A.5.

THAD N. MARSH

6-6-15

THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated from the *GREEK*.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
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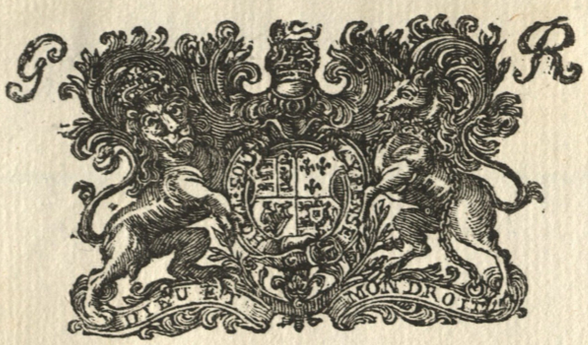
MDCCXXVI.





GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* To all to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, Greeting: Whereas *Bernard Lintot* of our City of *London*, Bookſeller, hath by his Petition humbly repreſented unto Us, that he is now Printing a Tranſlation, undertaken by Our Truſty and Well-beloved *Alexander Pope*, Eſq; of the *Odyſſey* of *Homer* from the *Greek*, in Five Volumes in *Folio* upon large and ſmall Paper, in *Quarto* upon Royal Paper, in *Octavo* and *Duodecimo*, with large Notes upon each Book, and that he has been at great Expence in carrying on the ſaid Work, and the ſole Right and Title of the Copy of the ſame being veſted in the ſaid *Bernard Lintot*, he has humbly beſought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the ſole Printing and Publiſhing thereof for the term of fourteen Years: We are therefore graciouſly pleaſed to gratify him in his Requeſt, and do by theſe Preſents, agreeable to the Statute in that behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Succeſſors, give and grant unto him the ſaid *Bernard Lintot*, his Executors, *Adminiſtrators* and Aſſigns, Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the ſole Printing and Publiſhing of the ſaid Tranſlation of the *Odyſſey* of *Homer*, for and during the term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof. Strictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and other our Dominons, to reprint or abridge the ſame, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatſoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or diſtribute any Copies of the ſame or any Part thereof Reprinted beyond the Seas, within the ſaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Conſent or Approbation of the ſaid *Bernard Lintot*, his Heirs, Executors and Aſſigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals firſt had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will anſwer the contrary at their Perils. Whereof the Maſter, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of Our City of *London*, the Commiſſioners and other Officers of our Cuſtoms, and all other our Officers and Miniſters whom it may concern are to take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleaſure herein ſignified. Given at Our Court at St. *James*'s the Nineteenth Day of *February* 172$\frac{4}{5}$. In the Eleventh Year of our Reign.

By His Majeſty's Command,

TOWNSHEND.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

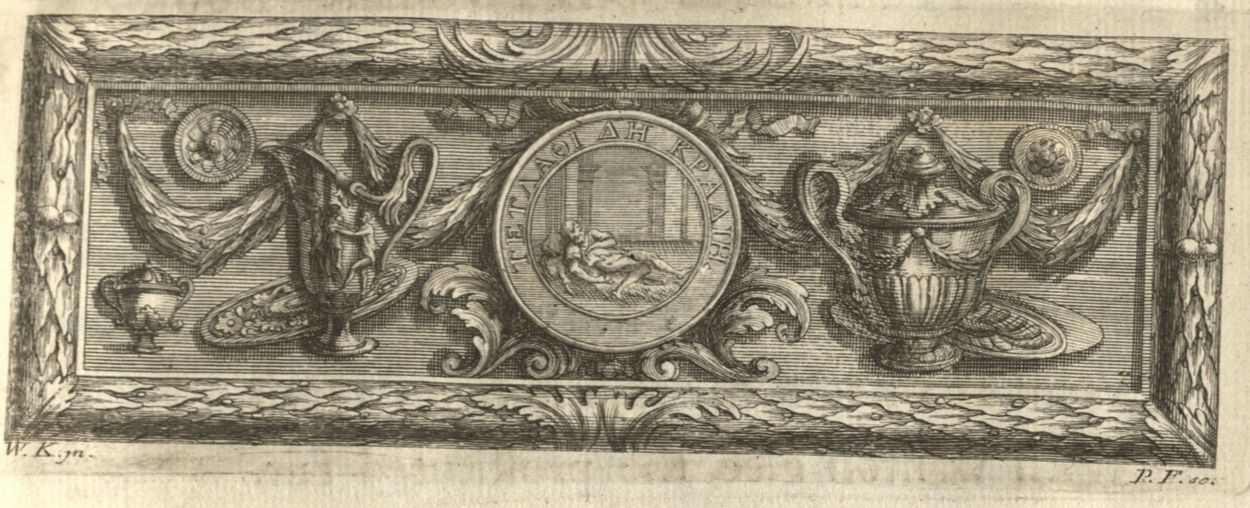
OF THE

ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses *lies in the Vestibule of the Palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women.* Minerva *comforts him and casts him asleep. At his awaking he desires a favourable sign from* Jupiter, *which is granted. The feast of* Apollo *is celebrated by the People, and the Suitors banquet in the Palace.* Telemachus *exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which,* Ulysses *is insulted by* Ctesippus, *and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange Prodigies are seen by* Theoclymenus *the Augur, who explains them to the destruction of the Wooers.*

THE



THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

AN ample hide divine *Ulyſſes* ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
Then o'er the chief, *Eurynome* the chaſte
With duteous care a downy carpet caſt:

With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey,
Whilſt to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.
His heart with rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
Or, inſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the ſhame;
Or to their luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
And let the Peers conſummate the diſgrace?
Round his ſwol'n heart the murm'rous fury rowls;
As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls,
And bays the ſtranger groom: ſo wrath compreſt
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.
Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil

Dire

Dire *Polypheme* devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd ſafe on reaſon's peaceful coaſt,
Tempeſts of wrath his ſoul no longer toſt;
Reſtleſs his body rolls, to rage reſign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The ſav'ry cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt:
Ulyſſes ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the Suitors doom reſolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n deſcends the Jove-born martial Maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
The Goddeſs thus her fav'rite care addreſs'd.
Oh thou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
Why rowl thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bleſt in thy Queen! bleſt in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
They name the ſtandard of their deareſt vow.

Juſt is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd)
Deeds full of fate diſtract my various mind,
In contemplation rapt. This hoſtile crew
What ſingle arm hath proweſs to ſubdue?
Or if, by *Jove*'s, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O ſay, cœleſtial maid!
Where ſhall *Ulyſſes* ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
Nations embattel'd to revenge the ſlain?
Oh impotence of faith! *Minerva* cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? Lo *Pallas*' ſelf deſcends,
Inſpires thy counſels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breaſt,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim conteſt;
My ſure divinity ſhall bear the ſhield,
And edge thy ſword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded pow'rs with balmy reſt renew.
She ceas'd: Ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in viſionary joys:
The Goddeſs pleas'd, regains her natal skies.

Not ſo the Queen; The downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſu'd of dumb deſpair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.
Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from humane race,
Toſt thro' the void, illimitable ſpace:
Or if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhrowd!
So, *Pandarus*, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
Thy ſelf untimely and thy conſort dy'd,
But four Cœleſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial *Juno* to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth *Diana* grac'd their bloom;
And *Pallas* taught the texture of the loom.

But

But whilſt to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright *Cytherea* ſought the bow'r of *Jove*;
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd *Harpies* ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge awa
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou *Diana* ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead:
To ſeek my Lord among the warrior-train,
E're ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail,
Whilſt night extends her ſoft *oblivious veil*,
Of other wretches care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors ſable ev'ry dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd *Ulyſſes* brought,
In manly bloom, and each majeſtic grace
As when for *Troy* he left my fond embrace:

Such

Such raptures in my beating boſom riſe,
I deem it ſure a viſion of the skies.
Thus, whilſt *Aurora* mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments ſhe breathes her moan:
The ſounds aſſault *Ulyſſes'* wakeful ear;
Miſ-judging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear
Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms;
He thinks the Queen is ruſhing to his arms.
Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air.)
And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.
Jove, and etherial thrones! with heav'n to friend
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end;
Of humane race now riſing from repoſe,
Let one a bliſsful omen here diſcloſe:
And to confirm my faith, propitious *Jove!*
Vouchſafe the ſanction of a ſign above.
Whilſt lowly thus the Chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.

Loud from a ſaphire sky his thunder ſounds:
With ſpringing hope the Heroe's heart rebou
Soon, with conſummate joy to crown his pra
An omen'd Voice invades his raviſh'd ear.
Beneath a pile that cloſe the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female ſlaves the gift of *Ceres* grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and ſtrength of ma
Diſcharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repoſe the reſt withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task aſſign'd,
Still turn'd the toilſome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterneſs of ſoul divin'd.
Father of Gods and men! whoſe thunders row
O'er the *Cerulean* Vault, and ſhake the Pole;
Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare Oſtent,
(Of granted vows a certain ſignal ſent)
In this bleſt moment of accepted pray'r
Piteous, regard a wretch conſum'd with care!
Inſtant, O *Jove!* confound the Suitor train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:

Far from this dome the lewd devourers caſt,
And be this feſtival decreed their laſt!
Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Mean-time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, *Vulcanian* food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.
His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And *Euryclea thus he there* addreſs'd.

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repoſe,
Beſtow'd the ſtranger gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the Queen confers;
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wiſeſt errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.

She thus: O ceaſe that ever-honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame.
A bowl of gen'rous wine ſuffic'd the gueſt;
In vain the Queen the night-refection preſt;
Nor wou'd he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet caſt with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin poiz'd, with regal port,
To the ſage *Greeks* conven'd in *Themis'* court,
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him ſow'rly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to their toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple cloathe in order due;
And let th'abſterſive ſponge the board renew:

Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the Suitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.

She ſaid; with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:
With varied toils the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the Suitors come.
Some wield the founding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(*Eumæus* in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tusky kind:
In lodgments firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the King this friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the Suitor train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?

Some pitying God (*Ulyſſes* ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their tow'ring pri
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins
From vice to vice their appetites are toſt,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!
While thus the Chief his woes indignant told
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the Suitors' feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs reſound:
And to the Chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.
Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my Lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Thoſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board: Hence! ſeek another hoſt!

Rejoinder

Rejoinder to the churl the King diſdain'd,
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
From *Cephalenia* croſs the ſurgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
Strait to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind.
What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim thro' th' eclipſe of fate, the rays divine
Of ſovereign ſtate with faded ſplendor ſhine.
If Monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the Chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd.
Stranger! may fate a milder aſpect ſhew,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!

O *Jove!* for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began,
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The gauling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wand'rer still,
Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:
O Monarch ever dear!— O man of woe!—
Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!
Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!
Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In *Stygian* gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, 'till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his *Cephalenian* herd:
With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.

Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import,
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now, to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail;
In op'ning proſpects of ideal joy,
My King returns; the proud Uſurpers dye.

To whom the Chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Atteſt, oh *Jove*, the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial pow'r,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,

Thy wond'ring eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd *Ulyſſes* ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the Suitor-train.
O *Jove* ſupreme, the raptur'd ſwain replies,
With deeds conſummate ſoon the promis'd joy
Theſe aged nerves with new-born vigor ſtrung,
In that bleſt cauſe ſhou'd emulate the young——
Aſſents *Eumæus* to the pray'r addreſt;
And equal ardors fire his loyal breaſt.
Mean-time the Suitors urge the Prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of *Jove*
Truſs'd with his ſinewy pounce a trembling dove
Siniſter to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd.
The Gods from force and fraud the Prince defend
O Peers! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend:
Your future thought let ſable Fate employ;
And give the preſent hour to genial joy.
From council ſtrait th'aſſenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.

Diſ-roab'd, their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage *Eumæus* born: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupply'd:
High caniſters of bread *Philætius* plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.
Diſpos'd apart, *Ulyſſes* ſhares the treat;
A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat,
The Prince appoints; but to his Sire aſſigns
The taſteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake my gueſt, he cry'd, without controul
The ſocial feaſt, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs ſhall be,
From my great Sire too ſoon devolv'd to me!

Your violence and ſcorn, ye Suitors ceaſe,
Leſt arms avenge the violated peace.
Aw'd by the Prince, ſo haughty, brave, and yo
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tong
Be patient, Peers! at length *Antinous* cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth deſpiſe:
Wou'd *Jove* permit the meditated blow,
That ſtream of eloquence ſhou'd ceaſe to flow
Without reply vouchſaf'd, *Antinous* ceas'd:
Mean-while the pomp of feſtival increas'd:
By Heralds rank'd, in marſhal'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd *Apollo's* grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful ſhade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the ſacred feaſt, and ritual honours paid
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble ſide-board ſet) *Ulyſſes* ſhar'd.
Obſervant of the Prince's high beheſt,
His menial train attend the ſtranger gueſt;
Whom *Pallas* with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inſpir'd.

A *Samian* Peer, more ſtudious than the reſt
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jeſt;
And urg'd, for title to a conſort Queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
(*Cteſippus* nam'd) this Lord *Ulyſſes* ey'd,
And thus burſt out, impoſthumate with pride.

The ſentence I propoſe, ye Peers, attend:
Since due regard muſt wait the Prince's friend,
Let each a token of eſteem beſtow:
This gift acquits the dear reſpect I owe;
With which he nobly may diſcharge his ſeat,
And pay the menials for the maſter's treat.

He ſaid; and of the ſteer before him plac'd,
That ſinewy fragment at *Ulyſſes* caſt,
Where to the paſtern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiſſolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unſeemly ſign'd.
The Chief indignant grins a ghaſtly ſmile;
Revenge and ſcorn within his boſom boil:
When thus the Prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd

Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor ſhou'd thy Sire a Queen his daughter boaſt,
The Suitor now had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt:
No more ye lewd Compeers, with lawleſs pow'
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords *deſcend*,
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.
A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſu'd,
By gentler *Agelaus* thus renew'd.
A juſt reproof, ye Peers! Your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And Prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent your ſelf, and gain the royal will.
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your Sire reſtor'd,
Of right the Queen refus'd a ſecond Lord:

But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The Lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſt,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſt.
Sage and ſerene *Telemachus* replies;
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies!
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes, and his woes I ſwear!
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in *Pluto*'s dreary train.)
Whene'er her choice the royal Dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my Parent-Queen to chaſe!—
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But *Pallas* clouds with intellectual gloom
The Suitors ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!

A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud
Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay:
Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rap'd; the * *Hypereſian* Seer
Up-roſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.
O race to death devote! with *Stygian* ſhade
Each deſtin'd Peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown
With ſanguine drops the walls are *rubied* round
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghos
To people *Orcus*, and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to rowl,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The Peers reproach the ſure Divine of Fate;
And thus *Eurymachus*: The dotard's mind
To ev'ry ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:

* *Theoclymenus.*

Swift

Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind,
No clouds of error dim th' etherial rays,
Her equal pow'r each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon' hov'ring deaths deſcend;
Leſt the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye Suitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage *Piræus* ſped the Seer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the Suitors ſit,
And aim to wound the Prince with pointleſs wit:
Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.

But, Prince! for once at leaſt believe a friend,
To ſome *Sicilian* mart theſe courtiers ſend,
Where, if they yield their fraight acroſs the main
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they; but nought the Prince repl
Full on his Sire he rowl'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtrait to fleſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe Chief he waits the deathful wo
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive Queen
To ſee the circle ſat, of all unſeen.
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal *coſt and care:*
But vengeful *Pallas* with preventing ſpeed
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTIETH BOOK.

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I.

VERSE 12. *With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.*]

EUSTATHIUS expatiates upon the conduct of theſe female ſervants of *Penelope*. Silence and a decent reſerve (remarks that Author) is the ornament of the fair ſex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them ſuſceptible of wanton impreſſions. The *Athenians*, as *Pauſanias* informs us, had a Temple ſacred to Love and *Venus* the Whiſperer. *Venus* was called the Whiſperer (ψιθυρος) becauſe they who there offer'd up their prayers apply'd their mouths to the ear of the ſtatue of that Goddeſs, and whiſper'd their petitions; an Intimation, that Women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it tranſgreſs either by loudneſs or loquacity. But this no way affects the Ladies of *Great Britain*; they ſpeak ſo well, they ſhould never be ſilent.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, *Homer* tells us, is almoſt provok'd to kill theſe fem
with his own hands: This has been imagin'd a thought unw
thy an Heroe. The like objection has been made againſt *Æn*
in *Virgil* (*Æneid*, lib. 2. ver. 567.)

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen *in the porch I ſpy'd*
Of Veſta's *temple: there ſhe lurk'd alone,*
Muffled ſhe ſate, and what ſhe could, unknown;
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard,
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

This whole paſſage is ſaid to have been expung'd from *Virgil* b
Tucca and *Varius*; for as *Virgil* there expreſſes it,

'Tis true a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain, Dryden.

But the Objection is probably made with too great ſeverity, bot
againſt *Homer* and *Virgil*: It is no diſgrace to the beſt or bra
veſt man, to be ſubject to ſuch paſſions as betray him into n
unworthy actions: A Heroe is not ſuppos'd to be inſenſible
he diſtinguiſhes himſelf as ſuch, if he reſtrains them within th
bounds of reaſon. Both *Æneas* and *Ulyſſes* are fir'd with a juſ
indignation, and this is agreeable to human nature; but both o
them proceed to no outragious action, and this ſhews that their
paſſions are govern'd by ſuperior reaſon. However this reſent-
ment of *Ulyſſes* is leſs liable to objection than that of *Æneas*:
Ulyſſes ſubdues his indignation by the reflection of his own
reaſon; but *Virgil* introduces a Machine to compoſe the ſpirit
of *Æneas*:

——— *all ſhining heav'nly bright,*
My mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight,
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break, &c.

It

It may be further added that the caſe is very different between *Æneas* and *Ulyſſes*. The perſons whom *Ulyſſes* intends to puniſh are his ſubjects and ſervants, and ſuch a puniſhment would be no more than an act of juſtice, as he is their Maſter and King; and we find in the ſequel of the *Odyſſey* that he actually inflicts it. It ſhould therefore be thought an inſtance of *Homer*'s judgment, in painting the diſorders of theſe ſervants in ſuch ſtrong colours, that we may acknowledge the juſtice, when he afterwards brings them to puniſhment.

II.

VERSE 20. *As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls*, &c.] This in the original is a very bold expreſſion, but *Homer* to ſoften it, inſtances a compariſon which reconciles us to it. *Ennius* has litterally tranſlated it, as *Spondanus* obſerves:

----- *animuſque in pectore* latrat.

That is word for word,

----- Κραδίη δέ οἱ ἔνδον ὑλάκτει.

The ſimilitude itſelf is very expreſſive; as the maſtiff barks to guard her young, ſo labours the ſoul of *Ulyſſes* in defence of his Son and Wife, *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. *Dacier* was afraid that the compariſon could not be render'd with any beauty in the *French* tongue, and therefore has ſubſtituted another in the room of it, *Son cœur rugiſſoit au dedans de luy, comme un Lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, où il ne ſçauroit entrer.* But however more noble the Lion may be than the Maſtiff, it is evident that ſhe utterly deviates from the alluſion: The Maſtiff rages in defence of her young, *Ulyſſes* of his Son *Telemachus*; but how is this repreſented by a Lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but deſtroy? We have therefore choſen to follow *Homer* in the more humble but more expreſſive ſimilitude; and what will

will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which
paid to Dogs by the Ancients: they were kept as a piec
ſtate by Princes and Heroes, and therefore a compariſon dr
from them was held to be as noble as if it had been dr
from a Lion.

III.

VERSE 23. *Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain*
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.]

Theſe two Verſes are quoted by *Plato* in his *Phædo*, where
treats of the ſoul's immortality; He makes uſe of them to pro
that *Homer* underſtood the ſoul to be uncompounded and
ſtinct from the body. "If the ſoul, argues that Author, were
"compounded ſubſtance, if it were harmony (as ſome phi
"ſophically aſſert) ſhe would never act diſcordantly from t
"parts which compoſe it; but we ſee the contrary, we ſee t
"ſoul guide and govern the parts of which ſhe herſelf is preten
"ed to be compoſed; ſhe reſiſts, threatens and reſtrains our pa
"ſions, our fears, avarice and anger: in ſhort, the ſoul ſpeaks
"the body as to a ſubſtance of a nature entirely different fro
"its own. *Homer* therefore evidently underſtood that the ſo
"ought to govern and direct the paſſions, and that it is of
"nature more divine than harmony."

This is undoubtedly very juſt reaſoning, and there is an expre
ſion, obſerves *Dacier*, that bears the ſame import in the hol
Scriptures: *The heart of* David *ſmote him when he number'd th*
people. There is this difference; in *Homer* by *heart* is underſtooc
the corporeal ſubſtance, in the Scriptures, the ſpiritual; but both
make a manifeſt diſtinction between the ſoul and the body.

IV.

VERSE 32. *As one who long*, &c.] No paſſage in the
whole *Odyſſey* has fall'n under more ridicule than this compari-
ſon; Monſieur *Perault* is particularly ſevere upon it: *Homer* (ſays
that

that Critic) compares *Ulyſſes* turning in his bed to a black-pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that Hero turning and toſſing in his bed, burning with impatience to ſatisfy himſelf with the blood of the Suitors, to a man in ſharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and the agitation repreſents the agitation of *Ulyſſes*. *Homer* compares not the thing, but the perſons.

Boileau, in his notes upon *Longinus*, anſwers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of ſome animals was one of the moſt delicious diſhes amongſt the ancients: that the *ſumex* or ſow's belly was boaſted of for its excellence by the *Romans*, and forbidden by a ſumptuary law as too voluptuous. Beſides, the *Greek* word uſed to expreſs a black-pudding was not invented in the days of *Homer*. *Ogylby* indeed thus renders it:

As one a pudding broiling on the coals.

But you will ask, Is not the alluſion mean at beſt, and does *it not convey a low image?* Monſieur *Dacier* anſwers in the negative, in his notes upon *Ariſtotle's* Poetics. The compariſon is borrow'd from ſacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore ſo far from being deſpicable, that it was look'd upon with veneration by antiquity. *Lib.* 1. of the *Iliad:*

On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.

The *Cawls* and the *choiceſt morſels* were the fat of the Victim, ſelected as the beſt part of it, to be offer'd to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language, for the Author of *Eccleſiaſt.* makes uſe of it, 47. 2. *As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, ſo was* David *choſen out of the chil-*

children of Israel. And the same allusion which was used to repres the worth and excellence of *David*, could be no degradation *Ulysses*.

But what is understood by the *belly of the beast, full of and blood? Boileau* is of opinion that those words denote the and the blood which are in those parts of an animal natural but he is in an error, as appears evidently from these lin *lib.* 18. of the *Odyssey*.

Γαστέρες αἳ δ' αἰγῶν κέατ' ἐν πυρί· τὰς δ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ
Καθέμεθα κνίσης τε καὶ αἵματος ἐμπλήσαντες.

Implentes sanguine & pinguedine, in cœnâ deponamus; a demonstr tion that *Homer* intends not the natural fat and blood of t animal.

V.

VERSE 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*
Doubt you the Gods? ----]

There is excellent reasoning in this: If a friend whom w know to be wise and powerful, advises us, we are ready t follow his instructions; the divine Being gives us his council, an we refuse it. Monsieur *Dacier* observes that *Epictetus* had th passage in his view, and beautify'd his morality with it. " Th " protection of a Prince or Potentate (says that Author) gives u " full tranquility, and banishes from us all uneasy apprehension " We have an all-powerful Being for our Protector, and for ou " Father; and yet the knowledge of it is not sufficient to driv " away our fears, inquietudes and discontents. "

What *Homer* further puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom is consonant to sacred verity, and agrees with the lan- guage of the holy Scripture; *Psalm* xxvii. 3. *Tho' an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my Heart be afraid.*

The Poet almost in every book mentions the destruction of the Suitors by the single hand of *Ulysses*, to reconcile us to it by

degrees, that we may not be ſhock'd at the great Cataſtrophe of the Poem as incredible: It is particularly judicious to inſiſt upon it in this place in a manner ſo ſolemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the deſtruction of the Suitors ſhould appear humanly improbable by being aſcrib'd ſolely to *Ulyſſes*, it is at leaſt reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible thro' the Intervention of a Goddeſs.

VI.

VERSE 72. Diana! *ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart*, &c.] I doubt not but the Reader will be pleaſed with the beauty of this ſoliloquy. There is an aſſemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are ſuch as betray no meanneſs of ſpirit: The lamentation of *Penelope* is the lamentation of a Queen and Heroine; ſhe mourns, but it is with dignity. The Poet makes a good uſe of her ſorrows, and they excellently ſuſtain her character of perſevering to elude the addreſſes of the Suitors, when ſhe wiſhes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confeſs the inſerting ſo many particularities of the daughters of Pandarus, &c. greatly leſſens the pathetic of this ſpeech.

VII.

VERSE 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds!* &c.] The ancients (ſays *Dacier*) were perſuaded that ſome perſons were carried away by ſtorms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine ſuch expreſſions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occaſion to theſe fictions might be no more than the ſudden deaths of ſome perſons, and their diſappearance was aſcrib'd, in the language of Poetry, to ſtorms and whirlwinds. The *Orientals* delighted in ſuch bold figures. *Job* xxvii. 21. *The eaſt wind carrieth him away, and as a ſtorm hurrieth him out*

of his place. And *Isaiah* xli. 16. *The wind shall carry them aw and the whirlwind shall scatter them.*

VIII.

VERSE 82. Venus *in tender delicacy rears*
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.

Monsieur *Dacier* observes upon this passage; *Venus* is said feed these Infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, she nur them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this the import of the expression: a land flowing with milk a honey means a land of the greatest fertility, as is evident fro the writings of *Moses*. So the Prophet, *Butter and honey sh he eat, till he knows how to refuse the evil and chuse the good*; th is, till the age of discretion.

IX.

VERSE 84. *Imperial* Juno *to their youth assign'd*
A form majestic, and sagacious mind.

It may seem that *Homer* ascribes improper gifts to this Goddes Wisdom is the portion of *Minerva*, Beauty of *Venus*, why the are they here ascrib'd to *Juno*? *Spondanus* calls this an insolvab difficulty. *Dacier* explains it by saying, that the beauty of Prin cesses is different from that of persons of inferiour station: the beauty consists in a majesty that is every way great and noble and strikes with awe, very different from the little affectation and formal softnesses of inferior beauty; the former kind is the gift of *Venus* to the lower part of the fair sex, the latter is be stow'd on Princesses and Queens, by *Juno* the Regent of the skies.

VERSE

X.

VERSE 92. *Wing'd* Harpies *ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*] It is not evident what is meant by theſe Princeſſes being carried away by the *Harpies*: *Euſtathius* thinks that they wander'd from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governeſſes, whoſe ſeverities the Poet aſcribes to the ἐρίννυες, or *Furies*. *Dacier* imagines, that theſe two Princeſſes having ſeen the unhappy fate of their ſiſter *Aëdon* (who was married to *Zethus*, and ſlew her own ſon) fear'd a like calamity; and dreading marriage, retir'd to ſome diſtant ſolitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It muſt be allow'd that the thought excellently agrees with the wiſhes of *Penelope*: Theſe Princeſſes were taken away at the point of their marriage; *Penelope* believes herſelf to be in the ſame condition, and wiſhes to be loſt rather than ſubmit to ſecond nuptials. This Speech has a further effect; we find *Penelope* reduc'd to the utmoſt exigency, ſhe has no further ſubterfuge: the Poet therefore judiciouſly paints this exigency in the ſtrongeſt colours, to ſhew the neceſſity of unravelling the intrigue of the Poem in the concluſion of the *Odyſſey*.

XI.

VERSE 107. *As when for* Troy *he left my fond embrace.*] This little circumſtance is not without a good effect: it ſhews that the whole ſoul of *Penelope* was poſſeſs'd with the image of *Ulyſſes*. *Homer* adds, *ſuch as he was when he ſail'd to* Troy; which is inſerted to take off our wonder that ſhe ſhould not diſcover him; this *Ulyſſes* in diſguiſe is not like the *Ulyſſes* ſhe formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. *Euſtathius*.

VERSE

XII.

VERSE 110. *Thus whilst* Aurora *mounts her purple thron*
This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the e
teenth book, and the whole ninteenth, and so far of the tw
tieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the th
ninth day.

XIII.

VERSE 113. ——— *a sudden fear*
Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms.]
I was at a loss for an explication of this line, till I found it
Eustathius; for why should *Ulysses* imagine that *Penelope* kn
him to be *Ulysses*, after a speech that expres'd so much conc
for his absence? *Ulysses*, having only heard the voice, not dis
guish'd the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of
nelope for tears of joy; he suspects that the discovery is made
Euryclea or *Telemachus*; that they have told her the truth to g
her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she shou
act something that would betray him to the Suitors, and preve
his designs: He therefore immediately withdraws, and makes
pray'r to Heav'n for a sign to re-assure his hopes, that he m
proceed with confidence to their destruction.

XIV.

VERSE 120. Jove *and ethereal Thrones* ——
123. ——— *a blissful Omen* ———]
The construction in the *Greek* is ungrammatical, for after Ξεῦ πα
τερ in the singular, the Poet immediately adds εἰ μὴ ἐθέλουσες in
the plural number; τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια are imply'd, says *Eusta-
thius*, so that θεοὶ is understoood, which rectifies the construc-
ction.

The

The Reader will fully underſtand the import of this Prayer, from the nature of Omens, and the notions of them amongſt the Ancients: *If,* ſays *Ulyſſes, my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it*; and immediately a voice is heard, *O* Jupiter, *may this day be the laſt to the Suitors!* Such ſpeeches as fell accidentally from any perſon were held ominous, and one of the ancient ways of divination: *Ulyſſes* underſtands it as ſuch, and accepts the Omen. It was in uſe among the *Romans,* as appears from *Tully* of Divination, when *P. Æmilius* was going to war with *Perſeus* King of the *Macedonians,* he found his little daughter in tears: *O Father,* ſays ſhe, Perſeus *is dead!* meaning her little dog nam'd *Perſeus*; *Æmilius* immediately reply'd, *O Daughter I embrace the Omen,* applying it to *Perſeus* King of the *Macedonians*; who was afterwards conquer'd by him, and died a Captive in *Rome.* The ſame practice was us'd by the *Hebrews,* it was call'd *Bath Kol*; this is an inſtance of it: Two *Rabbies* deſiring to ſee *Samuel* a *Babyloniſh* doctor, *let us follow,* ſaid they, *the hearing of Bath Kol*; travelling therefore near a ſchool, they heard a boy reading theſe words out of *Samuel* xxv. 1. *And* Samuel *died.* They obſerv'd it, and found that their Friend was dead. The *Sortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind.

XV.

VERSE 128. *Loud from a ſaphire ſky*-----] It was this circumſtance, of thunder burſting from a *ſerene ſky,* that made it ominous: it was noted as ſuch amongſt the *Romans* in the books of the Augurs; and *Horace* brings it as a proof againſt the opinions of *Epicurus.*

----- *Dieſpiter*
Igni coruſco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum *tonantes*
Egit equos, volucremque currum.

Virgil

Virgil likewise speaks of thunder as ominous, when *Anchises* the lambent flame round the head of *Iülus:* He prays to *Ju* and immediately it thunders.

Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
Intonuit.

The *Stoics* drew an argument from thunder from a seren against the Doctrines of *Epicurus*, who taught that the Gods no regard of human affairs; for they concluded such thunde be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine Providence.

XVI.

VERSE 133. *Twelve female slaves the gift of* Ceres *grin* This little particularity shews us the great profusion of the tors, who employ'd twelve mills to find them bread. There particular energy in the word ἐπερρώοντο; it denotes the great bour and assiduity of these people in preparing the bread, consequently the great waste of the Suitors. It likewise serves a piece of antiquity, that *Kings formerly had mills in th* palaces to provide for their families, and that these mills w attended by women; I suppose because preparing bread was houshold care, and therefore fell to the lot of female servants.

XVII.

VERSE 165. *Promiscuous grace on all, the Queen confers.*] Th speech of *Telemachus* may seem to be wanting in filial respect, it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: But (remark *Eustathius*) the contrary is to be gather'd from it. His blame really a commendation; it shews that her affection was so grea for *Ulysses*, that she receiv'd every vagrant honourably, who de- ceiv'd her with false news about him; and that other persons who brought no tydings of him, tho' men of greater worth, were less acceptable.

VERSE

XVIII.

VERSE 180. *To the ſage* Greeks *conven'd in* Themis' *court,*
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:]
It was cuſtomary for Kings and Magiſtrates to go early every morning into the public aſſemblies, to diſtribute juſtice, and take care of public affairs: but this aſſembly contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyſſey*, the Poet paſſes it over in a curſory manner, without any enlargement. *Euſtathius.*

XIX.

VERSE 189. *And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew.*]
The table was not antiently cover'd with linnen, but carefully cleans'd with wet ſponges. Thus *Arrian*, ἆρον τὰς τραπέζας, σπόγισον: And *Martial:*

Hæc tibi ſorte datur tergendis ſpongia menſis.

They made uſe of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the ſoft and fine part of the bread, which they called ἀπομαγδαλίαι, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this cuſtom is mention'd in the *Odyſſey, lib.* 10.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα κύνες δαίτηθεν ἴοντα
Σαίνωσ', ἀι εἰ γάρ τε φέρει μειλίγματα θυμῷ.

As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive,
Such as the good man ever wont to give.

The morſel in the tranſlation, and the μειλίγματα in the *Greek*, mean theſe pieces of bread, or ἀπομαγδαλίαι, with which the

Ancients wip'd their hands after eating, and then threw the dogs.

XX.

VERSE 195. *The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.*] T was the laſt day of one month, and the firſt of the followin The *Greek* months were lunar, the firſt day of every mon was a day of great ſolemnity, and it was conſecrated to *Apo* the author and fountain of light. *Ulyſſes* had ſaid, *lib.* 1 *v.* 186.

E're the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulyſſes *ſhall ſurvey;*
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn.

Τῷ μὲν φθίνοντ᾽ μηνὸς, τῷ δ᾽ ἱσταμένοιο.

This, ſays *Solon* in *Plutarch*, means that *Ulyſſes* ſhall return o the laſt day of the month preciſely; and here we find it ver fy'd. *Ulyſſes* diſcovers himſelf upon this day, and kills the *Su* tors: By his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his diſco very; for he was return'd when he made that aſſertion to *Euma us.* It is therefore probable, that the above-recited verſe wa rightly interpreted by *Solon.*

XXI.

VERSE 237. *Imported in a ſhallop------*] To underſtand this paſſage, it is neceſſary to remember that *Melanthius* and *Philætius* fed their flocks and herds in *Cephallenia*, an adjacent Iſland, under the dominion of *Ulyſſes*; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in ſeparate veſſels, by different ferrymen, ποιμένες, as *Homer* expreſſes it.

VERSE

XXII.

VERSE 245. *If Monarchs by the Gods*, &c.] This is the reaſoning of *Philætius:* Kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not Kings from calamities, how can inferior perſons (ſays *Dacier*) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adverſity? But I perſuade my ſelf the words have a deeper ſenſe, and mean *Ulyſſes*; "Well may vagrants "ſuffer, when Kings, ſuch as *Ulyſſes*, are not free from afflictions.

XXIII.

VERSE 251. *O* Jove! *for ever deaf to human cries;*
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!]

Theſe words are to be aſcrib'd to the exceſs of ſorrow which *Philætius* feels for the ſufferings of *Ulyſſes*; for they certainly tranſgreſs the bounds of reaſon. But if we conſider the ſtate of Theology in *Homer*'s time, the ſentence will appear leſs offenſive; "How can *Jupiter* (ſays *Philætius*) who is our father, throw his "*children into ſuch an abyſs of miſery?* Thou, oh *Jove*, haſt "made us, yet haſt no compaſſion when we ſuffer." It is no eaſy matter to anſwer this argument from the heathen Theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reaſon of *Philætius*; but we who have certain hopes of a future ſtate, can readily ſolve the difficulty: that ſtate will be a time of retribution; it will amply recompenſe the good man for all his calamities, or as *Milton* expreſſes,

Will juſtify the ways of God to men.

It may be obſerv'd in general that this introduction of *Philætius* and his ſpeech, ſo warm in the cauſe of *Ulyſſes*, is inſerted here with admirable judgment; The Poet intends to make uſe of his aſſiſtance in the deſtruction of the Suitors; he therefore brings him in giving *Ulyſſes* full aſſurance of his fidelity; ſo that

when that Heroe reveals himself to him, he does not depart f
his cautious character, being before certify'd of his honesty.

I will only add that *Philætius* is not to be look'd upon
common servant, but as an officer of state and dignity: and w
ever has been said in these annotations concerning *Eumæus*
be apply'd to *Philætius*; he is here call'd ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶ
title of honour, and *Ulysses* promises to marry him into his
family in the sequel of the *Odyssey*; consequently he is a pe
nage worthy to be an actor in Epic Poetry.

XXIV.

VERSE 260. *Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow*
The words in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα, and they are v
differently explain'd by *Dacier* and *Eustathius*: ἴδιον, τοῦτ'
ἴδρωσα, ἠγωνίασα, "I have sweated and been in an agony at
"thought of the severe dispensations of *Jupiter*;" this is the
terpretation of *Eustathius*. *Dacier* takes ἴδιον to be an adjecti
and then it must be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γείνεαι αὐτὸς,
Μισγέμεναι κακότητι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λευγαλέοισι,
Ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα. -----

Ut privatim, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo, for so we m
render ἴδιον, meaning *Ulysses*; then the sense will be this; Jupite
tho' thou hast made us, thou hast no compassion upon mankin
thou castest us into evils and misery; as I have learn'd by a pr
vate or domestic instance, namely in the person of Ulysses. If m
judgment were of any weight, I should recommend this inter
pretation rather than that of *Eustathius*, which seems to be a forc'
one, and I remember no instance of this nature in *Homer*; bu
the preference is submitted to the Reader's decision.

VERSE

XXV.

VERSE 305. Amphinomus, *who thus preſaging cry'd.*] It may be ask'd why *Amphinomus* gives this interpretation to the Prodigy? and why might not the Eagle denote the Suitors, and the Pigeon *Telemachus?* No doubt but ſuch an interpretation would have been ſpecious, but contrary to the rules of Augury. The Eagle is the King of birds, and muſt therefore of neceſſity denote the chief perſonage, and conſequently could only be apply'd to *Ulyſſes*, or *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* thus interprets it, and the Suitors acquieſce in his interpretation.

XXVI.

VERSE 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.*] The Ancients, ſays *Euſtathius*, obſerve that this is the only place where the Suitors offer any Sacrifice throughout the whole *Odyſſey*, and that there is no inſtance at all, that they make any prayer to the Gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a Sacrifice? *'tis true the ſacrificial term of* ἱέρευον *is* mention'd; but perhaps that word may not denote a Sacrifice; for ἱερεῖα, tho' it primarily ſignifies the fleſh of animals offer'd to the Gods, yet in a leſs proper acceptation implies the fleſh of all animals indifferently. Thus *Athenæus*, τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων, which muſt be render'd, *the fleſh of young animals.* Thus, *Lib.* 7. εὐσηπλότερα τὰ νύκλωϱ θυόμενα ἱερεῖα, *the fleſh of animals that are kill'd by night ſooneſt putrify*; and *Galen* uſes ζῶν, and ἱερεῖον, for an animal indiſcriminately. The reaſon is, becauſe originally no animal was ever ſlain but ſome part of it was offer'd to the Gods, and in this ſenſe every ζῶον was ἱερεῖον. If we conſult the context in *Homer*, it muſt be allow'd that there is no other word but ἱέρευον that diſtinguiſhes this from a common repaſt, thro' the whole deſcription; and if that word will bear a remote ſignification, as ἱερεῖον does, I ſhould conclude, that this is no Sacrifice. Nay, if it ſhould be found that ἱέρευον implies of neceſſity a religious act,

yet

yet it will not prove that this is more than a customa
ſince the Ancients at all entertainments made Libations
Gods; What may ſeem to ſtrengthen this conjecture is
Poet immediately adds, that the *Greeks*, Ἀχαιοὶ, ſacrific'd
grove of *Apollo*; without mentioning that the Suitors par
the ſacrifice: nay they ſeem to be feaſting in the palace
the *Greeks* are offering in the grove.

XXVII.

VERSE 323. *A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat.*] This ci
ſtance is not inſerted unneceſſarily; the table is ſuitable
diſguiſe of *Ulyſſes*, and it might have created a jealouſy i
Suitors if *Telemachus* had us'd him with greater diſtinction.

XXVIII.

VERSE 370. ----- *grins a ghaſtly ſmile*;] The Expre
in *Greek* is remarkable:

Σαρδάνιον (or Σαρδόνιον) ----- μείδησε δὲ θυμῷ

Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the iſland of
dinia, which by taſting diſtorts the muſcles, that a man ſeems
laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from hence
Sardinian laugh became a Proverb, to ſignify a laugh which c
ceal'd an inward pain. Others refer the expreſſion to an
cient cuſtom of the *Sardinians* (a colony of the *Lacedemonians*)
is pretended that upon a certain feſtival every year, they not on
ſlew all their priſoners of war, but alſo all the old men that we
above ſeventy, and oblig'd theſe miſerable wretches to laugh whi
they underwent the ſeverity of torment. Either of theſe reaſon
fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδόνιος γέλως; and ſhews i
to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclin'
to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears moſt
natu-

natural, but becauſe *Virgil* ſeems to underſtand it in that ſenſe, for he alludes to the above-mention'd quality of the *Sardinian* Herbs, *Eclogue* 7. *v.* 41.

Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis

------ *deform'd like him who chaws*
Sardinian *herbage to contract his jaws.*

The Reader may obſerve that *Cteſippus* breaks out into buffoonry, and the Suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the *Odyſſey*: Theſe levities have been proſcrib'd by the Critics as too low, and unworthy of Epic Poetry: but *Homer* adapts himſelf to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; tho' I will not ſay but ſuch characters are more proper for Comedy than Epic Poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in *Homer*, who puts theſe low pleaſantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; ſuch perſons being generally men of no worth or ſerious deportment.

XXIX.

VERSE 403. *Sage and ſerene* Telemachus *replies*; &c.] It is obſervable that *Telemachus* ſwears by the *ſorrows* of his father; an expreſſion, in my judgment, very noble, and at the ſame time, full of a filial tenderneſs. This was an ancient cuſtom amongſt the *Orientals*, as appears from an oath not unlike it in *Geneſis* xxxi. 53. *And* Jacob *ſware by the* fear *of his father* Iſaac.

BUT how is this ſpeech to be underſtood? for how can *Telemachus* perſuade his mother to marry, when he knows that *Ulyſſes* is return'd? There is a conceal'd and an apparent meaning in the expreſſion. *Telemachus*, obſerves *Euſtathius*, ſwears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband, but he means *Ulyſſes*: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the Suitors, who believe that by this oath *Telemachus* obliges himſelf not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

VERSE

XXX.

VERSE 415. *A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd, &c.*] It is *Greek, They laugh'd with other mens cheeks.* There are explications of this paſſage: *Euſtathius* imagines it to de feign'd and pretended laughter. *Eraſmus* explains it, *non li neque ex animo ridere, ſed ita ridere quaſi non tuis, ſed alieni illis rideas.* But if we conſult the conduct of the Suitors, a trary interpretation will ſeem to be neceſſary: for this laugh the Suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. calls it ἄσβεστον, *exceſſive, inextinguiſh'd*; and again, ἡδὺ γέλο or they laugh'd *with joy, ſuaviter riſerunt*; which expreſſion note a real and unfeign'd laughter. But how will the wor brought to bear this conſtruction? Very naturally: They lau as if they had borrow'd their cheeks, as if their cheeks wer their own, and conſequently they were not afraid to uſe with licence and exceſs; (ſuch perſons as the Suitors having r gard for any thing that belongs to another.)

Horace makes uſe of the ſame expreſſion,

Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis.

And likewiſe *Valerius:*

Errantesque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu.

This is the opinion of *Dacier*: But there are ſome lines in *Greek* that make it doubtful, for immediately after the expreſſ of laughing with other mens cheeks, *Homer* adds, that their e *flow'd with tears*, and *ſorrow ſeiz'd their Souls.* 'Tis true, *Ho* deſcribes the Suitors under an alienation of mind, and a ſudd diſtraction occaſion'd by *Minerva*; and from hence we may ther the reaſon why they are toſt by ſo ſudden a tranſition contrary paſſions, from laughter to tears; this moment they lau extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal exceſs: perſo in ſuch a condition being liable to ſuch viciſſitudes.

XXXI.

VERSE 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to survey!*
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay.]

This is to be look'd upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was establish'd in the old world, and consequently, whether true or false, may be allow'd to have a place in Poetry. See Book XII. Annot. 32.

In the following speech of *Theoclymenus* there is a beautiful enthusiasm of Poetry; but how are we to understand that *Theoclymenus* sees these wonders, when they are invisible to all the Suitors? *Theoclymenus* was a Prophet, and speaks of things future as present; it is the eye of the Prophet that sees these events, and the language of prophecy that speaks of them as present. Thus when he says he sees the palace red with blood, and throng'd with ghosts; he anticipates the event, which is verify'd in the approaching death of the Suitors.

Eustathius is of opinion that by the last words of this speech *Theoclymenus* intends to express an Eclipse of the sun; this being *the day of the new moon, when eclipses happen.* Others understand by it the death of the Suitors, as when we say the sun is forever gone down upon the dead: *Theocritus* uses that expression, θνήσκοντι πάντα δεδυκεῖν ἥλιον. *Homer* means by it, that the Suitors shall never more behold the light of the sun,

------ ἡέλιόν γε
Οὐρανῷ ἐξαπόλωλε ------

So far *Eustathius*. It may be added that the *Roman* Poets used the same expression in this latter signification. Thus *Catullus*,

Nobis, quùm semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Either of these expositions makes the passage intelligible.

XXXII.

VERSE 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The S taking the prediction of *Theoclymenus* literally, *viz. I ſee involv'd in darkneſs,* think him diſtracted, not conceivi words to be a prophecy; and therefore by way of deriſion mand him to be carry'd into a place of publick reſort, t may convince himſelf it is full day. *Euſtathius* imagines intended to reproach him with drunkenneſs, becauſe it mak objects appear indiſtinct and different from the reality: He q a pleaſant expreſſion of *Anacharſis* to this purpoſe: A certain ſon telling him at an entertainment that he had married a ugly woman; *I think ſo too,* replies *Anacharſis*; *but fill me a per, that I may make her a beauty.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 437. *Tax not (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd,)* & *Euſtathius* explains the anſwer of *Theoclymenus* to be both pleaſ and ſerious: " I have *eyes,* and therefore have no occaſion " a guide to lead me from the palace: I have *ears,* and the " fore hear that my abſence is deſir'd; I have both my *fe* " and therefore am able to go away without giving oth " the trouble to aſſiſt me; and I have an *underſtanding* well i " form'd, by which I ſee the evil that threatens the Suito " and haſte away to avoid it.

XXXIV.

VERSE 456. *To ſome* Sicilian *mart theſe courtiers ſend.*] It i evident from this paſſage that the name of *Sicily* is very antient, and *Euſtathius* makes the following remark upon it: That the reaſon why the Poet never mentions this word in deſcribing the wan-

wandrings of *Ulyſſes* which happen chiefly near *Sicily*, is to make his Poetry more ſurpriſing and marvellous; and that the more to countenance thoſe fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the *Pheacians*, he chuſes to ſpeak of it by names leſs known, and leſs familiar to his Readers. *Dacier* obſerves from *Bochart*, that this iſland receiv'd the name of *Sicily* from the *Phœnicians*, long before the birth of *Homer*, or the war of *Troy*: *Siclul* in their language ſignifies *perfection*; they call'd it the *Iſle of perfection*, becauſe it held the chief rank amongſt all the iſlands of the *Mediterranean*: "It is the largeſt and beſt iſland "in all our ſeas," ſays *Strabo*. It has likewiſe been thought to have taken its name from the *Syrian* language, namely from *Segol*, or *Segul*, a *Raiſin*. For long before the vine was known in *Afric*, *Sicily* was famous for its Vineyards, and from thence the *Carthaginians* imported their raiſins and wines. *Homer* celebrates this iſland for its vines in the 9th *Odyſſey*.

Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And Jove *deſcends in each prolific ſhow'r.*

It is likewiſe probable from this paſſage, that the *Sicilians* traded in ſlaves; for their lands were fertil, and they merchandiz'd for them to manure the ground. I ſhould rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their ſlaves; the Suitors ſpeaking by way of terror to intimidate *Theoclymenus*; and the expreſſion ſeems to bear the ſame import with that concerning *Echetus*, we will *ſend him to* Echetus, or *the* Sicilians, *who will uſe him with the utmoſt cruelty*.

XXXV.

VERSE 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive Queen.*] The word in the original is δίφρον, and ſignifies a large ſeat that would hold two perſons, from δισφέρειν.

This circumstance (observes *Eustathius*) is not inserted in the Poet describes *Penelope* thus seated, that she might see and the actions and designs of the Suitors, in order to form conduct according to the occasion: Now for instance, she ceives their insolence risen to such an height, that she make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herself prize of the best Archer: And this naturally connects the with the next book.

THE

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

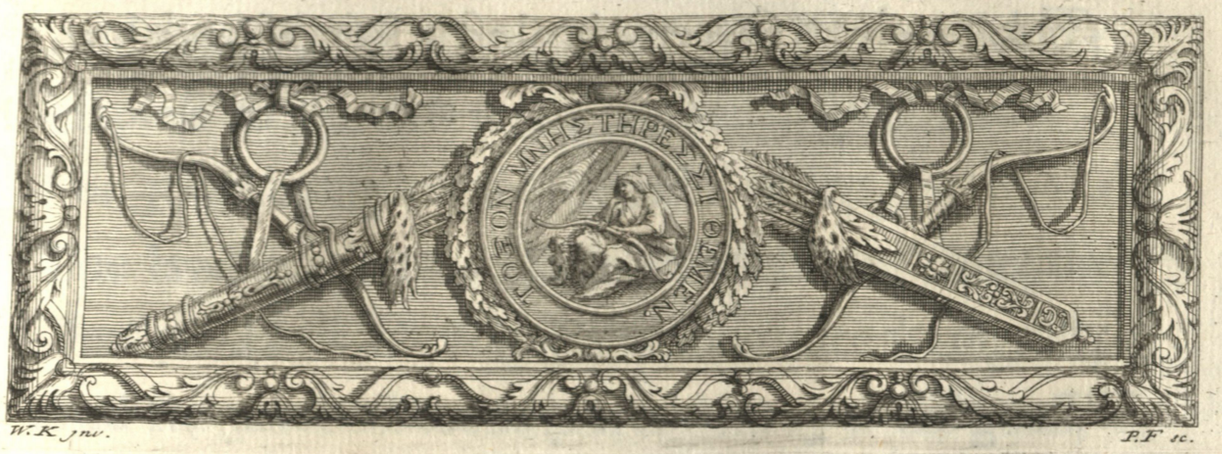
The ARGUMENT.

The bending of Ulyſſes's *Bow.*

Penelope, *to put an end to the ſollicitation of the Suitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhould firſt bend the bow of* Ulyſſes, *and ſhoot thro' the ringlets. After their attempts have prov'd ineffectual,* Ulyſſes *taking* Eumæus *and* Philætius *apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, tho' refus'd with indignation by the Suitors,* Penelope *and* Telemachus *cauſe it to be deliver'd to his hands. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots thro' all the rings.* Jupiter *in the ſame inſtant thunders from Heav'n;* Ulyſſes *accepts the Omen, and gives a ſign to* Telemachus, *who ſtands ready arm'd at his ſide.*



THE



W. K. jnv. P. F. sc.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

AND *Pallas* now, to raiſe the rivals fires,
With her own art *Penelope* inſpires:
Who now can bend *Ulyſſes'* bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the diſtant ring,
Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But Diſcord and black Death await the game!

The

The prudent Queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;
There ſhone high-heap'd the labour'd braſs and ore
And there the bow which great *Ulyſſes* bore,
And there the quiver, where now guiltleſs ſlept
Thoſe winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long ſince when *Sparta*'s ſhores he trod
On young *Ulyſſes Iphitus* beſtow'd:
Beneath *Orſilochus* his roof they met;
One loſs was private, one a publick debt:
Meſſena's ſtate from *Ithaca* detains
Three hundred ſheep, and all the ſhepherd ſwains;
And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws,
The King and Elders truſt their common cauſe.
But *Iphitus* employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,

And

And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the lab'ring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to *Hercules* at length,
The lawleſs wretch, the man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt.
He gave the bow; and on *Ulyſſes'* part
Receiv'd a pointed ſword and miſſile dart:
Of luckleſs friendſhip on a foreign ſhore
Their firſt, laſt pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulyſſes bore not from his native land,
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine)
The folding gates a dazling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.

The bolt, obedient to the ſilken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;
The wards reſpondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.
She moves majeſtic tho' the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung:
Acroſs her knees ſhe lay'd the well-known bow,
And penſive ſate, and tears began to flow.
To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud Suitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.
Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th'alternate braſs and ſilver rings.
Full in the portal the chaſte Queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:

On

On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtic air.
Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls incloſe,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife.
Who firſt *Ulyſſes'* wond'rous bow ſhall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the viſion of my night!
Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade *Eumæus* ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his King.
Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. *Antinous* ſaw, and ſaid.

Hence to your fields, ye ruſticks! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The ſad remembrance of a periſh'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow——
Or ſhare the feaſt with due reſpect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill ſuits this courtly crew
That ſtubborn horn which brave *Ulyſſes* drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majeſty he bore!
And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man!
He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft thro' ev'ry ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the King
Shall end thoſe hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus *Telemachus*. Some God I find
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;

When

When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladneſs leaps my heart?
Come then ye Suitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' *Achaian* ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud *Argos*, or *Mycæna* knows,
Than all our Iſles or Continents encloſe:
A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of ev'ry tongue but mine.
No more excuſes then, no more delay;
Haſte to the tryal—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the deſtin'd ring,
Then if no happy'r Knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;
But bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my Father's ſtrength, as well as throne.
He ſpoke; then riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt.

(His

(His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.
His ardour ſtrait th' obedient Prince ſuppreſt,
And artful, thus the Suitor-train addreſt.

Oh lay the cauſe on youth yet immature!
(For heav'n forbid, ſuch weakneſs ſhould endure)
How ſhall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an inſult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has bleſt,
Accept the tryal, and the prize conteſt.
He caſt the bow before him, and apart
Againſt the poliſh'd quiver propt the dart.

Reſu-

Reſuming then his ſeat, *Eupitheus'* ſon
The bold *Antinous* to the reſt begun.
" From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,
" From right to left, in order take the bow;
" And prove your ſev'ral ſtrengths — The Princes
And firſt *Leiodes*, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd: [hear'd,
The eldeſt born of *Oenops'* noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he of all the Suitor-throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains:
Already in deſpair he gives it o'er;
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What Souls and Spirits ſhall it ſend below?
Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to-morrow falſer than to-day.

How

How long in vain *Penelope* we ſought?
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking, on the floor the bow he plac
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At diſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
And to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
To him *Antinous* thus with fury ſaid.
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Thoſe arms are dreadful which thou canſt not bea
Why ſhould this bow be fatal to the brave?
Becauſe the Prieſt is born a peaceful ſlave.
Mark then what others can — He ended there,
And bade *Melanthius* a vaſt pyle prepare;
He gives it inſtant flame: then faſt beſide
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they ſoak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and ſupple ev'ry pore.

Vain

Vain all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
The bow inflexible reſiſts their pain.
The force of great *Eurymachus* alone
And bold *Antinous*, yet untry'd, unknown:
Thoſe only now remain'd; but thoſe confeſt
Of all the train the mightieſt and the beſt.

Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The Maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The King obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
And, paſt the limits of the Court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild *Ulyſſes* ſpoke:
Ye *faithful guardians of the herd and flock!*
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhou'd ſome fav'ring God reſtore again
The loſt *Ulyſſes* to his native reign?
How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you afford?
To the proud Suitors, or your ancient Lord?

Philætius thus. Oh were thy word not vain?
Wou'd mighty *Jove* reſtore that man again!

Theſe aged ſinews with new vigor ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhou'd emulate the young.
With equal vows *Eumæus* too implor'd
Each pow'r above, with wiſhes for his Lord.
He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began.
Thoſe vows the Gods accord: Behold the man!
Your own *Ulyſſes!* twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their pray'rs, forgot!
Hear then my friends! If *Jove* this arm ſucceed,
And give yon' impious Revellers to bleed,
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions and with faithful wives;
Faſt by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young *Telemachus* attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye:
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,

When with *Autolychus*'s ſons, of yore,
On *Parnaſs'* top I chac'd the tuſky boar.
His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſclos'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow'r,
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhow'r.
The King too weeps, the King too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs, as a marble fountain, ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe-man ceas'd, and thus begun.
Enough — on other cares your thought imploy,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near;
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.

To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty Suitors will deny the bow;
But thou *Eumæus*, as 'tis born away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, *Philætius!* we conſign
The court's main gate: To guard that paſs be thine.
This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their King ordains.
Before the flame *Eurymachus* now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul, and thus began
I mourn the common cauſe; for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends?
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For *Greece* has beauteous dames on ev'ry ſhore.)

But

But baffled thus! confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride?
Our weakneſs ſcorn? *Antinous* thus reply'd.
Not ſo, *Eurymachus:* That no man draws
The wond'rous bow, attend another cauſe.
Sacred to *Phœbus* is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:
'Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtrife forgoe,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a rowe.
Now bid the Sew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: Before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt off'rings let *Melanthius* bring;
Let then to *Phœbus'* name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high-curling to the skies.
So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.
They heard well pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:

The

The goblet high with roſie wine they crown'd
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite compleat, up-roſe the thoughtful man
And thus his meditated ſcheme began.
If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great *Antinous'* ear,
(Whoſe ſage deciſion I with wonder hear)
And if *Eurymachus* the motion pleaſe;
Give heav'n this day, and reſt the bow in peace
To-morrow let your arms diſpute the prize,
And take it He, the favour'd of the skies!
But ſince 'till then, this tryal you delay,
Truſt it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you deſpiſe;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continu'd train)
And wants and inſults, make me leſs than man?
Rage flaſh'd in lightning from the Suitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.

Antinous then: O miſerable gueſt!
Is common ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To ſit diſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
Admitted here with Princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this inſolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy ſtung,
Perithous' roofs with frantick riot rung;
Boundleſs the *Centaur* rag'd; 'till one and all
The *Heroes* roſe, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curſt,
Fatal to all, but to th'aggreſſor firſt.
Such fate I propheſy our gueſt attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor ſhall theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
The firſt fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;

Where

Where *Echetus* to death the guilty brings,
(The worſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of Kin
Better than that, if thou approve our chear,
Ceaſe the mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty he
To this the Queen her juſt diſlike expreſt:
'Tis impious, Prince! to harm the ſtranger-gue
Baſe to inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
And ſome reſpect *Telemachus* may claim.
What if th' Immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a Queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring ſtranger for my Lord?
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far be he baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his Princeſs with a thought ſo mea
O fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind!
(Reſpectful thus *Eurymachus* rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmize, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;

We

We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave Chief whoſe bow they cou'd not bend!
" In came a Beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
" And did what all thoſe Princes could not do.
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.

To whom the Queen. If Fame ingage your views,
Forbear thoſe acts which Infamy purſues;
Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe;
Know Friend! that Virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if *Phœbus* give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.

O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me (cries *Telemachus*) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No *Grecian* Prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that *Ithaca*'s rough hills contain,
And all wide *Elis*' courſer-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms deſcend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire oh Queen! thy houſhold task reſume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labors of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
Theſe cares to man belong, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years, the Queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as ſhe ſate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her *Ulyſſes* then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
'Till gentle *Pallas*, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.

Now

Now thro' the preſs the bow *Eumæus* bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold, lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If heav'n and *Phœbus* lend the Suitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold *Telemachus* thus urg'd him on.
Proceed falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What? hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy Prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive Suitors from my walls expell!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below?
The Suitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.

Eumæus, thus incourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the King.
Old *Euryclea* calling then aſide,
Hear what *Telemachus* enjoyns (he cry'd)
At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labors of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the Palace gates.
In the ſame moment forth *Philætius* flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable tyes
The utmoſt gate. (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of *Byblos'* reed, a ſhip from *Egypt* brought)
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent, at the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his Lord.
And now his well-known bow the Maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;

Leſt

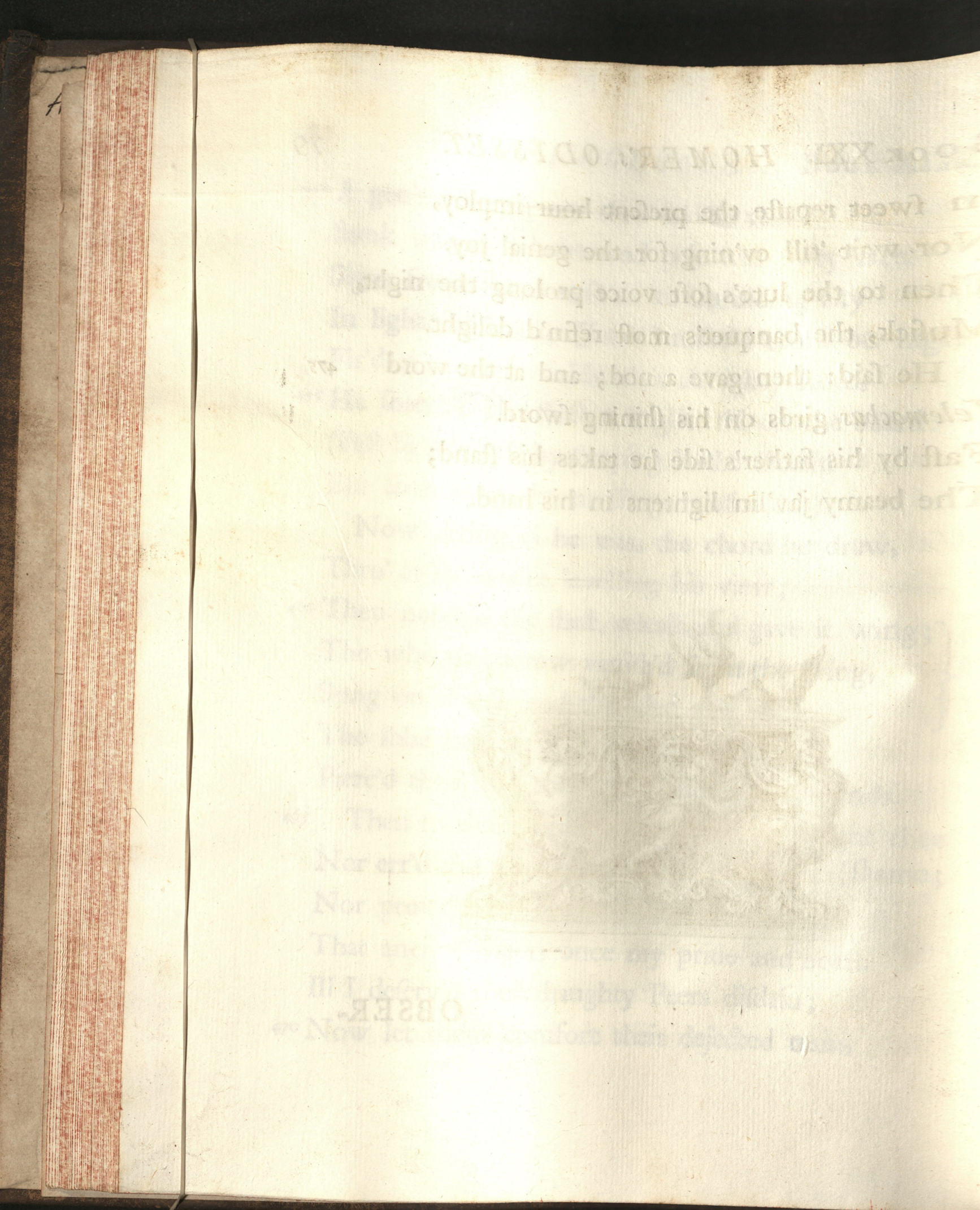
Left time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long.
While some deriding — How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals. —
Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.
Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great Master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above enſu'd: th' unfolding ſky
In lightning burſt; *Jove* thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's almighty Lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by, the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death)
Now ſitting as he was, the chord he drew,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releaſt, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring,
Sung on direct, and thredded ev'ry ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the ſolid gate reſounds.
Then to the Prince. Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That ancient vigor, once my pride and boaſt.
Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty Peers diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,

In ſweet repaſte the preſent hour imploy,
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy.
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night,
Muſick, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid: then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.



OBSER-



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

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I.



THIS book is entitled Τόξου ἅθεσις, or the *propoſition of the Bow*: This action of *Penelope* has given occaſion of raillery both to modern and ancient Critics; they inſinuate that ſhe propos'd this exerciſe of the bow to try the ſtrength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that ſingle qualification in the choice of her husband.

Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.

They interpret νευρὴν ἐνλάνυσαι into a ſenſe very contrary to the character of *Penelope*. 'Tis true, other Authors have directly charg'd her with Inchaſtity, and affirm that ſhe had a ſon named *Pan*, becauſe *all* the Suitors had a ſhare in him. *Lycophron* calls her

Βασάξαν σεμνῶς καασωξεύσαν.

It is the exerciſe of the Bow that has occaſion'd theſe imputations; for none of *Homer*'s Commentators have given the reaſon why ſhe propoſes that exerciſe in particular; and therefore ſeeing no reaſon for it, they have invented a falſe one, and give the ſtory a ridiculous air: I flatter my ſelf that a better ſolution may be found out, and a reaſon given why *Penelope* propoſes this exerciſe in particular, and preferably to any other.

We are to remember that this day was ſacred to *Apollo*; this is evident from the preceding book, where the *Ithacans* offer an Hecatomb in a grove conſecrated to that Deity: The diverſion ſuits the day, the exerciſe of the bow being proper to be practiſed on the feſtival of that Deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of *Apollo* are derived from it; Ἑκάεργος, Ἑκατηβόλος, Ἀργυρότοξος. It is ſtrange that this neceſſary obſervation ſhould eſcape the notice of all Commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of *Penelope* in propoſing the Bow, an inſtance almoſt parallel to it might be produced from Hiſtory. When *Cambyſes* was preparing to make war againſt *Æthiopia*, the King of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the preſence of the *Perſian* Ambaſſadors, and unbending it again, deliver'd it to them with theſe words: That when the *Perſians* could do the like, they might hope to conquer the *Æthiopians*. There is nothing more abſurd in the delivery of the bow to the Suitors by *Penelope*, than in the ſame act of the *Æthiopian* King to the *Perſian* Ambaſſadors.

II.

Verse 9. *A brazen key ſhe held*, &c.] The numerous particularities and digreſſive Hiſtories crowded together in the beginning of this book have not eſcap'd cenſure. The Poet very circumſtantially deſcribes the key, and the make of it, as likewiſe

wiſe the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to *Ulyſſes*; at the mention of the donor's name he ſtarts into a little Hiſtory of him, and returns not in many lines to his ſubject; he then no leſs circumſtantially deſcribes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he deſcends to every particular of *Penelope*'s opening it, and every ſtep and motion ſhe takes till ſhe produces the bow before the Suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of ſmall importance, to no propos'd end. But notwithſtanding, every circumſtance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better ſhows the power of the Poet's diction. So great a Critic as *Vida* admir'd this very paſſage. *Poetic. lib.* 2.

Ipſa procos etiam ut juſſit certare ſagittis
Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas
Victori, per quanta moræ diſpendia mentes
Suſpenſas trahit, ante viri quam proferet arcum?

The Poet adapts his verſe to the nature of his ſubject; the deſcription loiters, to expreſs the ſtudied delay of *Penelope*, and her unwillingneſs to bring affairs to a deciſion. However I will not promiſe that theſe digreſſions and ancient hiſtories will pleaſe every Reader; the paſſage is ſo far from being faulty, that it is really an inſtance of *Homer*'s judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The caſe is, *Penelope* propoſes the tryal of the bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; ſhe is ſlow in producing it for the ſame reaſon; and *Homer*, to paint this ſlowneſs in a lively manner, lets the ſubject of the Poem ſtand ſtill, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too ſoon to the end of his journey.

III.

VERSE 21. Meſſena's *ſtate*, &c.] It has been diſputed whether *Meſſene* here was a city or a country; *Strabo* affirms it to

to be a country, *lib.* 8. It was a port of *Laconia*, under the dominion of *Menelaus* in the time of the war of *Troy*; and then (continues that Author) the city named *Messene* was not built. *Pausanias* is of the same opinion, *lib.* 4. *c.* 1. "Before "the battle of *Leuctra* between the *Thebans* and *Lacedæmonians*, "it is my judgment that there was no City called *Messene*; "this is evident from the words of *Homer*,

Τὼ δ' ἐν Μεσσήνῃ ζυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοισιν
Οἴκῳ ἐν Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

Now *Ortilochus* lived in *Pheræ*, a city of *Messenia*, and consequently *Ulysses* and *Iphitus* meeting at his Palace in *Messenia*, *Homer* must mean the country, not the city. That *Ortilochus* lived in *Pheræ*, appears from the third *Odyssey*.

Ἐς Φηρὰς δ' ἵκονθ' Διοκλῆος ποτὶ δῶμα,
Υἱὸς Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

This *Iphitus* was the son of *Eurytus* mention'd in the eighth book, famous for his skill in archery.

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.

So that even this digression is not foreign to the purpose: The Poet largely describes the bow, being to make great use of it in the sequel of the *Odyssey*: he shews it was originally in the possession of *Eurytus*, the most famous archer in the world: Nay, this very digression may appear to be absolutely necessary; it being requisite to describe that bow, as of no common excellence and strength, which was not to be drawn by any of the Suitors; and at the same time it sets off the strength of the Heroe of the Poem, who alone is able to bend it.

VERSE

IV.

VERSE 22. *Three hundred sheep,* &c.] It has been observ'd in a former annotation, that such ravages or pyracies were not only lawful but honourable amongst the Ancients; why then is *Ulysses* here sent to redemand the spoils made by the *Messenians*? *Dacier* answers that such inroads were not allowable except in open War; she means between *Greeks* and *Greeks*; for they themselves exercis'd such pyracies with impunity against other nations.

V.

VERSE 31. *Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social rite transgrest.*] *Homer* very solemnly condemns this action of *Hercules* in slaying *Iphitus*; and some Authors (remarks *Eustathius*) defend him by saying, he was seiz'd with madness, and threw *Iphitus* down from the top of his Palace; but this is contrary to *Homer*, and to the sentiment of those who write that *Hercules* was deliver'd as a slave to *Omphale*, for the expiation of the murder of *Iphitus*.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expression

------ οὐδέ τράπεζαν
Ἠδέσατ. ------

That is, *he paid no reverence to his Table.* The Table was held sacred by the Ancients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendship and Hospitality: it was therefore a crime to dishonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpose *Juvenal*:

Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia mensæ.

The statues of the Gods were rais'd upon the tables, they were consecrated by placing on them salt, which was always esteem'd holy, and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the Table

ble therefore is call'd in *Plutarch* φιλίων Θεῶν βωμὸν, καὶ ξενίων, *the altar of the Gods of Friendship and Hospitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the same table, was esteem'd an inviolable obligation of friendship: And τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to transgress against the table, a breach of the laws of hospitality, and the blackest of crimes. I will only add that it was customary upon making an alliance of hospitality to give mutual Tokens; thus *Ulysses* here presents *Iphitus* with a sword and spear; *Iphitus Ulysses* with a bow. And the producing these tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hospitality, between the persons themselves, and their descendents in following generations.

VI.

VERSE 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This description presents us with a noble image; *Homer* introduces it to shew the largeness and strength of the door, which resounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumstance into sublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the 24th of the *Iliad*,

Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade.

VII.

VERSE 57. *Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,*
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.]

The Bow recalls to her mind the thought of her husband, and this raises her sorrows. The least trifle that once belong'd to a belov'd person, is sufficient to cast a cloud over the soul, which naturally falls in a show'r of tears: And no doubt the exercise which the Suitors are to practise with the Bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her sorrows; she weeps not only for the loss of *Ulysses*, but at the thought that she is ready to enter upon second nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

VERSE

VIII.

VERSE 105. *Then thus* Telemachus. *Some God I find,* &c.] This ſpeech is not without greater obſcurity than is uſual in ſo clear a writer as *Homer*. M. *Dacier* has done it juſtice, and clearly open'd the ſenſe of it in her paraphraſe. "Surely, ſays *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* has diſorder'd my underſtanding: I ſee my "mother, wiſe as ſhe is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a ſecond marriage; and yet in theſe melancholy circumſtances, I think of nothing but diverting my ſelf, and being an idle ſpectator of this exerciſe of the Bow: No, no, "this is not to be ſuffer'd: You (the Suitors) uſe your utmoſt "efforts to rob me of *Penelope*, I will therefore uſe mine to retain her: A woman the moſt excellent in any nation. But "why do I praiſe her? you know her worth; uſe therefore no "pretext to defer the tryal of the Bow, that we may come to "an iſſue; I will try the Bow with you; and if I ſucceed, then "I will retain her as the prize of the conqueſt; then ſhe ſhall "not be obliged to ſecond nuptials: Nor will *Penelope* abandon "a ſon, who emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the "prize from ſo many Antagoniſts.

This is the true meaning of the words of *Telemachus*; the diction indeed is ſomewhat embarraſs'd, and the connections a little obſcure; but this is done by the Poet, to expreſs the diſorder and hurry of mind in *Telemachus*, who fears for the fate of *Penelope*: Therefore the connection of the Periods is interrupted, to repreſent *Telemachus* ſtarting thro' eagerneſs of ſpirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity.

IX.

VERSE 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy*
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade ------]

It is not apparent at the firſt view why *Ulyſſes* prohibits *Telemachus* from drawing the Bow; but *Euſtathius* gives ſufficient reaſons

for this conduct: It would have defeated his whole design, and render'd the death of the Suitors impracticable; for *Telemachus* had declar'd that he would retain *Penelope*, if he succeeded in the exercise of the Bow; and this of necessity would create an immediate contest between that Heroe and the Suitors, and bring matters unseasonably to extremity. The same author assigns a second reason; *Ulysses* fears lest *Telemachus* by bending the Bow should make it more supple and flexible, and therefore commands him to desist, lest it should be drawn by the Suitors; besides, if he had drawn it, it would have rais'd an emulation amongst them, and they would have apply'd the utmost of their abilities not to be outdone by so young a person as *Telemachus*; but his despair to effect it, makes them less sollicitous, the tryal being equally unsuccessful to them all.

It may also be observ'd that there is a very happy address made to *Telemachus* by *Homer*; He shews us that he could have drawn it, but desists in obedience to *Ulysses*: Thus the Poet has found out a way to give *Telemachus* the Honour of the Victory without obtaining it; and at the same time shews the superior wisdom of *Ulysses*, who restrains his son in the heat of his attempt; and makes him by a happy presence of mind at once foresee the danger, and prevent it.

X.

VERSE 149. *From where the Goblet first begins to flow,*
From right to left, &c.]

Antinous makes this proposition, that every person may try his skill without confusion. Perhaps it is propos'd by *Antinous* by way of Omen, the right hand being reckon'd fortunate: But however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the Ancients the cup was deliver'd towards the right hand: hence δεξίωσις came to signify to drink towards the right hand, and *Athenæus* thus interprets this passage in the first of the *Iliad*.

----- χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι
Δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλως -----

Which, remarks that author, signifies ἐδεξιοῦντο προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς δεξιαῖς. And there is expreſs mention made of this practice, *Lib.* 1. *v.* 597. of the *Iliad.*

----- θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν
Οἰνοχοεῖ -----

That is, *beginning from the right hand*, as the Scholiaſt rightly interprets it, Vulcan *deliver'd the bowl to all the Gods.*

This obſervation explains various paſſages in many antient authors, as well as in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*: The Cuſtom indeed is not of any great importance, but it is at leaſt a curioſity, and valuable becauſe antient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which theſe perſons drank, would by Antiquaries be thought ineſtimable; and the poſſeſſion of an antient bowl is not quite ſo valuable as the knowledge of an antient cuſtom.

XI.

VERSE 152. ------ Leiodes, *blameleſs prieſt.*] The word in the original is θυοσκόος, a perſon who makes predictions from victims or from the ſmoke of the ſacrifice. This *Leiodes*, the Poet tells us, ſate next to the bowl; the reaſon of it, ſaith *Euſtathius*, was becauſe the Suitors fear'd leſt poiſon ſhould be mix'd in it, and they thought themſelves ſafe thro' his care and inſpection: but it may perhaps be a better reaſon to ſay, that he ſate there in diſchage of his office as a Prophet, to make libations to the Gods; as was cuſtomary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The Poet adds that this Prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment; the reason may be because he was an enemy to the insolence of the Suitors, and therefore withdrew from their conversation; or perhaps the word is inserted only to shew that his place was the first (for *Eustathius* explains μυχοίτατος, by πρῶτος and ἐνσύτατος) and therefore he was the most proper person to begin the experiment, that the rest might make tryal according as they were seated, successively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the most honourable person.

XII.

VERSE 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?*
What Souls, and Spirits, &c.]

There is in these words a full and clear prediction of the destruction of the Suitors by the Bow of *Ulysses*: but what follows, when the Prophet comes to explain himself, renders it ambiguous. *Better indeed to die,* &c. The next line is very remarkable for the distinction it makes between θημος and ψυχη, *soul* and *spirit*. The Reader may turn to the note on *Lib.* 23. *v.* 92. 122. of the *Iliad*; and that on *Lib.* 11. *v.* 743. of the *Odyssey*, where an account is given of the notion of the Ancients concerning this division. I shall only here add a passage in St. *Paul* to the *Hebrews*, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. *The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of* Soul *and* Spirit. *Hebr.* iv. 12.

This *Leiodes* falls by the sword of *Ulysses* in the next book; but is it not injustice to take away the life of a Person who is here describ'd as a man of virtue, detesting the actions of the Suitors, and dignify'd with Prophecy? It is easie to answer this objection; he is one of the Suitors to *Penelope*, as appears from his trying the Bow amongst the rest of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and consequently he is involv'd in the general

neral crime: This diſtinguiſhes his caſe from that of *Medon* and *Phemius*, whom *Ulyſſes* ſpares, it appearing that they made no pretenſions to the bed of *Penelope*; whereas *Leiodes* endeavours to marry the Queen, which ſingle act would exclude *Ulyſſes* from his own bed and dominions. Beſides, if we would eſcape the puniſhment of wicked men, we muſt not only deteſt their crimes, but converſation.

XIII.

VERSE 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and ſupple ev'ry pore.*] This paſſage has been egregiouſly miſunderſtood, and it has been imagin'd that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the Suitors to make them more ſupple, after the manner of Wreſtlers who obſerv'd that cuſtom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be underſtood in the *Greek*, and that it is the Bow, not the Limbs of the Suitors, that is to be anointed. *Euſtathius* thus fully explains it: The lard is brought to make the Bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the Bow and render it flexible. But *Euſtathius* falls into an error about the ſeat that is brought by *Melanthius*: he imagines the Suitors ſate while they drew the Bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fix'd upon the ground; whereas in reality the ſeat is brought, that they may ſit while they chafe the Bow. *Homer* himſelf ſays, when *Leiodes* endeavours to draw it, that he ſtood up, ἀνίσατο, and again,

He ſtood, and ſtepping forward try'd the bow.

Στῆ δ' ἀῤ' ἐπ' ὀδὸν ἰὼν, ἠ τόξα πειρήτιξεν.

But how is this to be reconcil'd with the conduct of *Ulyſſes*, who is directly affirm'd to ſit while he draws it?

------ εἵλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδασε
Αὐλόθεν ἐκ δίφρου καθήμενος ------

That

That circumstance is inserted to shew the great strength and dexterity of *Ulysses*, who is able to draw it in that disadvantageous posture: the Poet in every incident maintains his superiority.

XIV.

VERSE 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew*
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.]

It is wonderful how exactly the Poet observes the distribution of time; he distinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper space to every action. In this place the Poem goes forward while *Ulysses* withdraws to engage the assistance of *Philætius* and *Eumæus*. The Suitors are amus'd and employ'd about the Bow, while *Ulysses* steals away from their observation, and returns without raising their jealousy. The Poet likewise manages the time of the discovery of *Ulysses* very judiciously; tho' he knew the fidelity of *Eumæus* and *Philætius*, yet he trusts them not with the knowledge of his Person, till the very hour of execution; agreable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound secrecy. But then is not this an imputation to *Penelope*, that he *should chuse to discover* himself to these two persons, rather than to his Queen? The answer is, There was a necessity for his discovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their assistance in the future engagement, and makes good use of it; whereas a discovery made to the Queen could have been of no advantage, and might possibly have prov'd detrimental; besides, this is a season that requires expedition; and we find *Ulysses* complies with it, and is very concise in the discovery and interview with *Philætius* and *Eumæus*. The Poet therefore reserves the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope* to a time of more leisure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his Poem with so essential an ornament with greater solemnity.

VERSE

XV.

VERSE 231. ----- *and the ſcar expos'd.*] *Ariſtotle* treating of the different ſort of *Remembrances*, Chap. 17. of his *Poetics*, divides them into two kinds, *natural* or *adventitious*; the former ſort is ſimple and without art, which Poets uſe for want of invention; as for inſtance, when they bring about the diſcovery of a perſon by ſome natural mark or token upon the body: The latter are either marks upon the body, as ſcars occaſion'd by ſome accident, or tokens diſtinct from the body, ſuch as the Casket, *&c.* which *Plautus* and *Terence* uſe in the diſcovery of ſeveral perſons in their Comedies: Of this latter kind is this ſcar of *Ulyſſes*; it is an adventitious remembrance, and theſe remembrances (continues *Ariſtotle*) may be us'd with more or leſs art: Thus in the caſe of this wound of *Ulyſſes*, it is us'd by *Homer* in a different way: *Euryclea*, Lib. 19. deſcribes it accidentally; *Ulyſſes* here ſhews it to *Eumæus* and *Philætius* voluntarily; and it is certain that all thoſe marks which a Poet deſignedly and deliberately uſes to eſtabliſh any verity, have leſs ingenuity than thoſe which produce their effects undeſignedly and caſually, and conſequently the remembrance in the nineteenth *Odyſſey* is more ingenious than this ſecond diſcovery. The reaſon is, it ſhews no ingenuity to have recourſe to ſuch marks, when we have an intention to make the diſcovery: it cauſes no ſurprize nor variety, neither is it produc'd by any art or invention: On the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book ariſes from the ſubject, and not from the fancy of the Poet only. But, ſays *Dacier*, when *Ariſtotle* affirms that this preſent remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it; for it is a remembrance made by neceſſity. *Ulyſſes* has not opportunity to wait till the diſcovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth Book; he is abſolutely compell'd to make it deſignedly, to engage *Eumæus* and *Philætius* in his cauſe, by plainly proving to them that he was the real *Ulyſſes*. If therefore that Heroe ſhews leſs art in the man-

manner of the remembrance, he shews more wisdom in accom
modating his conduct to the opportunity, and using the preser
conjuncture advantageously, to bring about his own re-establish
ment. I will only further observe the judgment of *Home*
in making this discovery with the utmost brevity, concluding
in the compass of two verses: he had before enlarg'd upon th
wound, and the reader is already fully instructed in the story
There is likewise another reason that requires conciseness; th
urgency of the time demands it, for *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* coul
not be long in conference without observation, and raising th
jealousy of the Suitors.

XVI.

VERSE 252. *At ev'ry portal,* &c.] This is a very necessary injunction: *Ulysses* fears not only lest any of the Suitors should make his escape, but also lest any of the women who were friends to the Suitors should give information to their partisans abroad, and introduce them to their assistance. *Eustathius.*

XVII.

VERSE 266. *Not the lost nuptials*-----] No doubt but *Eurymachus* misrepresents his real sentiments, when he makes the loss of *Penelope* of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: When we have us'd our utmost endeavours to obtain our desires, and have fail'd in the attempt, the object immediately loses its value, and we would be thought to despise it. To be easie under any disappointment is the result of reason; but to seem to despise what we have been very sollicitous to obtain, arises from the pride of our natures, which persuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been disappointed: The remedy for this disease of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the balance

lance even in all our affairs, that the ſcale be not rais'd too high or depreſs'd too low.

XVIII.

VERSE 274. *Sacred to* Phœbus *is the ſolemn day.*] *Antinous*, in this reply, ſpeaks, as well as *Eurymachus*, with diſſimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reaſon, and therefore invents a falſe one: The true reaſon why he defers the tryal of the Bow is, becauſe he fears his inability to draw it: The feign'd reaſon is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be obſerv'd religiouſly, and he inſinuates that all ſports upon it are a prophanation of it; and conſequently, *Apollo* being provok'd, diſables them from drawing the Bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reaſon why he propoſes to offer a libation, to attone for the abuſe of the day by their diverſions. But perhaps the reaſon why *Antinous* defers the exerciſe of the Bow to the following day, is not becauſe he thought it unlawful to proceed in it on the feſtival of *Apollo*; for why ſhould an exerciſe which was inſtituted in honour of that Deity, be thought a prophanation of the day? I ſhould therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by *Antinous*, was their omiſſion in not offering a ſacrifice to that God before they begun the tryal, that he might proſper their endeavours: The concluſion of his ſpeech makes this opinion probable: "Let us now defer the experiment, and "offer ſacrifice in the morning to *Apollo*, that he may give "us ſucceſs in drawing the Bow;" which implies that they were unſucceſsful becauſe they had forgot to ſacrifice. I will only add that *Antinous* mentions a goat as an offering to *Apollo*; we have before ſeen bulls, ſheep and bullocks offer'd to that Deity; the reaſon why a goat is a proper victim, I ſuppoſe is becauſe he is a rural God, and patron of ſhepherds, and therefore all kinds of beaſts were offer'd to him promiſcuouſly.

XIX.

VERSE 318. Perithous' *roofs*, &c.] The ſtory of the *Centaurs* is this: *Perithous* a *Lapithite* marrying *Hippodamia* daughter of *Adraſtus*, invited the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ* to his nuptials; the *Centaurs* drinking to great exceſs, and offering violence to the bride, engag'd them in a quarrel; *Eurytion* was the perſon who began the diſorder, and the war that enſued became fatal to the whole nation of the *Centaurs*. *Horace* alludes to this hiſtory.

At nequis modici tranſiliat munera liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero
Debellata -----

The *Lapithites* were a people of *Theſſaly* inhabiting the mountains *Pindus* and *Othrys*; the *Centaurs* were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount *Pelion*. This war between the *Lapithites* and the *Centaurs* probably laſted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of *Pirithous*, and on the day that his ſon *Polypætes* was born, he obtain'd a deciſive victory over the *Centaurs*, and drove them from mount *Pelion*. Thus *lib.* 2. *v.* 900 of the *Iliad*.

Thy troops Argiſſa, Polypætes *leads*
And Eleon, *ſhelter'd by* Olympus' *ſhades*;
Sprung from Pirithous *of immortal race*,
The fruit of fair Hippodamé's *embrace*,
That day when hurl'd from Pelion's *cloudy head*
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs *fled*.

This hiſtory is at large related by *Ovid*, *Metamorph.* 12. He calls *Eurytion* by the name of *Eurytus*, and deſcribes the nuptial feaſt in a cave, and not in the palace of *Pirithous*. Thus Mr. *Dryden*:

In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpeading boughs o'erſhade:
There one more brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once; beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride, at once, reſolv'd to make his prize:
Down went the board; and faſt'ning on her hair
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair:
'Twas Eurytus *began.* -----

XX.

VERSE 357. ----- *If Fame engage your views,*
Forbear thoſe acts which Infamy purſues.]

This anſwer of *Penelope* is very ſevere and very juſt: *Eurymachus* (obſerves *Dacier*) had ſaid, If this beggar draws the Bow, we ſhall loſe our reputation: *Penelope* anſwers, It is in vain to be ſollicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a ſeries of infamous actions: Fame is the reward of good, and ſhame the portion of baſe and unworthy deeds: It is no diſhonour to a Prince to be ſurpaſs'd by a Beggar in ſtrength, but a Prince is more infamous than a Beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worſe man; a baſe action ſinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in *Homer* are, τὶ ἔλεγχεα ταῦτα τίθεσθε; which *Euſtathius* thus explains; Why do you overlook the greater diſhonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? and, adds *Dacier*, the ſentiment is juſt and happy: Theſe Princes place diſgrace where it is not; they think it a ſhame to yield in ſtrength to this ſtranger, which is really no ſhame; meer ſtrength is the praiſe of a beaſt, not of a Prince: On the contrary, what is really a ſhame, they think to be none; they prey upon a King, who was a friend to all mankind, they act a thouſand inſolent and baſe deeds, and yet apprehend no diſcredit. This is an unhappy, and I wiſh it were an unjuſt, picture of human nature; we deceive

ourſelves with falſe notions both of ſhame and glory, and we m
apply the words of *Terence* to this purpoſe:

------ *Hic ubi opus eſt*
Non verentur: illic ubi opus eſt ibi verentur.

Praiſe is only to be obtain'd by virtue, and fame is the certa
reward of it: Ill-nature or envy may eclipſe it, but it will preva
and break out into glory.

XXI.

VERSE 377. *Retire, oh Queen!* &c.] This ſpeech has been ac
cus'd of too great a liberty, and as wanting in reſpect from a ſo
to a mother: *Telemachus* ſpeaks with authority, when he ought t
have ſhew'd obedience and filial duty. But theſe Criticks miſtak
the deſign and intention of *Telemachus*; he ſpeaks directly to *Pe
nelope*, but obliquely and intentionally to the Suitors: It is fo
this reaſon that he ſays he is ſupreme in the palace, *viz.* to le
them know that he will not give up the ſway into their pow'
He tells *Penelope* that the Bow ſhall be uſed as he directs; this
done to intimidate the Suitors, and prepare the way for the de
livery of it to *Ulyſſes*, contrary to their injunctions to *Eumæus*.

The verſes are the ſame with thoſe in the 6th of the *Iliad*
There *Hector* ſpeaks to *Andromache*, a tender husband to a fond wife,
and the ſpeech was never tax'd with any want of love and kind-
neſs. In that place *Hector* remembers that he is an husband, yet
forgets not that he is an Heroe. In this, *Telemachus* deviates not
from the duty of a ſon, yet ſpeaks in the character and ſtyle
of a Prince.

Euſtathius excellently enlarges upon the words of *Telemachus*:
There is an abſolute neceſſity that *Penelope* ſhould withdraw, that
ſhe might not be preſent at the ſcene of blood and ſlaughter.
It is for the ſame reaſon that the Poet introduces *Minerva*
caſting her into a profound ſleep, that ſhe might be entirely
ignorant of the death of the Suitors: This is abſolutely neceſ-

ſary;

ſary; for if ſhe had been acquainted that *Ulyſſes* was return'd, and the Suitors ſlain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope* in the ſucceeding parts of the *Odyſſey*.

But is not *Minerva* introduc'd upon too ſmall an occaſion, only to caſt *Penelope* into a ſlumber? would not nature have work'd the ſame effect without the aſſiſtance of the Goddeſs? I have already remark'd that machines are not always uſed out of neceſſity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the Poetry and create ſurpriſe by the appearance of a Deity. But here the Poet brings down *Minerva*, to give credibility to the ſtory; for tho' it be true that nature is ſufficient to produce this effect, yet that it ſhould operate in the critical and exact moment, when the Poet has occaſion for it, is in ſome degree incredible: The Poet therefore, to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural ſleep, occaſion'd by the immediate operation of a Goddeſs.

XXII.

VERSE 381. ----- *the Queen admir'd*
His ſage reply -----]

Penelope is amaz'd at the free remonſtrance of *Telemachus*; ſhe is ignorant of the reaſon of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flow'd from a juſt cauſe, and not from a want of filial duty: ſhe is therefore ſaid by the Poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time ſhould unfold the myſtery. *Dacier.*

XXIII.

VERSE 407. *The Suitors with a ſcornful ſmile*, &c.] *Spondanus* believes they laugh out of contempt of *Telemachus*; *Dacier*, becauſe they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of *Penelope*; they hope to draw the Bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all theſe reaſons (as well as thoſe

thoſe of *Euſtathius*) ſeem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a ſufficient reaſon of their laughter, from the ſharpneſs of *Telemachus* toward *Eumæus*; they rejoice to ſee an enemy (for ſuch they eſteem *Eumæus*) miſus'd, and this will likewiſe give a reaſon why the Poet adds that they ceas'd their anger againſt *Telemachus*, namely, becauſe he gratifies their ill-will by threatning *Eumæus*.

XXIV.

VERSE 412. *Hear what* Telemachus *enjoins*, &c.] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from *Telemachus* but *Ulyſſes*: It was *Ulyſſes* who gave directions to ſhut the door of the womens apartment; but *Eumæus* is ignorant that *Euryclea* was acquainted with the return of *Ulyſſes*, and therefore ſpeaks as from *Telemachus*. He knew very well that ſhe would obey the orders of *Telemachus*, but if ſhe had not been acquainted with the return of *Ulyſſes*, ſhe would have made ſome heſitation, believing the Beggar to be really a ſtranger and not *Ulyſſes*. *Euſtathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 423. ----- (*the cable ſtrongly wrought*
Of Byblos' *reed*, -----]

The word in the *Greek* is βύβλινον, which we are not to underſtand of the *Ægyptian Papyrus*, but it is deriv'd from βίλος or βύβλος, a plant growing in the marſhes of *Ægypt*, βοτάνης ἐμφερὲς παπύρῳ, that bears the reſemblance of the *Papyrus*, as *Euſtathius* explains it. Of this plant the Ancients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads reſembling hair, and thus *Strabo* deſcribes it, ψιλὴ ῥάβδος ἐπ' ἄκρῳ ἔχουσα χαίτην, *a ſlender twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it.*

VERSE

XXVI.

VERSE 428. *Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.*] This little particularity is not inſerted in vain: *Ulyſſes* is ready to engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very neceſſary to be curious in the examination of the Bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it; if he had obſerv'd that it had been decay'd thro' time, his prudence would have furniſh'd him with ſome other inſtrument. *Euſtathius* is of opinion that this whole Bow was made of horn, becauſe ἴπες denotes worms that breed in horn: The Bow, ſays that Author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the *Scythian* bows. This, it muſt be confeſs'd, is not entirely ſatisfactory, becauſe the bows were anciently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn *Ulyſſes* may refer: But the other opinion is moſt probable, and *Ovid* thus underſtood it:

Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu
Quæ latus argueret corneus arcus *erat.*

XXVII.

VERSE 440. *Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel,* &c.] *Euſtathius* confeſſes himſelf to be greatly pleas'd with this compariſon; it is very juſt, and well ſuited to the purpoſe; the ſtrings of the lyre repreſent the bow-ſtring, and the eaſe with which the Lyriſt ſtretches them, admirably paints the facility with which *Ulyſſes* draws the bow. When ſimilitudes are borrow'd from an object entirely different from the ſubject which they are brought to illuſtrate, they give us a double ſatisfaction, as they ſurprize us by ſhewing an agreement between ſuch things there ſeems to be the greateſt diſagreement.

VERSE

XXVIII.

VERSE 448. ----- *the string let fly*
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.]
The comparison is not intended to represent the sweetness of the sound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harsh or jarring sound, or somewhat rough, ὑπότραχυ, as *Eustathius* interprets it; such a sound as the swallow makes when she sings by starts, and not in one even tenour. The swallow is inharmonious, and *Aristophanes* uses χελιδόνων μυσεῖα in his frogs, to signify those who are enemies to the Muses; and here the Poet uses it to denote a shrill, harsh, or jarring sound.

XXIX.

VERSE 452. *Signs from above ensu'd* -----] The signal of battle is here given in thunder by *Jupiter*, as in theeleventh book of the *Iliad*.

Ev'n Jove, *whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd*
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field.

And again,

That instant Juno *and the martial maid*
In happy thunders promis'd Greece *their aid.*

This prepares us for the greatness of the following action, which is usher'd in with thunder from heaven: And we are not surpriz'd to see *Ulysses* defeat his enemies, when *Jupiter* declares himself in his favour. *Homer* calls this thunder a sign and a prodigy: It is a sign, because it predicts the event; and a prodigy, because the thunder proceeds from a serene sky. *Eustathius.*

VERSE

XXX.

VERSE 476. ----- *nor have I loſt*
That ancient vigor -----]

Ulyſſes ſpeaks not thus out of vanity, but ſolely to confirm the courage of *Telemachus*, and his two friends, *Eumæus* and *Philætius*: He ſets his vigour before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the ſucceeding engagement.

XXXI.

VERSE 471. *In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour imploy,*
Nor wait 'till ev'ning -----]

This circumſtance is very neceſſary; *Ulyſſes* excites the Suitors to ſupper by day-light, becauſe it would be more eaſie for him to aſſault them while they ſate at table: the poſture would give him ſome advantage; and he adds *before ev'ning*, becauſe if they had ſupp'd by the light of the torch, upon extinguiſhing it, they had greatly embarraſs'd him, and perhaps render'd his deſigns ineffectual thro' the benefit of the darkneſs. Neither is it without reaſon that he propoſes ſinging and muſic; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealouſy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the aſſault unexpectedly, and begins the ſlaughter before they are prepared to make any oppoſition.