OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

EIGHTH BOOK.

EIGHTH BOOK

OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

EIGHTH BOOK.

I.



THIS book has been more ſeverely cenſur'd by the Critics than any in the whole *Odyſſey*: It may therefore be thought neceſſary to lay before the Reader what may be offer'd in the Poet's vindication.

Scaliger in his *Poetics* is very warm againſt it. *Demodocus*, obſerves that Critic, ſings the luſts of the Gods (*fœditates*) at the feaſt of *Alcinous*. And *Boſſu*, tho' he vindicates the Poet, remarks that we meet with ſome offenſive paſſages in *Homer*, and inſtances in the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*.

To know (ſays *Ariſtotle* in his *Art of Poetry*) whether a thing be well or ill ſpoken, we muſt not only examine the thing whether it be good or ill, but we muſt alſo have regard to him that ſpeaks

ſpeaks or acts, and to the perſon to whom the Poet addreſſes: for the character of the perſon who ſpeaks, and of him to whom he ſpeaks, makes that to be good, which would not come well from the mouth of any other perſon. 'Tis on this account we vindicate *Homer* with reſpect to the Immorality that is found in the fable of the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus:* We muſt conſider that it is neither the Poet, nor his Heroe, that recites that ſtory: but a *Phæacian* ſings it to *Phæacians*, a ſoft effeminate people, at a feſtival. Beſides, it is allowable even in grave and moral writings to introduce vicious perſons, who deſpiſe the Gods; and is not the Poet oblig'd to adapt his Poetry to the characters of ſuch perſons? And had it not been an abſurdity in him to have given us a Philoſophical or Moral ſong before a people who would be pleas'd with nothing but gaiety and effeminacy? The Moral that we are to draw from this ſtory is, that an idle and ſoft courſe of life is the ſource of all criminal pleaſures; and that thoſe perſons who lead ſuch lives, are generally pleas'd to hear ſuch ſtories, as make their betters partakers in the ſame vices. This relation of *Homer* is a uſeful leſſon to them who deſire to live virtuouſly; and it teaches, that if we would not be guilty of ſuch vices, we muſt avoid ſuch a method of life as inevitably leads to the practice of them.

Rapine attacks this book on another ſide, and blames it not for its Immorality, but Lowneſs. *Homer*, ſays he, puts off that air of grandeur and majeſty which ſo properly belongs to his character, he debaſes himſelf into a Droll, and ſinks into a familiar way of talking: he turns things into ridicule, by endeavouring to entertain his Reader with ſomething pleaſant and diverting: For inſtance, in the eighth book of the *Odyſſey*, he entertains the Gods with a Comedy, ſome of whom he makes buffoons: *Mars* and *Venus* are introduced upon the ſtage, taken in a net laid by *Vulcan*, contrary to the gravity which is ſo eſſential to Epic Poetry.

It muſt be granted, that the Gods are here painted in colours unworthy of Deities, yet ſtill with propriety, if we reſpect the

ſpectators,

ſpectators, who are ignorant, debauch'd *Phæacians*. *Homer* was oblig'd to draw them not according to his own idea of the Gods, but according to the wild fancies of the *Phæacians*. The Poet is not at liberty to aſcribe the wiſdom of a *Socrates* to *Alcinous*: He muſt follow Nature, and like a painter he may draw Deities or monſters, and introduce as he pleaſes either vicious or virtuous characters, provided he always makes them of a piece, conſiſtent with their firſt repreſentation.

This rule of *Ariſtotle* in general vindicates *Homer*, and 'tis neceſſary to carry it in our minds, becauſe it ought to be apply'd to all incidents that relate to the *Phæacians*, in the ſequel of the *Odyſſey*.

II.

VERSE 6. *And fill the ſhining thrones along the bay.*] This place of Council was between the two ports, where the Temple of *Neptune* ſtood; probably, like that in the ſecond book, open to the air.

III.

VERSE 9. *In form a herald* ——.] It may be ask'd what occaſion there is to introduce a Goddeſs, to perform an action that might have been as well executed by a real Herald? *Euſtathius* obſerves, that this *Minerva* is either Fame, which informs the *Phæacians* that a ſtranger of uncommon figure is arriv'd, and upon this report they aſſemble; or it implies, that this aſſembly was made by the Wiſdom of the Peers, and conſequently a Poet may aſcribe it to the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, it being the effect of her inſpiration.

The Poet by the introduction of a Deity warns us, that ſomething of importance is to ſucceed; this is to be uſher'd in with ſolemnity, and conſequently the appearance of *Minerva* in this place is not unneceſſary: The action of importance to be deſcrib'd

is

is no leſs than the change of the fortunes of *Ulyſſes*; it is from this aſſembly that his affairs take a new turn, and haſten to a happy re-eſtabliſhment.

IV.

VERSE 13. *A Prince of form divine*------] *Minerva* ſpeaks thus in favour of *Ulyſſes*, to excite the curioſity of the *Phæacians*: and indeed the ſhort ſpeech is excellently adapted to this purpoſe. They were fond of ſtrangers: The Goddeſs therefore tells them, that a ſtranger is arriv'd of a God-like appearance. They admir'd outward ſhow, he is therefore deſcrib'd as a man of extraordinary beauty, and *Minerva* for this reaſon immediately improves it.

Euſtathius.

V.

VERSE 19. Pallas *with grace divine his frame improves.*] This circumſtance has been repeated ſeveral times almoſt in the ſame words, ſince the beginning of the *Odyſſey*. I cannot be of opinion that ſuch repetitions are beauties. In any other Poet, they might have been thought to proceed from a poverty of invention, tho' certainly not in *Homer*, in whom there is rather a ſuperfluity than barrenneſs. Perhaps having once ſaid a thing well, he deſpair'd of improving it, and ſo repeated it; or perhaps he intended to inculcate this truth, that all our accompliſhments, as beauty, ſtrength, *&c.* are the gifts of the Gods; and being willing to fix it upon the mind, he dwells upon it, and inſerts it in many places. Here indeed it has a particular propriety, as it is a circumſtance that firſt engages the *Phæacians* in the favour of *Ulyſſes*: his beauty was his firſt recommendation, and conſequently the Poet with great judgment ſets his Heroe off to the beſt advantage, it being an incident from which he dates all his future happineſs; and therefore to be inſiſted upon with a particular ſolemnity. *Plato* in his *Theætetus* applies the latter part of this

this deſcription to *Parmenides*. Αἰδοῖός τε μοι φαίνεται εἶναι ἅμα δεινός τε.

VI.

VERSE 25. *From his glitt'ring throne* Alcinous *roſe.*] It might be expected that *Ulyſſes*, upon whoſe account alone *Alcinous* calls this aſſembly, ſhould have made his condition known, and ſpoken himſelf to the *Phæacians*; whereas he appears upon the ſtage as a mute perſon, and the multitude departs entirely ignorant of his name and fortunes. It may be anſwer'd, that this was not a proper time for a fuller diſcovery, the Poet defers it 'till *Ulyſſes* had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in the games, and fully rais'd their curioſity. It is for the ſame reaſon that *Ulyſſes* is ſilent; if he had ſpoken he could not have avoided to let them into the knowledge of his condition, but the contrary method is greatly for his advantage, and aſſures him of ſucceſs from the recommendation of a King.

But there is another, and perhaps a better reaſon, to be given for this ſilence of *Ulyſſes*: The Poet reſerves the whole ſtory of his ſufferings for an entire and uninterrupted narration; if he had now made any diſcovery, he muſt afterwards either have fall'n into tautology, or broken the thread of the relation, ſo that it would not have been of a piece, but wanted continuity. Beſides, it comes with more weight at once, than if it had been made at ſeveral times, and conſequently makes a deeper impreſſion upon the memory and paſſion of the auditors. *Virgil* has taken a different method in the diſcovery of *Æneas*; there was a neceſſity for it; his companions, to engage *Dido* in their protection, tell her they belong to no leſs a Heroe than *Æneas*, ſo that he is in a manner known before he appears; but *Virgil* after the example of *Homer* reſerves his ſtory for an entire narration.

VII.

VERSE 35. *Launch the tall bark*-----] The word in the original is πεϱτόπλοϕ; which signifies not only a ship that makes its first voyage, but a ship that out-sails other ships, as *Eustathius* observes. It is not possible for a translator to retain such singularities with any beauty; it would seem pedantry and affectation, and not Poetry.

VIII.

VERSE 41. *Taught by the Gods to please*-----] *Homer* here insinuates, that all good and great qualities are the gifts of God. He shews us likewise, that Music was constantly made use of in the Courts of all the Oriental Princes; we have seen *Phemius* in *Ithaca*, a second in *Lacedæmon* with *Menelaus*, and *Demodocus* here with *Alcinous*. The *Hebrews* were likewise of remarkable skill in Music; every one knows what effect the harp of *David* had upon the spirit of *Saul*. *Solomon* tells us, that he sought out singing men and singing women to entertain him, like these in *Homer*, at the time of feasting: Thus another oriental Writer compares Music at feasts to an emerald enclos'd in gold: *as a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine.* Eccl. xxxii. 6. *Dacier.*

IX.

VERSE 57. *Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow*
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe.]
It has been generally thought that *Homer* represents himself in the person of *Demodocus:* and *Dacier* imagines that this passage gave occasion to the Ancients to believe that *Homer* was blind. But that he really was blind is testify'd by himself in his Hymn to *Apollo*, which *Thucydides* asserts to be the genuine production of *Homer*, and quotes it as such in his history.

Ὦ κῶραι τίς δ' ὔμμιν ἀνὴρ ἥδιστ@ ἀοιδῶν
Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται ἢ τῷ τέρπεσθε μάλιστα;
Ὑμεῖς δ' ἕυ μάλα πᾶσαι ὑποκρίνασθε ἀφ' ὑμέων
Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ -----

That is, " O Virgins, if any perſon asks you who is he, the " moſt pleaſing of all Poets, who frequents this place, and " who is he who moſt delights you? reply, he is a blind man, *&c.*" 'Tis true, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, that there are many features in the two Poets that bear a great reſemblance; *Demodocus* ſings divinely, the ſame is true of *Homer*; *Demodocus* ſings the adventures of the *Greeks* before *Troy*, ſo does *Homer* in his *Iliads*.

If this be true, it muſt be allow'd that *Homer* has found out a way of commending himſelf very artfully: Had he ſpoken plainly, he had been extravagantly vain; but by this indirect way of praiſe, the Reader is at liberty to apply it either ſolely to *Demodocus*, or obliquely to *Homer*.

It is remarkable, that *Homer* takes a very extraordinary care of *Demodocus* his brother Poet; and introduces him as a perſon of great diſtinction. He calls him in this book the Heroe *Demodocus:* He places him on a throne ſtudded with ſilver, and gives him an herald for his attendant; nor is he leſs careful to provide for his entertainment, he has a particular table, and a capacious bowl ſet before him to drink as often as he had a mind, as the original expreſſes it. Some merry wits have turn'd the laſt circumſtance into raillery, and inſinuate that *Homer* in this place as well as in the former means himſelf in the perſon of *Demodocus*, an intimation that he would not be diſpleas'd to meet with the like hoſpitality.

X.

VERSE 74. *The ſtern debate* Atrides *heard with joy.*] This paſſage is not without obſcurity, but *Euſtathius* thus explains it from *Athenæ*; In the *Iliads* the Generals ſup with *Agamemnon*

with ſobriety and moderation, and if in the *Odyſſey* we ſee *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes* in contention to the great ſatisfaction of *Agamemnon*; it is becauſe theſe contentions are of uſe to his affairs, they contend whether force or ſtratagem is to be employed to take *Troy*; *Achilles* after the death of *Hector*, perſuaded to aſſault it by ſtorm, *Ulyſſes* by ſtratagem. There is a further reaſon given for the ſatisfaction which *Agamemnon* expreſſes at the conteſt of theſe two Heroes: Before the opening of the war of *Troy* he conſulted the oracle concerning the iſſue of it; *Apollo* anſwer'd, that *Troy* ſhould be taken when two Princes moſt renown'd for wiſdom and valour ſhould contend at a ſacrifice of the Gods; *Agamemnon* rejoices to ſee the prediction fulfill'd, knowing that the deſtruction of *Troy* was at hand, the Oracle being accompliſh'd by the conteſt of *Ulyſſes* and *Achilles*.

XI.

VERSE 79. *Touch'd at the ſong.*-----] Many objections may be made againſt this relation; it may ſeem to offend againſt probability, and appears ſomewhat incredible, that *Demodocus* ſhould thus luckily pitch upon the war of *Troy* for the ſubject of his ſong, and ſtill more happily upon the deeds of *Ulyſſes*; for inſtance, a man may die of an Apoplexy, this is probable; but that this ſhould happen juſt when the Poet has occaſion for it, is in ſome degree incredible. But this objection will ceaſe, if we conſider not only that the war of *Troy* was the greateſt event of thoſe ages, and conſequently might be the common ſubject of entertainment; but alſo that it is not *Homer* or *Demodocus* who relates the ſtory, but the Muſe who inſpires it: *Homer* ſeveral times in this book aſcribes the ſong to immediate inſpiration; and this ſupernatural aſſiſtance reconciles it to human probability, and the ſtory becomes credible when it is ſuppos'd to be related by a Deity. *Ariſtotle* in his *Poetics* commends this conduct as artful and judicious; *Alcinous*, ſays he, invites *Ulyſſes* to an entertainment to divert him, where *Demodocus* ſings his actions, at which he cannot refrain from tears, which *Alcinous* perceives, and this brings about the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes*.

It may further be objected, that a ſufficient cauſe for this violence of tears is not apparent; for why ſhould *Ulyſſes* weep to hear his own brave atchievements, eſpecially when nothing calamitous is recited? This indeed would be improbable, if that were the whole of what the Poet ſung: But *Homer* only gives us the heads of the ſong, a few sketches of a larger draught, and leaves ſomething to be fill'd up by the imagination of the reader. Thus for inſtance the words of *Demodocus* recall'd to the mind of *Ulyſſes* all the hardſhips he had undergone during a ten years war, all the ſcenes of horror he had beheld, and the loſs and ſufferings of all his friends. And no doubt he might weep even for the calamities he brought upon *Troy*, an ingenuous nature cannot be inſenſible when any of its own ſpecies ſuffers; the *Trojans* were his enemies, but ſtill they were men, and compaſſion is due even to unfortunate enemies. I doubt not but it will be allow'd, that there is here ſufficient cauſe to draw tears from a heroe, unleſs a heroe muſt be ſuppoſed to be diveſted of humanity.

XII.

VERSE 101. *None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway.*] *Euſtathius* asks how *Alcinous* could make ſuch an aſſertion, and give the preference to his people before all nations, when he neither knew, nor was known to, any heroes out of his own Iſland? He anſwers that he ſpeaks like a *Phæacian*, with oſtentation and vanity; beſides it is natural for all people to form, not illaudably, too favourable a judgment of their own country: And this agrees with the character of the *Phæacians* in a more particular manner, who call'd themſelves ἀΐſχιθεοὶ, and the favourites of the Gods.

XIII.

VERSE 113. *The Games.*-----] *Euſtathius* remarks, that *Homer* very judiciouſly paſſes over theſe games in a few lines, having in the *Iliad* exhauſted that ſubject; he there enlarg'd upon them,

them, becauſe they were eſſential ornaments, it being neceſſary that *Patroclus* ſhould be honour'd by his friend with the utmoſt ſolemnity. Here they are only introduc'd occaſionally, and therefore the Poet haſtens to things more requiſite, and carries on the thread of his ſtory. But then it may be ask'd why are they mention'd at all, and what do they contribute to the re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes*? It is evident that they are not without an happy effect, they give *Ulyſſes* an opportunity to ſignalize his character, to engage the King and the Peers in his favour, and this induces them to convey him to his own country, which is one of the moſt material incidents in the whole *Odyſſey*.

XIV.

VERSE 119. Euryalus, *like* Mars *terrific, roſe.*] I was at a loſs for a reaſon why this figure of terror was introduc'd amongſt an unwarlike nation, upon an occaſion contrary to the general deſcription in the midſt of games and diverſions. *Euſtathius* takes notice, that the Poet diſtinguiſhes the character of *Euryalus*, to force it upon our obſervation; he being the perſon who uſes *Ulyſſes* with roughneſs and inhumanity, and is the only Peer that is deſcrib'd with a ſword, which he gives to *Ulyſſes* to repair his injury.

He further remarks, that almoſt all the names of the perſons who are mention'd as candidates in theſe games are borrow'd from the ſea, *Phæacia* being an Iſland, and the people greatly addicted to navigation. I have taken the liberty to vary from the order obſerv'd by *Homer* in the catalogue of the names, to avoid the affinity of ſound in many of them, as *Euryalus*, *Ocyalus*, &c. and too many names being tedious at leaſt in *Engliſh* Poetry, I paſs'd over the three ſons of *Alcinous*, *Laodamas*, *Halius*, and *Æroneus*, and only mention'd them in general as the ſons of *Alcinous*.

I was ſurpriz'd to ſee *Dacier* render

——υἱὸς Πολυνήϊος Τεκτονίδαο

The

The ſon of *Polyneus* the carpenter: it looks like Burleſque: it ought to be render'd, The ſon of *Polyneus Textonides*, a *Patronymic*, and it is ſo underſtood by all Commentators.

XV.

VERSE 129. ——— *What ſpace the hinds allow*
Between the Mule and Ox, from plow to plow.] This image drawn from rural affairs is now become obſolete, and gives us no diſtinct Idea of the diſtance between *Clytoneus* and the other racers: but this obſcurity ariſes not from *Homer*'s want of perſpicuity, but from the change which has happen'd in the method of tillage, and from a length of time which has effaced the diſtinct image which was originally ſtamp'd upon it; ſo that what was underſtood univerſally in the days of *Homer* is grown almoſt unintelligible to poſterity. *Euſtathius* only obſerves, that the teams of Mules were placed at ſome diſtance from the teams of Oxen; the Mule being more ſwift in his labour than the Ox, and conſequently more ground was allow'd to the Mule than the Ox by the Husbandman. This gives us an Idea that *Clytoneus* was the foremoſt of the racers, but how much is not to be diſcover'd with any certainty. *Ariſtarchus*, as *Didymus* informs us, thus interprets *Homer*. "As much as a yoke of mules ſet to work "at the ſame time with a yoke of oxen, outgoes the oxen, "(for mules are ſwifter than oxen) ſo much *Clytoneus* out-"went his competitors." The ſame deſcription occurs in the tenth book of the *Iliads*, verſe 419, to which paſſage I refer the Reader for a more large and different explication.

XVI.

VERSE 149. *By age unbroke!*] It is in the original literally, *he wants not youth*; this is ſpoken according to appearance only, for *Ulyſſes* muſt be ſuppos'd to be above forty, having ſpent twenty

ty years in the wars of *Troy*, and in his return to his country. 'Tis true *Heſiod* calls a perſon a youth, ἀιζηὸν, who was forty years of age, but this muſt be underſtood with ſome allowance, unleſs we ſuppoſe that the life of man was longer in the times of *Heſiod*, than in theſe later ages; the contrary of which appears from many places in *Homer*, where the ſhortneſs of man's life is compar'd to the leaves of trees, *&c.* But what the Poet here relates is very juſtifiable, for the Youth which *Ulyſſes* appears to have, proceeds from *Minerva*; it is not a natural quality, but conferr'd by the immediate operation of a Goddeſs.

This ſpeech concludes with an addreſs of great beauty; *Laodamas* invites *Ulyſſes* to act in the games, yet at the ſame time furniſhes him with a decent excuſe, to decline the invitation if it be againſt his inclinations; ſhould he refuſe, he imputes the refuſal to his calamities, not to any want of skill, or perſonal inability.

XVII.

VERSE 167. ------ Ulyſſes *gave reply.*] Theſe are the firſt words ſpoken by *Ulyſſes* before the *Phæacians*; and we cannot but be curious to know how he makes his addreſs to engage a people, in whom he has no perſonal intereſt, in his favour. His ſpeech is excellently adapted to this purpoſe; he repreſents himſelf as a ſuppliant to the King and all the aſſembly; and all ſuppliants being eſteem'd ſacred, he at once makes it a duty in all the aſſembly to protect him; if they refuſe to aſſiſt him, they become guilty of no leſs a crime, than a violation of the laws of hoſpitality.

XVIII.

VERSE 190. *And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,*
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force.]
There is a difficulty in the *Greek* expreſſion, ἀσφαλέως ἀγορεύει, αἰδοῖ

αἰδοῖ μειλιχίῃ; that is, "he ſpeaks ſecurely with a winning modeſty. *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus* interprets it, in his *Examination of Oratory*, to ſignify that the Orator argues *per conceſſa*, and ſo proceeds with certainty, or ἀσφαλέως; without danger of refutation. The word properly ſignifies without *ſtumbling* ἀπρεπσκόπως, as in the proverb cited by *Euſtathius*, φορητότερον ποσὶν ἤπερ γλώττῃ πρεπσκόπειν; that is, "it is better to ſtumble with the feet than "with the tongue. The words are conciſe, but of a very extenſive comprehenſion, and take in every thing, both in ſentiments and diction, that enters into the character of a compleat orator. *Dacier* concurs in the ſame interpretation; *He ſpeaks reſervedly, or with caution; he hazards nothing that he would afterwards wiſh* (repentir) *to alter. And all his words are full of ſweetneſs and modeſty.* Theſe two lines are found almoſt literally in *Heſiod*'s *Theogony*, ver. 92.

Ἐρχομένου δ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ, θεὸν ὥς ἱλάσκονται
Αἰδοῖ μειλιχίῃ. Μετὰ δ' πέπει ἀγερομένεσσιν.

Whether *Homer* borrow'd theſe verſes from *Heſiod*, or *Heſiod* from *Homer*, is not evident. *Tully* in his book *de Senectute* is of opinion, that *Homer* preceded *Heſiod* many ages, and conſequently in his judgment the verſes are *Homer*'s. I queſtion not but he had this very paſſage in view in his third book of his Orator. *Quem ſtupefacti dicentem intuentur, quem Deum, ut ita dicam, inter homines putant*; which is almoſt a tranſlation of *Homer*.

XIX.

VERSE 201. *Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim*
A poſt of honour with the ſons of Fame.]

It may be thought that *Ulyſſes*, both here and in his ſubſequent ſpeech, is too oſtentatious, and that he dwells more than modeſty allows upon his own accompliſhments: But ſelf-praiſe is ſometimes no fault. *Plutarch* has wrote a diſſertation, how a man

may praiſe himſelf without envy: What *Ulyſſes* here ſpeaks is not a boaſt but a juſtification. Perſons in diſtreſs, ſays *Plutarch*, may ſpeak of themſelves with dignity: It ſhews a greatneſs of ſoul, and that they bear up againſt the ſtorms of fortune with bravery; they have too much courage to fly to pity and commiſeration, which betray deſpair and an hopeleſs condition: Such a man ſtruggling with ill fortune ſhews himſelf a champion, and if by a bravery of ſpeech he transforms himſelf from miſerable and abject, into bold and noble, he is not to be cenſur'd as vain or obſtinate, but great and invincible.

This is a full juſtification of *Ulyſſes*, he oppoſes virtue to calumny; and what *Horace* applies to himſelf we apply to this Heroe.

Quæſitam meritis, ſume ſuperbiam.

Beſides, it was neceſſary to ſhew himſelf a perſon of figure and diſtinction, to recommend his condition to the *Phæacians*: He was a ſtranger to the whole nation, and he therefore takes a probable method to engage their aſſiſtance by acquainting them with his worth; he deſcribes himſelf as unfortunate, but yet as a heroe in adverſity.

XX.

VERSE 219. *That inſtant* Pallas, *burſting from a cloud.*] There is not a paſſage in the whole *Odyſſey*, where a Deity is introduced with leſs apparent neceſſity: The Goddeſs of Wiſdom is brought down from heaven to act what might have been done as well by any of the ſpectators, namely to proclaim what was ſelf-evident, the victory of *Ulyſſes*. When a Deity appears, our expectations are awaken'd for the introduction of ſomething important, but what action of importance ſucceeds? 'Tis true, her appearance encourages *Ulyſſes*, and immediately upon it he challenges the whole *Phæacian* aſſembly. But he was already victor, and no further action is perform'd. If indeed ſhe had appear'd openly

openly in favour of *Ulyſſes*, this would have been greatly advantagious to him, and the *Phæacians* muſt have highly reverenc'd a perſon who was ſo remarkably honour'd by a Goddeſs: but it is not evident that the *Phæacians*, or even *Ulyſſes* knew the Deity, but took her for a man as ſhe appear'd to be; and *Ulyſſes* himſelf immediately rejoices that he had found a friend in the aſſembly. If this be true, the deſcent of *Pallas* will prove very unneceſſary; for if ſhe was eſteem'd to be meerly human, ſhe acts nothing in the character of a Deity, and performs no more than might have been performed by a man, and conſequently gave no greater courage to *Ulyſſes* than a friend actually gave, for ſuch only he believ'd her to be. *Euſtathius* appears to be of the ſame opinion, for he ſays the place is to be underſtood allegorically, and what is thus ſpoken by a *Phæacian* with Wiſdom, is by the Poet apply'd to the Goddeſs of it.

XXI.

VERSE 239. *Shall I with brave* Laodamas *contend?*
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtile him friend.]

Nothing can be more artful than this addreſs of *Ulyſſes*; he finds a way, in the middle of a bold challenge, to ſecure himſelf of a powerful advocate, by paying an ingenious and laudable deference to his friend. But it may be ask'd if decency be obſerv'd, and ought *Ulyſſes* to challenge the father *Alcinous*, (for he ſpeaks univerſally) and yet except his ſon *Laodamas*, eſpecially when *Alcinous* was more properly his friend than *Laodamas*? and why ſhould he be excepted rather than the other brothers? *Spondanus* anſwers, that the two brothers are included in the perſon of *Laodamas*, they all have the ſame relation to *Ulyſſes* as being equally a ſuppliant to them all, and conſequently claim the ſame exemption from this challenge as *Laodamas*; and *Alcinous* is not concern'd in it: he is the judge and arbitrator of the games, not a candidate, like *Achilles* in the *Iliad*. But why is *Laodamas* nam'd in particular? He was the elder brother, and *Ulyſſes* might therefore be conſign'd to his care in particular, by the right due

to his ſeniority; beſides he might be the nobleſt perſonage, having conquer'd his antagoniſt at the gauntlet, which was the moſt dangerous, and conſequently the moſt honourable exerciſe, and therefore *Ulyſſes* might pay him peculiar honours. *Spondanus.*

XXII.

VERSE 249. *Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,*
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe.]
There is an ambiguity in the original, and it may imply either, that if *Ulyſſes* and his friends were at the ſame time to aim their arrows againſt an enemy, his arrow would fly with more certainty and expedition than that of his companions: Or that if his enemies had bent all their bows at once againſt him, yet his ſhaft would reach his adverſary before they could diſcharge their arrows. *Euſtathius* follows the former, *Dacier* the latter interpretation. And certainly the latter argues the greater intrepidity and preſence of mind: It ſhews *Ulyſſes* in the extremity of danger capable of acting with calmneſs and ſerenity, and ſhooting with the ſame certainty and ſteddineſs, tho' multitudes of enemies endanger his life. I have follow'd this explication, as it is nobler, and ſhews *Ulyſſes* to be a conſummate Heroe.

XXIII.

VERSE 257. *Vain* Eurytus.-----] This *Eurytus* was King of *OEchalia*, famous for his skill in Archery; he propos'd his daughter *Iöle* in marriage to any perſon that could conquer him at the exerciſe of the bow. Later writers differ from *Homer*, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, concerning *Eurytus*. They write that *Hercules* overcame him, and he denying his daughter, was ſlain, and his daughter made captive by *Hercules*: Whereas *Homer* writes that he was kill'd by *Apollo*, that is, died a ſudden death, according to the import of that expreſſion. The Antients differ much about *OEchalia*; ſome place it in *Eubæa*, and ſome in *Meſſenia*, of which opinion is *Pauſanias*. But *Homer* in the *Iliad* places it

in

in *Theſſaly*: For he mentions with it *Tricca* and *Ithomè*, which as *Dacier* obſerves were Cities of *Theſſaly*.

XXIV.

VERSE 263. *Sole in the race the conteſt I decline.*] This is directly contrary to his challenge in the beginning of the ſpeech, where he mentions the race amongſt the other games. How then is this difference to be reconcil'd? Very naturally. *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks with a generous warmth and is tranſported with anger in the beginning of his oration: Here the heat of it is cool'd, and conſequently reaſon takes place, and he has time to reflect, that a man ſo diſabled by calamities is not an equal match for a younger and leſs fatigued antagoniſt. This is an exact repreſentation of human nature; when our paſſions remit, the vehemence of our ſpeech remits; at firſt he ſpeaks like a man in anger, here like the wiſe *Ulyſſes*.

It is obſervable that *Ulyſſes* all along maintains a decency and reverence towards the Gods, even while his anger ſeems to be maſter over his reaſon; he gives *Eurytus* as an example of the juſt vengeance of Heaven, and ſhews himſelf in a very oppoſite light: He is ſo far from contending with the Gods, that he allows himſelf to be inferior to ſome other Heroes: an inſtance of modeſty.

XXIV.

VERSE 265. ——*Age well may fail,*
When ſtorms and hunger——]

This paſſage appears to me to refer to the late ſtorms and ſhipwreck, and the long abſtinence *Ulyſſes* ſuffer'd in ſailing from *Calypſo* to the *Phæacian* Iſland; for when *Nauſicaa* found him, he was almoſt dead with hunger, as appears from the ſixth of the *Odyſſey*. *Dacier* is of a different opinion, and thinks it relates to his abſtinence and ſhipwreck upon his leaving *Circe*, before he came to *Calypſo*. This ſeems very improbable; for *Ulyſſes* had liv'd

liv'd seven years with that Goddess in great affluence, and consequently must be suppos'd to have recruited his loss of strength in so long a time, and with the particular care of a Goddess: besides, *Alcinous* was acquainted with his late shipwreck, and his daughter *Nausicaa* was in some degree witness to it: Is it not therefore more probable that he should refer to this latter incident, than speak of a calamity that happened seven years past, to which they were entirely strangers?

Dacier likewise asserts that *Eustathius* is guilty of a mistake, in making κομιδὴ or *provision*, to signify the ship it self; but in reality he makes an evident distinction: Οὐ γὰρ διὰ τὸ μὴ κομιδὴν ἐν βρώμασιν ἔχειν ἐδαμάσθη ὀδυσεὺς τοῖς κύμασιν, ἀλλ' ὅτι ἐθραύσθη κύμασιν ἡ κομιδὴν ἔχουσα ναῦς; "*Ulysses* suffer'd "not in the storm because he had no provisions to eat, but "because the ship that bore the provision was broken by the "storm;" which shews a wide difference between the vessel and the provisions: So that the expression really implies that the vessel was broken, but *Eustathius* is far from affirming that κομιδὴ and ναῦς (except in such an improper sense) have the same signification.

XXV.

VERSE 275. *In distant realms our glorious deeds display.*] From this extravagant preface, it might be imagin'd that *Alcinous* was King of a nation of Heroes: Whereas when he comes to explain the excellence of his subjects, he has scarce any thing to boast of that is manly; they spend an idle life in singing, dancing, and feasting. Thus the Poet all along writes consistently: We may know the *Phæacians* by their character, which is always to be voluptuous, or as *Horace* expresses it,

——— *Alcinoique*
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus.

And

And *Euſtathius* rightly obſerves that the Poet does not teach that we ought to live ſuch lives, but only relates hiſtorically what lives were led by the *Phæacians*; he deſcribes them as a contemptible people, and conſequently propoſes them as objects of our ſcorn, not imitation.

XXVI.

VERSE 301. *Skill'd in the dance* -----] I beg leave to tranſlate *Dacier's* Annotation upon this paſſage, and to offer a remark upon it. This deſcription, ſays that Lady, is remarkable, not becauſe the dancers mov'd to the ſound of the harp and the ſong; for in this there is nothing extraordinary: but in that they danc'd, if I may ſo expreſs it, an Hiſtory; that is, by their geſtures and movements they expreſs'd what the muſic of the harp and voice deſcribed, and the dance was a repreſentation of what was the ſubject of the Poet's ſong. *Homer* only ſays they danc'd divinely, according to the obvious meaning of the words. I fancy Madam *Dacier* would have forborn her obſervation, if ſhe had reflected upon the nature of the ſong to which the *Phæacians* danc'd: It was an intrigue between *Mars* and *Venus*; and they being taken in ſome very odd poſtures, ſhe muſt allow that theſe dancers repreſented ſome very odd geſtures, (or movements as ſhe expreſſes it) if they were now dancing an Hiſtory, that is acting in their motions what was the ſubject of the ſong. But I ſubmit to the judgment of Ladies, and ſhall only add, that this is an inſtance how a critical eye can ſee ſome things in an Author, that were never intended by him; tho' to do her juſtice, ſhe borrowed the general remark from *Euſtathius*.

The words μαρμαρυγὰς ϑηεῖτο ποδῶν are very expreſſive, they repreſent the quick glancings of their feet in the dance, *Motus pedum coruſcans*; or

The glancing ſplendors as their ſandals play.

VERSE

XXVII.

VERSE 307. ------*The Bard alternate to the strings*
The loves of Mars *and* Cytherea *sings.*]

The Reader may be pleased to look back to the beginning of the book for a general vindication of this story. *Scaliger* in his *Poetics* prefers the song of *Iöpas* in *Virgil*, to this of *Demodocus* in *Homer*; *Demodocus Deorum canit fœditates, noster Iöpas res rege dignas.* Monsieur *Dacier* in his Annotations upon *Aristotle*'s Poetics refutes the objection. The song of *Demodocus*, says he, is as well adapted to the inclinations and relish of the *Phæacians*, as the song of *Iöpas* is to Queen *Dido*. It may indeed be question'd whether the subject of *Virgil*'s song be well chosen, and whether the deepest points of Philosophy were entirely proper to be sung to a Queen, and her female attendants.

The various labours of the wandring Moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the Sun,
Th' original of men and beasts, and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispence, &c.
Dryden.

Nor is *Virgil* more reserv'd than *Homer:* In the fourth *Georgic* he introduces a Nymph, who in the Court of the Goddess *Cyrenè* with her Nymphs about her, sings this very song of *Demodocus.*

To these Clymene *the sweet theft declares*
Of Mars; *and* Vulcan's *unavailing cares*;
And all the rapes of Gods, and every love
From antient Chaos *down to youthful* Jove. *Dryden.*

So that if either of the Poets are to be blamed, 'tis certainly *Virgil*: but neither of them, adds that Critic, are culpable: *Virgil* understood what a chaste Queen ought to hear before strangers, and what women might say when alone amongst themselves; thus to the

the Queen he ſings a philoſophical ſong, the intrigues of *Mars* and *Venus* amongſt Nymphs when they were alone.

Plutarch vindicates this ſtory of *Homer*: There is a way of teaching by mute actions, and thoſe very fables that have given moſt offence, furniſh us with uſeful contemplations: Thus in the ſtory of *Mars* and *Venus*, ſome have by an unneceſſary violence endeavour'd to reduce it into allegory: When *Venus* is in conjunction with the Star called *Mars*, they have an adultrous influence, but time, or the ſun, reveals it. But the Poet himſelf far better explains the meaning of his fable, for he teaches that light muſic and wanton ſongs debauch the manners, and incline men to an unmanly way of living in luxury and wantonneſs.

In ſhort, *Virgil* mentions this ſtory, *Ovid* tranſlates it, *Plutarch* commends it, and *Scaliger* cenſures it. I will add the judgment of a late Writer, Monſieur *Boileau*, concerning *Scaliger*, in his Notes upon *Longinus*. "That proud ſcholar, ſays he, intend-"ing to erect altars to *Virgil*, as he expreſſes it, ſpeaks of *Ho-*"*mer* too prophanely; but it is a book which he calls in part "*Hypercritical*, to ſhew that he tranſgreſſed the bounds of true "Criticiſm: That piece was a diſhonour to *Scaliger*, and he fell "into ſuch groſs errors, that he drew upon him the ridicule of all "men of letters, and even of his own ſon.

XXIX.

VERSE 336. *Prefers his barb'rous* Sintians *to thy arms.*] The *Sintians* were the inhabitants of *Lemnos*, by origin *Thracians*: *Homer* calls them barbarous of ſpeech, becauſe their language was a corruption of the *Greek*, *Aſiatic*, and *Thracian*. But there is a concealed raillery in the expreſſion, and *Mars* ridicules the ill taſte of *Vulcan* for leaving ſo beautiful a Goddeſs to viſit his rude and barbarous *Sintians*. The Poet calls *Lemnos* the favourite Iſle of *Vulcan*; this alludes to the ſubterraneous fires frequent in that Iſland, and he is feigned to have his forge there, as the God of fire. This is likewiſe the reaſon why he is ſaid to

fall into the Island *Lemnos* when *Jupiter* threw him from Heaven. *Dacier.*

XXX.

VERSE 348. *See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love.*] The original seems to be corrupted; were it to be translated according to the present editions, it must be, *See the ridiculous deeds of* Venus. I conceive, that few husbands who should take their spouses in such circumstances would have any great appetite to laugh; neither is such an interpretation consonant to the words immediately following, ὄφρ᾽ ἐπιεικλὰ. It is therefore very probable that the verse was originally

Δεῦθ᾽ ἵνα ἔργ᾽ ἀγελαςὰ ἠ ὄφρ᾽ ἐπιεικλὰ ἴδηθε.

Come ye Gods, behold the sad and unsufferable deeds of Venus; and this agrees with the tenor of *Vulcan's* behaviour in this comedy, who has not the least disposition to be merry with his brother Deities.

XXXI.

VERSE 358. *'Till* Jove *refund his shameless daughter's dow'r.*] I doubt not but this was the usage of antiquity: It has been observed that the bridegroom made presents to the father of the bride, which were call'd ἔνδα; and if she was afterwards false to his bed, this dower was restored by the father to the husband. Besides this restitution, there seems a pecuniary mulct to have been paid, as appears evident from what follows.

——— The God of arms,
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

Homer in this as in many other places seems to allude to the laws of *Athens*, where death was the punishment of adultery. *Pausanias*

ſanias relates that *Draco* the *Athenian* lawgiver granted impunity to any perſon that took revenge upon an adulterer. Such alſo was the inſtitution of *Solon*; "If any one ſeize an adulterer, let him "uſe him as he pleaſes, ἐὰν τις μοιχὸν λάβῃ, ὅτι ἂν βέλπται χρῆσθαι. And thus *Eratoſthenes* anſwer'd a perſon who begg'd his life after he had injur'd his bed, οὐκ ἐγὼ σε ἀποκτενῶ, ἀλλ' ὁ τῆς πόλεως νόμος, "It is not I who ſlay thee, but the "law of thy country." But ſtill it was in the power of the injur'd perſon to take a pecuniary mulct by way of attonement; for thus the ſame *Eratoſthenes* ſpeaks in *Lyſias*, ἠνιᾠόλει κἀ ἱκέτευε μὴ αὐτὸν κτεῖναι, ἀλλ' ἀργύριον πράξασθαι, "he entreated "me not to take his life, but exact a ſum of money." Nay, ſuch penalties were allow'd by way of commutation for greater crimes than adultery, as in the caſe of murder: *Iliad* 9.

------ *If a brother bleed,*
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed:
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives.

XXXII.

VERSE 367. ——— *Behold, on wrong*
Swift vengeance waits ———]

Plutarch in his diſſertation upon reading the Poets, quotes this as an inſtance of *Homer*'s judgment, in cloſing a ludicrous ſcene with decency and inſtruction. He artfully inſerts a ſentence by which he diſcovers his own judgment, and lets the Reader into the moral of his fables; by this conduct he makes even the repreſentation of evil actions uſeful, by ſhewing the ſhame and detriment they draw upon thoſe who are guilty of them.

XXXIII.

VERSE 382. Neptune *ſues to looſe the God.*] It may be asked why *Neptune* in particular intereſts himſelf in the delive-

rance of *Mars*, rather than the other Gods? *Dacier* confesses she can find no reason for it; but *Eustathius* is of opinion, that *Homer* ascribes it to that God out of decency, and deference to his superior Majesty and Eminence amongst the other Deities: It is suitable to the character of that most ancient, and consequently honourable God, to interrupt such an indecent scene of mirth, which is not so becoming his personage, as those more youthful Deities *Apollo* and *Mercury*. Besides, it agrees well with *Neptune*'s gravity to be the first who is mindful of friendship; so that what is here said of *Neptune* is not accidental, but spoken judiciously by the Poet in honour of that Deity.

XXXIV.

VERSE 386. *He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust.*] This verse is very obscure, and made still more obscure by the explanations of Critics. Some think it implies, that it is wicked to be surety for a wicked person; and therefore *Neptune* should not give his promise for *Mars* thus taken in adultery. Some take it generally; suretyship is detrimental, and it is the lot of unhappy men to be sureties: the words then are to be construd in the following order, δειλαί τοι ἐγγύαι, ᾗ δειλῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐγγυάασθαι. *Sponsiones sunt infelices, & hominum est infelicium sponsiones dare.* Others understand it very differently, *viz.* to imply that the sureties of men of inferior condition, should be to men of inferior condition; then the sentence will bear this import: If *Mars*, says *Vulcan*, refuses to discharge the penalty, how shall I compell *Neptune* to pay it, who is so greatly my superior? And therefore adds by way of sentence, that the sponsor ought to be of the same station with the person to whom he becomes surety; or in *Latin, simplicium hominum, simplices esse debent sponsores.* I have followed *Plutarch*, who in his banquet of the seven wise men, explains it to signify that it is dangerous to be surety for a wicked person, according to the ancient sentence, ἐγγύᾳ πρὸ δ' ἄτα. *Loss follows suretyship.* Agreeably to the opinion of a much wiser person, *He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure.* Prov. xi. 15.

VERSE

XXXV.

VERSE 394. ------Mars *to* Thrace *indignant flies:*
To the ſoft Cyprian *ſhores the Goddeſs moves.*]
There is a reaſon for this particularity: The *Thracians* were a warlike people; the Poet therefore ſends the God of War thither: and the people of *Cyprus* being effeminate, and addicted to love and pleaſures, he feigns the receſs of the *Goddeſs of Love* to have been in that Iſland. It is further obſervable, that he barely mentions the retreat of *Mars*, but dwells more largely upon the ſtory of *Venus*. The reaſon is, the *Phæacians* had no delight in the God of War, but the ſoft deſcription of *Venus* better ſuited with their inclinations. *Euſtathius.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 410. *And bending backward whirls it to the ſky.*] This is a literal tranſlation of ἰδνωθεὶς ὀπίσω; and it gives us a lively image of a perſon in the act of throwing towards the skies. *Euſtathius* is moſt learnedly trifling about this exerciſe of the ball, which was called οὐρανία, or *aëreal*; it was a kind of a dance, and while they ſprung from the ground to catch the ball, they play'd with their feet in the air after the manner of dancers. He reckons up ſeveral other exerciſes at the ball, ἀπόῤῥαξις, φαινίνδα, ἐπίσκυρος, and ϑερμαύσεις; and explains them all largely. *Homer* ſeems to oppoſe this aëreal dance to the common one, ποτὶ χθονὶ, or *on the ground*, which appears to be added to make an evident diſtinction between the ſports; otherwiſe it is unneceſſary; and to dance upon the ground is imply'd in ὠρχείσϑην, for how ſhould a dance be perform'd but upon the ground?

XXXVII.

VERSE 420. *Thy praiſe was juſt*-----] The original ſays, You promis'd that your ſubjects were excellent dancers, ἀπείλησας; that

that is, *threaten'd: Minans* is used in the same sense by the *Latins*, as *Dacier* observes; thus *Horace*,

Multa & præclara minantem.

Eustathius remarks, that the address of *Ulysses* is very artful, he calls it a seasonable flattery: In reality to excel in dancing, is but to excel in trifles, but in the opinion of *Alcinous* it was a most noble qualification: *Ulysses* therefore pleases his vanity by adapting his praise to his notions; and that which would have been an affront in some nations, is esteem'd as the highest compliment by *Alcinous*.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 450. *And never, never may'st thou want this sword.*] It can scarce be imagin'd how greatly this beautiful passage is misrepresented by *Eustathius*. He would have it to imply, *May I never want this sword*, taking τοὶ adverbially: The presents of enemies were reckon'd fatal, *Ulysses* therefore to avert the omen, prays that he may never have occasion to have recourse to this sword of *Euryalus*, but keep it amongst his treasures as a testimony of this reconciliation. This appears to be a very forc'd interpretation, and disagreeable to the general import of the rest of the sentence; he addresses to *Euryalus*, to whom then can this compliment be naturally paid but to *Euryalus*? *Thou hast given me a sword*, says he, *may thy days be so peaceable as never to want it!* This is an instance of the polite address, and the forgiving temper, of *Ulysses*.

XXXIX.

VERSE 485. *Clos'd with* Circæan *art* -----] Such passages as these have more of nature than art, and are too narrative, and different from modern ways of speaking, to be capable of much ornament in Poetry. *Eustathius* observes that keys were not in use

uſe in theſe ages, but were afterwards invented by the *Lacedæmonians*; but they uſed to bind their carriages with intricate knots: Thus the *Gordian* knot was famous in antiquity. And this knot of *Ulyſſes* became a proverb, to expreſs any inſolvable difficulty, ὁ τῦ ὀδυσσέως δεσμὸς: This is the reaſon why he is ſaid to have learned it from *Circe*; it was of great eſteem amongſt the Ancients, and not being capable to be unty'd by human art, the invention of it is aſcrib'd, not to a man, but to a Goddeſs.

A Poet would now appear ridiculous if he ſhould introduce a Goddeſs only to teach his Heroe ſuch an art, as to tye a knot with intricacy: but we muſt not judge of what has been, from what now is; cuſtoms and arts are never at a ſtay, and conſequently the ideas of cuſtoms and arts are as changeable as thoſe arts and cuſtoms: This knot in all probability was in as high eſtimation formerly, as the fineſt waterwork or machines are at this day; and were a perſon fam'd for an uncommon skill in ſuch works, it would be no abſurdity in the language of poetry, to aſcribe his knowledge in them to the aſſiſtance of a Deity.

XL.

VERSE 510. *To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows.*] This may ſeem an extravagant compliment, eſpecially in the mouth of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, and rather prophane than polite. *Dacier* commends it as the higheſt piece of addreſs and gallantry; but perhaps it may want explication to reconcile it to decency. *Ulyſſes* only ſpeaks comparatively, and with relation to that one action of her ſaving his life: "As therefore, ſays he, I owe my thanks to "the Heavens for giving me life originally, ſo I ought to pay "my thanks to thee for preſerving it; thou haſt been to "me as a Deity. To preſerve a life, is in one ſenſe to "give it." If this appears not to ſoften the expreſſion ſufficiently, it may be aſcribed to an overflow of gratitude in the generous diſpoſition of *Ulyſſes*; he is ſo touch'd with the memory of her benevolence and protection, that his ſoul labours for an expreſſion great enough to repreſent it, and no wonder if in this

this ſtruggle of thought, his words fly out into an exceſſive but laudable boldneſs.

XLI.

VERSE 519. ---*From the chine* Ulyſſes *carves with art.*] Were this literally to be tranſlated, it would be, that *Ulyſſes* cut a piece from the chine of the white-tooth'd boar, round which there was much fat. This looks like Burleſque to a perſon unacquainted with the uſages of Antiquity: But it was the higheſt honour that could be paid to *Demodocus*. The greateſt Heroes in the *Iliad* are thus rewarded after victory, and it was eſteem'd an equivalent for all dangers. So that what *Ulyſſes* here offers to the Poet, is offer'd out of a particular regard and honour to his Poetry.

XLII.

VERSE 531. -----*Thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,*
Or Phœbus *animates with all his fires.*]

Ulyſſes here aſcribes the ſongs of *Demodocus* to immediate inſpiration; and *Apollo* is made the patron of the Poets, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, becauſe he is the God of Prophecy. He adds, that *Homer* here again repreſents himſelf in the perſon of *Demodocus*: it is he who wrote the war of *Troy* with as much faithfulneſs, as if he had been preſent at it; it is he who had little or no aſſiſtance from former relations of that ſtory, and conſequently receives it from *Apollo* and the Muſes. This is a ſecret but artful inſinuation that we are not to look upon the *Iliad* as all fiction and fable, but in general as a real hiſtory, related with as much certainty as if the Poet had been preſent at thoſe memorable actions.

Plutarch in his chapter of reading Poems admires the conduct of *Homer*, with relation to *Ulyſſes*: He diverts *Demodocus* from idle fables, and gives him a noble theme, the deſtruction of *Troy*. Such ſubjects ſuit well with the ſage character of *Ulyſſes*. It is for the ſame reaſon that he here paſſes over in ſilence the amour

of

of *Mars* and *Venus*, and commends the ſong at the beginning of this book, concerning the contention of the Worthies before *Troy*: An inſtruction, what ſongs a wiſe man ought to hear, and that Poets ſhould recite nothing but what may be heard by a wiſe man.

XLIII.

VERSE 554. *Various the* Trojans *counſell'd*-----] It is obſervable that the Poet gives us only the heads of this ſong, and though he had an opportunity to expatiate and introduce a variety of noble Images, by painting the fall of *Troy*, yet this being foreign to his ſtory, he judiciouſly reſtrains his fancy, and paſſes on to the more immediate actions of the *Odyſſey*. *Virgil, lib.* 2. of his *Æneis*, has tranſlated theſe verſes.

Scinditur incertum ſtudia in contraria vulgus,
At Capys, & quorum melior ſententia menti,
Aut Pelago Danaum inſidias ſuſpectaque dona
Præcipitare jubent, ſubjectiſque urere flammis:
Aut terebrare cavas uteri & tentare latebras.

Scaliger prefers theſe before thoſe of *Homer*, and ſays, that *Homer* trifles in deſcribing ſo particularly the diviſions of the *Trojan* councils: That *Virgil* chuſes to burn the horſe, rather than deſcribe it as thrown from the rocks: For how ſhould the *Trojans* raiſe it thither? Such objections are ſcarce worthy of a ſerious anſwer, for it is no difficulty to imagine that the ſame men who heaved this machine into *Troy*, ſhould be able to raiſe it upon a rock: And as for the former objection, *Virgil* recites almoſt the ſame diviſions in council as *Homer*, nay borrows them, with little variation.

Ariſtotle obſerves the great art of *Homer*, in naturally bringing about the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* to *Alcinous* by this ſong. He calls this a Remembrance; that is, when a preſent object ſtirs up a paſt image in the memory, as a picture recalls the figure of an ab-

ſent friend; thus *Ulyſſes* hearing *Demodocus* ſing to the harp his former hardſhips, breaks out into tears, and theſe tears bring about his diſcovery.

XLIV.

VERSE 571. *As ſome fond matron* ——] This is undoubtedly a very moving and beautiful compariſon; but it may be ask'd if it be proper to compare ſo great a Heroe as *Ulyſſes* to a woman, the weakneſs of whoſe ſex juſtifies her tears? Beſides ſhe appears to have a ſufficient cauſe for her ſorrows, as being under the greateſt calamities, but why ſhould *Ulyſſes* weep? Nothing but his valour and ſucceſs is recorded, and why ſhould this be an occaſion of ſorrow? *Euſtathius* replies, that they who think that *Ulyſſes* is compared to the matron, miſtake the point of the compariſon: Whereas the tears alone of *Ulyſſes* are intended to be compared to the tears of the matron. It is the ſorrow of the two perſons, not the perſons themſelves, that is repreſented in the compariſon. But there appears no ſufficient cauſe for the tears of *Ulyſſes*; this objection would not have been made, if the ſubject of the ſong had been conſider'd; it ſets before his eyes all the calamities of a long war, all the ſcenes of ſlaughter of friends and enemies that he had beheld in it: It is alſo to be remember'd, that we have only the abridgment of the ſong, and yet we ſee ſpectacles of horror, blood, and commiſeration. Tears diſcover a tender, not an abject ſpirit. *Achilles* is not leſs a Heroe for weeping over the aſhes of *Patroclus*, nor *Ulyſſes* for lamenting the calamities and deaths of thouſands of his friends.

XLV.

VERSE 606. *In wond'rous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with mind.*] There is not a paſſage that more outrages all the rules of credibility than the deſcription of theſe ſhips of *Alcinous*. The Poet inſerts theſe wonders only to ſhew the great dexterity of the *Phæacians* in navigation; and indeed it was neceſſary to be very full

in

in the deſcription of their skill, who were to convey *Ulyſſes* home in deſpight of the very God of the Ocean. It is for the ſame reaſon that they are deſcrib'd as ſailing almoſt inviſibly, to eſcape the notice of that God. Antiquity animated every thing in Poetry; thus *Argo* is ſaid to have had a maſt made of *Dodonæan* oak, indued with the faculty of ſpeech. But this is defending one abſurdity, by inſtancing in a fable equally abſurd; all that can be ſaid in defence of it is, that ſuch extravagant fables were believ'd, at leaſt by the vulgar, in former ages; and conſequently might be introduced without blame in Poetry; if ſo, by whom could a boaſt of this nature be better made, than by a vain *Phæacian?* Beſides, theſe extravagancies let *Ulyſſes* into the humour of the *Phæacians*, and in the following books he adapts his ſtory to it, and returns fable for fable. It muſt likewiſe certainly be a great encouragement to *Ulyſſes* to find himſelf in ſuch hands as could ſo eaſily reſtore him to his country; for it was natural to conclude, that though *Alcinous* was guilty of great amplification, yet that his ſubjects were very expert navigators.

XLVI.

VERSE 619. ------*how by his command*
Firm-rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand.]

The Antients, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, mark theſe verſes with an Obelisk and Aſteriſm. The Obelisk ſhew'd that they judg'd what relates to the oracle was miſ-placed, the Aſteriſm denoted that they thought the verſes very beautiful. For they thought it not probable that *Alcinous* would have call'd to memory this prediction and the menace of *Neptune*, and yet perſiſted to conduct to his own country the enemy of that Deity: Whereas if this oracle be ſuppoſed to be forgotten by *Alcinous*, (as it will, if theſe verſes be taken away) then there will be an appearance of truth, that he who was a friend to all ſtrangers, ſhould be perſuaded to land ſo great and worthy a Heroe as *Ulyſſes* in his own dominions, and therefore they reject them to the 13th of the *Odyſſey*. But as *Euſtathius* obſerves, *Alcinous* immediately ſubjoins,

But this the Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
As ſuits the purpoſe of th' eternal will.

And therefore the verſes may be very proper in this book, for *Alcinous* believes that the Gods might be prevailed upon not to fulfill this denunciation. It has been likewiſe remark'd that the conduct of *Alcinous* is very juſtifiable: The *Phæacians* had been warn'd by an oracle, that an evil threaten'd them for the care they ſhould ſhew to a ſtranger; yet they forbear not to perform an act of piety to *Ulyſſes*, being perſuaded that men ought to do their duty, and truſt the iſſue to the goodneſs of the Gods. This will ſeem to be more probable, if we remember *Alcinous* is ignorant that *Ulyſſes* is the perſon intended by the prediction, ſo that he is not guilty of a voluntary oppoſition to the Gods, but really acts with piety in aſſiſting his gueſt, and only complies with the common laws of hoſpitality.

It is but a conjecture, yet it is not without probability, that there was a rock which look'd like a veſſel, in the entrance of the haven of the *Phæacians*: the fable may be built upon this foundation, and becauſe it was environ'd by the ocean, the tranſformation might be aſcrib'd to the God of it.

XLVII.

VERSE 621. *-----How mound on mound*
Should bury theſe proud tow'rs beneath the ground.]

The *Greek* word is ἀμφικαλύψειν, which does not neceſſarily imply that the city ſhould be buried actually, but that a mountain ſhould ſurround it, or cover it round; and in the 13th book we find that when the ſhip was transformed into a rock, the city continues out of danger. *Euſtathius* is fully of opinion, that the city was threaten'd to be overwhelm'd by a mountain; the Poet, ſays he, invents this fiction to prevent poſterity from ſearching after this Iſle of the *Phæacians*, and to preſerve his ſtory from detection of falſification; after the ſame manner as he introduces *Neptune*

and

and the rivers of *Troy*, bearing away the wall which the *Greeks* had rais'd as a fortification before their navy. But *Dacier*, in the omiſſions which ſhe inſerts at the end of the ſecond volume of her *Odyſſey*, is of a contrary opinion, for the mountain is not ſaid to cover the city, but to threaten to cover it: as appears from the 13th book of the *Odyſſey*, where *Alcinous* commands a ſacrifice to the Gods to avert the execution of this denunciation.

But the difference in reality is ſmall, the city is equally threaten'd to be buried as the veſſel to be transform'd; and therefore *Alcinous* might pronounce the ſame fate to both, ſince both were threaten'd equally by the prediction; it was indeed impoſſible for him to ſpeak after any other manner, for he only repeats the words of the oracle, and cannot foreſee that the ſacrifice of the *Phæacians* would appeaſe the anger of *Neptune*.

XLVIII.

VERSE 635. *Or bled ſome friend? who bore a brother's part,*
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart.]

This excellent ſentence of *Homer* at once guides us in the choice, and inſtructs us in the regard, that is to be paid to the perſon of a Friend. If it be lawful to judge of a man from his writings, *Homer* had a ſoul ſuſceptible of real friendſhip, and was a lover of ſincerity. It would be endleſs to take notice of every caſual inſtruction inſerted in the *Odyſſey*; but ſuch ſentences ſhow *Homer* to have been a man of an amiable character, as well as excellent in Poetry: The great abhorrence he had of Lies cannot be more ſtrongly expreſt than in thoſe two paſſages in the ninth *Iliad*, and in the 14th *Odyſſey*: In the firſt of which he makes the man of the greateſt ſoul, *Achilles*, bear teſtimony to his averſion of them; and in the latter declares, that "the pooreſt man, tho' compell'd by "the utmoſt neceſſity, ought not to ſtoop to ſuch a practice". In this place he ſhews that worth creates a kind of relation, and that we are to look upon a worthy friend, as a brother.

This

This book takes up the whole thirty third day, and part of the evening: for the council opens in the morning, and at ſun ſetting the *Phæacians* return to the Palace from the games; after which *Ulyſſes* bathes and ſups, and ſpends ſome time of the evening in diſcourſing, and hearing the ſongs of *Demodocus*. Then *Alcinous* requeſts him to relate his own ſtory, which he begins in the next book, and continues it thro' the four ſubſequent books of the *Odyſſey*.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, *and* Cyclops.

Ulyſſes *begins the relation of his adventures; how after the deſtruction of* Troy, *he made an incurſion on the* Cicons, *by whom they were repuls'd; and meeting with a ſtorm, were driven to the coaſt of the* Lotophagi. *From thence they ſail'd to the land of the* Cyclops, *whoſe manners and ſituation are particularly characteris'd. The Giant* Polyphemus *and his cave deſcrib'd; the uſage* Ulyſſes *and his companions met there; and laſtly, the method and artifice by which he eſcaped.*

THE



THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THEN thus *Ulyſſes*. Thou, whom firſt in ſway
As firſt in virtue, theſe thy realms obey!
How ſweet the products of a peaceful reign?
The heav'n-taught Poet, and enchanting ſtrain:
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feaſt,
A land rejoycing, and a people bleſt.

How goodly ſeems it, ever to employ
Man's ſocial days in union, and in joy?
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine.
Amid theſe joys, why ſeeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy ſeries of a wand'rer's woe?
Remembrance ſad, whoſe image to review
Alas! muſt open all my wounds anew.
And oh, what firſt, what laſt ſhall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd, ſent by Heav'n and Fate?
Know firſt the man (tho' now a wretch diſtreſt)
Who hopes thee, Monarch! for his future gueſt.
Behold *Ulyſſes!* no ignoble name,
Earth ſounds my wiſdom, and high heav'n my fame.
My native ſoil is *Ithaca* the fair,
Where high *Neritus* waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, *Samè*, and *Zacynthus* crown'd
With ſhady mountains, ſpread their iſles around.
Theſe to the north and night's dark regions run,
Thoſe to *Aurora* and the riſing ſun.)

Low

Low lies our Iſle, yet bleſt in fruitful ſtores;
Strong are her ſons, tho' rocky are her ſhores;
And none, ah none ſo lovely to my ſight,
Of all the lands that heav'n o'erſpreads with light!
In vain *Calypſo* long conſtrain'd my ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly *Circe* ſtrove,
And added magick, to ſecure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grott,
My country's image never was forgot,
My abſent parents roſe before my ſight,
And diſtant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes, which mighty *Jove* ordain'd
To wait my paſſage from the *Trojan* land.
The winds from *Ilion* to the *Cicons'* ſhore,
Beneath cold *Iſmarus*, our veſſels bore.
We boldly landed on the hoſtile place,
And ſack'd the city, and deſtroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their poſſeſſions ſhar'd,
And ev'ry ſoldier found a like reward.

I then advis'd to fly: not ſo the reſt,
Who ſtay'd to revel, and prolong the feaſt:
The fatted ſheep and ſable bulls they ſlay,
And bowls flow round, and riot waſtes the day.
Mean-time the *Cicons*, to their holds retir'd,
Call on the *Cicons*, with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country ſwarms,
And all the Continent is bright with arms:
Thick, as the budding leaves or riſing flow'rs
O'erſpread the land, when ſpring deſcends in ſhow'rs:
All expert ſoldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courſer urge the war.
Now Fortune changes (ſo the fates ordain)
Our hour was come, to taſte our ſhare of pain.
Cloſe at the ſhips the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning ſun increaſing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Promiſcuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverſe battel gor'd with equal wounds:

But

But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conqueſt crown'd the fierce *Ciconian* train.
Six brave companions from each ſhip we loſt,
The reſt eſcape in haſte, and quit the coaſt.
With ſails outſpread we fly th' unequal ſtrife,
Sad for their loſs, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellows rites we pay'd,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy Shade.
Mean-while the God whoſe hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms:
Wide o'er the waſte the rage of *Boreas* ſweeps,
And Night ruſh'd headlong on the ſhaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ſhips are born,
And all the rattling ſhrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the ſail, we ply'd the lab'ring oar,
Took down our maſts, and row'd our ſhips to ſhore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when *Aurora* brings,
We rear the maſts, we ſpread the canvas wings;

Refreſh'd, and careleſs on the deck reclin'd,
We ſit, and truſt the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I ſail'd;
But, the cape doubled, adverſe winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tyde, which by the northern blaſt
Impell'd, our veſſels on *Cythera* caſt.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempeſt bore
Far in wide ocean, and from ſight of ſhore:
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors toſt,
The land of *Lotos*, and the flow'ry coaſt.
We climb'd the beach, and ſprings of water found,
Then ſpread our haſty banquet on the ground.
Three men were ſent, deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coaſt to view,
And learn what habitants poſſeſt the place?
They went, and found a hoſpitable race:
Not prone to ill, nor ſtrange to foreign gueſt,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feaſt;
The trees around them all their food produce,
Lotos the name, divine, nectareous juice!

(Thence

(Thence call'd *Lotophagi*) which whoſo taſtes,
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends:
The three we ſent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The reſt in haſte forſook the pleaſing ſhore,
Or, the charm taſted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order, on their banks they ſweep
The ſea's ſmooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour thro' the tyde,
To coaſts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of *Cyclops* firſt; a ſavage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and ſow,
They all their products to free nature owe.
The ſoil untill'd a ready harveſt yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And *Jove* deſcends in each prolific ſhow'r.

By

By theſe no ſtatutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no Monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whoſe entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedleſs of others, to his own ſevere.

Oppos'd to the *Cyclopean* coaſts, there lay
An Iſle, whoſe hills their ſubject fields ſurvey;
Its name *Lachæa*, crown'd with many a grove,
Where ſavage goats thro' pathleſs thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters thro' the wintry cold
Purſue their flight, but leave them ſafe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the deſart ground.
Nor knows the ſoil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked ſhare,
But uninhabited, untill'd, unſown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no veſſel with vermilion prore,
Or bark of traffic, glides from ſhore to ſhore;

The

The rugged race of ſavages, unskill'd
The ſeas to traverſe, or the ſhips to build,
Gaze on the coaſt, nor cultivate the ſoil,
Unlearn'd in all th' induſtrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are ſeen,
And vines that flouriſh in eternal green,
Refreſhing meads along the murm'ring main,
And fountains ſtreaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, inclos'd on either ſide,
Where ſhips may reſt, unanchor'd and unty'd;
'Till the glad mariners incline to ſail,
And the ſea whitens with the riſing gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a guſhing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green
The buſhing alders form'd a ſhady ſcene.
Hither ſome fav'ring God, beyond our thought,
Thro' all-ſurrounding ſhade our navy brought;

For gloomy Night deſcended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd *Phœbe* in th' ethereal plain:
But all unſeen the clouded Iſland lay,
And all unſeen the ſurge and rowling ſea,
'Till ſafe we anchor'd in the ſhelter'd bay:
Our ſails we gather'd, caſt our cables o'er,
And ſlept ſecure along the ſandy ſhore.
Soon as again the roſy morning ſhone,
Reveal'd the landſcape and the ſcene unknown,
With wonder ſeiz'd, we view the pleaſing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rows'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the lawn:
In haſte our fellows to the *ſhips* repair,
For arms and weapons of the ſylvan war;
Strait in three ſquadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the miſſile dart;
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each veſſel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ſhips compleat
We thus ſupply'd, (for twelve were all the fleet.)

Here, till the ſetting ſun rowl'd down the light,
We ſate indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; thoſe from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our *Ciconian* wars.
The land of *Cyclops* lay in proſpect near;
The voice of goats, and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains riſing ſmokes appear.
Now ſunk the ſun, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the ſea-beat ſhore
Satiate we ſlept: But when the ſacred dawn
Ariſing glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and theſe words addreſt.
My dear aſſociates, here indulge your reſt:
While, with my ſingle ſhip, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjuſt, of barb'rous might,
Rude, and unconſcious of a ſtranger's right;
Or ſuch who harbour pity in their breaſt,
Revere the Gods, and ſuccour the diſtreſt?
This ſaid, I climb'd my veſſel's lofty ſide;
My train obey'd me and the ſhip unty'd.

In order ſeated on their banks, they ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the neareſt verge of land we drew,
Faſt by the ſea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with dark'ning lawrels cover'd o'er;
Where ſheep and goats lay ſlumb'ring round the ſhore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and ſpreading oak.
A Giant-ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature, or in face;
As ſome lone mountain's monſtrous growth he ſtood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my veſſel at the point of land,
And cloſe to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldeſt and the beſt,
I ſeek th'adventure, and forſake the reſt.

Then

Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of *Maron*, of *Evantheus'* line,
(The Prieſt of *Phœbus* at th' *Iſmarian* ſhrine)
In ſacred ſhade his honour'd manſion ſtood
Amidſt *Apollo's* conſecrated wood;
Him, and his houſe, heav'n mov'd my mind to ſave,
And coſtly preſents in return he gave;
Sev'n golden talents to perfection wrought,
A ſilver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large veſſels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now ſome ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary Sire in gratitude reveal'd.
Such was the wine: to quench whoſe fervent ſteam,
Scarce twenty meaſures from the living ſtream
To cool one cup ſuffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrancies around.
Of this an ample vaſe we heav'd a-board,
And brought another with proviſions ſtor'd.
My ſoul foreboded I ſhould find the bow'r
Of ſome fell monſter, fierce with barb'rous pow'r,

Some ruſtic wretch, who liv'd in heav'n's deſpight,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within;
(His flock the Giant tended on the green)
But round the grott we gaze, and all we view
In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
The bending ſhelves with loads of cheeſes preſt,
The folded flocks each ſep'rate from the reſt,
(The larger here, and there the leſſer lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid diſtinguiſh'd from the lambkin lies:)
The cavern ecchoes with reſponſive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were lay'd,
Full pails, and veſſels of the milking trade.
With freſh proviſion hence our fleet to ſtore
My friends adviſe me, and to quit the ſhore;
Or drive a flock of ſheep and goats away,
Conſult our ſafety, and put off to ſea.
Their wholſome counſel raſhly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monſtrous kind,

And

And try what ſocial rites a ſavage lends:
Dire rites alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then firſt a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with ſacrifice and prayer.
The loaden ſhelves afford us full repaſt;
We ſit expecting. Lo! he comes at laſt.
Near half a foreſt on his back he bore,
And caſt the pond'rous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And ſought the deep receſſes of the den.
Now driv'n before him, thro' the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th'unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind,
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind)
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate.
(Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and ſtrong,
The maſſy load cou'd bear, or roll along)
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And ſitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;

Of

Of half their udders eaſes firſt the dams,
Then to the mother's teat ſubmits the lambs.
Half the white ſtream to hard'ning cheeſe he preſt,
And high in wicker baskets heap'd: the reſt
Reſerv'd in bowls, ſupply'd his nightly feaſt.
His labour done, he fir'd the pyle that gave
A ſudden blaze, and lighted all the cave:
We ſtand diſcover'd by the riſing fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus enquries.
What are ye, gueſts? on what adventure, ſay,
Thus far ye wander thro' the wat'ry way?
Pyrates perhaps, who ſeek thro' ſeas unknown
The lives of others, and expoſe your own?
His voice like thunder thro' the cavern ſounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at ſight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began.
From *Troy*'s fam'd fields, ſad wand'rers o'er the main,
Behold the relicks of the *Grecian* train!
Thro' various ſeas by various perils toſt,
And forc'd by ſtorms, unwilling, on your coaſt;

Far

Far from our deſtin'd courſe, and native land,
Such was our fate, and ſuch high *Jove*'s command!
Nor what we are befits us to diſclaim,
Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud *Troy* and all her ſons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble ſuppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy ſuccour we implore;
Reſpect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At leaſt ſome hoſpitable gift beſtow;
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:
'Tis what the Gods require: Thoſe Gods revere,
The poor and ſtranger are their conſtant care;
To *Jove* their cauſe, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.
Fools that ye are! (the Savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or ſtrangers, diſtant far from our abodes,
To bid me rev'rence or regard the Gods.
Know then we *Cyclops* are a race above
Thoſe air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd *Jove:*

And learn, our pow'r proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as He wills, but as our ſelves incline.
But anſwer, the good ſhip that brought ye o'er,
Where lies ſhe anchor'd? near, or off the ſhore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,
(Vers'd in the turns of various humankind)
And cautious, thus. Againſt a dreadful rock,
Faſt by your ſhore the gallant veſſel broke.
Scarce with theſe few I ſcap'd; of all my train,
Whom angry *Neptune* whelm'd beneath the main;
The ſcatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He anſwer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And daſh'd like dogs againſt the ſtony floor:
The pavement ſwims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he ſpreads his horrid feaſt,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beaſt:
He ſucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, fleſh, nor ſolid bone remains.
We ſee the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of *Jove*.

His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant ſwill'd;
Then ſtretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay ſenſeleſs, and ſupine, amidſt the flock.
To ſeize the time, and with a ſudden wound
To fix the ſlumb'ring monſter to the ground,
My ſoul impells me; and in act I ſtand
To draw the ſword; but Wiſdom held my hand.
A deed ſo raſh had finiſh'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeleſs grief we lay,
And ſigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teat ſubmits the lambs.
The task thus finiſh'd of his morning hours,
Two more he ſnatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd and whiſtling, drives his flock before;
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,

And ſhuts again; with equal eaſe diſpos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the ecchoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, ſpread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, ev'n in the laſt deſpair
I thought, devis'd, and *Pallas* heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution, work'd my breaſt;
But this of many counſels ſeem'd the beſt:
The monſter's club within the cave I ſpy'd,
A tree of ſtatelieſt growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk ſo vaſt,
The largeſt ſhip might claim it for a maſt.
This ſhorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to ſhape it and to plain;
The narrow'r end I ſharpen'd to a ſpire;
Whoſe point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the duſt that ſtrow'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who firſt the vent'rous deed ſhould try?
In the broad orbit of his monſtrous eye

To

To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood;
When ſlumber next ſhould tame the man of blood.
Juſt as I wiſh'd, the lots were caſt on four;
My ſelf the fifth. We ſtand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female, ſtay'd behind;
(So fortune chanc'd, or ſo ſome God deſign'd)
Then heaving high the ſtone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
Firſt down he ſits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next ſeiz'd two wretches more, and headlong caſt,
Brain'd on the rock; his ſecond dire repaſt.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
Cyclop! ſince human fleſh has been thy feaſt,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digeſt:
Know hence what treaſures in our ſhip we loſt,
And what rich liquors other climates boaſt.

We

We to thy ſhore the precious freight ſhall bear,
If home thou ſend us, and vouchſafe to ſpare.
But oh! thus furious, thirſting thus for gore,
The ſons of men ſhall ne'er approach thy ſhore,
And never ſhalt thou taſte this Nectar more.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted ſwill'd the large, luxurious draught.
More! give me more, he cry'd: the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'ſt celeſtial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as th'unbleſt *Cyclopean* climes produce,
(Tho' ſure our vine the largeſt cluſter yields,
And *Jove*'s ſcorn'd thunder ſerves to drench our fields)
But this deſcended from the beſt abodes,
A rill of Nectar, ſtreaming from the Gods.

He ſaid, and greedy graſp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his ſoul.
His ſenſe lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful ſpeech I reaſſume.
Thy promis'd boon, O *Cyclop!* now I claim,
And plead my title: *Noman* is my name.

By that diſtinguiſh'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The Giant then. Our promis'd grace receive,
The hoſpitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,
Noman ſhall be the laſt I will devour.
He ſaid; then nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropt his huge head, and ſnoring lay ſupine.
His neck obliquely o'er his ſhoulder hung,
Preſt with the weight of ſleep that tames the ſtrong:
There belcht the mingled ſteams of wine and blood,
And human fleſh, his indigeſted food.
Sudden I ſtir the embers, and inſpire
With animating breath the ſeeds of fire;
Each drooping ſpirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The ſtake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and ſparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful inſtrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.

Urg'd

Urg'd by ſome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
The pointed torment on his viſual ball.
My ſelf above them from a riſing ground
Guide the ſharp ſtake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a ſhipwright ſtands his workmen o'er,
Who plye the wimble, ſome huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly ſpins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it ſcoops it out:
In his broad eye ſo whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil ſpouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the ſcorching lids grow black;
The gelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when Arm'rers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the ſhining ſword,
The red-hot metal hiſſes in the lake,
Thus in his eyeball hiſs'd the plunging ſtake.
He ſends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Thro' all their inmoſt-winding caves reſound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand
He tore, and daſh'd on earth the goary brand:

Then

Then calls the *Cyclops*, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haſte aſſembled, at his well-known roar,
Enquire the cauſe, and croud the cavern door.

What hurts thee, *Polypheme?* what ſtrange affright
Thus breaks our ſlumbers, and diſturbs the night?
Does any mortal in th' unguarded hour
Of ſleep, oppreſs thee, or by fraud or pow'r?
Or thieves *inſidious thy fair flock ſurprize?*
Thus they: the *Cyclop* from his den replies.

Friends, *Noman* kills me; *Noman* in the hour
Of ſleep, oppreſſes me with fraudful pow'r.
" If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
" Inflict diſeaſe, it fits thee to reſign:
" To *Jove* or to thy father *Neptune* pray.
The brethren cry'd, and inſtant ſtrode away.

Joy touch'd my ſecret ſoul, and conſcious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.

Mean-time the *Cyclop* raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and ſearches round and round:
At laſt, the ſtone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midſt he ſate;
And ſearch'd each paſſing ſheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to ſeize us ere we reach'd the door.
(Such as his ſhallow wit, he deem'd was mine)
But ſecret I revolv'd the deep deſign:
'Twas for our lives my lab'ring boſom wrought;
Each ſcheme I turn'd, and ſharpen'd ev'ry thought;
This way and that, I caſt to ſave my friends,
'Till one reſolve my varying counſel ends.
Strong were the Rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largeſt of the fleecy care.
Theſe, three and three, with oſier bands we ty'd,
(The twining bands the *Cyclop*'s bed ſupply'd)
The midmoſt bore a man; the outward two
Secur'd each ſide: So bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my graſping hands I lock,

And

And fast beneath in woolly curls inwove
There cling implicite, and confide in *Jove.*
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master Ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with *Ulysses'* fate.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flow'ry mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bow'r.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!

Seeſt thou theſe lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of *Noman* and his wicked train)
Oh! didſt thou feel for thy afflicted Lord,
And wou'd but Fate the pow'r of ſpeech afford!
Soon might'ſt thou tell me, where in ſecret here
The daſtard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and daſh'd from rock to rock,
His batter'd brains ſhou'd on the pavement ſmoke.
No eaſe, no pleaſure my ſad heart receives,
While ſuch a monſter as vile *Noman* lives.
The Giant ſpoke, and thro' the hollow rock
Diſmiſs'd the Ram, the father of the flock.
No ſooner freed, and thro' th'encloſure paſt,
Firſt I releaſe my ſelf, my fellows laſt:
Fat ſheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our veſſel on the winding ſhore.
With joy the ſailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.
Big tears of tranſport ſtand in ev'ry eye:
I check their fondneſs, and command to fly.

Aboard

Aboard in haſte they heave the wealthy ſheep,
And ſnatch their oars, and ruſh into the deep.
Now off at ſea, and from the ſhallows clear,
As far as human voice cou'd reach the ear;
With taunts the diſtant giant I accoſt,
Hear me, oh *Cyclop!* hear ungracious hoſt!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble ſlave,
Thou meditat'ſt thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the inſtrument of *Jove.*
Thy barb'rous breach of hoſpitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.
Theſe words the *Cyclops'* burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the maſſy load,
And near the ſhip came thund'ring on the flood.
It almoſt bruſh'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole ſea ſhook, and refluent beat the ſhore.
The ſtrong concuſſion on the heaving tyde
Roll'd back the veſſel to the Iſland's ſide:

Again

Again I ſhov'd her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we ſtretch, and ev'ry oar we ply.
Juſt 'ſcap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raiſe my voice; my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my deſign diſſuade.
What boots the god-leſs Giant to provoke?
Whoſe arm may ſink us at a ſingle ſtroke.
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean ſhook, and back his ſurges flew.
Thy ſounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'ſcap'd in vain.
But I, of mind elate, and ſcorning fear,
Thus with new taunts inſult the monſter's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy diſgrace,
Ask who diſfigur'd thus that eye-leſs face?
Say 'twas *Ulyſſes*; 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' ſon, of *Ithaca* the fair;
Ulyſſes, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whoſe arm *Troy* tumbled to the ground.

Th' aſto-

Th' aſtoniſht Savage with a roar replies:
Oh heav'ns! oh faith of ancient prophecies!
This, *Telemus Eurymedes* foretold,
(The mighty Seer who on theſe hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long ſince he menac'd, ſuch was Fate's command;
And nam'd *Ulyſſes* as the deſtin'd hand.
I deem'd ſome godlike Giant to behold,
Or lofty Hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean deſign,
Who not by ſtrength ſubdu'd me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great *Neptune*'s bleſſing on the watry way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own;
Th' immortal father no leſs boaſts the ſon.
His pow'r can heal me, and re-light my eye;
And only his, of all the Gods on high.
O! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vaſt bulk diſlodge thy bloody mind,

And

And ſend thee howling to the realms of night!
As ſure, as *Neptune* cannot give thee ſight.
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the ſtarry skies.
Hear me, oh *Neptune!* thou whoſe arms are hurl'd
From ſhore to ſhore, and gird the ſolid world.
If thine I am nor thou my birth diſown,
And if th' unhappy *Cyclop* be thy Son;
Let not *Ulyſſes* breathe his native air,
Laertes' ſon, of *Ithaca* the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it thro' toils and ſuff'rings, long and late;
His loſt companions let him firſt deplore;
Some veſſel, not his own, tranſport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign ſuff'rings freed,
More near and deep, domeſtic woes ſucceed!
With Imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry *Neptune* heard th' unrighteous pray'r.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round; it ſung acroſs the main:

It

It fell, and bruſh'd the ſtern: The billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the ſhore.
With all our force we kept aloof to ſea,
And gain'd the Iſland where our veſſels lay.
Our ſight the whole collected navy chear'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There diſembarking on the green ſea-ſide,
We land our cattle, and the ſpoil divide:
Of theſe due ſhares to ev'ry ſailor fall;
The maſter Ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of *Ulyſſes'* fate)
With pious mind to Heav'n I conſecrate.
But the great God, whoſe thunder rends the skies,
Averſe, beholds the ſmoaking ſacrifice;
And ſees me wand'ring ſtill from coaſt to coaſt;
And all my veſſels, all my people, loſt!
While thoughtleſs we, indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
'Till evening *Phœbus* roll'd away the light:

Stretch'd on the ſhore in careleſs eaſe we reſt,
'Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the eaſt.
Then from their anchors all our ſhips unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now rang'd in order on our banks, we ſweep
With haſty ſtrokes the hoarſe-reſounding deep;
Blind to the future, penſive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

NINTH BOOK.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE NINTH BOOK

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

NINTH BOOK.

I.



AS we are now come to the Epiſodical part of the *Odyſſey*, it may be thought neceſſary to ſpeak ſomething of the nature of Epiſodes.

As the action of the Epic is always one, entire, and great Action; ſo the moſt trivial Epiſodes muſt be ſo interwoven with it, as to be neceſſary parts, or convenient, as Mr. *Dryden* obſerves, to carry on the main deſign: either ſo neceſſary, as without them the Poem muſt be imperfect, or ſo convenient, that no others can be imagin'd more ſuitable to the place in which they ſtand: There is nothing to be left void in a firm building, even the cavities ought not to be fill'd up with rubbiſh deſtructive to the ſtrength of it, but with materials of the ſame kind, tho' of leſs pieces, and fitted to the main fabric.

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle tells us, that what is comprehended in the firſt platform of the fable is proper, the reſt is Epiſode: Let us examine the *Odyſſey* by this rule: The groundwork of the Poem is, a Prince abſent from his country ſeveral years, *Neptune* hinders his return, yet at laſt he breaks thro' all obſtacles, and returns, where he finds great diſorders, the Authors of which he puniſhes, and reſtores peace to his kingdoms. This is all that is eſſential to the model; this the Poet is not at liberty to change; this is ſo neceſſary, that any alteration deſtroys the deſign, ſpoils the fable, and makes another Poem of it. But Epiſodes are changeable; for inſtance, tho' it was neceſſary that *Ulyſſes* being abſent ſhould ſpend ſeveral years with foreign Princes, yet it was not neceſſary that one of theſe Princes ſhould be *Antiphates*, another *Alcinous*, or that *Circe* or *Calypſo* ſhould be the perſons who entertain'd him: It was in the Poet's choice to have chang'd theſe perſons and ſtates, without changing his deſign or fable. Thus tho' theſe adventures or Epiſodes become parts of the ſubject after they are choſen, yet they are not originally eſſential to the ſubject. But in what ſenſe then are they neceſſary? The reply is, Since the abſence of *Ulyſſes* was abſolutely neceſſary, it follows that not being at home, he muſt be in ſome other country; and therefore tho' the Poet was at liberty to make uſe of none of theſe particular adventures, yet it was not in his choice to make uſe of none at all; if theſe had been omitted, he muſt have ſubſtituted others, or elſe he would have omitted part of the matter contain'd in his model, *viz.* the adventures of a perſon long abſent from his country; and the Poem would have been defective. So that Epiſodes are not actions, but parts of an action. It is in Poetry, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, as in Painting; a Painter puts many actions into one piece, but they all conſpire to form one entire and perfect Action: A Poet likewiſe uſes many Epiſodes, but all thoſe Epiſodes taken ſeparately finiſh nothing, they are but imperfect members, which all together make one and the ſame action, like the parts of a human body, they all conſpire to conſtitute the whole man.

In

In a word, the Epiſodes of *Homer* are compleat Epiſodes; they are proper to the ſubject, becauſe they are drawn from the ground of the fable; they are ſo joyn'd to the principal action, that one is the neceſſary conſequence of the other, either truly or probably: and laſtly, they are imperfect members which do not make a compleat and finiſh'd body; for an Epiſode that makes a compleat action, cannot be part of a principal action, as is eſſential to all Epiſodes.

An Epiſode may then be defin'd, "a neceſſary part of an action, "extended by probable circumſtances." They are part of an action, for they are not added to the principal action, but only dilate and amplify that principal action: Thus the Poet to ſhew the ſufferings of *Ulyſſes* brings in the ſeveral Epiſodes of *Polyphemus*, *Scylla*, the *Sirens*, *&c.* But why ſhould the words "extended "by probable circumſtances" enter the definition? Becauſe the Sufferings of *Ulyſſes* are propos'd in the model of the Fable in general only, but by relating the circumſtances, the manner how he ſuffer'd is diſcover'd, and this connects it with the principal action, and ſhews very evidently the neceſſary relation the Epiſode bears to the main deſign of the *Odyſſey*. What I have ſaid I hope plainly diſcovers the difference between the Epiſodic and Principal action, as well as the nature of Epiſodes. See *Boſſu* more largely upon this ſubject.

II.

VERSE 3. *How ſweet the products of a peaceful reign*, &c.] This paſſage has given great joy to the Critics, as it has afforded them the ill-natur'd pleaſure of railing, and the ſatisfaction of believing they have found a fault in a good Writer. It is fitter, ſay they, for the mouth of *Epicurus* than for the ſage *Ulyſſes*, to extol the pleaſures of feaſting and drinking in this manner: He whom the Poet propoſes as the ſtandard of human Wiſdom, ſays *Rapine*, ſuffers himſelf to be made drunk by the *Phæacians*. But it may rather be imagin'd, that the Critic was not very ſober when he made the reflection; for there is not the leaſt appearance of a

reaſon

reaſon for that imputation. *Plato* indeed in his third book *de Repub.* writes, that what *Ulyſſes* here ſpeaks is no very proper example of temperance: but every body knows that *Plato*, with reſpect to *Homer*, wrote with great partiality. *Athenæus* in his 12th book gives us the following interpretation. *Ulyſſes* accommodates his diſcourſe to the preſent occaſion; he in appearance approves of the voluptuous lives of the *Phæacians*, and having heard *Alcinous* before ſay, that feaſting and ſinging, *&c.* was their ſupreme delight; he by a ſeaſonable flattery ſeems to comply with their inclinations: it being the moſt proper method to attain his deſires of being convey'd to his own country. He compares *Ulyſſes* to the *Polypus*, which is fabled to aſſume the colour of every rock to which he approaches: Thus *Sophocles*,

Νόει πρὸς ἀνδρὶ σῶμα Πολύπου, ὅπως
Πέτρᾳ τραπεὶς γνοίης φρονήμασιν.

That is, "In your acceſſes to mankind obſerve the *Polypus*, "and adapt your ſelf to the humour of the perſon to whom "you apply." *Euſtathius* obſerves that this paſſage has been condemn'd, but he defends it after the very ſame way with *Athenæus*.

It is not impoſſible but there may be ſome compliance with the nature and manners of the *Phæacians*, eſpecially becauſe *Ulyſſes* is always deſcrib'd as an artful man, not without ſome mixture of diſſimulation: But it is no difficult matter to take the paſſage literally, and yet give it an irreproachable ſenſe. *Ulyſſes* had gone thro' innumerable calamities, he had liv'd to ſee a great part of *Europe* and *Aſia* laid deſolate by a bloody war; and after ſo many troubles, he arrives among a nation that was unacquainted with all the miſeries of war, where all the people were happy, and paſs'd their lives in eaſe and pleaſures: this calm life fills him with admiration, and he artfully praiſes what he found praiſe-worthy in it; namely, the entertainments and muſic, and paſſes over the gallantries of the people, as *Dacier* obſerves, without any mention. *Maximus Tyrius* fully vin-

dicates

dicates *Homer*. It is my opinion, ſays that Author, that the Poet, by repreſenting theſe gueſts in the midſt of their entertainment, delighted with the ſong and muſic, intended to recommend a more noble pleaſure than eating or drinking, ſuch a pleaſure as a wiſe man may imitate, by approving the better part, and rejecting the worſe, and chuſing to pleaſe the ear rather than the belly. 12 *Diſſert.*

If we underſtand the paſſage otherwiſe, the meaning may be this. I am perſuaded, ſays *Ulyſſes*, that the moſt agreeable end which a King can propoſe, is to ſee a whole nation in univerſal joy, when muſic and feaſtings are in every houſe, when plenty is on every table, and wines to entertain every gueſt; This to me appears a ſtate of the greateſt felicity.

In this ſenſe *Ulyſſes* pays *Alcinous* a very agreeable compliment; as it is certainly the moſt glorious aim of a King to make his ſubjects happy, and diffuſe an univerſal joy thro' his dominions: He muſt be a rigid Cenſor indeed who blames ſuch pleaſures as theſe, which have nothing contrary in them to Virtue and ſtrict Morality; eſpecially as they here bear a beautiful oppoſition to all the horrors which *Ulyſſes* had ſeen in the wars of *Troy*, and ſhew *Phæacia* as happy as *Troy* was miſerable. I will only add, that this agrees with the oriental way of ſpeaking; and in the Poetical parts of the Scriptures, the voice of melody, feaſting, and dancing, are uſed to expreſs the happineſs of a nation.

III.

VERSE 19. *Behold* Ulyſſes!------] The Poet begins with declaring the name of *Ulyſſes:* the *Phæacians* had already been acquainted with it by the ſong of *Demodocus*, and therefore it could not fail of raiſing the utmoſt attention and curioſity (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) of the whole aſſembly, to hear the ſtory of ſo great an Heroe. Perhaps it may be thought that *Ulyſſes* is oſtentatious, and ſpeaks of himſelf too favourably; but the neceſſity of it will appear, if we conſider that *Ulyſſes* had no-

thing but his personal qualifications to engage the *Phæacians* in his favour. It was therefore requisite to make those qualifications known, and this was not possible to be done but by his own relation, he being a stranger among strangers. Besides, he speaks before a vain-glorious people, who thought even boasting no fault. It may be question'd whether *Virgil* be so happy in these respects, when he puts almost the same words into the mouth of *Æneas*.

Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoste penates
Classe veho mecum, famâ super æthera notus.

For his boast contributes nothing to the re-establishment of his affairs, for he speaks to the Goddess *Venus*. Yet *Scaliger* infinitely prefers *Virgil* before *Homer*, tho' there be no other difference in the words, than *raptos qui ex hoste penates*, instead of

------Ὅς πᾶσι δόλοισιν
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλω.------

He questions whether Subtilties, or δόλοι, ever rais'd any person's glory to the Heavens; whereas that is the reward of piety. But the word is to be understood to imply Wisdom, and all the stratagems of war, *&c.* according to the first verse of the *Odyssey*,

The Man for Wisdom's various arts renown'd.

He is not less severe upon the verses immediately preceding,

Σοὶ δ' ἐμὰ κήδεα θυμὸς ἐπετρέπετο σονόεντα, *&c.*

which lines are undoubtedly very beautiful, and admirably express the number of the sufferings of *Ulysses*; the multitude of them is so great, that they almost confound him; and he seems at a loss where to begin, how to proceed, or where to end; and they

they agree very well with the propoſition in the opening of the *Odyſſey*, which was to relate the ſufferings of a brave man. The verſes which *Scaliger* quotes are

Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem;
Trojanas ut opes, &c.

Omnia ſanè non ſine ſuâ divinitate, and he concludes, that *Virgil* has not ſo much imitated *Homer*, as taught us how *Homer* ought to have wrote.

IV.

VERSE 21. ——Ithaca *the fair, Where high* Neritus, *&c.*] *Euſtathius* gives various interpretations of this poſition of *Ithaca*; ſome underſtand it to ſignify that it lies low; others explain it to ſignify that it is of a low poſition, but high with reſpect to the neighbouring Iſlands; others take παντεσατάτη (*excellentiſſima*) in another ſenſe to imply the excellence of the country, which tho' it lies low, is productive of brave inhabitants, for *Homer* immediately adds ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος. *Strabo* gives a different expoſition; *Ithaca* is χθαμαλὴ, as it lies near to the Continent, and παντεσατάτη, as it is the utmoſt of all the Iſlands towards the North, πρὸς ἄρκτον, for thus πρὸς ζόφον is to be underſtood. So that *Ithaca*, adds he, is not of a low ſituation, but as it lies oppos'd to the Continent, nor the moſt lofty (ὑψηλοτάτη) but the moſt extream of the northern Iſlands; for ſo παντεσατάτη ſignifies. *Dacier* differs from *Strabo* in the explication of πρὸς ἠῶ τ' ἠέλιόν τε, which he believes to mean the South; ſhe applies the words to the Eaſt, or South-eaſt, and appeals to the maps which ſo deſcribe it. It is the moſt northern of the Iſlands, and joyns to the Continent of *Epirus*; it has *Dulichium* on the eaſt, and on the ſouth *Samos* and *Zacynthus*.

V.

VERSE 31. *In vain* Calypso -----] *Eustathius* observes, that *Ulysses* repeats his refusal of the Goddess *Calypso* and *Circe* in the same words, to shew *Alcinous*, by a secret denial, that he could not be induc'd to stay from his country, or marry his daughter: He calls *Circe* Δολόεσσα, because she is skill'd in magical Incantations: He describes *Ithaca* with all its inconveniencies, to convince *Alcinous* of his veracity, and that he will not deceive him in other circumstances, when he gives so disadvantagious a character of a country for which he expresses so great a fondness; and lastly, in relating the death of his friends, he seems to be guilty of a tautology, in θάνατόν τε μόρον τε. But *Aulus Gellius* gives us the reason of it, *Atrocitatem rei bis idem dicendo auxit, inculcavitque, non igitur illa ejusdem significationis repetitio, ignava & frigida videri debet.*

VI.

VERSE 41. -----*To the* Cicons' *shore.*] Here is the natural and true beginning of the *Odyssey*, which comprehends all the sufferings of *Ulysses*, and these sufferings take their date immediately after his leaving the shores of *Troy*; from that moment he endeavours to return to his own country, and all the difficulties he meets with in returning, enter into the subject of the Poem. But it may then be ask'd, if the *Odyssey* does not take up the space of ten years, since *Ulysses* wastes so many in his return; and is not this contrary to the nature of Epic Poetry, which is agreed must not at the longest exceed the duration of one year, or rather Campaign? The answer is, the Poet lets all the time pass which exceeds the bounds of Epic action, before he opens the Poem; thus *Ulysses* spends some time before he arrives at the Island of *Circe*, with her he continues one year, and seven with *Calypso*; he begins artificially at the conclusion of the action, and finds an opportunity to repeat the most considerable and necessary

ſary incidents which preceded the opening of the *Odyſſey*; by this method he reduces the duration of it into leſs compaſs than the ſpace of two months. This conduct is abſolutely neceſſary, for from the time that the Poet introduces his Heroe upon the ſtage, he ought to continue his action to the very end of it, that he may never afterwards appear idle or out of motion: This is verified in *Ulyſſes*; from the moment he leaves the Iſland *Ogygia* to the death of the Suitors, he is never out of view, never idle; he is always either in action, or preparing for it, 'till he is re-eſtabliſh'd in his dominions. If the Poet had follow'd the natural order of the action, he, like *Lucan*, would not have wrote an Epic Poem, but an Hiſtory in verſe.

VII.

VERSE 44. *And ſack'd the city----*] The Poet aſſigns no reaſon why *Ulyſſes* deſtroys this City of the *Ciconians*, but we may learn from the *Iliad*, that they were auxiliaries of *Troy*, Book the ſecond.

With great Euphemus *the* Ciconians *move*,
Sprung from Trœzenian Cœus, *lov'd of* Jove.

And therefore *Ulyſſes* aſſaults them as enemies. *Euſtathius.*

VIII.

VERSE 69. *Six brave companions from each ſhip we loſt.*] This is one of the paſſages which fell under the cenſure of *Zoilus*; it is very improbable, ſays that Critic, that each veſſel ſhould loſe ſix men exactly, this ſeems a too equal diſtribution to be true, conſidering the chance of battle. But it has been anſwer'd, that *Ulyſſes* had twelve veſſels, and that in this engagement he loſt ſeventy two ſoldiers; ſo that the meaning is, that taking the total of his loſs, and dividing it equally thro' the whole fleet, he found

it

it amounted exactly to ſix men in every veſſel. This will appear to be a true ſolution, if we remember that there was a neceſſity to ſupply the loſs of any one ſhip out of the others that had ſuffer'd leſs; ſo that tho' one veſſel loſt more than the reſt, yet being recruited equally from the reſt of the fleet, there would be exactly ſix men wanting in every veſſel. *Euſtathius.*

IX.

VERSE 74. *And thrice we call'd on each unhappy Shade.*] This paſſage preſerves a piece of Antiquity: It was the cuſtom of the *Grecians*, when their friends dy'd upon foreign ſhores, to uſe this ceremony of recalling their ſouls, tho' they obtain'd not their bodies; believing by this method, that they tranſported them to their own country: *Pindar* mentions the ſame practice,

Κέλεται γὰρ ἐὰν
Ψυχὰν νόμιζαι Φρίξος, &c.

That is, "*Phrixus* commands thee to call his ſoul into his own "country." Thus the *Athenians* when they loſt any men at ſea, went to the ſhores and calling thrice on their names, rais'd a Cenotaph or empty monument to their memories; by performing which ſolemnity, they invited the ſhades of the departed to return, and perform'd all rites as if the bodies of the dead had really been buried by them in their Sepulchres. *Euſtathius.*

The *Romans* as well as the *Greeks* follow'd the ſame cuſtom: thus *Virgil*,

--- Et magnâ Manes ter voce vocavi.

The occaſion of this practice aroſe from the opinion, that the ſouls of the departed were not admitted into the ſtate of the happy, without the performance of the ſepulchral ſolemnities.

VERSE

X.

VERSE 95. *The tenth we touch'd-----*
The land of Lotos -----]

This paſſage has given occaſion for much controverſy; for ſince the *Lotophagi* in reality are diſtant from the *Malean* Cape twenty two thouſand five hundred ſtades, *Ulyſſes* muſt ſail above two thouſand every day, if in nine days he ſail'd to the *Lotophagi*. This objection would be unanſwerable, if we place that nation in the *Atlantic* Ocean, but *Dacier* obſerves from *Strabo*, that *Polybius* examin'd this point, and thus gives us the reſult of it. This great Hiſtorian maintains, that *Homer* has not placed the *Lotophagi* in the *Atlantic* Ocean, as he does the Iſlands of *Circe* and *Calypſo*, becauſe it was improbable that in the compaſs of ten days the moſt favourable winds could have carry'd *Ulyſſes* from the *Malean* Cape into that Ocean; it therefore follows, that the Poet has given us the true ſituation of this nation, conformably to Geography, and placed it as it really lies in the Mediterranean; now in ten days a good wind will carry a veſſel from *Malea* into the Mediterranean, as *Homer* relates.

This is an inſtance that *Homer* ſometimes follows truth without fiction, at other times diſguiſes it. But I confeſs I think *Homer*'s Poetry would have been as beautiful if he had deſcrib'd all his Iſlands in their true poſitions: His inconſtancy in this point, may ſeem to introduce confuſion and ambiguity, when the truth would have been more clear, and as beautiful in his Poetry.

Nothing can better ſhew the great deference which former ages pay'd *Homer*, than theſe defences of the learned Ancients; they continually aſcribe his deviations from truth, (as in the inſtance before us) to deſign, not to ignorance; to his art as a Poet, and not to want of skill as a Geographer. In a writer of leſs fame, ſuch relations might be thought errors, but in *Homer* they are either underſtood to be no errors, or if errors, they are vindicated by the greateſt names of Antiquity.

Euſtathius

Eustathius adds, that the Ancients disagree about this Island: some place it about *Cyrene*, from *Mauruſia* of the *African* Moors: It is also named *Meninx*, and lies upon the *African* coast, near the lesser *Syrte*. It is about three hundred and fifty stades in length, and somewhat less in breadth: It is also nam'd *Lotophagitis*, from *Lotos*.

XI.

VERSE 106. Lotos.] *Eustathius* assures us, that there are various kinds of it. It has been a question whether it is a herb, a root, or a tree: He is of opinion, that *Homer* speaks of it as an herb; for he calls it ἄνθινον εἶδας, and that the word ἐρέπλεσθαι is in its proper sense apply'd to the grazing of beasts, and therefore he judges it not to be a tree, or root. He adds, there is an *Ægyptian Lotos*, which as *Herodotus* affirms, grows in great abundance along the *Nile* in the time of its inundations; it resembles (says that Historian in his *Euterpe*) a Lilly, the *Ægyptians* dry it in the sun, then take the pulp out of it, which grows like the head of a poppy, and bake it as bread; this kind of it agrees likewise with the Ἄνθινον εἶδας of *Homer*. *Athenæus* writes of the *Libyan Lotos* in the 14th book of his *Deipnosophist*; he quotes the words of *Polybius* in the 12th book of his History, now not extant; that Historian speaks of it as an eye-witness, having examin'd the nature of it. "The *Lotos* "is a tree of no great height, rough and thorny: it bears a green "leaf, somewhat thicker and broader than that of the bramble or "briar; its fruit at first is like the ripe berries of the myrtle, both "in size and colour, but when it ripens it turns to purple; it is "then about the bigness of an olive, it is round, and contains a "very small kernel; when it is ripe they gather it, and bruising it "among bread-corn, they put it up into a vessel, and keep it as "food for their slaves; they dress it after the same manner for their "other domestics, but first take out the kernel from it: It has the "taste of a fig, or dates, but is of a far better smell: They like-"wise make a wine of it, by steeping and bruising it in water; it

" has a very agreeable taſte, like wine temper'd with honey. They " drink it without mixing it with water, but it will not keep above " ten days, they therefore make it only in ſmall quantities for immedi- " ate uſe." Perhaps it was this laſt kind of *Lotos*, which the companions of *Ulyſſes* taſted; and if it was thus prepar'd, it gives a reaſon why they were overcome with it; for being a wine, it had the power of intoxication.

XII.

VERSE 100. *An herald one.*] The reaſon why the Poet mentions the Herald in particular, is becauſe his office was ſacred; and by the common law of nations his perſon inviolable: *Ulyſſes* therefore joyns an Herald in this commiſſion, for the greater ſecurity of thoſe whom he ſends to ſearch the country.

Euſtathius.

XIII.

VERSE 114. *The charm once taſted, had return'd no more.*] It muſt be confeſs'd, that the effects of this *Lotos* are extraordinary, and ſeem fabulous: How then ſhall we reconcile the relation to credibility? The foundation of it might perhaps be no more than this; The companions of *Ulyſſes* might be willing to ſettle among theſe *Lotophagi*, being won by the pleaſure of the place, and tired with a life of danger and the perils of ſeas. Or perhaps it is only an Allegory, to teach us that thoſe who indulge themſelves in pleaſures, are with difficulty withdrawn from them, and want an *Ulyſſes* to lead them by a kind violence into the paths of glory.

XIV.

VERSE 119. *The land of* Cyclops *firſt*------] *Homer* here confines himſelf to the true Geography of *Sicily:* for in reality, a ſhip may eaſily ſail in one day from the land of the *Lotophagi* to *Sicily:* Theſe *Cyclops* inhabited the weſtern part of that Iſland, about *Drepane* and *Lilybæum*. *Bochart* ſhews us, that they derive their name from the place of their habitation; for the *Phæacians* call them *Chek-lub*, by contraction for *Chek-lelub*; that is, the gulph of *Lilybæum*, or the men who dwell about the *Lilybæan* gulph. The *Greeks* (who underſtood not the *Phæacian* language) form'd the word *Cyclop*, from *Chek-lub*, from the affinity of ſound; which word in the *Greek* language, ſignifying a circular eye, might give occaſion to fable that they had but one large round eye in the middle of their foreheads. *Dacier.*

Euſtathius tells us that the eye of *Cyclops* is an allegory, to repreſent that in anger, or any other violent paſſion, men ſee but one ſingle object as that paſſion directs, or ſee but with one eye: εἰς ἕν τι, ἢ μόνον ἐφορᾷ: and that paſſion transforms us into a kind of ſavages, and makes us brutal and ſanguinary, like this *Polypheme*; and he that by reaſon extinguiſhes ſuch a paſſion, may like *Ulyſſes* be ſaid to put out that eye that made him ſee but one ſingle object.

I have already given another reaſon of this fiction; namely their wearing a headpiece, or martial Vizor that had but one ſight thro' it. The vulgar form their judgments from appearances; and a mariner who paſs'd theſe coaſts at a diſtance, obſerving the reſemblance of a broad eye in the forehead of one of theſe *Cyclops*, might relate it accordingly, and impoſe it as a truth upon the credulity of the ignorant: it is notorious that things equally monſtrous have found belief in all ages.

But it may be ask'd if there were any ſuch perſons who bore the name of *Cyclops?* No leſs an Hiſtorian than *Thucydides* in-

forsm

forms us, that *Sicily* was at firſt poſſeſs'd and inhabited by Giants, by the *Læſtrigons* and *Cyclops*, a barbarous and inhuman people: But he adds, that theſe ſavages dwelt only in one part of that Iſland.

Cedrenus gives an exact deſcription of the *Cyclops*: Ἐκεῖθεν ὀδυσεὺς ἐμπίπτει κύκλωπι ἐν Σικελίᾳ ἕνι ὀφθαλμῷ, &c. "*Ulyſſes* fell among the *Cyclops* in *Sicily*, a people not one-"ey'd according to the Mythologiſts, but men like other men, "only of a more gigantic ſtature, and of a barbarous and ſavage "temper." From this deſcription, we may ſee what *Homer* writes as a Poet, and what as an Hiſtorian; he paints theſe people in general agreeably to their perſons, only diſguiſes ſome features, to give an ornament to his relation, and to introduce the Marvellous, which demands a place chiefly in Epic Poetry.

What *Homer* ſpeaks of the fertility of *Sicily*, is agreeable to Hiſtory: It was call'd anciently *Romani Imperii Horreum*. *Pliny*, lib. 10. cap. 10. writes, that the *Leontine* plains bear for every grain of corn, an hundred. *Diodorus Siculus* relates in his Hiſtory what *Homer* ſpeaks in Poetry, that the fields of *Leontium* yield wheat without the culture of the husbandman; he was an eye-witneſs, being a native of the Iſland. From hence in general it may be obſerv'd, that where-ever we can trace *Homer*, we find, if not hiſtoric truth, yet the reſemblance of it; that is, as plain truth as can be related without converting his Poem into an Hiſtory.

XV.

VERSE 127. *By theſe no ſtatutes and no rights are known,*
No council held, no Monarch fills the throne.]

Plato (obſerves *Spondanus*) in his third book of laws, treats of Government as practis'd in the firſt ages of the world; and refers to this paſſage of *Homer*; "Mankind was originally independant, "every Maſter of a family was a kind of a King of his family,

" and reign'd over his wife and children like theſe *Cyclopeans*," according to the expreſſion of *Homer*,

Τοῖσιν δ' ἔτ' ἀγορὴ βουληφόροι, ἔτε θέμιστες.

Ariſtotle likewiſe complains, that even in his times, in many places, men lived without laws, according to their own fancies, ζῇ ἕκαστος ὡς βούλεται, κυκλωπικῶς θεμιστεύων, παίδων, ἢ ἀλόχου, referring likewiſe to this paſſage of *Homer*.

Dacier adds from *Plato*, that after the Deluge, three manners of life ſucceeded among mankind; the firſt was rude and ſavage; men were afraid of a ſecond flood, and therefore inhabited the ſummits of mountains, without any dependance upon one another, and each was abſolute in his own family: The ſecond was leſs brutal; as the fear of the Deluge wore away by degrees, they deſcended toward the bottom of mountains, and began to have ſome intercourſe: The third was more poliſh'd; when a full ſecurity from the apprehenſions of a flood was eſtabliſh'd by time, they then began to inhabit the plains, and a more general commerce by degrees prevailing, they enter'd into ſocieties, and eſtabliſh'd laws for the general good of the whole community. Theſe *Cyclopeans* maintain'd the firſt ſtate of life in the days of *Ulyſſes*; they had no intercourſe with other ſocieties, by reaſon of their barbarities, and conſequently their manners were not at all poliſh'd by the general laws of humanity. This account agrees excellently with the holy Scriptures, and perhaps *Plato* borrow'd it from the writings of *Moſes*; after the Deluge men retreated to mountains for fear of a ſecond flood; their chief riches, like theſe *Cyclopeans*, conſiſted in flocks and herds; and every maſter of a family ruled his houſe without any controul or ſubordination.

VERSE

XVI.

VERSE 129. *But high on hills, ---- or deep in caves*] This is ſaid, to give an air of probability to the revenge which *Ulyſſes* takes upon this giant, and indeed to the whole ſtory. He deſcribes his ſolitary life, to ſhew that he was utterly deſtitute of aſſiſtance; and it is for the ſame reaſon, continues *Euſtathius*, that the Poet relates that he left his fleet under a deſart neighbouring Iſland, namely to make it probable, that the *Cyclops* could not ſeize it, or purſue *Ulyſſes*, having no ſhipping.

XVII.

VERSE 134. *An Iſle, whoſe hills,* &c.] This little Iſle is now call'd *Æguſa*, which ſignifies the Iſle of goats. *Cluverius* deſcribes it after the manner of *Homer*, *Prata mollia, & irrigua, ſolum fertile, portum commodum, fontes limpidos.* It is not certain whether the Poet gives any name to it; perhaps it had not received any in theſe ages, it being without inhabitants; tho' ſome take λάχεια for a proper name, as is obſerv'd by *Euſtathius*.

XVIII.

VERSE 144. *Bleating Goat.*] It is exactly thus in the original, Ver. 124. μηκάδας, *balantes*; which *Pollux, lib.* 5. obſerves not to be the proper term for the voice of goats, which is φεμαγμάς.

XIX.

VERSE 165. *Hither ſome fav'ring God* -----] This circumſtance is inſerted with great judgment, *Ulyſſes* otherwiſe might have landed in *Sicily*, and fall'n into the hands of the *Cyclopeans*, and conſequently been loſt inevitably: He therefore piouſly aſcribes his ſafety by being driven upon this deſolate Iſland, to the guidance of the Gods; he uſes it as a retreat, leaves his navy there,

and

and paſſes over into *Sicily* in one ſingle veſſel, undiſcover'd by theſe gigantic ſavages; this reconciles the relation to probability, and renders his eſcape practicable. *Euſtathius.*

XX.

VERSE 178. *The woodland nymphs.*] This paſſage is not without obſcurity, and it is not eaſy to underſtand what is meant by *the daughters of Jupiter*. *Euſtathius* tells us, the Poet ſpeaks allegorically, and that he means to ſpecify the plants and herbs of the field. *Jupiter* denotes the air, not only in *Homer*, but in the *Latin* Poets. Thus *Virgil*,

Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit ---

and conſequently the herbs and plants being nouriſh'd by the mild air and fruitful rains, may be ſaid to be the daughters of *Jupiter*, or off-ſpring of the skies; and theſe goats and beaſts of the field being fed by theſe plants and herbs may be ſaid to be awaken'd by the daughters of *Jupiter*, that is, they awake to feed upon the herbage early in the morning. Κοῦραι Διὸς, ἀλληγορικῶς αἱ τῶν φυτῶν αὐξητικαὶ δυνάμεις, ἃς ὁ Ζεὺς ποιεῖ. Thus *Homer* makes Deities of the vegetative faculties and virtues of the field. I fear ſuch boldneſſes would not be allow'd in modern Poetry.

It muſt be confeſs'd that this interpretation is very refin'd: But I am ſure it will be a more natural explication to take theſe for the real mountain Nymphs (*Oreades*) as they are in many places of the *Odyſſey*; the very expreſſion is found in the ſixth book,

--- Νύμφαι κοῦραι Διὸς -----

and there ſignifies the Nymphs attending upon *Diana* in her ſports: Immediately after, *Ulyſſes* being awaken'd by a ſudden noiſe, miſtakes *Nauſicaa* and her damſels for Nymphs of the mountains or floods; and this conjecture will not be without

probability,

probability, if we remember that theſe Nymphs were huntreſſes, as is evident from their relation to *Diana*. Why then may not the other expreſſion be meant of the Nymphs that are fabled to inhabit the mountains?

XXI.

VERSE 201. *While, with my ſingle ſhip, advent'rous I.*] The Reader may be pleas'd to obſerve, that the Poet has here given the reins to his fancy, and run out into a luxuriant deſcription of *Æguſa* and *Sicily*: he refreſhes the mind of the Reader with a pleaſing and beautiful ſcene, before he enters upon a ſtory of ſo much horror, as this of the *Cyclops*.

A very ſufficient reaſon may be aſſign'd, why *Ulyſſes* here goes in perſon to ſearch this band: He dares not, as *Euſtathius* remarks, truſt his companions; their diſobedience among the *Ciconians*, and their unworthy conduct among the *Lotophagi*, have convinc'd him that no confidence is to be repos'd in them: This ſeems probable, and upon this probability *Homer* proceeds to bring about the puniſhment of *Polypheme*, which the wiſdom of *Ulyſſes* effects, and it is an action of importance, and conſequently ought to be perform'd by the Heroe of the Poem.

XXII.

VERSE 221. *A form enormous! far unlike the race of human birth.*] *Goropius Becanus*, an *Antwerpian*, has wrote a large diſcourſe to prove, that there never were any ſuch men as Giants; contrary to the teſtimony both of prophane and ſacred Hiſtory: Thus *Moſes* ſpeaks of the *Rephaims* of *Aſteroth*, the *Zamzummims* of *Ham*, the *Enims* of *Moab*, and *Anakims* of *Hebron*. See *Deut.* ii. ver. 20. "That alſo was call'd a land of Giants, it was a great "people, and tall as the *Zamzummims*." Thus *Goliath* muſt be allow'd to be a Giant, for he was ſix cubits and a ſpan, that is, nine feet and a ſpan in height; his coat of mail weigh'd five thouſand ſhekels of braſs, about one hundred and fifty pounds;

pounds; (but I confeſs others underſtand the leſſer Shekel:) the head of his ſpear alone weigh'd ſix hundred ſhekels of iron, that is about eighteen or nineteen pounds. We find the like relations in prophane Hiſtory: *Plutarch* in his life of *Theſeus* ſays, that age was productive of men of prodigious ſtature, Giants. Thus *Diodorus Siculus*; *Ægyptii ſcribunt, Iſidis ætate, fuiſſe vaſto corpore homines, quos Græci dixere Gigantes.* *Herodotus* affirms that the body of *Oreſtes* was dug up, and appear'd to be ſeven cubits long; but *Aulus Gellius* believes this to be an error. *Joſephus* writes, *l.* 18. *cap.* 6. that *Vitellius* ſent a *Jew* named *Eleazar*, ſeven cubits in height, as a preſent from *Artabanus* King of the *Parthians*, to *Tiberius Cæſar*; this man was ten feet and a half high. *Pliny*, 7. 16. ſpeaks of a man that was nine feet nine inches high; and in another place, 6. 30. *Sybortas, gentem Æthiopum Nomadum, octona cubita longitudine excedere.*

Thus it is evident, that there have been men of very extraordinary ſtature in former ages. Tho' perhaps ſuch inſtances were not frequent in any age or any nation. So that *Homer* only amplifies, not invents; and as there was really a people call'd *Cyclopeans*, ſo they might be men of great ſtature, or giants.

It may ſeem ſtrange that in all ancient ſtories the firſt planters of moſt nations are recorded to be Giants; I ſcarce can perſuade my ſelf but ſuch accounts are generally fabulous; and hope to be pardon'd for a conjecture which may give a ſeeming reaſon how ſuch ſtories came to prevail. The *Greeks* were a people of very great antiquity; they made many expeditions, as appears from *Jaſon*, *&c.* and ſent out frequent Colonies: Now the head of every Colony was call'd Ἄναξ, and theſe adventurers being perſons of great figure in ſtory, were recorded as men of war, of might and renown, thro' the old world: It is therefore not impoſſible but the *Hebrews* might form their word *Anac*, from the *Greek* ἄναξ, and uſe it to denote perſons of uncommon might and abilities. Theſe they call'd *Anac*, and ſons of *Anac*; and afterwards in a leſs proper ſenſe uſed it to ſignify men of uncommon ſtature, or giants. So that in this ſenſe, all

nations

nations may be ſaid to be originally peopled by a ſon of *Anac*, or a Giant. But this is ſubmitted as a conjecture to the Reader's judgment.

XXIII.

VERSE 229. *Precious wine the gift of* Maron.] Such digreſſions as theſe are very frequent in *Homer*, but I am far from thinking them always beauties: 'Tis true, they give variety to Poetry; but whether that be an equivalent for calling off the attention of the Reader from the more important action, and diverting it with ſmall incidents, is what I much queſtion. It is not indeed impoſſible but this *Maron* might have been the friend of *Homer*, and this praiſe of him will then be a monument of his grateful diſpoſition; and in this view, a beauty. It muſt be confeſs'd that *Homer* makes uſe of this wine to a very good effect, *viz.* to bring about the deſtruction of *Polypheme*, and his own deliverance; and therefore it was neceſſary to ſet it off very particularly, but this might have been done in fewer lines. As it now ſtands it is a little Epiſode; our expectations are rais'd to learn the event of ſo uncommon an adventure, when all of a ſudden *Homer* breaks the ſtory, and gives us a Hiſtory of *Maron*. But I diſtruſt my judgment much rather than *Homer's*.

XXIV.

VERSE 243. *Scarce twenty meaſures from the living ſtream*
To cool one cup ſuffic'd-----]

There is no wine of ſo ſtrong a body as to bear ſuch a diſproportionable quantity; but *Homer* amplifies the ſtrength of it to prepare the Reader for its ſurprizing effects immediately upon *Polypheme*.

XXV.

VERSE 250. *Some ruſtic wretch who liv'd,* &c.] This whole paſſage muſt be conſider'd as told by a perſon long after the adventure was paſt, otherwiſe how ſhould *Ulyſſes* know that this cave was the habitation of a ſavage monſter before he had ſeen him? and when he tells us that himſelf and twelve companions went to ſearch, what people were inhabitants of this Iſland? *Euſtathius* and *Dacier* ſeem both to have overlook'd this obſervation: for in a following note ſhe condemns *Ulyſſes* for not flying from the Iſland, as he was adviſ'd by his companions. But if, on the other hand, we ſuppoſe that *Ulyſſes* was under apprehenſions from the ſavageneſs of the place, of finding a ſavage race of people; it will be natural enough that his mind ſhould forebode as much; and it appears from other paſſages, that this ſort of inſtinctive preſage was a favourite opinion of *Homer's*.

XXVI.

VERSE 307. *From* Troy's *fam'd fields,* &c.] This ſpeech is very well adapted to make an impreſſion upon *Polypheme*. *Ulyſſes* applies to move either his fears or his compaſſion; he tells him he is an unfortunate perſon, and comes as a ſuppliant; and if this prevails nothing, he adds he is a ſubject of the great *Agamemnon*, who had lately deſtroy'd a mighty kingdom: Which is ſpoken to make him afraid to offer violence to the ſubject of a King who had power to revenge any injuries offer'd his people. To intimidate him further, he concludes with the mention of the Gods, and in particular of *Jupiter*, as avengers of any breach of the laws of hoſpitality: Theſe are arguments well choſen to move any perſon, but an inhuman *Polypheme*. *Euſtathius*.

VERSE

XXVII.

VERSE 344. *And dash'd like dogs——*
The pavement swims, &c.]
There is a great beauty in the versification in the original.

Σὺν δ' δύω μάρψας, ὡς τε σκύλακας ποτὶ γαίῃ
Κόπτ'. ἐκ δ' ἐσκέφαλῳ χαμάδις ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαίαν.

Dionysius Halicarn. takes notice of it, in his Dissertation upon placing words: When the companions of *Ulysses*, says that Author, are dash'd against the rock, to express the horror of the action *Homer* dwells upon the most inharmonious harsh letters and syllables: he no where uses any softness, or any run of verses to please the ear. *Scaliger* injudiciously condemns this description; "*Homer*, "says he, makes use of the most offensive and loathsome expres- "sions, more fit for a butcher's shambles than the majesty of "Heroic Poetry." *Macrobius, lib.* 5. *cap.* 13. of his *Saturnalia*, commends these lines of *Homer*, and even prefers them before the same description in *Virgil*; his words are, *Narrationem facti nudata Maro posuit, Homerus πάθῳ miscuit, & dolore narrandi invidiam crudelitatis æquavit.* And indeed he must be a strange Critic that expects soft verses upon a horrible occasion, whereas the verses ought if possible to represent the thought they are intended to convey; and every person's ear will inform him that *Homer* has not in this passage executed this rule unsuccessfully.

XXVIII.

VERSE 394. *The lots were cast——*] *Ulysses* bids his friends to cast lots; this is done to shew that he would not voluntarily expose them to so imminent danger. If he had made the choice himself, they whom he had chosen might have thought he had

given them up to deſtruction, and they whom he had rejected might have judg'd it a ſtain upon them as a want of merit, and ſo have complain'd of injuſtice; but by this method he avoids theſe inconveniencies.

XXIX.

VERSE 399. ------ *Or ſo ſome God deſign'd.*] *Ulyſſes* aſcribes it to the influence of the Gods, that *Polypheme* drives the whole flock into his den, and does not ſeparate the females from the males as he had before done; for by this accident *Ulyſſes* makes his eſcape, as appears from the following part of the ſtory. *Homer* here uſes the word οἴοσάμενος, to ſhew the ſuſpicion which *Polypheme* might entertain that *Ulyſſes* had other companions abroad who might plunder his flocks; and this gives another reaſon why he drove them all into his cave, namely for the greater ſecurity.

XXX.

VERSE 432. ------ Noman *is my name.*] I will not trouble the Reader with a long account of οὖτις to be found in *Euſtathius*, who ſeems delighted with this piece of pleaſantry; nor with what *Dacier* obſerves, who declares ſhe approves of it extreamly, and calls it a very happy imagination. If it were modeſty in me to diſſent from *Homer*, and two Commentators, I would own my opinion of it, and acknowledge the whole to be nothing but a colluſion of words, and fitter to have place in a Farce or Comedy, than in Epic Poetry. *Lucian* has thus uſed it, and apply'd it to raiſe laughter in one of his facetious dialogues. The whole wit or jeſt lies in the ambiguity of οὖτις, which *Ulyſſes* impoſes upon *Polypheme* as his own name, which in reality ſignifies *No Man*. I doubt not but *Homer* was well pleaſed with it, for afterwards he plays upon the word, and calls *Ulyſſes* οὐτιδανὸς οὖτις. But the faults of *Homer* have a kind of veneration, perhaps like old age, from their antiquity.

Euripides

Euripides has translated this whole passage in his Tragedy, call'd the *Cyclops*. The Chorus begins thus, *Why dost thou thus cry out,* Cyclops? Cyc. *I am undone.* Cho. *You seem to be in a woful condition.* Cyc. *I am utterly miserable.* Cho. *You have been drunk and fall'n into the embers?* Cyc. Noman *has undone me.* Cho. *Well then* No man *has injur'd you.* Cyc. Noman *has blinded me.* Chor. *Then you are not blind.*

This appears to me more fit for the two *Sosia's* in *Plautus*, than for Tragic or Epic Poetry; and I fancy an Author who should introduce such a sport of words upon the stage, even in the Comedy of our days, would meet with small applause.

XXXI.

VERSE 458. *Who plye the wimble.*] This and the following comparison are drawn from low life, but enobled with a dignity of expression. Instead of ἕλονλες, *Aristarchus* reads ἔχονλες, as *Eustathius* informs us. The similitudes are natural and lively, we are made spectators of what they represent. *Sophocles* has imitated this, in the Tragedy where OEdipus tears out his own eyes; and *Euripides* has transferr'd this whole adventure into his *Cyclops* with very little alteration, and in particular the former comparison. But to instance in all that *Euripides* has imitated, would be to transcribe a great part of that Tragedy. In short, this Episode in general is very noble, but if the Interlude about *Outis* be at all allowable in so grave and majestic a Poem, it is only allowable because it is here related before a light and injudicious assembly, I mean the *Phæacians*, to whom any thing more great or serious would have been less pleasing, so that the Poet writes to his audience. I wonder this has never been offer'd in defence of this low entertainment.

VERSE

XXXII.

VERSE 495. ----*The ſtone removing from the gate.*] This conduct of *Polypheme* may ſeem very abſurd, and it looks to be improbable that he ſhould not call the other Giants to aſſiſt him, in the detection of the perſons who had taken his ſight from him; eſpecially when it was now day-light, and they at hand. *Euſtathius* was aware of the objection, and imputes it to his folly and dullneſs. *Tully*, 5. *Tuſcul.* gives the ſame character of *Polypheme*; and becauſe it vindicates *Homer* for introducing a ſpeech of *Polypheme* to his Ram, I will beg leave to tranſcribe it. *Tireſiam, quem ſapientem fingunt poetæ, nunquam inducunt deplorantem Cæcitatem ſuam; at vero Polyphemum Homerus, cùm immanem ferumque finxiſſet, cum ariete etiam colloquentem facit, ejuſque laudare fortunas, quod quà vellet, ingredi poſſet, & quæ vellet attingere: Rectè hic equidem; nihilo enim erat ipſe Cyclops quam aries ille prudentior.* This is a full defence of *Homer*; but *Tully* has miſtaken the words of *Polypheme* to the Ram, for there is no reſemblance to *ejus laudare fortunas, quod quà velles ingredi poſſet, &c.* I ſuppoſe *Tully* quoted by memory.

XXXIII.

VERSE 511. *One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock.*] This paſſage has been miſ-underſtood, to imply that *Ulyſſes* took more care of himſelf than of his companions, in chuſing the largeſt ram for his own convenience; an imputation unworthy of the character of an Heroe. But there is no ground for it, he takes more care of his friends than of his own perſon, for he allots them three ſheep, and lets them eſcape before him. Beſides this conduct was neceſſary; for all his friends were bound, and by chuſing this ram, he keeps himſelf at liberty to unbind the reſt after their eſcape. Neither was there any other method practicable; for he being the laſt, there was no perſon to bind him.

Euſtathius.

The

The care *Ulyſſes* takes of his companions agrees with the character of *Horace.*

Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa
Pertulit ——

But it may ſeem improbable that a Ram ſhould be able to carry ſo great a burthen as *Ulyſſes*; the generation of ſheep, as well as men, may appear to have decreas'd ſince the days of *Ulyſſes*. *Homer* himſelf ſeems to have guarded againſt this objection, he deſcribes theſe ſheep as ὐτρεφέες, καλοὶ, μεγάλοι; the Ram is ſpoken of as μακρὰ βιβὰς, (an expreſſion apply'd to *Ajax*, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, in the *Iliad.*) Hiſtory informs us of ſheep of a very large ſize in other countries, and a Poet is at liberty to chuſe the largeſt, if by that method he gives his ſtory a greater appearance of probability.

XXXIV.

VERSE 517. *The Ewes ſtill folded,* ——
Unmilk'd, lay bleating.]

This particularity may ſeem of no importance, and conſequently unneceſſary: but it is in Poetry as in Painting; they both with very good effect uſe circumſtances that are not abſolutely neceſſary to the ſubject, but only appendages and embelliſhments; This particular has that effect, it repreſents Nature, and therefore gives an air of truth and probability to the ſtory. *Dacier.*

XXXV.

VERSE 569. *It almoſt bruſh'd the helm,* &c.] The Ancients, remarks *Euſtathius*, placed an Obelisk and Aſteriſm before this verſe; the former, to note that they thought it miſ-placed; the latter, to ſhew that they look'd upon it as a beauty. Apparently it is not agreeable to the deſcription; for how is it poſſible that this huge rock falling *before* the veſſel ſhould endanger the

the rudder, which is in the ſtern? Can a ſhip ſail with the ſtern foremoſt? Some ancient Criticks to take away the contradiction, have aſſerted that *Ulyſſes* turn'd his ſhip to ſpeak to *Polypheme*; but this is abſurd, for why could not *Ulyſſes* ſpeak from the ſtern as well as from the prow? It therefore ſeems that the verſe ought to be entirely omitted, as undoubtedly it may without any chaſm in the Author. We find it inſerted a little lower, and there it correſponds with the deſcription, and ſtands with propriety.

But if we ſuppoſe that the ſhip of *Ulyſſes* lay at ſuch a diſtance from the cave of *Polypheme*, as to make it neceſſary to bring it nearer, to be heard diſtinctly; then indeed we may ſolve the difficulty, and let the verſe ſtand: for if we ſuppoſe *Ulyſſes* approaching toward *Polypheme*, then the rock may be ſaid to be thrown before the veſſel, that is, beyond it, and endanger the rudder, and this bears ſome appearance of probability.

This paſſage brings to my memory a deſcription of *Polypheme* in *Apollonius*; *Argonaut.* 1.

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ καὶ πόντου ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
Οἴδματος, οὐδὲ θοοὺς βάπτεν πόδας ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκροις
Ἴχνεσι τεγγόμενος διερῇ πεφόρητο κελυθῷ.

If *Polypheme* had really this quality of running upon the waves, he might have deſtroy'd *Ulyſſes* without throwing this mountain; but *Apollonius* is undoubtedly guilty of an abſurdity, and one might rather believe that he would ſink the earth at every ſtep, than run upon the waters with ſuch lightneſs as not to wet his feet. *Virgil* has more judiciouſly apply'd thoſe lines to *Camilla* in his *Æneis*.

----- Mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

The Poet expreſſes the ſwiftneſs of *Camilla* in the nimble flow of the verſe, which conſiſts almoſt entirely of dactyles, and runs off with the utmoſt rapidity, like the laſt of thoſe quoted from *Apollonius*.

VERSE

XXXVI.

VERSE 595. *This,* Telemus Eurymedes *foretold.*] This incident sufficiently shews the use of that dissimulation which enters into the character of *Ulysses:* If he had discover'd his name, the *Cyclops* had destroy'd him as his most dangerous enemy. *Plutarch* in his discourse upon Garrulity, commends the fidelity of the companions of *Ulysses,* who when they were dragg'd by this Giant and dash'd against the rock, confess'd not a word concerning their Lord, and scorn'd to purchase their lives at the expence of their honesty. *Ulysses* himself, adds he, was the most *eloquent* and most *silent* of men; he knew that a word spoken never wrought so much good, as a word conceal'd; Men teach us to speak, but the Gods teach us silence; for silence is the first thing that is taught us at our initiation into sacred mysteries; and we find these companions had profited under so great a Master in silence as *Ulysses.*

Ovid relates this prophecy in the story of *Polypheme* and *Galatea:*

Telemus intereà Siculum delatus in æquor,
Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefellerat ales,
Terribilem Polyphemon adit; lumenque quod unum
Fronte geris mediâ, rapiet tibi, dixit, Ulysses:
Risit, &, o vatum stolidissime, falleris, inquit,
Altera jam rapuit: -----

XXXVII.

VERSE 603. *Not this weak pigmy-wretch*-----] This is spoken in compliance with the character of a Giant; the *Phæacians* wonder'd at the manly stature of *Ulysses, Polypheme* speaks of him as a dwarf; his rage undoubtedly made him treat him with so much contempt. Nothing in nature can be better imagin'd than this story of the *Cyclops,* if we consider the assembly before which it was spoken, I mean the *Phæacians,* who had been driven from their habitation by the *Cyclopeans,* as appears from the sixth of the *O-*

dyſſey, and compell'd to make a new ſettlement in their preſent country: *Ulyſſes* gratifies them by ſhewing what revenge he took upon one of their ancient enemies, and they could not decently refuſe aſſiſtance to a perſon, who had puniſh'd thoſe who had inſulted their forefathers.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 617. *The prayer of the* Cyclops.] This is a maſterpiece of art in *Ulyſſes*; he ſhews *Neptune* to be his enemy, which might deter the *Phæacians* from aſſiſting in his tranſportation, yet brings this very circumſtance as an argument to induce them to it. *O* Neptune, *ſays the* Cyclop, *deſtroy* Ulyſſes, *or if he be fated to return, may it be in a veſſel not of his own!* Here he plainly tells the *Phæacians* that the prayer of *Cyclops* was almoſt accompliſh'd, for his own ſhips were deſtroy'd by *Neptune*, and now he was ready to ſail in a foreign veſſel; by which the whole prayer would be compleated. By this he perſuades them, that they were the people ordain'd by the Fates to land him in his own country.

XXXIX.

VERSE 642. *The maſter Ram was voted mine.*] This perhaps might be a preſent of honour and diſtinction: But I ſhould rather take it with *Euſtathius* to be the Ram which brought *Ulyſſes* out of the den of *Polypheme*. That Heroe immediately offers it in ſacrifice to *Jupiter*, in gratitude for his deliverance; an inſtance of piety to be imitated in more enlighten'd ages.

The book concludes with a teſtimony of this Heroe's humanity; in the midſt of the joy for his own ſafety, his generous heart finds room for a tender ſentiment for the loſs of his companions; both his joys and his ſorrows are commendable and virtuous.

Virgil has borrow'd this Epiſode of *Polyphemus*, and inſerted it into the third of the *Æneis*. I will not preſume to decide which

Author

Author has the greateſt ſucceſs, they both have their peculiar excellencies. *Rapine* confeſſes this Epiſode to be equal to any parts of the *Iliad*, that it is an original, and that *Homer* introduced that monſtrous character, to ſhew the Marvellous, and paint it in a new ſet of colours. *Demetrius Phalereus* calls it a piece of Sublime ſtrangely horrible: and *Longinus*, even while he is condemning the *Odyſſey*, allows this adventure of *Polypheme* to be very great and beautiful; (for ſo Monſieur *Boileau* underſtands *Longinus*, tho' Monſieur *Dacier* differs from his judgment.) In *Homer* we find a greater variety of natural incidents than in *Virgil*, but in *Virgil* a greater pomp of verſe: *Homer* is not uniform in his deſcription, but ſometimes ſtoops perhaps below the dignity of Epic Poetry; *Virgil* walks along with an even, grave, and majeſtic pace: They both raiſe our admiration, mix'd with delight and terror.

The End of the Second Volume.

