisterns, continually supply'd by the rivers for this business of washing; they were call'd, observes *Eustathius*, πλυνοὶ, or βόθροι; and were sometimes made of marble, other times of wood. Thus in the *Iliad*, book 22,

Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills,
Where Trojan *dames ere yet alarm'd by* Greece,
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

The manner of washing was different from what is now in use: They trod them with their feet, Σεῖον, ἔτριβον τοῖς ποσί. *Eustathius.*

It may be thought that these customs are of small importance, and of little concern to the present ages: It is true; but Time has stamp'd a value upon them: like ancient Medals, their intrinsic worth may be small, but yet they are valuable, because images of Antiquity.

Plutarch in his *Symposiacs* proposes this question, Why *Nausicaa* washes in the river, rather than the sea, tho' it was more nigh, more hot, and consequently more fit for the purpose than the river? *Theon* answers from *Aristotle*, that the sea-water has many gross, rough, and earthy particles in it, as appears from its saltness, whereas fresh water is more pure and unmixt, and consequently more subtle and penetrating, and fitter for use in washing.

waſhing. *Themiſtocles* diſlikes this reaſon, and affirms that ſea-water being more rough and earthy, than that of rivers, is therefore the moſt proper, for its cleanſing quality; this appears from obſervation, for in waſhing, aſhes or ſome ſuch ſubſtance are thrown into the freſh water to make it effectual, for thoſe particles open the pores, and conduce to the effect of cleanſing. The true reaſon then is, that there is an unctuous nature in ſea-water, (and *Ariſtotle* confeſſes all ſalt to be unctuous) which hinders it from cleanſing: whereas river-water is pure, leſs mixt, and conſequently more ſubtle and penetrating, and being free from all oily ſubſtance, is preferable and more effectual than ſea-water.

XII.

VERSE 117. *As when o'er* Erymanth Diana *roves.*] This is a very beautiful compariſon, (and when-ever I ſay any thing in commendation of *Homer*, I would always be underſtood to mean the original.) *Virgil* was ſenſible of it, and inſerted it in his Poem,

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille ſecutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque dea ſupereminet omnes:
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

It has given occaſion for various Criticiſms, with relation to the beauty of the two Authors. I will lay before the Reader what is ſaid in behalf of *Homer* in *Aulus Gellius*, and the anſwer by *Scaliger*.

Gellius writes, that it was the opinion of *Valerius Probus*, that no paſſage has been more unhappily copy'd by *Virgil* than this compariſon. *Homer* very beautifully compares *Nauſicaa*, a Virgin, ſporting with her damſels in a ſolitary place, to *Diana*, a virgin Goddeſs, taking her diverſion in a foreſt, in hunting with her ru-

ral Nymphs. Whereas *Dido*, a widow, is drawn by *Virgil* in the midſt of a city, walking gravely with the *Tyrian* Princes, *Inſtans operi, regniſque futuris*, a circumſtance that bears not the leaſt reſemblance to the ſports of the Goddeſs. *Homer* repreſents *Diana* with her quiver at her ſhoulder, but at the ſame time he deſcribes her as an huntreſs: *Virgil* gives her a quiver, but mentions nothing of her as an huntreſs, and conſequently lays a needleſs burthen upon her ſhoulder. *Homer* excellently paints the fulneſs of joy which *Latona* felt at the ſight of her daughter, γέγηθε δὲ τὲ φρένα Λητὼ; *Virgil* falls infinitely ſhort of it in the word *pertentant*, which ſignifies a light joy that ſinks not deep into the heart. Laſtly *Virgil* has omitted the ſtrongeſt point and very flower of the compariſon,

Ῥεῖα δ' ἀειγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δὲ τὲ πᾶσαι.

'Tis the laſt circumſtance that compleats the compariſon, as it diſtinguiſhes *Nauſicaa* from her attendants, for which very purpoſe the alluſion was introduced.

Scaliger (who never deſerts *Virgil* in any difficulty) anſwers, that the perſons, not the places, are intended to be repreſented by both Poets; otherwiſe *Homer* himſelf is blameable, for *Nauſicaa* is not ſporting on a mountain but a plain, and has neither bow nor quiver like *Diana*. Neither is there any weight in the objection concerning the gravity of the gait of *Dido*; for neither is *Nauſicaa* deſcrib'd in the act of hunting, but dancing: And as for the word *pertentant*, it is a Metaphor taken from muſicians and muſical inſtruments: it denotes a ſtrong degree of joy, *per* bears an intenſive ſenſe, and takes in the perfection of joy. As to the quiver, it was an enſign of the Goddeſs, as Ἀργυρότοξος was of *Apollo*, and is apply'd to her upon all occaſions indifferently, not only by *Virgil*, but more frequently by *Homer*. Laſtly, ῥεῖα δ' ἀειγνώτη, *&c.* is ſuperfluous, for the joy of *Latona* compleats the whole, and *Homer* has already ſaid γέγηθε δὲ τὲ φρένα Λητώ.

But

But ſtill it muſt be allow'd, that there is a greater correſpondence to the ſubject intended to be illuſtrated, in *Homer* than in *Virgil*. *Diana* ſports, ſo does *Nauſicaa*; *Diana* is a Virgin, ſo is *Nauſicaa*; *Diana* is amongſt her virgin Nymphs, *Nauſicaa* among her virgin attendants: whereas in all theſe points there is the greateſt diſſimilitude between *Dido* and *Diana*: And no one I believe but *Scaliger* can think the verſe above quoted ſuperfluous, which indeed is the beauty and perfection of compariſon. There may, perhaps, be a more rational objection made againſt this line in both Poets.

Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

This verſe has no relation to the principal ſubject, the expectation is fully ſatisfy'd without it, and it alludes to nothing that either precedes or follows it, and conſequently may be judg'd ſuperfluous.

XIII.

VERSE 133. *Forth from her ſnowy hand* Nauſicaa *threw*
The various ball.]

This Play with the Ball was called φεννὶς, and ἐφετίνδα, by the Ancients; and from the ſignification of the word, which is *deception*, we may learn the nature of the Play: The ball was thrown to ſome one of the players unexpectedly, and he as unexpectedly threw it to ſome other of the company to catch, from which ſurprize upon one another, it took the name of φεννὶς. It was a ſport much in uſe amongſt the Ancients, both men and women; it caus'd a variety of motions in throwing, and running, and was therefore a very healthful exerciſe. The *Lacedæmonians* were remarkable for the uſe of it; *Alexander* the Great frequently exerciſed at it; and *Sophocles* wrote a Play, call'd Πλυντρίας, or *Lotrices*; in which he repreſented *Nauſicaa* ſporting with her damſels at this play: It is not now extant.

Dionyſidorus

Dionysidorus gives us a various reading, instead of σφαῖραν ἔπειτ' ἔρριψε, he writes it, πάλλαν ἔπειτ', which the *Latins* render πίλον, and *Suidas* countenances the alteration, for he writes that a damsel named *Larissa*, as she sported at this play, (πίλῳ, not σφαίρῃ) was drowned in the river *Peneus*. *Eustathius.*

What I would further observe is, the art of the Poet in carrying on the story: He proceeds from incident to incident very naturally, and makes the sports of these Virgins contribute to the principal design of the Poem, and promote the re-establishment of *Ulysses*, by discovering him advantagiously to the *Phæacians*. He so judiciously interweaves these sports into the texture of the story, that there would be a chasm if they were taken away; and the sports of the Virgins are as much of a piece with the whole, as any of the labours of *Ulysses*.

The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct: it beautifies and enlivens the Poem with a pleasant and entertaining scene, and relieves the Reader's mind by taking it off from a continual representation of horrour and sufferings in the story of *Ulysses*: He himself seems here to take breath, and indulging his fancy, lets it run out into several beautiful comparisons, to prepare the Reader to hear with a better relish the long detail of the calamities of his Heroe, thro' the sequel of the *Odyssey*.

XIV.

VERSE 139. *Ah me, on what inhospitable coast.*] This soliloquy is well adapted to the circumstances of *Ulysses*, and short, as is requisite in all soliloquies.

Virgil has imitated it, and *Scaliger* in general prefers the copy to the original.

Ut primum lux alma data est, exire; locosque
Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras:
Qui teneant (nam inculta videt) hominesne, feræne,
Quærere constituit ---

But

But it may perhaps be true, that *Virgil* here falls short of *Homer*: There is not that harmony of numbers, that variety of circumstances, and sentiments in the *Latin*, as appears in the *Greek* Poet; and above all, the whole passage has more force and energy by being put into the mouth of *Ulysses*, than when merely related by *Virgil*.

Dacier observes, that *Abraham* makes the very same reflections as *Ulysses*, upon his arrival at *Gerar*. *Cogitavi mecum dicens, forsitan non est timor domini in loco isto*, Gen. 20. 11. *I thought, surely the fear of God is not in this place*; which very well answers to, καί σφιν νόος ἐςὶ θεοδὴς.

XV.

VERSE 151. *Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads*
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.]

This passage has given great offence to the Critics. The interview between *Ulysses* and *Nausicaa*, says *Rapine*, outrages all the rules of decency: She forgets her modesty, and betrays her virtue, by giving too long an audience: she yields too much to his complaints, and indulges her curiosity too far at the sight of a person in such circumstances. But perhaps *Rapine* is too severe; *Homer* has guarded every circumstance with as much caution as if he had been aware of the objection: He covers his loins with a broad foliage, (for *Eustathius* observes, that πλόεθρον signifies κλάδον πλατύν, or *a broad branch*) he makes *Ulysses* speak at a proper distance, and introduces *Minerva* to encourage her virgin modesty. Is there here any outrage of decency? Besides, what takes off this objection of immodesty in *Nausicaa*, is, that the sight of a naked man was not unusual in those ages; it was customary for Virgins of the highest quality to attend Heroes to the bath, and even to assist in bathing them, without any breach of modesty; as is evident from the conduct of *Polycaste* in the conclusion of the third book of the *Odyssey*, who bathes and perfumes *Telemachus*. If this be true, the other

objections

objections of *Rapine* about her yielding too much to his complaints, *&c.* are of no weight; but ſo many teſtimonies of her virtuous and compaſſionate diſpoſition, which induces her to pity and relieve calamity. Yet it may ſeem that the other damſels had a different opinion of this interview, and that thro' modeſty they ran away, while *Nauſicaa* alone talks with *Ulyſſes:* But this only ſhews, not that ſhe had leſs modeſty, but more prudence, than her retinue; the damſels fled not out of modeſty, but fear of an enemy: whereas *Nauſicaa* wiſely reflects that no ſuch perſon could arrive there, the country being an Iſland; and from his appearance, ſhe rightly concluded him to be a man in calamity. This Wiſdom is the *Pallas* in the Allegory, which makes her to ſtay when the other damſels fly for want of equal reflection. *Adam* and *Eve* cover'd themſelves after the ſame manner as *Ulyſſes.*

XVI.

VERSE 153. *As when a Lion in the midnight hours.*] This is a very noble compariſon, yet has not eſcap'd cenſure; it has been objected that it is improper for the occaſion, as bearing images of too much terror, only to fright a few timorous Virgins, and that the Poet is unſeaſonably ſublime. This is only true in Burleſque poetry, where the moſt noble images are frequently aſſembled to diſgrace the ſubject, and to ſhew a ridiculous diſproportion between the alluſion and the principal ſubject; but the ſame reaſon will not hold in Epic Poetry, where the Poet raiſes a low circumſtance into dignity by a ſublime compariſon. The ſimile is not introduced merely to ſhew the impreſſion it made upon the Virgins, but paints *Ulyſſes* himſelf in very ſtrong colours: *Ulyſſes* is fatigued with the tempeſts and waves; the Lion with winds and ſtorms: it is hunger that drives the Lion upon his prey; an equal neceſſity compells *Ulyſſes* to go down to the Virgins: the Lion is deſcribed

ſcribed in all his terrors, *Ulyſſes* arms himſelf as going upon an unknown adventure; ſo that the compariſon is very noble and very proper. This verſe in particular has ſomething horrible in the very run of it.

Σμερδαλέῳ δ' αὐτῇσι φάνη κεκακωμένῳ ἄλμῃ.

Dionyſius Halicarn. in his obſervations upon the placing of words quotes it to this purpoſe; When *Homer*, ſays he, is to introduce a terrible or unuſual Image, he rejects the more flowing and harmonious vowels, and makes choice of ſuch mutes and conſonants as load the ſyllables, and render the pronunciation difficult.

Pauſanias writes in his *Attics*, that the famous Painter *Polygnotus* painted this ſubject in the gallery at *Athens*. Ἔγραψε δὲ καὶ πρὸς τῷ ποταμῷ ταῖς ὁμοῦ πλυνούσαις ἐφισάμενον Ὀδύσσεα; he painted *Ulyſſes* approaching *Nauſicaa* and her damſels, as they were waſhing at the river. This is the ſame *Polygnotus* who painted in the gallery called ποικίλη, the battle of *Marathon* gain'd by *Miltiades* over the *Medes* and *Perſians*.

XVII.

VERSE 175. *If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth*
(Imperial Virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend!]

There never was a more agreeable and inſinuating piece of flattery, than this addreſs of *Ulyſſes*; and yet nothing mean appears in it, as is uſual in almoſt all flattery. The only part that ſeems liable to any imputation, is that exaggeration at the beginning, of calling her a Goddeſs; yet this is propos'd with modeſty and doubt, and hypothetically. *Euſtathius* aſſigns two reaſons why he reſembles her to *Diana*, rather than to any other Deity; either becauſe he found her and her damſels in a ſolitary place, ſuch as *Diana* is ſuppos'd to frequent with her rural Nymphs; or perhaps *Ulyſſes* might have ſeen ſome ſtatue or picture of that Goddeſs, to which *Nauſicaa* bore a likeneſs. *Virgil* (who has imitated this paſſage) is more bold, when without any doubt or heſitation, before he knew *Venus*, he pronounces the perſon with whom he talks, *O Dea, certè.*

Ovid has copy'd this passage in his *Metamorphosis*, book the 4th.

——*puer o dignissime credi*
Esse Deus; seu tu Deus es; potes esse Cupido:
Sive es mortalis; qui te genuere beati!
Et frater felix, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix!
Sed longe cunctis longeque potentior illa
Si qua tibi sponsa est, si quam dignabere tædâ!

Scaliger prefers *Virgil*'s imitation to *Homer*;

O, quam te memorem virgo! namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O Dea, certe!
An Phœbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una?

See his reasons in the fifth book of his Poetics. But *Scaliger* brings a much heavier charge against *Homer*, as having stoll'n the verses from *Musæus*, and disgraced them by his alterations. The verses are as follow.

Κύπρι φίλη μετὰ κύπρειν, Ἀθηναίη μετ' Ἀθηνὴν,
Οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἴσην καλέω σε γυναιξίν.
Ἀλλὰ σε θυγατέρεσσι Διὸς Κρονιώνῳ, εἴσκω
Ὀλβίῳ ὃς σ' ἐφύτευσε, καὶ ὀλβίη ἣ τέκε μήτης
Γαστὴρ, ἥ σ' ἐλόχευσε, μακαρτάτη.

Scaliger imagines this *Musæus* to be the same mention'd by *Virgil*, in the *Elysian* fields,

Musæum ante omnes, &c.

But I believe it is now agreed, that all the works of the ancient *Musæus* are perish'd, and that the person who wrote these

verſes liv'd many centuries after *Homer*, and conſequently borrow'd them from him: *Scaliger* calls them fine and lively in *Muſæus*, but abject, unnervate, and unharmonious in *Homer*. But his prejudice againſt *Homer* is too apt to give a wrong biaſs to his judgment. Is the ſimilitude of ſound in ηστιν ἴσην in the ſecond verſe of *Muſæus*, harmonious? and is there not a tautology in the two laſt lines? *Happy is the mother that bore thee, and moſt happy the womb that brought thee forth*; as if the happy perſon in the former line, were not the ſame with the moſt happy in the latter! Whereas *Homer* ſtill riſes in his Images, and ends with a compliment very agreeable to a beautiful Woman.

But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!

But this is ſubmitted to the Reader's better judgment.

XVIII.

VERSE 187. *Joyful they ſee applauding Princes gaze.*] In the original, there is a falſe conſtruction, for after σφίσι θυμὸς ἰαίνεται, *Ulyſſes* uſes λευσσόντων, whereas it ought to be λευσσόντι; but this diſorder is not without its effect, it repreſents the modeſt confuſion with which he addreſſes *Nauſicaa*; he is ſtruck with a religious awe at the ſight of her, (for ſo σέβας properly ſignifies,) and conſequently naturally falls into a confuſion of expreſſion: This is not a negligence, but a beauty. *Euſtath.*

XIX.

VERSE 193. *Thus ſeems the Palm.*] This alluſion is introduced to image the ſtatelineſs, and exactneſs of ſhape in *Nauſicaa*, to the mind of the Reader; and ſo *Tully*, as *Spondanus* obſerves, underſtands it. *Cicero*, 1. *de legibus. Aut quod Homericus Ulyſſes Deli ſe proceram & terram palmam vidiſſe dixit, hodie monſtrant eandem.* *Pliny* alſo mentions this Palm, *lib.* 14. *Chap.* 44.

Nec non palma Deli ab ejusdem Dei ætate conspicitur. The story of the Palm is this: " When *Latona* was in travail of *Apollo* in " *Delos*, the earth that instant produced a large Palm, against " which she rested in her labour." *Homer* mentions it in his Hymns.

Κεκλιμένη ------
Ἀγχοτάτῳ φοίνικος.

And also *Callimachus*.

Λύσατο δὲ ζωνὴν, ἀπὸ δ' ἐκλίθη ἔμπαλιν ὤμοις
Φοίνικος ποτὶ πρέμνον. And again.
------ἐπένευσεν ὃ Δήλιος ἁδὺ τὶ φοίνιξ
Ἐξαπίνης.

This allusion is after the oriental manner. Thus in the *Psalms*, how frequently are persons compar'd to *Cedars*? and in the same Author, children are resembled to *Olive branches*.

This Palm was much celebrated by the Ancients, the superstition of the age had given it a religious veneration, and even in the times of *Tully* the natives esteem'd it immortal; (for so the above-mention'd words imply;) This gives weight and beauty to the address of *Ulysses*, and it could not but be very acceptable to a young Lady, to hear herself compar'd to the greatest wonder in the Creation.

Dionysius Halicarn. observes the particular beauty of these two verses.

Δήλῳ δήποτε τοῖον Ἀπόλλωνος παρὰ βωμῷ,
Φοίνικος νέον ἔρνος ἀνερχόμενον ἐνόησα.

When *Homer*, says he, would paint an elegance of beauty, or represent any agreeable object, he makes use of the smoothest vowels and most flowing semivowels, as in the lines last recited: He

rejects

rejects harſh ſounds, and a colliſion of rough words; but the lines flow along with a ſmooth harmony of letters and ſyllables, without any offence to the ear by aſperity of ſound.

XX.

VERSE 198. *O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes.*] There is ſome obſcurity in this paſſage: *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks in general, and does not ſpecify what voyage he means. It may therefore be ask'd how is it to be underſtood? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that the voyage of the *Greeks* to the *Trojan* expedition is intended by the Poet; for *Lycophron* writes, that the *Greeks* ſail'd by *Delos* in their paſſage to *Troy*.

Homer paſſes over the voyage in this tranſient manner without a further explanation: *Ulyſſes* had no leiſure to enlarge upon that ſtory, but reſerves it more advantagiouſly for a future diſcovery before *Alcinous* and the *Phæacian* rulers. By this conduct he avoids a repetition, which muſt have been tedious to the Reader, who would have found little appetite afterwards, if he had already been ſatisfied by a full diſcovery made to *Nauſicaa*. The obſcurity therefore ariſes from choice, not want of judgment.

XXI.

VERSE 229. Jove *weighs affairs of earth in dubious ſcales,*
And the good ſuffers, while the bad prevails.]

The morality of this paſſage is excellent, and very well adapted to the preſent occaſion. *Ulyſſes* had ſaid,

Heav'n bade the deep to ſpare! but heav'n my foe
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe.

Nauſicaa makes uſe of this expreſſion to pay her addreſs to *Ulyſſes*, and at the ſame time teaches, conformably to truth, that the afflicted are not always the objects of divine hate: The Gods (adds ſhe) beſtow good and evil indifferently, and therefore we muſt not judge

judge of men from their conditions, for good men are frequently wretched, and bad men happy. Nay ſometimes affliction diſtinguiſhes a man of goodneſs, when he bears it with a greatneſs of ſpirit. *Sophocles* puts a very beautiful expreſſion into the mouth of *OEdipus*, κάλλος κακῶν, the *beauty and ornament of calamities*. *Euſtathius*.

Longinus is of opinion, that when great Poets and Writers ſink in their vigour, and cannot reach the Pathetic, they deſcend to the Moral. Hence he judges the *Odyſſey* to be the work of *Homer*'s declining years, and gives that as a reaſon of its morality: He ſpeaks not this out of derogation to *Homer*, for he compares him to the Sun, which tho' it has not the ſame warmth as when in the Meridian, is always of the ſame bigneſs: This is no diſhonour to the *Odyſſey*; the moſt uſeful, if not the moſt beautiful circumſtance is allow'd it, I mean Inſtruction: In the *Odyſſey Homer* appears to be the better Man, in the *Iliad* the better Poet.

XXII.

VERSE 242. *'Tis death with hoſtile ſtep theſe ſhores to tread.*] This I take to be the meaning of the word δηρὸς, which *Euſtathius* explains by ζῶν καὶ ἐῤῥωμένος, *vivus & valens*; or, *he ſhall not be long-liv'd*. But it may be ask'd how this character of valour in deſtroying their enemies, can agree with the *Phæacians*, an effeminate, unwarlike nation? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that the protection of the Gods is the beſt defence, and upon this *Nauſicaa* relies. But then it is neceſſary that man ſhould co-operate with the Gods; for it is in vain to rely upon the Gods for ſafety, if we our ſelves make not uſe of means proper for it; whereas the *Phæacians* were a people wholly given up to luxury and pleaſures. The true reaſon then of *Nauſicaa*'s praiſe of the *Phæacians* may perhaps be drawn from that honourable partiality, and innate love which every perſon feels for his country. She knew no people greater than the *Phæacians*, and having ever liv'd in full ſecurity from enemies, ſhe concludes that it is not in the power of enemies to diſturb that ſecurity.

VERSE

XXIII.

VERSE 247. *By* Jove *the ſtranger and the poor are ſent,*
And what to thoſe we give, to Jove *is lent.*]

This is a very remarkable paſſage, full of ſuch a pious generoſity as the wiſeſt teach, and the beſt practiſe. I am ſenſible it may be underſtood two ways; and in both, it bears an excellent inſtruction. The words are, *the poor and ſtranger are from* Jove, *and a ſmall gift is acceptable to them,* or *acceptable to* Jupiter, Διὶ φίλη. I have choſen the latter, in conformity to the eaſtern way of thinking: *He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord,* as it is expreſſed in the *Proverbs.*

XXIV.

VERSE 263. *But, Nymphs, recede!* &c.] This place ſeems contradictory to the practice of Antiquity, and other paſſages in the *Odyſſey:* Nothing is more frequent than for Heroes to make uſe of the miniſtry of damſels in bathing, as appears from *Polycaſte* and *Telemachus, &c.* Whence is it then that *Ulyſſes* commands the attendants of *Nauſicaa* to withdraw while he bathes? *Spondanus* is of opinion, that the Poet intended to condemn an indecent cuſtom of thoſe ages ſolemnly by the mouth of ſo wiſe a perſon as *Ulyſſes:* but there is no other inſtance in all his works to confirm that conjecture. I am at a loſs to give a better reaſon, unleſs the difference of the places might make an alteration in the action. It is poſſible that in baths prepared for public uſe, there might be ſome convenience to defend the perſon who bath'd in ſome degree from obſervation, which might be wanting in an open river, ſo that the action might be more indecent in the one inſtance than in the other, and conſequently occaſion theſe words of *Ulyſſes:* But this is a conjecture, and ſubmitted as ſuch to the Reader's better judgment.

VERSE

XXV.

VERSE 265. ——*At once into the tide*
Active he bounds.]

It may be ask'd why *Ulysses* prefers the river-waters in washing, to the waters of the sea, in the *Odyssey*; whereas in the tenth book of the *Iliad*, after the death of *Dolon*, *Diomed* and *Ulysses* prefer the sea-waters to those of the river? There is a different reason for this different regimen: In the *Iliad*, *Ulysses* was fatigued, and sweated with the labours of the night, and in such a case the sea-waters being more rough are more purifying and corroborating: But here *Ulysses* comes from the seas, and (as *Plutarch* in his *Sympo-siacs* observes upon this passage,) the more subtle and light par-ticles exhale by the heat of the sun, but the rough and saline stick to the body, 'till wash'd away by fresh waters.

XXVI.

VERSE 271. *The warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine.*]

Poetry delights in the Marvellous, and ennobles the most ordinary subjects by dressing them with poetical ornaments, and giving them an adventitious dignity. The foundation of this fiction, of *Ulysses* receiving beauty from *Pallas*, is only this: The shipwreck and sufferings of *Ulysses* had changed his face and features, and his long fasting given him a pale and sorrowful aspect; but be-ing bath'd, perfum'd, and dress'd in robes, he appears another man, full of life and beauty. This sudden change gave *Homer* the hint to improve it into a miracle; and he ascribes it to *Mi-nerva*, to give a dignity to his Poetry. He further embellishes the description by a very happy comparison. *Virgil* has imitated it.

Os humerosque Deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

Scaliger

Scaliger, in the fifth book of his Poetics, prefers *Virgil* before *Homer*; and perhaps his opinion is juſt: *Manus* he ſays is more elegant than *vir*; and *addunt ebori decus*, than χαρίεντα δὲ ἔργα τελείει. *Os humeroſque Deo ſimilis*, carries a nobler idea than *Homer's* μείζονα ἢ πάροιθε; and above all,

------Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores,

is inexpreſſibly beautiful.

It is ſaid that this image is made by the aſſiſtance of *Vulcan* and *Minerva*: Why by two Deities? *Euſtathius* anſwers, the firſt rudiments and formation of it in the fire is proper to *Vulcan*, and *Minerva* is the preſident of arts; *Minerva* gives the Artificer Wiſdom in deſigning, and *Vulcan* skill in labouring and finiſhing the work.

XXXII.

VERSE 283. *He reclines along the murm'ring ſeas.*] This little circumſtance, *Euſtathius* obſerves is not without its effect; the Poet withdraws *Ulyſſes*, to give *Nauſicaa* an opportunity to ſpeak freely in his praiſe without a breach of modeſty: She ſpeaks apart to her damſels, and by this conduct, *Ulyſſes* neither hears his own commendation, which is a pain to all worthy ſpirits, nor does *Nauſicaa* betray an indecent ſenſibility, becauſe ſhe ſpeaks only to her own ſex and attendants.

XXVIII.

VERSE 293. *Oh heav'n! in my connubial hour decree*
This man my ſpouſe, or ſuch a ſpouſe as he!]

This paſſage has been cenſur'd as an outrage againſt Modeſty and Credibility; Is it probable that a young Princeſs ſhould fall in

love with a ſtranger at the firſt ſight? and if ſhe really falls in love, is it not an indecent paſſion? I will lay before the Reader the obſervations of *Plutarch* upon it. "If *Nauſicaa*, upon caſting "her eyes upon this ſtranger, and feeling ſuch a paſſion for him "as *Calypſo* felt, talks thus out of wantonneſs, her conduct is "blameable; but if perceiving his wiſdom by his prudent ad-"dreſs, ſhe wiſhes for ſuch an husband, rather than a perſon of "her own country, who had no better qualifications than ſing-"ing, dancing and dreſſing; ſhe is to be commended." This diſcovers no weakneſs but prudence, and a true judgment. She deſerves to be imitated by the fair ſex, who ought to prefer a good underſtanding, before a fine coat, and a man of worth, before a good dancer.

Beſides, it may be offer'd in vindication of *Nauſicaa*, that ſhe had in the morning been aſſured by a viſion from Heaven, that her nuptials were at hand; this might induce her to believe that *Ulyſſes* was the perſon intended by the viſion for her husband; and his good ſenſe and prudent behaviour, as *Dacier* obſerves, might make her wiſh it, without any imputation of immodeſty.

XXIX.

VERSE 313. *The jutting land two ample bays divides,*
Full thro' the narrow mouths deſcend the tides.]

This paſſage is not without its difficulty: But the Scholiaſt upon *Dionyſius Perigetes* gives us a full explication of it. Δυὸ λιμένας ἔχει ἡ Φαιακὶς, τὸν μὲν Ἀλκινόϑ, τὸν δὲ Ὑλλεῦ, διὸ φησὶ Καλλίμαχος ἀμφίδυμος Φαίαξ. The Iſland of *Phæacia* has two ports, the one called the port of *Alcinous*, the other of *Hyllus*; thus *Callimachus* calls it the place of two ports. And *Apollonius* for the ſame reaſon calls it ἀμφιλαφὴς, or the place which is enter'd by two ports. *Dacier.*

VERSE

XXX.

VERSE 325. *They ruſh into the deep with eager joy.*] It is very judicious in the Poet to let us thus fully into the character of the *Phæacians*, before he comes to ſhow what relation they have to the ſtory of the *Odyſſey*: He deſcribes *Alcinous* and the people of better rank, as perſons of great hoſpitality and humanity, this gives an air of probability to the free and benevolent reception which *Ulyſſes* found: He deſcribes the vulgar as excellent navigators; and he does this not only becauſe they are Iſlanders; but, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, to prepare the way for the return of *Ulyſſes*, who was to be reſtored by their conduct to his country, even againſt the inclination of *Neptune*, the God of the Ocean. But it may be ask'd, is not *Homer* inconſiſtent with himſelf, when he paints the *Phæacians* as men of the utmoſt humanity, and immediately after calls them a proud unpoliſh'd race; and given up to cenſoriouſneſs? It is eaſy to reconcile the ſeeming contradiction, by applying the character of humanity to the higher rank of the nation, and the other to the vulgar and the mariners. I believe the ſame character holds good to this day amongſt any people, who are much addicted to ſea-affairs; they contract a roughneſs, by being ſecluded from the more general converſe of mankind, and conſequently are ſtrangers to that affability which is the effect of a more enlarg'd converſation. But what is it that inclines the *Phæacians* to be cenſorious? It is to be remember'd, that they are every where deſcrib'd as a people abandon'd to idleneſs; To idleneſs therefore that part of their character is to be imputed. When the thoughts are not employed upon *things*, it is uſual to turn them upon *perſons*: A good man has not the inclination, an induſtrious man not the leiſure, to be cenſorious, ſo that cenſure is the property of idleneſs. This I take to be the moral, intended to be drawn from the character of the *Phæacians*.

XXXI.

VERSE 331. *What ſtranger this, whom thus* Nauſicaa *leads?*] This is an inſtance of the great art of *Homer*, in ſaying every thing properly. *Nauſicaa* had conceiv'd a great eſteem for *Ulyſſes*, and ſhe had an inclination to let him know it; but modeſty forbad her to reveal it openly: How then ſhall *Ulyſſes* know the value ſhe has for his perſon, conſiſtently with the modeſty of *Nauſicaa*? *Homer* with great addreſs puts her compliments into the mouth of the *Phæacians*, and by this method ſhe ſpeaks her own ſentiments, as the ſentiments of the *Phæacians*: *Nauſicaa*, as it were, is withdrawn, and a whole nation introduced for a more general praiſe of *Ulyſſes*.

XXXII.

VERSE 335. *Or rather, ſome deſcendant of the ſkies.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that the compliments of *Nauſicaa* anſwer the compliments made to her by *Ulyſſes*: he reſembled her to *Diana*, ſhe him to the Gods. But it may be ask'd, are not both theſe extravagancies? and is it not beyond all credibility that *Nauſicaa* ſhould be thought a Goddeſs, or *Ulyſſes* a God? In theſe ages it would be judg'd extravagant, but it is to be remember'd that in the days of *Homer* every grove, river, fountain, and oak-tree were thought to have their peculiar Deities; this makes ſuch relations as theſe more reconcilable, if not to truth, at leaſt to the opinions of Antiquity, which is ſufficient for Poetry.

XXXIII.

VERSE 344. ----*The leaſt freedom with the ſex is ſhame,*
'Till our conſenting ſires a ſpouſe provide.]

This is an admirable picture of ancient female-life among the Orientals; the Virgins were very retir'd, and never appear'd amongſt men but upon extraordinary occaſions, and then always

in

in the preſence of the father or mother: But when they were married, ſays *Euſtathius*, they had more liberty. Thus *Helen* converſes freely with *Telemachus* and *Piſiſtratus*, and *Penelope* ſometimes with the ſuitors. *Nauſicaa* delivers her judgment ſententiouſly, to give it more weight; what can be more modeſt than theſe expreſſions? And yet they have been greatly traduc'd by Monſieur *Perrault*, a *French* Critic; he tranſlates the paſſage ſo as to imply that "*Nau-*"*ſicaa* diſapproves of a Virgin's lying with a man without the per-"miſſion of her father, before marriage;" ἀνδράσι μίσγεσθαι led him into this miſtake, which is ſometimes uſed in ſuch a ſignification, but here it only means *Converſation*: if the word μίσγεσθαι ſignified more than keeping company, it would be more ridiculous, as *Boileau* obſerves upon *Longinus*, than *Perrault* makes it: for it is join'd to ἀνδράσι, and then it would infer that *Nauſicaa* diſapproves of a young woman's lying with *ſeveral men* before ſhe was married, without the licence of her father. The paſſage, continues *Boileau*, is full of honour and decency: *Nauſicaa* has a deſign to introduce *Ulyſſes* to her father, ſhe tells him ſhe goes before to prepare the way for his reception, but that ſhe muſt not be ſeen to enter the city in his company, for fear of giving offence, which a modeſt woman ought not to give: A virtuous woman is obliged not only to avoid immodeſty, but the appearance of it; and for her part ſhe could not approve of a young woman keeping company with men without the permiſſion of her father or mother, before ſhe was married. Thus the indecency is not in *Homer*, but the Critic; it is indeed in *Homer* an excellent lecture of Modeſty and Morality.

XXXIV.

VERSE 347. *But wou'dſt thou ſoon review thy native plain?*] *Euſtathius* and *Dacier* are both of opinion, that *Nauſicaa* had conceiv'd a paſſion for *Ulyſſes*: I think this paſſage is an evidence that ſhe rather admir'd and eſteem'd, than lov'd him; for it is contrary to the nature of that paſſion to give directions for the departure of the perſon belov'd, but rather to invent excuſes to

prolong

prolong his stay. 'Tis true *Nausicaa* had wish'd in the foregoing parts of this book, that she might have *Ulysses* for her husband, or such an husband as *Ulysses:* but this only shews that she admir'd his accomplishments, nor could she have added *such a spouse as he*, at all, if her affections had been engag'd and fix'd upon *Ulysses* only. This likewise takes off the objection of a too great fondness in *Nausicaa*; for it might have appeared too great a fondness to have fall'n in love at the first with an absolute stranger.

XXXV.

VERSE 373. *But to the Queen thy mournful tale disclose.*] This little circumstance, seemingly of small importance, is not without its beauty. It is natural for a daughter to apply to the mother, rather than the father: Women are likewise generally of a compassionate nature, and therefore the Poet first interests the Queen in the cause of *Ulysses*. At the same time he gives a pattern of conjugal affection, in the union between *Arete* and *Alcinous*.

XXXVI.

VERSE 391. ----- *But forbore to fly*
(*By* Neptune *aw'd*) *apparent from the sky.*]
We see the Ancients held a subordination amongst the Deities, and tho' different in inclinations, yet they act in harmony: One God resists not another Deity. This is more fully explain'd, as *Eustathius* observes, by *Euripides*, in his *Hippolytus*; where *Diana* says, it is not the custom of the Gods to resist one the other, when they take vengeance even upon the favourites of other Deities. The late tempest that *Neptune* had rais'd for the destruction of *Ulysses*, was an instance of *Neptune*'s implacable anger: this makes *Minerva* take such measures as to avoid an open opposition, and yet consult the safety of *Ulysses:* She descends, but it is secretly.

This book takes up part of the night, and the whole thirty second day; the vision of *Nausicaa* is related in the preceding night,

and

and *Ulyſſes* enters the city a little after the Sun ſets in the following evening. So that thirty two days are compleated ſince the opening of the Poem.

This book in general is full of life and variety: It is true, the ſubject of it is ſimple and unadorn'd, but improved by the Poet, and render'd entertaining and noble. The Muſe of *Homer* is like his *Minerva*, with reſpect to *Ulyſſes*, who from an object of commiſeration improves his Majeſty, and gives a grace to every feature.

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

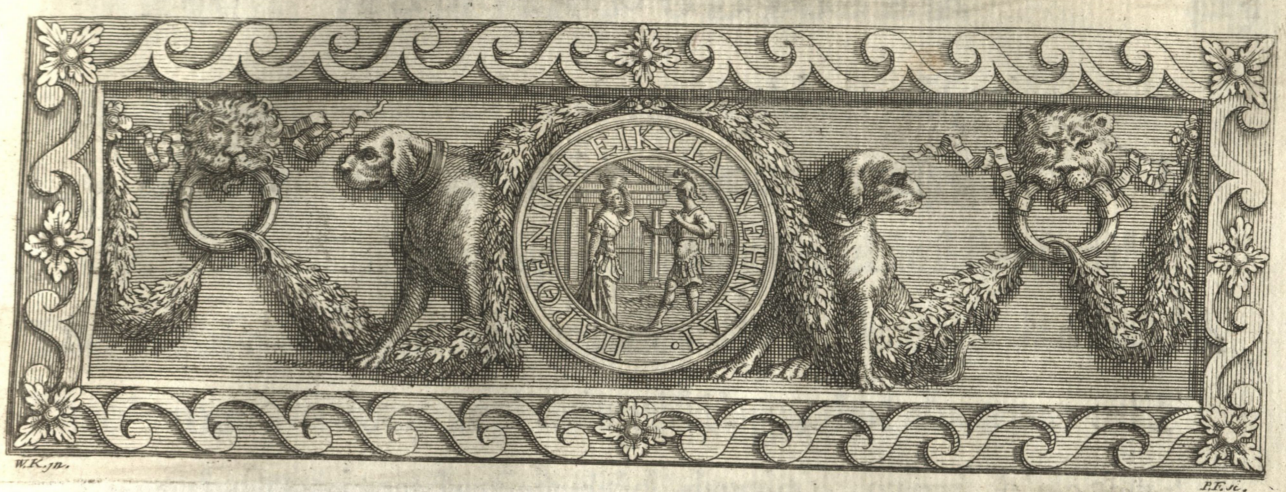
The ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The Princeſs Nauſicaa *returns to the city, and* Ulyſſes *ſoon after follows thither. He is met by* Pallas *in the form of a young Virgin, who guides him to the Palace, and directs him in what manner to addreſs the Queen* Arete. *She then involves him in a miſt, which cauſes him to paſs inviſible. The Palace and Gardens of* Alcinous *deſcribed.* Ulyſſes *falling at the feet of the Queen, the miſt diſperſes, the* Phæacians *admire, and receive him with reſpect. The Queen enquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and* Alcinous *his departure from* Calypſo, *and his arrival on their dominions.*

The ſame day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE



THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE patient, heav'nly man thus
suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on
th' imperial maid:
Thro' the proud street she moves, the publick gaze;
The turning wheel before the Palace stays.
With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.

She ſeeks the bridal bow'r: A matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care,
Whoſe charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, *Eurymeduſa* nam'd:
The captive dame *Phæacian* rovers bore,
Snatch'd from *Epirus*, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good *Alcinous*, honour'd as a God:
Nurſe of *Nauſicaa* from her infant years,
And tender ſecond to a mother's cares.

Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town *Ulyſſes* took the winding way.
Propitious *Pallas*, to ſecure her care,
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;
To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive, and loud.
When near the fam'd *Phæacian* walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſtep a Virgin met, and ſtood before:
A poliſh'd Urn the ſeeming Virgin bore,

And

And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief demands)
The houſe of him who rules theſe happy lands.
Thro' many woes and wand'rings, lo! I come
To good *Alcinous'* hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!
The Goddeſs anſwer'd. Father, I obey,
And point the wand'ring traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you enquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire.
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtion needleſs, or enquiry vain.
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſtrous as their ſeas:
The native Iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the Ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;

On

On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown celeſtial leads:
The footſteps of the Deity he treads,
And ſecret moves along the crowded ſpace,
Unſeen of all the rude *Phæacian* race.
(So *Pallas* order'd, *Pallas* to their eyes
The miſt objected, and condens'd the skies)
The chief with wonder ſees th' extended ſtreets,
The ſpreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes lofty domes admires,
In ſep'rate Iſlands crown'd with riſing ſpires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of ſtone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.
At length the kingly palace gates he view'd:
There ſtopp'd the Goddeſs, and her ſpeech renew'd.
My task is done; the manſion you enquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High-thron'd, and feaſting, there thou ſhalt behold
The ſceptred Rulers. Fear not, but be bold:

A decent boldneſs ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a ſtranger recommends.
Firſt to the Queen prefer a ſuppliant's claim,
Alcinous' Queen, *Arete* is her name,
The ſame her parents, and her pow'r the ſame.
For know, from Ocean's God *Nauſithous* ſprung,
And *Peribæa*, beautiful and young:
(*Eurymedon*'s laſt hope, who rul'd of old
The race of Giants, impious, proud and bold;
Periſh'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Periſh'd the Prince, and left this only heir.)
Who now by *Neptune*'s am'rous pow'r compreſt,
Produc'd a Monarch that his people bleſt,
Father and Prince of the *Phæacian* name:
From him *Rhexenor* and *Alcinous* came.
The firſt, by *Phœbus'* burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapleſs youth! expir'd.
No ſon ſurviv'd: *Arete* heir'd his ſtate,
And her, *Alcinous* choſe his royal mate.

With

With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This Queen he graces, and divides the throne;
In equal tenderneſs her ſons conſpire,
And all the children emulate their ſire.
When thro' the ſtreet ſhe gracious deigns to move,
(The publick wonder, and the publick love)
The tongues of all with tranſport ſound her praiſe,
The eyes of all, as on a Goddeſs, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breaſt;
To heal diviſions, to relieve th' oppreſt;
In virtue rich; in bleſſing others, bleſt.
Go then ſecure, thy humble ſuit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.
With that the Goddeſs deign'd no longer ſtay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forſaking *Scheria*'s ever-pleaſing ſhore,
The winds to *Marathon* the Virgin bore;
Thence, where proud *Athens* rears her tow'ry head,
With opening ſtreets and ſhining ſtructures ſpread,

She

She paſt, delighted with the well-known ſeats;
And to *Erectheus'* ſacred dome retreats.

Mean-while *Ulyſſes* at the Palace waits,
There ſtops, and anxious with his ſoul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant ſplendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were maſſy braſs: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incaſe;
The pillars ſilver, on a brazen baſe;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of ſtately dogs, on either hand,
In ſculptur'd gold and labour'd ſilver ſtand.
Theſe *Vulcan* form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at *Alcinous'* gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And ſtill to live, beyond the pow'r of years.

Fair thrones within from ſpace to ſpace were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidry blaz'd,
The work of matrons: Theſe the Princes preſt,
Day following day, a long-continu'd feaſt.
Refulgent pedeſtals the walls ſurround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The poliſh'd Ore, reflecting ev'ry ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the houſhold train;
Some turn the mill, or ſift the golden grain,
Some ply the loom; their buſy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when *Zephyr* fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of *Scheria*'s Iſle,
For ſailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying ſhuttle thro' the threads to guide:
Pallas to theſe her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and induſtrious arts.
Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious Garden lies,
From ſtorms defended, and inclement skies:

Four

Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green encloſure all around.
Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold,
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe:
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun,
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.

Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect [crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The People one, and one supplies the King.
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd
To grace *Alcinous*, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the Chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprize and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand
With goblets crown'd, the Rulers of the land;

Prepar'd

Prepar'd for reſt, and off'ring to the * God
Who bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.
Unſeen he glided thro' the joyous crowd,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great *Alcinous'* throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' Imperial dame.
Then from around him drop'd the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight.
The Nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the god-like gueſt.
Daughter of great *Rhexenor!* (thus began
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race,

* *Mercury.*

So

So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſu'd. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echeneus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well-taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
Oh ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a Monarch. Lo! the Peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To *Jove*, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's due.

His

His ſage advice the liſt'ning King obeys;
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat *Laodamas* remov'd,
(The monarch's offſpring, and his beſt belov'd)
There next his ſide the god-like hero ſate;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate.
The golden ew'r a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize.
The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glitt'ring caniſters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, *Alcinous* gave the ſign
And bad the herald pour the roſy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To *Jove*, who guides the wand'rer on his way.
He ſaid. *Pontonous* heard the King's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:

Each

Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
Alcinous then, with aſpect mild, began.
Princes and Peers, attend! while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and ſatiate from the ſocial rite
Repair we to the bleſſings of the night:
But with the riſing day, aſſembled here,
Let all the Elders of the land appear,
Pious obſerve our hoſpitable laws,
And heav'n propitiate in the ſtranger's cauſe:
Then join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to tranſport him to the wiſh'd-for ſhore:
(How diſtant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe)
Mean-time, nor harm nor anguiſh let him bear;
This interval, Heav'n truſts him to our care,
But to his native land our charge reſign'd,
Heav'n's is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth, are miſery and man!

But

But if deſcended from th' *Olympian* bow'r,
Gracious approach us ſome immortal pow'r;
If in that form thou com'ſt a gueſt divine:
Some high event the conſcious Gods deſign.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feaſt,
The ſolemn ſacrifice call'd down the gueſt;
Then manifeſt of heav'n the viſion ſtood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with ſome favour'd traveller they ſtray,
And ſhine before him all the deſart way:
With *ſocial* intercourſe, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celeſtial kind,
By juſtice, truth, and probity of mind;
As our dire neighbours of *Cyclopean* birth
Match in fierce wrong, the Giant-ſons of earth.

Let no ſuch thought (with modeſt grace rejoin'd
The prudent *Greek*) poſſeſs the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thy ſelf, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:

In form, ah how unlike their heav'nly kind?
How more inferior in the gifts of mind?
Alas, a mortal! moſt oppreſt of thoſe
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a ſad train of miſeries alone
Diſtinguiſh'd long, and ſecond now to none!
By heav'n's high will compell'd from ſhore to ſhore;
With heav'n's high will prepar'd to ſuffer more.
What hiſtories of toil could I declare?
But ſtill long-weary'd nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſte.
Howe'er the noble, ſuff'ring mind, may grieve
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed.
But finiſh, oh ye Peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I ſuffer all the Gods ordain,
To ſee my ſoil, my ſon, my friends, again.

That

That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death ſurpriſe
With ever-during ſhade theſe happy eyes!
Th'aſſembled Peers with gen'ral praiſe approv'd
His pleaded reaſon, and the ſuit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Ulyſſes in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: Beſide him, on a ſplendid throne,
Divine *Arete* and *Alcinous* ſhone.
The Queen, on nearer view, the gueſt ſurvey'd
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder ſeen. Then thus began,
Her words addreſſing to the god-like man.
Cam'ſt thou not hither, wond'rous ſtranger! ſay,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of ſea?
Tell then whence art thou? whence that Princely air?
And robes like theſe, ſo recent and ſo fair?
Hard is the task, oh Princeſs! you impoſe:
(Thus ſighing ſpoke the Man of many woes)
The long, the mournful ſeries to relate
Of all my ſorrows, ſent by heav'n and fate!

Yet what you ask, attend. An Iſland lies
Beyond theſe tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in *Ocean*'s wat'ry arms:
Where dwells *Calypſo*, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men ſhe holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rowling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unbleſt! to tread that interdicted ſhore:
When *Jove* tremendous in the ſable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our ſcatter'd ſhips:
Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers loſt,
Sole on a plank, on boiling ſurges toſt,
Heav'n drove my wreck th' *Ogygian* Iſle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddeſs there with open arms,
She brib'd my ſtay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
But all her blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
To baniſh from my breaſt my country's love.

I ſtay reluctant ſev'n continu'd years,
And water her ambroſial couch with tears.
The eighth, ſhe voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by *Jove*, or her own changeful heart.
A Raft was form'd to croſs the ſurging ſea;
Her ſelf ſupply'd the ſtores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In ſev'nteen days appear'd your pleaſing coaſt,
And woody mountains half in vapours loſt.
Joy touch'd my ſoul: My ſoul was joy'd in vain,
For angry *Neptune* rouz'd the raging main:
The wild winds whiſtle, and the billows roar;
The ſplitting Raft the furious tempeſt tore;
And ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
Soon as their rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave
With naked force, and ſhoot along the wave,
To reach this Iſle: but there my hopes were loſt,
The ſurge impell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
I choſe the ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth, impervious to the wind,

And

And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighb'ring wood.
'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain;
Aurora dawn'd, and *Phœbus* shin'd in vain,
Nor 'till oblique he slop'd his evening ray,
Had *Somnus* dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, Goddess-like, appear'd:
To her I su'd; she pity'd my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth cou'd hope consid'rate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: And oh ye pow'rs on high!
Forbid that want shou'd sink me to a lye.
To this the King. Our daughter but express
Her cares imperfect to our god-like guest.

Suppliant

Suppliant to her, ſince firſt he choſe to pray,
Why not her ſelf did ſhe conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?
Heroe and King! (*Ulyſſes* thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultleſs, nor ſuſpect of pride:
She bade me follow in th'attendant train;
But fear and rev'rence did my ſteps detain,
Leſt raſh ſuſpicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and miſtaking kind.
Far from my ſoul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath *ill*-grounded, and ſuſpicion baſe!
Whate'er is honeſt, Stranger, I approve.
And would to *Phœbus*, *Pallas*, and to *Jove*,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my ſon.
In ſuch alliance could'ſt thou wiſh to join,
A Palace ſtor'd with treaſures ſhou'd be thine.
But if reluctant, who ſhall force thy ſtay?
Jove bids to ſet the ſtranger on his way,
And ſhips ſhall wait thee with the morning ray.

'Till

'Till then, let ſlumber cloſe thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners ſhall watch the skies,
And ſeize the moment when the breezes riſe:
Then gently waft thee to the pleaſing ſhore,
Where thy ſoul reſts, and labour is no more.
Far as *Eubœa* tho' thy country lay,
Our ſhips with eaſe tranſport thee in a day.
Thither of old, Earth's * Giant-ſon to view,
On wings of winds with *Rhadamanth* they flew:
This land, from whence their morning courſe begun,
Saw them returning with the ſetting ſun.
Your eyes ſhall witneſs and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dext'rous, and how fleet our ſail,
When juſtly tim'd with equal ſweep they row,
And Ocean whitens in long tracts below.
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heav'n (and heav'nward lifts his eyes)
O *Jove!* oh father! what the King accords
Do thou make perfect! ſacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world *Alcinous'* glory ſhine!
Let Fame be his, and ah! my country mine!

* *Tityus.*

Mean-

Mean-time *Arete*, for the hour of reſt
Ordains the fleecy couch, and cov'ring veſt;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets ſpread with buſy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they paſt,
And finiſh'd all their Queen's command with haſte:
Then gave the ſignal to the willing gueſt;
He roſe with pleaſure, and retir'd to reſt.
There, ſoft-extended, to the murm'ring ſound
Of the high porch, *Ulyſſes* ſleeps profound:
Within, releas'd from cares *Alcinous* lies;
And faſt beſide, were clos'd *Arete*'s eyes.



SEVENTH BOOK

OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

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ON THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE OBSERVATIONS

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ON THE

SEVENTH BOOK.

I.



THIS book opens with the Introduction of *Ulyſſes* to *Alcinous*; every ſtep the Poet takes carries on the main deſign of the Poem, with a progreſs ſo natural, that each incident ſeems really to have happen'd, and not to be invention. Thus *Nauſicaa* accidentally meets *Ulyſſes*, and introduces him to *Alcinous* her father, who lands him in *Ithaca:* It is poſſible this might be true Hiſtory; the Poet might build upon a real foundation, and only adorn the truth with the ornaments of Poetry. It is to be wiſh'd, that a faithful Hiſtory of the *Trojan* war, and the voyages of *Ulyſſes*, had been tranſmitted to poſterity; it would have been the beſt comment upon the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*. We are not to look upon the Poems of *Homer* as meer romances, but as true ſtories, heighten'd and beautify'd by Poetry:

try: Thus the *Iliad* is built upon a real diſſention, that happen'd in a real war between *Greece* and *Troy*; and the *Odyſſey* upon the real voyages of *Ulyſſes*, and the diſorders that happen'd thro' his abſence in his own country. Nay, it is not impoſſible but that many of thoſe incidents that ſeem moſt extravagant in *Homer*, might have an appearing truth, and be juſtify'd by the opinions, and miſtaken credulity of thoſe ages. What is there in all *Homer* more ſeemingly extravagant, than the ſtory of the race of the *Cyclops*, with one broad eye in their foreheads? and yet, as Sir *Walter Raleigh* very judiciouſly conjectures, this may be built upon a ſeeming truth: They were a people of *Sicily* remarkable for ſavageneſs and cruelty, and perhaps might in their wars make uſe of a headpiece or Vizor, which had but one ſight in it, and this might give occaſion to ſailors who coaſted thoſe ſhores to miſtake the ſingle ſight of the Vizor, for a broad eye in the forehead, eſpecially when they before look'd upon them as monſters for their barbarity. I doubt not but we loſe many beauties in *Homer* for want of a real hiſtory, and think him extravagant, when he only complies with the opinions of former ages. I thought it neceſſary to make this obſervation, as a general vindication of *Homer*; eſpecially in this place, immediately before he enters upon the relation of thoſe ſtories which have been thought moſt to outrage credibility: if then we look upon the *Odyſſey* as all fiction, we conſider it unworthily; it ought to be read as a ſtory founded upon truth, but adorn'd with the embelliſhments of Poetry, to convey inſtruction with pleaſure the more effectually.

II.

VERSE 10. Eurymeduſa *nam'd.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that the *Phæacians* were people of great commerce, and that it was cuſtomary in thoſe ages to exchange ſlaves in traffic; or perhaps *Eurymeduſa* might be a captive, pyracy then being honourable, and ſuch ſeizures of cattle or ſlaves frequent. The paſſage concerning

cerning the brothers of *Nauſicaa* has not eſcaped the cenſure of the Critics; *Homer* in the original calls them *like Gods*, and yet in the ſame breath gives them the employment of ſlaves, they unyoke the Mules, and carry into the Palace the burthens they brought. A twofold anſwer may be given to this objection, and this conduct might proceed from the general cuſtom of the age, which made ſuch actions reputable; or from the particular love the brothers bore their ſiſter, which might induce them to act thus, as an inſtance of it.

III.

VERSE 20. *Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air.*] It may be ask'd what occaſion there is to make *Ulyſſes* inviſible? *Euſtathius* anſwers, not only to preſerve him from inſults as he was a ſtranger, but that he might raiſe a greater ſurprize in *Alcinous* by his ſudden appearance. But, adds he, the whole is an allegory; and *Ulyſſes* wiſely chuſing the evening to enter unobſerv'd, gave occaſion to the Poet to bring in the Goddeſs of Wiſdom to make him inviſible.

Virgil has borrow'd this paſſage from *Homer*, and *Venus* renders *Æneas* inviſible in the ſame manner as *Minerva Ulyſſes*. *Scaliger* compares the two Authors, and prefers *Virgil* infinitely before *Homer*, in the fifth book of his *Poetics*.

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aere ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu;
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere poſſet;
Molirive moram, aut veniendi poſcere cauſas.

Scaliger ſays the verſes are more ſonorous than *Homer*'s, and that it was more neceſſary to make *Æneas* inviſible than *Ulyſſes*, he being amongſt a perfidious nation. But was not the danger as great from the rudeneſs of the *Phæacians*, as from the perfidiouſneſs of the *Carthaginians*? Beſides, *Virgil* does not mention

tion the perfidiousness of the *Carthaginians*; so that it is the reason of *Scaliger*, not *Virgil*: and whether the verses be more sonorous, is submitted to the ear of the Reader. He is chiefly delighted with

Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu.

Qui solus versus, says he, *deterreat Græcos ab ea sententiâ, quâ suum contendunt preferendum.* He allows Κερτόμεοι τ' ἐπέεσι, *&c.* to be a tolerably smooth verse, *Commodus & rasilis*, but yet far inferior to this of *Virgil*.

Molirive moram, & veniendi poscere causas.

It is but justice to lay the verses of *Homer* before the Reader.

Καὶ τότ' ὀδυσσεὺς ὥρτο πόλιν δ' ἶμεν', ἀμφὶ δ' Αθήνη,
Πολλὴν ἠέρα χεῦε φίλα φρονέουσ' ὀδυσῆϊ.
Μήτις Φαιήκων μεγαθύμων ἀντιβολήσας,
Κερτόμεοι τ' ἐπέεσι, νὺ ἐξερέοιθ' ἅτις εἴη.

I determine not which Author has the greater beauty, but undoubtedly *Homer* is more happy in the occasion of the fiction than *Virgil*; *Homer* drew his description from the wisdom of *Ulysses* in entering the town in the evening, he was really invisible to the *Phæacians*, and *Homer* only heighten'd the truth by Poety; but *Virgil* is more bold, and has no such circumstance to justify his relation; for *Æneas* went into *Carthage* in the open day.

IV.

VERSE 26. ---*The seeming Virgin*, &c.] It may be ask'd why *Minerva* does not appear as a Goddess, but in a borrow'd form? The Poet has already told us, that she dreaded the wrath of *Neptune*;

tune; one Deity could not openly oppoſe another Deity, and therefore ſhe acts thus inviſibly.

V.

VERSE 47. *On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way.*] This circumſtance is not inſerted without a good effect: It could not but greatly encourage *Ulyſſes* to underſtand that he was arriv'd amongſt a people that excell'd in navigation; this gave him a proſpect of being ſpeedily convey'd to his own country, by the aſſiſtance of a nation ſo expert in maritime affairs. *Euſtathius.*

VI.

VERSE 55. ----Pallas *to their eyes the miſt condenſes.*] *Scaliger* in his *Poetics* calls this an impertinent repetition, and commends *Virgil* for not imitating it, for *Homer* dwells upon it no leſs than three times; and indeed one would almoſt imagine that *Virgil* was of the ſame opinion, for he has follow'd the turn of this whole paſſage, and omitted this repetition: yet he treads almoſt ſtep by ſtep in the path of *Homer*, and *Æneas* and *Ulyſſes* are drawn in the ſame colours;

Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:
Miratur portas, ſtrepitumque & ſtrata viarum.

Θαύμαζεν δ' ὀδυσεὺς λιμένας, ἠῦ νῆας ἐίσας,
Αὐτῶντ' Ἡρώων ἀγορὰς, ἠῦ τείχεα μακρὰ,
Ὑψηλὰ, σκολόπεσσιν ἀρηρότα.

Homer poetically inſerts the Topography of this city of the *Phæacians*: Tho' they were an unwarlike nation, yet they underſtand the art of Fortification; their city is ſurrounded with a ſtrong wall, and that wall guarded with paliſades. But whence

this caution? ſince *Homer* tells us in the preceding book, that they were in no danger of an enemy? It might ariſe from their very fears, which naturally ſuggeſt to cowards, that they cannot be too ſafe; this would make them practiſe the art of Fortification more aſſiduouſly than a more brave people, who uſually put more confidence in valour than in walls, as was the practice of the *Spartans*.

VII.

VERSE 65. *My task is done*, &c.] As Deities ought not to be introduced without a neceſſity, ſo when introduced, they ought to be employed in acts of importance, and worthy of their divinity: It may be ask'd if *Homer* obſerves this rule in this Epiſode, where a Goddeſs ſeems to appear only to direct *Ulyſſes* to the Palace of *Alcinous*, which, as he himſelf tells us, a child could have done? But the chief deſign of *Minerva* was to adviſe *Ulyſſes* in his preſent exigencies: and (as *Euſtathius* remarks) ſhe opens her ſpeech to him with great and noble ſentiments. She informs him how to win the favour of *Alcinous*, upon which depends the whole happineſs of her Heroe; and by which ſhe brings about his re-eſtabliſhment in his kingdom, the aim of the whole *Odyſſey*. *Virgil* makes uſe of the ſame method in his *Æneis*, and *Venus* there executes the ſame office for her ſon, as *Minerva* for her favourite, in ſome degree as a Guide, but chiefly as a Counſellor.

VIII.

VERSE 74. *Eurymedon*, &c.] This paſſage is worthy of obſervation, as it diſcovers to us the time when the race of the ancient Giants periſh'd; this *Eurymedon* was grandfather to *Nauſithous*, the father of *Alcinous*; ſo that the Giants were extirpated forty or fifty years before the war of *Troy*. This exactly agrees with ancient ſtory, which informs us, that *Hercules* and

Theſeus

Theſeus purg'd the earth from thoſe monſters. *Plutarch* in his life of *Theſeus* tells us, that they were men of great ſtrength, and public robbers, one of whom was called the *Bender of Pines*. Now *Theſeus* ſtole away *Helen* in her infancy, and conſequently theſe Giants were deſtroy'd ſome years before the *Trojan* expedition. *Dacier, Plutarch.*

IX.

VERSE 84, *&c. Arete.*] It is obſervable that this *Arete* was both wife and neice to *Alcinous*, an inſtance that the *Græcians* married with ſuch near relations: The ſame appears from *Demoſthenes* and other *Greek* Orators. But what then is the notion of inceſt amongſt the Ancients? The collateral branch was not thought inceſtuous, for *Juno* was the wife and ſiſter of *Jupiter*. Brothers likewiſe married their brother's wives, as *Deiphobus Helen*, after the death of *Paris*: the ſame was practis'd amongſt the *Jews*, and conſequently being permitted by *Moſes* was not inceſtuous. So that the only inceſt was in the aſcending, not collateral or deſcending branch; as when parents and children married; thus when *Myrrha* lay with her father, and *Lot* with his daughters, this was accounted inceſt. The reaſon is very evident, a child cannot pay the duty of a child to a parent, and at the ſame time of a wife or husband; nor can a father act with the authority of a father towards a perſon who is at once his wife and daughter. The relations interfere, and introduce confuſion, where the law of nature and reaſon requires regularity.

X.

VERSE 95. *To heal diviſions*, &c.] This office of *Arete* has been look'd upon as ſomewhat extraordinary, that ſhe ſhould decide the quarrels of the ſubjects, a province more proper for *Alcinous*; and therefore the Ancients endeavour'd to ſoften it by different readings; and inſtead of οἵσιν τ' εὐφρονέῃσι, they inſerted

ἥσιν τ' εὐφρονεοίσι, or *she decides amongst women*: *Eustathius* in the text reads it in a third way, ἧσεν τ' ἐυφροσύνησι, or *by her Wisdom*. *Spondanus* believes, that the Queen had a share in the government of the *Phæacians*; but *Eustathius* thinks the Poet intended to set the character of *Arete* in a fair point of light, she bearing the chief part in this book, and a great share in the sequel of the *Odyssey*: by this method he introduces her to the best advantage, and makes her a person of importance, and worthy to have a place in heroic Poetry; and indeed he has given her a very amiable character.

XI.

VERSE 109. *Fixt in amaze before the royal gates.*] The Poet here opens a very agreeable scene, and describes the beauty of the Palace and Gardens of *Alcinous*. *Diodorus Siculus* adapts this passage to the Island *Taprobane*, *Justin Martin* to *Paradise*; Τῷ Παραδείσῳ δὲ εἰκόνα τὸν Ἀλκινόῳ κῆπον σώζειν πεποίηκε. He transcribes this whole passage into his Apology, but with some variation from the common Editions, for instead of

——————————————— ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
Ζεφυρίη πνείουσα, ——————————— he reads
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ἄυρη ζεφυρίη, &c. perhaps more elegantly. *Eustathius* observes that *Homer* suits his Poetry to the things he relates, for in the whole *Iliad* there is not a description of this nature, nor an opportunity to introduce it in a Poem that represents nothing but objects of terror and blood. The Poet himself seems to go a little out of the way to bring it into the *Odyssey*; for it has no necessary connection with the Poem, nor would it be less perfect if it had been omitted: but as *Mercury* when he survey'd the bower of *Calypso*, ravish'd with the beauty of it, stood awhile in a still admiration, so *Homer* delighted with the scenes he draws, stands still a few moments, and suspends the story of the Poem, to enjoy the beauties of these gardens of *Alcinous*. But even here he shews his judgment, in not letting

letting his fancy run out into a long deſcription: He concludes the whole in the compaſs of twenty verſes, and reſumes the thread of his ſtory. *Rapine* I confeſs cenſures this deſcription of the gardens: he calls it *Puerile* and too light for Eloquence, that it is ſpun out to too great a length, and is ſomewhat affected, has no due coherence with, nor bears a juſt proportion to the whole, by reaſon of its being too glittering. This is ſpoken with too great ſeverity: it is neceſſary to relieve the mind of the Reader ſometimes with gayer ſcenes, that it may proceed with a freſh appetite to the ſucceeding entertainment: In ſhort, if it be a fault, it is a beautiful fault; and *Homer* may be ſaid here, as he was upon another occaſion by St. *Auguſtin*, to be *dulciſſimè vanus*. The admiration of the gold and ſilver is no blemiſh to *Ulyſſes*: for, as *Euſtathius* remarks, it proceeds not out of avarice, but from the beauty of the work, and uſefulneſs and magnificence of the buildings. The whole deſcription, continues he, ſuits the character of the *Phæacians*, a proud, luxurious people, delighted with ſhow and oſtentation.

XII.

VERSE 118. *Two rows of ſtately dogs*, &c.] We have already ſeen that dogs were kept as a piece of ſtate, from the inſtance of thoſe that attended *Telemachus*: Here *Alcinous* has images of dogs in gold, for the ornament of his Palace; *Homer* animates them in his Poetry; but to ſoften the deſcription, he introduces *Vulcan*, and aſcribes the wonder to the power of a God. If we take the poetical dreſs away, the truth is, that theſe dogs were form'd with ſuch excellent art, that they ſeem'd to be alive, and *Homer* by a liberty allowable to Poetry deſcribes them as really having that life, which they only have in appearance. In the *Iliad* he ſpeaks of living Tripods with greater boldneſs. *Euſtathius* recites another opinion of ſome of the Ancients, who thought theſe Κύνες not to be animals, but a kind of large nails (ἧλους) or iron pins, made uſe of in buildings, and to this day the name

name is retain'd by builders, as Dogs of iron, *&c.* It is certain the words will bear this interpretation, but the former is more after the ſpirit of *Homer*, and more noble in Poetry. Beſides, if the latter were intended, it would be abſurd to aſcribe a work of ſo little importance to a Deity.

XIII.

VERSE 124. *Fair thrones within,* &c.] The Poet does not ſay of what materials theſe thrones were made, whether of gold or ſilver, to avoid the imputation of being thought fabulous in his deſcription; it being almoſt incredible, remarks *Euſtathius*, that ſuch quantities of gold and ſilver could be in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a King as *Alcinous*; tho' if we conſider that his people were greatly given to navigation, the relation may come within the bounds of credibility.

XIV.

VERSE 128. *Refulgent pedeſtals the walls ſurround,*
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd.]
This is a remarkable piece of grandeur: Lamps, as appears from the 18th of the *Odyſſey*, were not at this time known to the *Grecians*, but only Torches; theſe were held by Images in the ſhape of beautiful youths, and thoſe Images were of gold. *Lucretius* has tranſlated theſe verſes.

---- Aurea ſunt juvenum ſimulacra per ædeis,
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
Lumina nocturnis epulis ut ſuppeditentur.

It is admirable to obſerve with what propriety *Homer* adapts his Poetry to the characters of his perſons: *Neſtor* is a wiſe man; when he is firſt ſeen in the *Odyſſey*, it is at a ſacrifice, and there

is

is not the leaſt appearance of pomp or luxury in his palace or entertainments. The *Phæacians* are of an oppoſite character, and the Poet deſcribes them conſiſtently with it; they are all along a proud, idle, effeminate people; tho' ſuch a pompous deſcription would have ill ſuited the wiſe *Neſtor*, it excellently agrees with the vain *Alcinous*.

XV.

VERSE 135. *Like Poplar-leaves when* Zephyr *fans the grove.*] There is ſome obſcurity in this ſhort alluſion, and ſome refer it to the work, others to the damſels employ'd in work: *Euſtathius* is of the opinion that it alludes to the damſels, and expreſſes the quick and continued motion of their hands: I have follow'd this interpretation, and think that *Homer* intended to illuſtrate that quick and intermingled motion, by comparing them to the branches of a Poplar agitated by winds, all at once in motion, ſome bending this, ſome that way. The other interpretations are more forc'd, and leſs intelligible.

XVI.

VERSE 107. [*of the original.*]

Καιρητέων δ' ὀθονέων ἀπολείβεται ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον.]

This paſſage is not without difficulty: ſome of the Ancients underſtood it to ſignify the thickneſs and cloſeneſs of the texture, which was ſo compactly wrought that Oil could not penetrate it; others thought it expreſſed the ſmoothneſs and ſoftneſs of it, as if Oil ſeem'd to flow from it; or laſtly, that it ſhone with ſuch a gloſſy colour as look'd like oil. *Dacier* renders the verſe according to the opinion firſt recited.

So cloſe the work, that oil diffus'd in vain,
Glides off innoxious and without a ſtain.

Any

Any of these interpretations make the passage intelligible, (tho' I think the description does better without it.) It is left to the judgment of the Reader which to prefer; they are all to be found in *Eustathius*.

XVII.

VERSE 138. *-----Works of female skill their women's pride.*] We may gather from what *Homer* here relates concerning the skill of these *Phæacian* damsels, that they were fam'd for these works of curiosity: The *Corcyrians* were much given to traffic, and perhaps they might bring slaves from the *Sidonians*, who instructed them in these manufactures. *Dacier.*

XVIII.

VERSE 142. *Close to the gates a spacious Garden lies.*] This famous Garden of *Alcinous* contains no more than four acres of ground, which in those times of simplicity was thought a large one even for a Prince. It is laid out, as *Eustathius* observes, into three parts: a grove for fruits and shade, a vineyard, and an allotment for olives and herbs. It is water'd with two fountains; the one supplies the palace and town, the other the garden and the flowers. But it may be ask'd what reality there is in the relation, and whether any trees bear fruit all the year in this Island? *Eustathius* observes, that experience teaches the contrary, and that it is only true of the greatest part of the year; *Homer*, adds he, disguises the true situation of the *Phæacians*, and here describes it as one of the happy Islands; at once to enrich his Poetry, and to avoid a discovery of his Poetical exaggeration. The relation is true of other places, if *Pliny* and *Theophrastus* deserve credit, as *Dacier* observes; thus the Citron bears during the whole year fruits and flowers. *Arbos ipsa omnibus horis pomifera, aliis cadentibus, aliis matureſcentibus, aliis vero ſubnaſcentibus.* The same is related of other trees by *Pliny: Novuſque fructus in his cum Annotino pendet*; he

he affirms the like of the Pine, *habet fructum matureſcentem, habet proximo anno ad maturitatem venturum, ac deinde tertio, &c.* So that what *Homer* relates is in it ſelf true, tho' not entirely of *Phæacia.* Or perhaps it might be only intended for a more beautiful and poetical manner of deſcribing the conſtant ſucceſſion of one after another in a fertile climate.

------ *Figs on figs ariſe.*

Ariſtotle apply'd this Hemiſtic ſcoffingly to the Sycophants of *Athens*: he was about to leave that city upon its rejoicing at the death of *Socrates*; and quoting this verſe, he ſaid he would not live in a place where

------ Γηθέρχει σῦκον δ' ἐπὶ σύκῳ.

alluding to the derivation of the word Sycophant. *Euſtathius.*

Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun.

To underſtand this paſſage aright, it is neceſſary to know the manner of ordering the vintage amongſt the *Greeks:* Firſt, they carried all the grapes they gather'd into an houſe for a ſeaſon; afterwards they expoſed them ten days to the ſun, and let them lye abroad as many nights in the freſhneſs of the air; then they kept them five days in cool ſhades, and on the ſixth they trod them, and put the wine into veſſels: This we learn from *Heſiod:* ἔργων, verſe 227.

------ Πάντας ἀπόδρεπε οἶκαδε βότρυς
Δεῖξαι δ' ἠελίῳ δέκα τ' ἤματα καὶ δέκα νύκτας
Πέντε δὲ συκίασαι, ἕκτῳ δ' εἰς ἄγγε' ἀφύσαι
Δῶρα Διωνύσου πολυγηθέος. ------

Homer diſtinguiſhes the whole into three orders: Firſt, the grapes that have already been expos'd to the ſun are trod; the ſe-

cond order is of the grapes that are expoſed, while the others are treading; and the third, of thoſe that are ripe to be gathered, while the others are thus ordering. *Homer* himſelf thus explains it, by ſaying, that while ſome vines were loaded with black and mature grapes, others were green, or but juſt turning to blackneſs. *Homer* undoubtedly founds this poetical relation upon obſerving ſome vines that bore fruit thrice annually. *Pliny* affirms this to be true, *lib.* 16. *chap.* 27. *Vites quidem & triferæ ſunt, quas ob id inſanas vocant, quoniam in iis aliæ matureſcunt, aliæ turgeſcunt, aliæ florent. Dacier.*

XIX.

VERSE 184. *Prepar'd for reſt, and offering to the God*
That bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.]

I have already explain'd from *Athenæus* this cuſtom of offering to *Mercury* at the concluſion of entertainments: he was thought by the Ancients to preſide over ſleep: *dat ſomnos adimitque*, according to *Horace*, as *Dacier* obſerves: In following ages this practice was alter'd, and they offer'd not to *Mercury*, but to *Jove* the Perfecter, or to Ζεῦς τέλειος.

XX.

VERSE 190. *Then from around him drop'd the veil of night.*]

If this whole ſtory of the veil of air had been told ſimply and nakedly, it would imply no more than that *Ulyſſes* arriv'd without being diſcover'd; and the breaking of the veil denotes his firſt coming into ſight, in the preſence of the Queen. But *Homer* ſteps out of the vulgar road of an Hiſtorian, and cloaths it with a ſublimity worthy of heroic Poetry. In the ſame manner *Virgil* diſcovers his *Æneas* to *Dido*;

——Cum circumfuſa repente
Scindit ſe nubes, & in aera purgat apertum.

Scaliger prefers theſe verſes to thoſe of *Homer*, and perhaps with good reaſon: he calls the laſt part of the ſecond verſe a divine addition; and indeed it is far more beautiful than the θέσφατος ἄης of *Homer*.

XXI.

VERSE 196. *To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train.*] *Minerva* commanded *Ulyſſes* to ſupplicate the Queen: Why then does he exceed the directions of the Goddeſs, and not only addreſs himſelf to *Alcinous*, but to the reſt of the aſſembly? *Spondanus* anſwers, that *Ulyſſes* adapts himſelf to the preſent circumſtances, and ſeeing the King and other Peers in the ſame aſſembly, he thought it improper not to take notice of them: he therefore addreſſes himſelf to all, that he may make all his friends. But then does not *Minerva* give improper directions? and is not *Ulyſſes* more wiſe than the Goddeſs of Wiſdom? The true reaſon therefore may perhaps be, that *Ulyſſes* really complies with the injunctions of the Goddeſs: ſhe commands him to addreſs himſelf to the Queen; and he does ſo: this I take to mean chiefly or primarily, but not excluſively of the King: If the paſſage be thus underſtood, it ſolves the objection.

XXII.

VERSE 200. *A wretched exile to his country ſend.*] *Ulyſſes* here ſpeaks very conciſely; and he may ſeem to break abruptly into the ſubject of his petition, without letting the audience either into the knowledge of his condition or perſon. Was this a proper method to prevail over an aſſembly of ſtrangers? But his geſture ſpoke for him, he threw himſelf into the poſture of a ſuppliant, and the perſons of all ſuppliants were eſteem'd to be ſacred: He declar'd himſelf to be a man in calamity, and reſerves his ſtory to be told more at large, when the ſurprize of the *Phæacians* at the ſudden appearance of a ſtranger was over: this conciſeneſs therefore is not blameable, but rather an inſtance of *Ho-*

mer's judgment, who knows when to be short, and when to be copious.

XXIII.

VERSE 207. *And humbled in the ashes took his place.*] This was the custom of Suppliants: they betook themselves to the hearth as sacred, and a place of refuge. It was particularly in the protection of *Vesta:* Thus *Tully, lib. 2. de Naturâ Deorum*; *Nomen Vestæ sumptum est a Græcis, ea est enim quæ illis ἑστία dicitur, jusque ejus ad aras, & focos pertines.* *Apollonius* likewise, as *Spondanus* observes, takes notice of this custom of Suppliants.

Τὼ δ' ἄνεω, ϗ ἄνανδοι ἐφ' ἑστίῃ ἀΐξαντες
Ἵζανον, ἥτε δίκη λυγροῖς ἱκέτησι τέτυκται.

That is, they betook themselves to the hearth, and there sate mute, which is the custom of all unhappy Suppliants. If it was a custom, as *Apollonius* observes, to sit mute, this gives another reason why *Ulysses* used but few words in his supplication: he had greatly outrag'd a practice that was establish'd as sacred amongst the *Greeks*, and had not acted in the character of a Suppliant, if he had launch'd out into a long oration.

This was the most sure and effectual way of supplication; thus when *Themistocles* fled to *Admetus* King of the *Molossians*, he placed himself before the hearth, and was receiv'd, tho' that King had formerly vow'd his destruction. *Plutarch* indeed calls it an unusual way of supplication, but that proceeded from his carrying a child in his arms to move the greater compassion, not from his throwing himself into the protection of the Household-Gods.

XXIV.

VERSE 209. Echeneus *sage*, &c.] The expression in the original, as *Dacier* observes, is remarkable: Echeneus *an old man, who knew many ancient, and great variety of things*; he was wise by

by long experience, and by being converſant in ancient ſtory: The Author of the book of Wiſdom ſpeaks almoſt in the ſame expreſſions: *Scit præterita & de futuris æſtimat.*

XXV.

VERSE 226. *And from his ſeat* Laodamas *remov'd.*] *Plutarch* in his *Sympoſiacs* diſcuſſes a queſtion, whether the Maſter of the feaſt ſhould place his gueſts, or let them ſeat themſelves promiſcuouſly: He there commends this conduct of *Alcinous*, as an inſtance of a courteous diſpoſition and great humanity, who gave a place of dignity to a ſtranger and ſuppliant.

XXVI.

VERSE 240. ——*The due libation pay to* Jove.] We have already ſeen that the whole aſſembly was about to pour libations to *Mercury*, whence is it then that they now offer to *Jupiter?* *Euſtathius* obſerves, it was becauſe of the arrival of this ſtranger, and *Jupiter* preſides over all ſtrangers, and is frequently ſtil'd Ζεὺς Ξένιος and Ζεὺς ἱκέσιος.

XXVII.

VERSE 287. *So near approach we their celeſtial kind,* &c.] There is ſome intricacy in this paſſage, and much labour has been uſed to explain it. Some would have it to imply that, "we are "as nearly ally'd to the Gods, as the *Cyclops* and Giants, who are "deſcended from them; and if the Gods frequently appear to theſe "Giants who defy them; how much more may it be expected by "the *Phæacians* to enjoy that favour, who reverence and adore them?" *Euſtathius* explains it after another method; *Alcinous* had conceiv'd a fix'd hatred againſt the race of the *Cyclops*, who had expell'd the *Phæacians* from their country, and forc'd them to ſeek a new habitation; he here expreſſes that hatred, and ſays, that the *Phæacians* reſemble the Gods as much in goodneſs, as the *Cyclops*

clops and Giants one the other in impiety: He illuſtrates it, by ſhewing that the expreſſion has the ſame import as if we ſhould ſay that *Socrates* comes as near to *Plato* in virtue, as *Anytus* and *Melitus* to one another in wickedneſs; and indeed the conſtruction will be eaſy, by underſtanding Ἀλλήλοις in the ſecond verſe.

——Σφισιν ἐγγύθεν εἰμὲν,
Ὥσπερ κύκλωπές και ἄγεια φῦλα γιγάντων.
Subaudi, ἐγγύθεν ἀλλήλοις εἰσιν.

I have already ſpoken of the preſence of the Gods at the ſacrifices, in a former note upon the *Odyſſey*: This frequent intercourſe of the Gods was agreeable to the Theology of the Ancients; but why then is *Alcinous* ſurpriz'd at the appearance of *Ulyſſes*, whom he looks upon as a God, if ſuch favours were frequent? *Spondanus* replies, that it is the unuſualneſs of the time, not the appearance, that ſurprizes *Alcinous*; the Gods appear'd either at their ſacrifices, or in their journeys, and therefore he looks upon this viſit as a thing extraordinary.

XXVIII.

VERSE 305. *That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death*, &c.] It is very neceſſary to recall frequently to the Reader's mind the deſire *Ulyſſes* has to reach his own country; and to ſhew that he is abſent not by choice, but neceſſity, all the diſorders in his kingdoms happen by reaſon of his abſence: it is therefore neceſſary to ſet the deſire of his return in the ſtrongeſt point of light, that he may not ſeem acceſſary to thoſe diſorders, by being abſent when it was in his power to return. It is obſervable that *Ulyſſes* does not here make any mention of *Penelope*, whom he ſcarce ever omits in other places, as one of the chief inducements to wiſh for his country; the reaſon of his ſilence, ſays *Euſtathius*, is, becauſe he is unwilling to abate the favour of *Alcinous*, by a diſcovery that would ſhow it was impoſſible for him to marry his daughter; ſuch a diſcovery might make the King proceed more

cooly towards his tranſportation; whereas it would afterwards be leſs dangerous, when he has had an opportunity fully to engage him in his favour.

XXIX.

VERSE 329. *Hard is the task, oh Princeſs!*] *Æneas* in *Virgil* ſpeaks to *Venus* after the ſame manner, as *Ulyſſes* to *Arete*.

O Dea, ſi primâ repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum,
Ante diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.

Scaliger obſerves that *Virgil* ſo far exceeds the verſes of *Homer*, that they will not even bear a compariſon; he is ſuperior almoſt in every word: for inſtance; he renders διηνεκέως, by *primâ ab origine*, and adds the word *vacet* beautifully; and ſtill more beautifully he tranſlates πολλὰ κήδεα, *annales noſtrorum audire laborum*; and laſtly he paraphraſes the word ἀέγαλέον by a moſt harmonious line,

Ante diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.

which excellently deſcribes the multitude of the ſufferings of *Æneas*, which could not be comprehended in the relation of a whole day.

I will not deny but that *Virgil* excells *Homer* in this and many other paſſages which he borrows from him; but then is it a juſt concluſion to infer, after the manner of *Scaliger*, that *Virgil* is a better Poet than *Homer*? To conclude from particulars to generals is a falſe way of arguing. It is as if in a compariſon of two perſons, a man ſhould from ſingle features give a ſuperiority of beauty, which is only to be gather'd from the ſymmetry of the whole body.

VERSE

XXX.

VERSE 326. *Yet what you ask, attend*------] *Homer* here gives a ſummary of the ſubject of the two preceding books: this recapitulation cannot indeed be avoided, becauſe it is neceſſary to let *Alcinous* into his ſtory, and this cannot be done without a repetition; but generally all repetitions are tedious: The Reader is offended when that is related which he knows already, he receives no new inſtruction to entertain his judgment, nor any new deſcriptions to excite his curioſity, and by theſe means the very ſoul of Poetry is extinguiſh'd, and it becomes unſpirited and lifeleſs. When therefore repetitions are abſolutely neceſſary, they ought always to be ſhort; and I may appeal to the Reader if he is not tir'd with many in *Homer*, eſpecially when made in the very ſame words? Here indeed *Ulyſſes* tells his ſtory but in part; the Queen ask'd him who he was, but he paſſes over this without any reply, and reſerves the greateſt part of his ſtory to a time of more *leiſure*, that he may diſcover himſelf to a better advantage before the whole Peerage of the *Phæacians*. I do not always condemn even the verbal repetitions of *Homer*, ſometimes as in embaſſies they may be neceſſary, becauſe every word is ſtamp'd with authority, and perhaps they might be cuſtomary in *Homer*'s times; if they were not, he had too fruitful an invention not to have varied his thoughts and expreſſions. *Boſſu* obſerves, that with reſpect to repetitions *Virgil* is more exact than *Homer*; for inſtance, in the firſt book of the *Æneis*, when *Æneas* is repeating his ſufferings to *Venus*, ſhe interrupts him to give him comfort;

------*Nec plura querentem*
Paſſa Venus, medio ſic interfata dolore eſt.

and in the third book, where good manners oblig'd this Heroe to relate his ſtory at the requeſt of *Andromache*, the Poet prevents it by introducing *Helenus*, who hinders the repetition.

VERSE

XXXI.

VERSE 330. *Remote from Gods or men ſhe holds her reign.*] *Homer* has the ſecret art of introducing the beſt inſtructions, in the midſt of the plaineſt narrations. He has deſcrib'd the unworthy paſſion of the Goddeſs *Calypſo*, and the indecent advances ſhe made to detain him from his country. It is poſſible this relation might make ſome impreſſions upon the mind of the Reader, inconſiſtent with exact Morality; What antidote then does *Homer* adminiſter to expell this poiſon? He does not content himſelf with ſetting the chaſtity of *Penelope* in oppoſition to the looſe deſires of *Calypſo*, and ſhowing the great advantage the Mortal has over the Goddeſs; but he here diſcovers the fountain from whence this weakneſs riſes, by ſaying, that neither man nor Gods frequented this Iſland: on one hand the abſence of the Gods, and on the other the infrequency of objects made her yield at the ſight of the firſt that appears. Every object is dangerous in ſolitude, eſpecially, as *Homer* expreſſes it, if we have no commerce with the Gods. *Dacier.*

XXXII.

VERSE 344. *But all her blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove.*----] *Dacier*, from *Euſtathius*, aſſigns the reaſon of the refuſal of *Ulyſſes* to comply with the proffers of *Calypſo*, to forſake his wife and country: It was, becauſe he knew that women in love promiſe more than they either can, or intend to perform. An inſinuation, that he would have comply'd if he had thought the Goddeſs would, or could, have perform'd her promiſes. But this is contrary to the character of *Ulyſſes*, whoſe greateſt Glory it is, not to have liſten'd even to a Goddeſs. In this view he ceaſes to be an Heroe, and his return is no longer a virtue, but he returns only becauſe he found not a temptation ſufficient to keep him from his country.

XXXIII.

VERSE 379. *In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare.*] In the preceding line *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks of *Nauſicaa*, yet immediately changes the words into the Maſculine gender, for grammatically it ought to be νεωτέρην ἀνθιάσασαν. *Homer* makes this alteration to pay the greater compliment to *Nauſicaa*, and he intends to expreſs by it, that neither woman nor man of her years could be expected to have ſuch remarkable diſcretion. *Euſtathius.*

Such ſentences being very frequent in the *Odyſſey*; it may not be improper to obſerve, of what beauty a ſentence is in Epic Poetry. A Sentence may be defin'd, a moral inſtruction couch'd in few words. *Rapine* aſſerts, that ſentences are more proper in Dramatic than Heroic Poetry: for Narration is the eſſential character of it, and it ought to be one continued thread of diſcourſe, ſimple and natural, without an affectation of figures, or moral reflections: that energy which ſome pretend to collect and incloſe within a ſmall compaſs of words, is wont extremely to weaken the reſt of the diſcourſe, and give it a forc'd air: it ſeems to jut out of the ſtructure of the Poem, and to be independent of it: he blames *Homer* for ſcattering his ſentences too plentifully thro' his Poeſy, and calls it an affectation and imperfection.

Theſe objections would undoubtedly be of weight, if the ſentences were ſo introduc'd as to break the thread of narration, as *Rapine* rightly obſerves. But is this the caſe with relation to *Homer*? He puts them into the mouth of the Actors themſelves, and the narration goes on without the leaſt interruption: It is not the Poet who ſpeaks, nor does he ſuſpend the narration to make a refin'd reflection, or give us a ſentence of Morality. Is his Poetry the worſe becauſe he makes his agents ſpeak weightily and ſententiouſly? It is true, ſentences uſed without moderation are abſurd in Epic Poetry; they give it a ſeriouſneſs that is more becoming the gravity of Philoſophers, than the Spirit and Majeſty of Poetry. *Boſſu* judiciouſly obſerves, that ſuch thoughts have

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in their very nature a certain kind of calm Wiſdom that is contrary to the paſſions; but ſays he, ſentences make a Poem uſeful, and it ſeems natural to imagine, that the more a work is embelliſh'd with them, the more it deſerves that general approbation which *Horace* promiſes to thoſe who have the art to mix the profitable with the pleaſant. In ſhort, ſentences are not only allowable but beautiful in Heroic Poetry, if they are introduc'd with propriety, and without affectation.

XXXIV.

VERSE 391. *She bade me follow*------
But fear and rev'rence, &c.]

This is directly contrary to what is before aſſerted in the preceding book, where *Nauſicaa* forbids *Ulyſſes* to attend her, to avoid ſuſpicion and ſlander: Is not *Ulyſſes* then guilty of falſhood, and is not falſhood beneath the character of a Heroe? *Euſtathius* confeſſes that *Ulyſſes* is guilty φανερῶς ψεύδεται, and he adds, that a wiſe man may do ſo ſometimes opportunely. Ὅπες ἂν ποιήσει ἐν καιρῷ ὁ σοφός. I fear this conceſſion of the Biſhop's would not paſs for good caſuiſtry in theſe ages. *Spondanus* is of the ſame opinion as *Euſtathius*; *Vir prudens certo loco & tempore mendaciis officioſiſſimis uti novit*. *Dacier* confeſſes that he ſomewhat diſguiſes the truth. It will be difficult to vindicate *Ulyſſes* from the imputation, if the notions of truth and falſhood were as ſtrict in former, as in theſe ages; but we muſt not meaſure by this ſtandard: It is certain that anciently Lying was reckon'd no crime by a whole nation; and it ſtill bears a diſpute, *An omne falſi-loquium ſit mendacium?* Some Caſuiſts allow of the *officioſum mendacium*, and ſuch is this of *Ulyſſes*, entirely complemental and officious.

XXXV.

VERSE 400. *Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my ſon*------] The Ancients obſerve, that *Alcinous* very artfully inſerts this propoſi-

tion to *Ulyſſes*, to prove his veracity. If he had embraced it without heſitation, he would have concluded him an impoſtor; for it is not conceivable that he ſhould reject all the temptations to marriage made him by *Calypſo*, a Goddeſs, and yet immediately embrace this offer of *Alcinous* to marry his daughter. But if we take the paſſage in another ſenſe, and believe that *Alcinous* ſpoke ſincerely without any ſecret ſuſpicions, yet his conduct is juſtifiable. It has I confeſs appear'd ſhocking, that *Alcinous*, a King, ſhould at the very firſt interview offer his daughter to a ſtranger, who might be a vagrant and impoſtor: But examples are frequent in Antiquity of marriages thus concluded between ſtrangers, and with as little heſitation: Thus *Bellerophon*, *Tydeus*, and *Polinices* were married. Great Perſonages regarded not riches, but were only ſollicitous to procure worthy Husbands for their daughters, and birth and virtue were the beſt recommendations.

It is obſervable that in the original there is a Chaſm, an Infinitive mood without any thing to govern it; we muſt therefore ſupply the word ἐθέλοις to make it right conſtruction. *Euſtath.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 411. *Far as* Eubæa *tho' thy country lay.*] *Eubæa*, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, is really far diſtant from *Corcyra*, the country of the *Phæacians*: But *Alcinous* ſtill makes it more diſtant, by placing it in another part of the world, and deſcribing it as one of the fortunate Iſlands; for in the fourth book *Rhadamanthus* is ſaid to inhabit the *Elyſian* fields. *Alcinous* therefore endeavours to have it believ'd that his Iſle is near thoſe fields, by aſſerting that *Rhadamanthus* made uſe of *Phæacian* veſſels in his voyage to *Tityus*. *Euſtathius* further adds, that *Rhadamanthus* was a Prince of great juſtice, and *Tityus* a perſon of great impiety, and that he made this voyage to bring him over to more virtuous diſpoſitions.

VERSE

XXXVII.

VERSE 415. *The land, from whence their morning course begun,*
Saw them returning with the setting sun.] If *Homer* had given the true situation of *Corcyra* as it really lies opposite to *Epirus*, yet the Hyperbole of sailing thence to *Eubæa* and returning in the same day, had been utterly an impossibility; for in sailing thither they must pass the *Ionian* and *Icarian* seas, and double the *Peloponnesus*. But the fiction is yet more extravagant, by the Poet's placing it still more distant near the *Fortunate Islands*. But what is impossible for vessels to effect, that are as swift as birds, and can sail with the rapidity of a thought? *Eustathius*.

But then is the Poet justifiable for relating such incredible amplifications? It may be answer'd, if he had put these extravagancies into the mouth of *Ulysses*, he had been unpardonable, but they suit well with the character of *Alcinous*: They let *Ulysses* into his disposition, and he appears to be ignorant, credulous, and ostentatious. This was necessary, that *Ulysses* might know how to adapt himself to his humour, and engage his assistance; and this he actually brings about by raising his wonder and esteem by stories, that could not fail to please such an ignorant and credulous person as *Alcinous*.

Dacier adds, that the *Phæacians* were so puff'd up with their constant felicity and the protection of the Gods, that they thought nothing impossible; upon this opinion all these Hyperboles are founded: And this agrees too well with human nature; the more happy men are, the more high and extravagantly they talk, and are too apt to entertain themselves with wild Chimæra's which have no existence but in the Imagination.

The moral then of these fables of *Alcinous* is, that a constant series of happiness intoxicates the mind, and that moderation is often learn'd in the school of adversity.

VERSE

XXXVIII.

VERSE 430. *The prayer of* Ulysses.] It is observable, that *Ulysses* makes no reply directly to the obliging proposition which the King made concerning his daughter. A refusal might have been disadvantagious to his present circumstances, yet an answer is imply'd in this prayer, which shows the impatience he has to return to his country, and the gratitude he feels for his promises to effect it: and consequently it discovers that he has no intentions of settling with his daughter amongst the *Phæacians*.

Dacier.

XXXIX.

VERSE 437, 438. *The last lines.*] It may seem somewhat extraordinary, that *Alcinous* and his Queen who have been described as patterns of conjugal happiness should sleep in distinct beds. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as *Dacier* observes from the first of the *Iliad*, have the same bed. Perhaps the Poet design'd to shew the luxury and false delicacy of those too happy *Phæacians*, who liv'd in such softness that they shun'd every thing that might prove troublesome or incommodious.

This book takes up no longer time than the evening of the thirty second day.

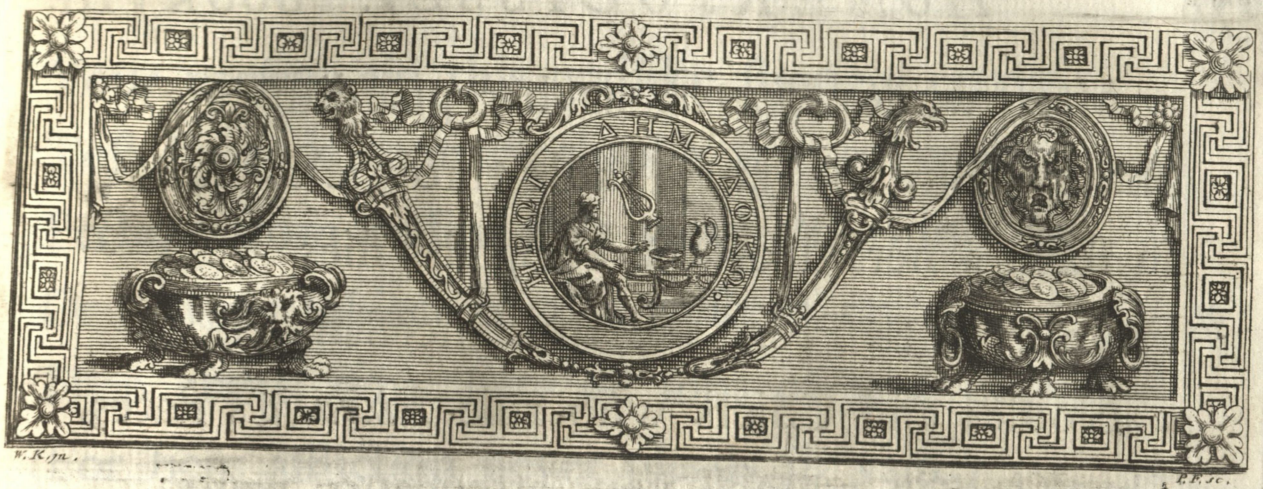
THE

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

Alcinous *calls a Council, in which it is resolved to transport* Ulysses *into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated Musician and Poet* Demodocus, *plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wrestling,* Discus, &c. *where* Ulysses *casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and* Demodocus *sings the loves of* Mars *and* Venus. Ulysses, *after a compliment to the Poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into* Troy; *which subject provoking his tears,* Alcinous *enquires of his guest, his name, parentage and fortunes.*

THE



THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

NOW fair *Aurora* lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy Orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief with dawning light,
Roſe inſtant from the ſlumbers of the night;
Then to the Council ſeat they bend their way,
And fill the ſhining thrones along the bay.

Mean-while *Minerva* in her guardian care
Shoots from the ſtarry vault thro' fields of air;
In form a herald of the King ſhe flies
From Peer to Peer, and thus inceſſant cries.
Nobles and Chiefs who rule *Phæacia*'s ſtates,
The King in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown ſeas arriv'd from unknown ſhores.
She ſpoke, and ſudden with tumultuous ſounds
Of thronging multitudes the ſhore rebounds;
At once the ſeats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before ſome brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She ſheds celeſtial bloom, regard to draw,
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe,
With ſtrength the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glitt'ring throne *Alcinous* roſe;
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will diſcloſe,

Your preſent aid this godlike ſtranger craves,
Toſt by rude tempeſt thro' a war of waves:
Perhaps from realms that view the riſing day,
Or nations ſubject to the weſtern ray.
Then grant, what here all ſons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be choſen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vaſt profound, and bid the veſſel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order ev'ry oar,
Then in our court indulge the genial hour:
Inſtant you ſailors to this task attend,
Swift to the palace, all ye Peers aſcend:
Let none to ſtrangers honours due diſclaim;
Be there *Demodocus*, the Bard of fame,
Taught by the Gods to pleaſe, when high he ſings
The vocal lay reſponſive to the ſtrings.
Thus ſpoke the Prince: th' attending Peers obey,
In ſtate they move; *Alcinous* leads the way:
Swift to *Demodocus* the herald flies,
At once the ſailors to their charge ariſe:

They launch the veſſel, and unfurl the ſails,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gath'ring throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all acceſſes to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choiceſt of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring
To crown the feaſt, ſo wills the bounteous King.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The ſacred maſter of celeſtial ſong:
Dear to the Muſe! who gave his days to flow
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkneſs quench'd his viſual ray,
But gave him ſkill to raiſe the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne ſublime in ſtate,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he ſate:
With ſilver ſhone the throne; his Lyre well ſtrung
To rapturous ſounds, at hand *Pontonous* hung:
Before his ſeat a poliſh'd table ſhines,
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines:

His

His food a herald bore: And now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then fir'd by all the Muſe, aloud he ſings
The mighty deeds of Demigods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble ſong aroſe,
That made *Ulyſſes* and *Achilles* foes:
How o'er the feaſt they doom the fall of *Troy*;
The ſtern debate *Atrides* hears with joy:
For heav'n foretold the conteſt, when he trod
The marble threſhold of the *Delphic* God,
Curious to learn the counſels of the ſky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on *Troy*.
Touch'd at the ſong, *Ulyſſes* ſtrait reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple veſt he drew,
Induſtrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the muſic paus'd, he ceas'd to ſhed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Tranſported

Tranſported with the ſong, the liſt'ning train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again *Ulyſſes* veil'd his penſive head,
Again unmann'd a ſhow'r of ſorrow ſhed:
Conceal'd he wept: the King obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the Bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious ſtring;
Enough the feaſt has pleas'd, enough the pow'r
Of heav'nly ſong has crown'd the genial hour!
Inceſſant in the games your ſtrength diſplay,
Conteſt, ye brave, the honours of the day!
That pleas'd th' admiring ſtranger may proclaim
In diſtant regions the *Phæacian* fame:
None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
Or ſwifter in the race devour the way:
None in the leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wreſtling, preſs the ground.
Thus ſpoke the King; th' attending Peers obey:
In ſtate they move, *Alcinous* leads the way:

His

His golden lyre *Demodocus* unſtrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majeſtic to the liſts of Fame repairs.
Now ſwarms the populace; a countleſs throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:
The games begin: Ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, *Thoon*, and *Eretmeus* riſe;
The prize *Ocyalus* and *Prymneus* claim,
Anchialus and *Ponteus*, chiefs of fame:
There *Proreus*, *Nautes*, *Eratreus* appear,
And fam'd *Amphialus*, *Polyneus'* heir:
Euryalus, like *Mars* terrific, roſe,
When clad in wrath he withers hoſts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequall'd ſhone,
Or equal'd by *Laodamas* alone.
With theſe came forth *Ambaſineus* the ſtrong;
And three brave ſons, from great *Alcinous* ſprung.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand,
Start from the goal, and vaniſh o'er the ſtrand:

Swift

Swift as on wings of winds upborn they fly,
And drifts of riſing duſt involve the sky:
Before the reſt, what ſpace the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plow to plow
Clytonius ſprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrival'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wreſtlers joyn;
The conqueſt, great *Euryalus*, is thine.
Amphialus ſprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground:
From *Elatreus'* ſtrong arm the Diſcus flies,
And ſings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
And *Laodame* whirls high, with dreadful ſway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.
While thus the Peerage in the games contends,
In act to ſpeak, *Laodamas* aſcends:
O friends, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well-skill'd
To try th' illuſtrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave; then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the Hero to his ſhare of fame.

What

What nervous arms he boaſts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders ſpread!
By age unbroke!—but all-conſuming care
Deſtroys perhaps the ſtrength that time wou'd ſpare:
Dire is the Ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man muſt decay, when man contends with ſtorms.
Well haſt thou ſpoke, (*Euryalus* replies)
Thine is the gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
Swift at the word advancing from the croud
He made obeyſance, and thus ſpoke aloud.
Vouchſafes the rev'rend ſtranger to diſplay
His manly worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
Father, ariſe! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the ſolemn games.
To fame ariſe! for what more fame can yield
Than the ſwift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay;
Short is the time, and lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.

To whom with ſighs *Ulyſſes* gave reply:
Ah why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who ſuppliant to the King and Peers, implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, *Laodame*, thy erring tongue,
The ſports of glory to the brave belong,
(Retorts *Euryalus:*) He boaſts no claim
Among the great, unlike the ſons of Fame.
A wand'ring merchant he frequents the main,
Some mean ſea-farer in purſuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.
Incens'd *Ulyſſes* with a frown replies,
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul *unwiſe*!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts diſpenſe;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe;

Here

Here heav'n an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This man with energy of thought controuls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves the gazing crowd reveres.
While others beauteous as th' æthereal kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhow heav'n gives thee to excell,
But heav'n denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my gen'rous ſoul reſents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of Fame:
Such was my boaſt, while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.

Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the heroe.—Slander ſtings the brave.
Then ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground:
By far more pond'rous and more huge by far,
Than what *Phæacia*'s ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
Sonorous thro' the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies,
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the skies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
That inſtant *Pallas*, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud.
Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray,
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of ev'ry champion, by a length of ground:
Securely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train
Ariſe to throw: the ſtrongeſt throws in vain.

She

She ſpoke: and momentary mounts the ſky:
The friendly voice *Ulyſſes* hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Riſe ye *Phæacians*, try your force, he cry'd;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt Caſter vye,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the Diſcus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth ye wreſtlers who theſe paſtimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave *Laodamas* alone:
Shall I with brave *Laodamas* contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtile him friend.
Ungen'rous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th'ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own intereſt blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy:
Give me a man that we our might may try!

Expert

Expert in ev'ry art, I boaſt the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone ſuperior in the field of *Troy*,
Great *Philoctetes* taught the ſhaft to fly.
From all the ſons of earth unrival'd praiſe
I juſtly claim; but yield to better days,
To thoſe fam'd days when great *Alcides* roſe,
And *Eurytus*, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain *Eurytus*, whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the Bowyer God.)
In fighting fields as far the ſpear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the conteſt I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints; and I reſign
By ſtorms and hunger worn: Age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail.

Abaſh'd

Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the god-like man,
'Till great *Alcinous* mildly thus began.

Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy gen'rous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When bleſt with eaſe thy woes and wand'rings end,
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend;
How lov'd of *Jove* he crown'd our ſires with praiſe,
How we their offspring dignify our race.

Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boaſt the glories of th'athletic field;
We in the courſe unrival'd ſpeed diſplay,
Or thro' cærulean billows plow the way:
To dreſs, to dance, to ſing our ſole delight,
The feaſt or bath by day, and love by night:

Riſe

Riſe then ye skill'd in meaſures: let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a diſtant air:
And faithful ſay, to you the pow'rs belong
To race, to ſail, to dance, to chaunt the ſong.
But, herald, to the palace ſwift repair,
And the ſoft Lyre to grace our paſtimes bear.
Swift at the word, obedient to the King
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up roſe nine Seniors, choſen to ſurvey
The future games, the judges of the day:
With inſtant care they mark a ſpacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the Lyre: Intent to play,
The Bard advancing meditates the lay:
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heav'nly minſtrel ſtand;
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they riſe,
Their feet half-viewleſs quiver in the skies:
Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey
The glancing ſplendors as their ſandals play.

Mean-

Mean-time the Bard alternate to the ſtrings
The loves of *Mars* and *Citherea* ſings;
How the ſtern God enamour'd with her charms
Claſp'd the gay panting Goddeſs in his arms,
By bribes ſeduc'd: and how the Sun, whoſe eye
Views the broad heav'ns diſclos'd the lawleſs joy.
Stung to the ſoul, indignant thro' the skies
To his black forge vindictive *Vulcan* flies:
Arriv'd, his ſinewy arms inceſſant place
Th' eternal anvil on the maſſy baſe.
A wond'rous Net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong! then inſtant bears
To his immortal dome the finiſh'd ſnares.
Above, below, around, with art diſpread,
The ſure encloſure folds the genial bed;
Whoſe texture ev'n the ſearch of Gods deceives,
Thin, as the filmy threads the ſpider weaves.
Then as withdrawing from the ſtarry bow'rs,
He feigns a journey to the *Lemnian* ſhores:

His fav'rite Isle! Observant *Mars* descries
His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies;
He glows, he burns: The fair-hair'd Queen of love
Descends smooth-gliding from the Courts of *Jove*,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
With eager joy, and with a sigh address't.

Come, my belov'd! and taste the soft delights;
Come, to repose the genial bed invites:
Thy absent spouse neglectful of thy charms
Prefers his barb'rous *Sintians* to thy arms!

Then, nothing loth, th'enamour'd fair he led,
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
Down rush'd the toils, enwrapping as they lay
The careless lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they strive, th'entangling snares deny
(Inextricably firm) the pow'r to fly:
Warn'd by the God who sheds the golden day,
Stern *Vulcan* homeward treads the starry way:
Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns;
Full horribly he roars, his voice all heav'n returns.

O *Jove*, he cry'd, oh all ye pow'rs above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, aukward me ſhe ſcorns, and yields her charms
To that fair Lecher, the ſtrong God of arms.
If I am lame, that ſtain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; ſuch me my parent bore:
Why was I born? ſee how the wanton lies!
O ſight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
But yet I truſt, this once ev'n *Mars* would fly
His fair ones arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my pow'r,
'Till *Jove* refunds his ſhameleſs daughter's dow'r.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaſte is beauty in diſgrace.
Mean-while the Gods the dome of *Vulcan* throng,
Apollo comes, and *Neptune* comes along,
With theſe gay *Hermes* trod the ſtarry plain;
But modeſty with-held the Goddeſs-train.
All heav'n beholds, impriſon'd as they lye,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the sky.

Then mutual, thus they ſpoke: Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits: and Art ſubdues the ſtrong!
Dwells there a God on all th'*Olympian* brow
More ſwift than *Mars*, and more than *Vulcan* ſlow?
Yet *Vulcan* conquers, and the God of arms
Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms.

Thus ſerious they: but he who gilds the skies,
The gay *Apollo* thus to *Hermes* cries.
Wou'dſt thou enchain'd like *Mars*, oh *Hermes*, lye,
And bear the ſhame, like *Mars*, to ſhare the joy?

O envy'd ſhame! (the ſmiling Youth rejoin'd,)
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye Gods, and ev'ry Goddeſs gaze,
Yet eager would I bleſs the ſweet diſgrace.

Loud laugh the reſt, ev'n *Neptune* laughs aloud,
Yet ſues importunate to looſe the God:
And free, he cries, oh *Vulcan!* free from ſhame
Thy captives; I enſure the penal claim.
Will *Neptune* (*Vulcan* then) the faithleſs truſt?
He ſuffers who gives ſurely for th'unjuſt:

But

But ſay, if that lewd ſcandal of the sky
To liberty reſtor'd, perfidious fly,
Say wilt thou bear the Mulct? He inſtant cries,
The mulct I bear, if *Mars* perfidious flies.
To whom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
When *Neptune* ſues, my part is to obey.
Then to the ſnares his force the God applies;
They burſt; and *Mars* to *Thrace* indignant flies:
To the ſoft *Cyprian* ſhores the Goddeſs moves,
To viſit *Paphos* and her blooming groves,
Where to the pow'r an hundred altars riſe,
And breathing odours ſcent the balmy skies.
Conceal'd ſhe bathes in conſecrated bow'rs,
The Graces unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhow'rs,
Unguents that charm the Gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
Her wond'rous robes; and full the Goddeſs blooms.
Thus ſung the Bard: *Ulyſſes* hears with joy,
And loud applauſes rend the vaulted sky.
Then to the ſports his ſons the King commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch ſtands:

In

In dance unmatch'd! a wond'rous ball is brought,
(The work of *Polybus*, divinely wrought)
This youth with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;
His brother ſpringing with an active bound
At diſtance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball diſmiſs'd, in dance they skim the ſtrand,
Turn and return, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
Th'aſſembly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
And ſends in ſhouts applauſes to the skies.
Then thus *Ulyſſes*; Happy King, whoſe name
The brighteſt ſhines in all the rolls of fame:
In ſubjects happy! with ſurprize I gaze;
Thy praiſe was juſt; their skill tranſcends thy praiſe.
Pleas'd with his people's fame the Monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accoſts the Peers.
Since Wiſdom's ſacred guidance he purſues,
Give to the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's dues:
Twelve Princes in our realm dominion ſhare,
O'er whom ſupreme, imperial pow'r I bear:

Bring

Bring gold, a pledge of love, a talent bring,
A veſt, a robe, and imitate your King:
Be ſwift to give; that he this night may ſhare
The ſocial feaſt of joy, with joy ſincere.
And thou, *Euryalus*, redeem thy wrong:
A gen'rous heart repairs a ſland'rous tongue.
Th' aſſenting Peers, obedient to the King,
In haſte their heralds ſend the gifts to bring.
Then thus *Euryalus*: O Prince, whoſe ſway
Rules this bleſt realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this ſword, whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt, a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe ivory ſheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide.
He ſaid, and to his hand the ſword conſign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind thoſe words, ye whirlwinds bear,
And ſcatter them, ye ſtorms, in empty air!
Crown, oh ye heav'ns, with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his ſpouſe and native ſhores!

And

And bleſt be thou my friend, *Ulyſſes* cries,
Crown him with ev'ry joy, ye fav'ring skies;
To thy calm hours continu'd peace afford,
And never, never may'ſt thou want this ſword!
He ſaid, and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd Peers repair.
Before the Queen *Alcinous'* ſons unfold
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the King in pomp Imperial ſate.
Thence to the Queen. O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wond'rous frame,
Our ſelf we give, memorial of our name:

To raiſe in off'rings to almighty *Jove*,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Inſtant the Queen, obſervant of the King,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring,
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Her ſelf the cheſt prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to *Ithacus*: To guard with bands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands:
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the watry main,
The hand of Rapine make our bounty vain.
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with *Circæan* art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the King aſcends:

(Untaſted joy, ſince that diſaſtrous hour,
He ſail'd ill-fated from *Calypſo*'s bow'r)
Where happy as the Gods that range the ſky,
He feaſted ev'ry ſenſe, with ev'ry joy.
He bathes: the damſels with officious toil,
Shed ſweets, ſhed unguents, in a ſhow'r of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a Goddeſs ſtands,
With wond'ring eyes the heroe ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid.
Hail god-like ſtranger! and when heav'n reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores,
This ever grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.
O royal maid, *Ulyſſes* ſtrait returns,
Whoſe worth the ſplendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread *Jove* (whoſe arm in vengeance forms
The writhen bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,)

Reſtore

Reſtore me ſafe, thro' weary wand'rings toſt,
To my dear country's ever-pleaſing coaſt,
As while the ſpirit in this boſom glows,
To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows,
My life, thy gift I boaſt! He ſaid, and ſate
Faſt by *Alcinous* on a throne of ſtate.
Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion ſhares.
The Bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeyſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The Peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine, *Ulyſſes* carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This, let the Maſter of the Lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious skies,
Who ſacred honours to the Bard denies?
The Muſe the Bard inſpires, exalts his mind;
The Muſe indulgent loves th' harmonious kind:

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyriſt wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſaid.
O more than man! thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,
Or *Phœbus* animates with all his fires:
For who by *Phœbus* uninform'd, could know
The woe of *Greece*, and ſing ſo well the woe?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day:
The ſong recals paſt horrours to my eyes,
And bids proud *Ilion* from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th' *Epæan* fabric, fram'd by *Pallas*, ſing:
How ſtern *Ulyſſes*, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial *Troy*.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
The God himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:
And mine ſhall be the task, henceforth to raiſe
In ev'ry land, thy monument of praiſe.

Full

Full of the God he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the *Greeks* ruſh'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies:
How ev'n in *Ilion*'s walls, in deathful bands,
Came the ſtern *Greeks* by *Troy*'s aſſiſting hands:
All *Troy* up-heav'd the ſteed: of diff'ring mind,
Various the *Trojans* counſell'd; part conſign'd
The monſter to the ſword, part ſentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwiſe award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
An off'ring ſacred to th' immortal pow'rs:
Th' unwiſe prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods decree proud *Ilion* falls;
Deſtruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful ſlaughter, fierce for human blood.

He ſung the *Greeks* ſtern-iſſuing from the ſteed,
How *Ilion* burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, *Deiphobus!* aſcends
The *Spartan* King; how *Ithacus* attends,

(Horrid

(Horrid as *Mars*) and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: for *Pallas* ſtrings his arms.
Thus while he ſung, *Ulyſſes'* griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her husband falling in his country's right:
Frantic thro' claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Cloſe to his breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks: the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mocks her violence of woe,
To chains condemn'd as wildly ſhe deplores,
A widow, and a ſlave, on foreign ſhores!
So from the ſluices of *Ulyſſes'* eyes
Faſt fell the tears, and ſighs ſucceeded ſighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the King obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan;
Then to the Bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtring:

To

To ev'ry note his tears reſponſive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy Lay too deeply moves: then ceaſe the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This ſocial right demands: for him the ſails
Floating in air, invite th'impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: The wiſe and good
Receive the ſtranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, diſcover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour diſtinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)
Say from what city, from what regions toſt,
And what inhabitants thoſe regions boaſt?
So ſhalt thou inſtant reach the realm aſſign'd,
In wond'rous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with mind;
No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guides,
Like man intelligent, they plow the tides,

Conſcious

Conſcious of every coaſt, and every bay,
That lies beneath the ſun's all-ſeeing ray;
Tho' clouds and darkneſs veil th' encumber'd sky,
Fearleſs thro' darkneſs and thro' clouds they fly:
Tho' tempeſts rage, tho' rolls the ſwelling main,
The ſeas may roll, the tempeſts rage in vain.
Ev'n the ſtern God that o'er the waves preſides,
Safe as they paſs, and ſafe repaſs the tides,
With fury burns; while careleſs they convey
Promiſcuous every gueſt to every bay.
Theſe ears have heard my royal Sire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory big with future woes,
How *Neptune* rag'd, and how by his command
Firm-rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury theſe proud tow'rs beneath the ground.
But this the Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
As ſuits the purpoſe of th' eternal will.
But ſay thro' what waſte regions haſt thou ſtray'd,
What cuſtoms noted, and what coaſts ſurvey'd?

Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of *Troy* awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy boſom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Juſt are the ways of heav'n: From heav'n proceed
The woes of man; heav'n doom'd the *Greeks* to bleed,
A theme of future ſong! Say then if ſlain
Some dear-lov'd brother preſs'd the *Phrygian* plain?
Or bled ſome friend? who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart.

