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THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated from the *GREEK.*

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for BERNARD LINTOT.
MDCCXXV.

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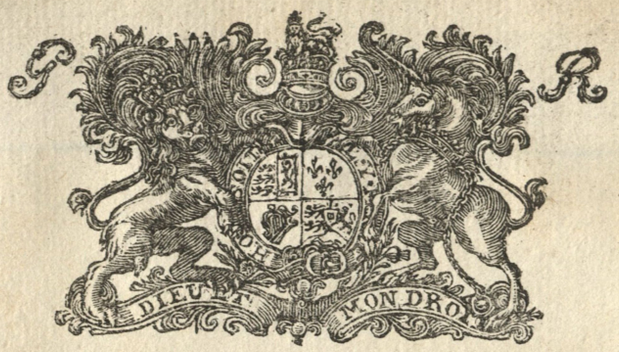


GEORGE R.

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

By His Majeſty's Command,

TOWNSHEND.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

The Departure of *Ulysses* from *Calypso*.

Pallas *in a Council of the Gods complains of the Detention of* Ulysses *in the Island of* Calypso; *whereupon* Mercury *is sent to command his removal. The seat of* Calypso *describ'd. She consents with much difficulty, and* Ulysses *builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks.* Neptune *overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwreck'd, and in the last danger of death; 'till* Leucothea *a Sea Goddess assists him, and after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on* Phæacia.



THE



THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ſaffron Morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from *Tithonus'* bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light.
Then met th'eternal Synod of the sky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty.

Pallas, to theſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe *Ulyſſes*, and his toils relates;
Her heroe's danger touch'd the pitying Pow'r,
The Nymph's ſeducements, and the magic bow'r.
Thus ſhe began her plaint. Immortal *Jove!*
And you who fill the bliſsful ſeats above!
Let Kings no more with gentle mercy ſway,
Or bleſs a people willing to obey,
But cruſh the nations with an iron rod,
And ev'ry Monarch be the ſcourge of God:
If from your thoughts *Ulyſſes* you remove,
Who rul'd his ſubjects with a father's love.
Sole in an iſle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, baniſh'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he ſighs, detain'd by lawleſs charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in *Calypſo*'s arms.
Nor friends are there, nor veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way.
And now fierce traytors, ſtudious to deſtroy
His only ſon, their ambuſh'd fraud employ,

Who

Who pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred *Pylos* and to *Sparta* came.

What words are theſe (reply'd the Pow'r who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with ſtorms)
Is not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wiſdom do? Thou may'ſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore;
While the fell foes who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated meaſure back their way.

Then thus to *Hermes* the command was giv'n.
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heav'n!
Go, to the nymph be theſe our orders born;
'Tis *Jove*'s decree *Ulyſſes* ſhall return:
The patient man ſhall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods;
In twice ten days ſhall fertile *Scheria* find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold *Phæacians*, there, whoſe haughty line
Is mixt with Gods, half human, half divine,

The

The chief ſhall honour as ſome heav'nly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt.
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore
Of braſs, of veſtures, and reſplendent Ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful Iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with *Ilion*'s noble ſpoil)
His friends, his country he ſhall ſee, tho' late;
Such is our ſov'reign Will, and ſuch is Fate.
He ſpoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Faſt to his feet his golden pinions binds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.
He graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye:
Then ſhoots from heav'n to high *Pieria*'s ſteep,
And ſtoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So wat'ry fowl, that ſeek their fiſhy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now ſailing ſmooth the level ſurface ſweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.

Thus

Thus o'er the world of waters *Hermes* flew,
'Till now the diſtant Iſland roſe in view:
Then ſwift aſcending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the Grot, in which the nymph he found,
(The fair-hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty crown'd)
She ſate and ſung; the rocks reſound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze:
Cedar and frankincenſe, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the Iſle;
While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And thro' the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot, a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;
On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and skim the deeps below.

Depen-

Depending vines the ſhelving cavern ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts diſtill,
And ev'ry fountain pours a ſev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with virid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odors round.
A ſcene, where if a God ſhou'd caſt his ſight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the Meſſenger of heav'n: he ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bliſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him, ent'ring in the cave, *Calypſo* knew,
For pow'rs celeſtial to each other's view
Stand ſtill confeſt, tho' diſtant far they lie
Or habitants of earth, or ſea, or sky.
But ſad *Ulyſſes* by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;
All on the lonely ſhore he ſate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
'Till dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.

Now graceful ſeated on her ſhining throne,
To *Hermes* thus the nymph divine begun.
God of the golden wand! on what beheſt
Arriv'ſt thou here, an unexpected gueſt?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
'Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainties of my bow'r.
Thus having ſpoke, the nymph the table ſpread,
(Ambroſial cates, with Nectar roſie red)
Hermes the hoſpitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then recruited, ſpoke.
What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
A Goddeſs asks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty *Jove*'s command
Unwilling, have I trod this pleaſing land;
For who, ſelf-mov'd, with weary wing wou'd ſweep
Such length of ocean and unmeaſur'd deep?
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or ſacred altars blaze.

But to *Jove*'s will ſubmiſſion we muſt pay;
What pow'r ſo great, to dare to diſobey?
A man, he ſays, a man reſides with thee,
Of all his kind moſt worn with miſery:
The *Greeks*, (whoſe arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force on *Ilion*, in the tenth deſtroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckleſs hour,
With conqueſt proud, incens'd *Minerva*'s pow'r:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With ſtorms purſu'd them thro' the liquid world.
There all his veſſels ſunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by heav'n's decree,
The tempeſt drove him to theſe ſhores and thee.
Him, *Jove* now orders to his native lands
Strait to diſmiſs: ſo Deſtiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country, and his friends.
Ev'n to her inmoſt ſoul the Goddeſs ſhook;
Then thus her anguiſh and her paſſion broke.

Ungracious Gods! with ſpite and envy curſt!
Still to your own ætherial race the worſt!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only ſweet of life, deſtroy.
Did ever Goddeſs by her charms ingage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when *Aurora* ſought *Orion's* love,
Her joys diſturb'd your bliſsful hours above,
'Till in *Ortygia*, *Dian's* winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapleſs hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw ſtately *Ceres* to her paſſion yield,
Scarce could *Iäſion* taſte her heav'nly charms,
But *Jove's* ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty pow'rs!
Am I the envy of your bliſsful bow'rs?
A man, an outcaſt to the ſtorm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to ſave;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And ſunk his brave companions in the main.

Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean toſt,
The ſport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coaſt,
Hither this Man of miſeries I led,
Receiv'd the friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis paſt—and *Jove* decrees he ſhall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but ſlaves to *Jove*.
Go then he may (he muſt, if He ordain)
Try all thoſe dangers, all thoſe deeps, again.
But never, never ſhall *Calypſo* ſend
To toils like theſe, her husband, and her friend.
What ſhips have I, what ſailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the ſafeſt means to go:
That laſt advice is all I can beſtow.
To her, the Pow'r who bears the charming rod.
Diſmiſs the Man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what ſo dreadful as the wrath of *Jove*?

Thus

Thus having ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
And in a moment vaniſh'd from her eye.
The Nymph, obedient to divine command,
To ſeek *Ulyſſes*, pac'd along the ſand.
Him penſive on the lonely beach ſhe found,
With ſtreaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native ſhore;
For now the ſoft Enchantreſs pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms,
In ſlumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and ſhores conſum'd the tedious day;
There ſate all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
'Till dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Here, on his muſing mood the Goddeſs preſt,
Approaching ſoft; and thus the chief addreſt.
Unhappy man! to waſting woes a prey,
No more in ſorrows languiſh life away:

Free

Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon' lofty grove,
And form a Raft, and build the riſing ſhip,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To ſtore the veſſel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and roſie wine,
And life-ſuſtaining bread, and fair array,
And proſp'rous gales to waft thee on thy way.
Theſe, if the Gods with my deſires comply,
(The Gods alas more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come)
In peace ſhall land thee at thy native home.

With ſighs, *Ulyſſes* heard the words ſhe *ſpoke*,
Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke.
Some other motive, Goddeſs! ſways thy mind,
(Some cloſe deſign, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a ſlight Raft to paſs the ſwelling ſea
Huge, horrid, vaſt! where ſcarce in ſafety ſails
The beſt-built ſhip, tho' *Jove* inſpire the gales.

The

The bold propoſal how ſhall I fulfill?
Dark as I am, unconſcious of thy will.
Swear then, thou mean'ſt not what my ſoul forebodes;
Swear, by the ſolemn oath that binds the Gods.

Him, while he ſpoke, with ſmiles *Calypſo* ey'd,
And gently graſp'd his hand, and thus reply'd.
This ſhows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought.
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe?
But hear, oh earth, and hear ye ſacred skies!
And thou oh *Styx!* whoſe formidable floods
Glide thro' the ſhades, and bind th'atteſting Gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.
Heav'n has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
But giv'n the ſenſe, to pity, and to feel.

Thus having ſaid, the Goddeſs march'd before:
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.

At

At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He fill'd the throne where *Mercury* had ſate.
For him, the Nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains:
Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine.
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt,
Thus ſpoke *Calypſo* to her god-like gueſt.
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
Oh ſprung from Gods! in wiſdom more than man.
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewel! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah *Ulyſſes!* wert thou giv'n to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;
Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe,
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to pleaſe.
A willing Goddeſs, and Immortal life,
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.

Am

Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my feature, leſs auguſt my frame?
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly fair?
Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt *Ulyſſes* ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddeſs, as thou art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Tho' well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, tho' mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the diff'rence know
And the ſhort date of fading charms below;
Yet ev'ry day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return, and dye at home.
Whate'er the Gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run,
Still I can ſuffer; Their high will be done!

Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy Sun deſcends,
And riſing night her friendly ſhade extends.
To the cloſe grot the lonely pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes robe'd him in the cloak and veſt.
The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant Zone embrac'd
With flow'rs of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.
Forth-iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty axe, with trueſt temper ſteel'd,
And double-edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighb'ring foreſt led the way.
On the lone Iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the skies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heav'nly fire:

(Already dry'd.) Theſe pointing out to view,
The Nymph juſt ſhow'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the Heroe; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſts groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join,
He ſmooth'd, and ſquar'd 'em, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work *Calypſo* found)
With thoſe he pierc'd 'em, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a ſhipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the ſtorms,
So large he built the Raft: then ribb'd it ſtrong
From ſpace to ſpace, and nail'd the planks along;
Theſe form'd the ſides: the deck he faſhion'd laſt;
Then o'er the veſſel rais'd the taper maſt,
With croſſing ſail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd.
(With yielding oſiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of ſurging waves, and ſteer the ſteady courſe)

Thy loom, *Calypso!* for the future sails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And roll'd on leavers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were past, and now the work compleat
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat
The nymph dismist him, (od'rous garments giv'n,
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n)
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with sable wine;
Of ev'ry kind provisions heav'd aboard,
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
The Goddess last a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the skies.
And now, rejoycing in the prosp'rous gales,
With beating heart *Ulysses* spreads his sails;
Plac'd at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the *Pleiads*, and the northern Team,
And great *Orion*'s more refulgent beam,

To

To which, around the axle of the sky
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye;
Who ſhines exalted on th' etherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The Nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.
Full ſev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way;
The diſtant land appear'd the following day:
Then ſwell'd to ſight *Phæacia*'s dusky coaſt,
And woody mountains, half in vapours loſt;
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watry waſte.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on *Solymé*'s aerial brow,
The King of Ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd,
(From *Æthiopia*'s happy climes return'd)
The raging Monarch ſhook his azure head,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid.

Heav'ns! how uncertain are the Pow'rs on high?
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the sky,

In

In one man's favour? while a diſtant gueſt
I ſhar'd ſecure the *Æthiopian* feaſt.
Behold how near *Phæacia*'s land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No, if this ſceptre yet commands the main.
He ſpoke, and high the forky Trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and ſtirs the wat'ry world,
At once the face of earth and ſea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouzes all the ſtorms.
Down ruſh'd the night. Eaſt, weſt, together roar,
And ſouth, and north, roll mountains to the ſhore.
Then ſhook the Heroe, to deſpair reſign'd,
And queſtion'd thus his yet-unconquer'd mind.
Wretch that I am! what farther Fates attend
This life of toils, and what my deſtin'd end?
Too well alas! the iſland Goddeſs knew,
On the black ſea what perils ſhou'd enſue.
New horrors now this deſtin'd head encloſe;
Unfill'd is yet the meaſure of my woes.

With

With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are crown'd?
What raging winds? what roaring waters round?
'Tis *Jove* himſelf the ſwelling tempeſt rears;
Death, preſent death on ev'ry ſide appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who in battle ſlain
Preſt in *Atrides'* cauſe the *Trojan* plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall,
Had ſome diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall;
(Such as was that, when ſhow'rs of jav'lins fled
From conqu'ring *Troy* around *Achilles* dead)
All *Greece* had paid my ſolemn fun'rals then,
And ſpread my glory with the ſons of men.
A ſhameful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!
A mighty wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
The Raft it cover'd, and the maſt it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the ſwelling ſurge the chief was born:
While by the howling tempeſt rent in twain
Flew ſail and ſail-yards ratling o'er the main.

Long

Long preſs'd he heav'd beneath the weighty wav
Clogg'd by the cumbrous veſt *Calypſo* gave:
At length emerging, from his noſtrils wide
And guſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tyde.
Ev'n then, not mindleſs of his laſt retreat,
He ſeis'd the Raft, and leapt into his ſeat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling floo
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is caſt
Now to, now fro, before th'autumnal blaſt;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the Float, and ſo its texture held:
And now the ſouth, and now the north, bear ſway,
And now the eaſt the foamy floods obey,
And now the weſt-wind whirls it o'er the ſea.
The wand'ring Chief, with toils on toils oppreſt
Leucothea ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt:
(Herſelf a mortal once, of *Cadmus'* ſtrain,
But now an azure ſiſter of the main)

Swift

Swift as a Sea-mew ſpringing from the flood,
All radiant on the Raft the Goddeſs ſtood:
Then thus addreſs'd him. Thou, whom heav'n decrees
To *Neptune*'s wrath, ſtern Tyrant of the Seas,
(Unequal conteſt) not his rage and pow'r,
Great as he is, ſuch virtue ſhall devour.
What I ſuggeſt thy wiſdom will perform;
Forſake thy float, and leave it to the ſtorm:
Strip off thy garments; *Neptune*'s fury brave
With naked ſtrength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach *Phæacia* all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miſeries ſhall end.
This heav'nly Scarf beneath thy boſom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy ſhore ſhall gain,
Return the gift, and caſt it in the main;
Obſerve my orders, and with heed obey,
Caſt it far off, and turn thy eyes away.

With that, her hand the ſacred veil beſtows,
Then down the deeps ſhe div'd from whence ſhe roſe:

A moment ſnatch'd the ſhining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling ſea.
Struck with amaze, yet ſtill to doubt inclin'd,
He ſtands ſuſpended, and explores his mind.
What ſhall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I ſhall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reaſon, but conſult with mine:
For ſcarce in ken appears that diſtant Iſle
Thy voice foretells me ſhall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge: while yet the planks ſuſtain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempeſt yields,
I launch adventrous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the ſtrength of man,
And take this method, ſince the beſt I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a wat'ry mountain roll'd;
Like a black ſheet the whelming billow ſpread,
Burſt o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.

Planks,

Planks, Beams, diſ-parted fly: the ſcatter'd wood
Rolls diverſe, and in fragments ſtrows the flood.
So the rude *Boreas*, o'er the field new ſhorn,
Toſſes and drives the ſcatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a ſingle beam the Chief beſtrides;
There, poiz'd a while above the bounding tydes,
His limbs diſ-cumbers of the clinging veſt,
And binds the ſacred cincture round his breaſt:
Then prone on Ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and ſhot the ſeas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern *Neptune* ey'd him, and contemptuous ſaid:
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes eſſay!
Go, wander helpleſs on the wat'ry way:
Thus, thus find out the deſtin'd ſhore, and then
(If *Jove* ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy Fate, the ills our wrath could raiſe
Shall laſt remember'd in thy beſt of days.
This ſaid, his ſea-green ſteeds divide the foam,
And reach high *Ægæ* and the tow'ry dome.

Now, ſcarce withdrawn the fierce Earth-ſhaking pow'r,
Jove's daughter *Pallas* watch'd the fav'ring hour.
Back to their caves ſhe bad the winds to fly,
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring brethren of the sky.
The dryer blaſts alone of *Boreas* ſway,
And bear him ſoft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that ſhore,
Where Fate has deſtin'd he ſhall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were paſt,
Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waſte;
Heav'd on the ſurge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glaſſy ſmooth lay all the liquid plain,
The winds were huſh'd, the billows ſcarcely curl'd,
And a dead ſilence ſtill'd the wat'ry world.
When lifted on a ridgy wave, he ſpies
The land at diſtance, and with ſharpen'd eyes.
As pious children joy with vaſt delight
When a lov'd Sire revives before their ſight,

(Who ling'ring long has call'd on death in vain,
Fixt by ſome Dæmon to his bed of pain,
'Till heav'n by miracle his life reſtore)
So joys *Ulyſſes* at th'appearing ſhore;
And ſees (and labours onward as he ſees)
The riſing foreſts, and the tufted trees.

And now, as near approaching as the ſound
Of human voice the liſt'ning ear may wound,
Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murm'ring ſurges breaking on the ſhore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rowling ſea;
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight!
All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear ſeiz'd his ſlacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus he commun'd with his ſoul apart.

Ah me! when o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th'unhop'd-for coaſt,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.

Above, ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath, is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand,
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Daſh'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the Iſland if my courſe I bend,
Where the ports open, or the ſhores deſcend,
Back to the ſeas the rowling ſurge may ſweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or ſome enormous whale the God may ſend,
(For many ſuch on *Amphitrite* attend)
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentleſs of my heav'nly foe.
While thus he thought, a monſt'rous wave up-bore
The Chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy ſhore:
Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But inſtant *Pallas* enter'd in his ſoul.
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung:

'Till

'Till the huge ſurge roll'd off. Then backward ſweep
The refluent tydes, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the *Polypus* from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave,
His ragged claws are ſtuck with ſtones and ſands;
So the rough rock had ſhagg'd *Ulyſſes'* hands.
And now had periſh'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man; ev'n Fate had been in vain:
But all-ſubduing *Pallas* lent her pow'r,
And Prudence ſav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating ſurge his courſe he bore,
(A wider circle, but in ſight of ſhore)
With longing eyes, obſerving, to ſurvey
Some ſmooth aſcent, or ſafe-ſequeſter'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he ſpy'd
A falling ſtream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the ſeas the ſhelving ſhore declin'd,
And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad *Ulyſſes* preſt,
And hail'd the river, and its God addreſt.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy wat'ry throne,
Hear, azure King! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from *Neptune* and the raging main.
Heav'n hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to Gods is Miſery:
Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt.
He pray'd, and ſtrait the gentle ſtream ſubſides,
Detains the ruſhing current of his tydes,
Before the wand'rer ſmooths the wat'ry way,
And ſoft receives him from the rowling ſea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore,
He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwoln heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd:
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran;
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking, in the arms of death.

Soon

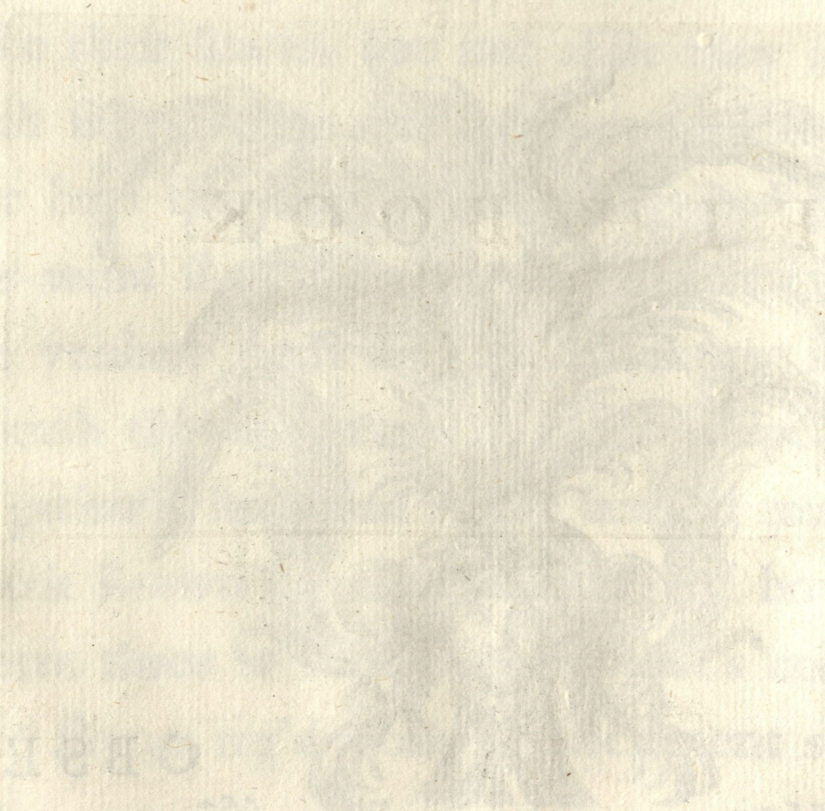
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief *Leucothea*'s ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tyde.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the ſtream, *Ulyſſes* found
A moſſy bank with pliant ruſhes crown'd;
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground.
Where on the flow'ry herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the Sage began to ſay.
What will ye next ordain, ye Pow'rs on high!
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try?
Here by the ſtream *if* I the night out-wear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air?
Or chilly vapors breathing from the flood
When Morning riſes? If I take the wood,
And in thick ſhelter of innum'rous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle ſleep allows;

Tho' fenc'd from cold, and tho' my toil be paſt,
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte?
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in their way.
Thus long debating in himſelf he ſtood:
At length he took the paſſage to the Wood,
Whoſe ſhady horrors on a riſing brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the ſtream below.
There grew two Olives, cloſeſt of the grove,
With roots intwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they ſmil'd
With ſiſter-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the ſun's meridian rays had pow'r,
Nor wind ſharp-piercing, nor the ruſhing ſhow'r;
The verdant Arch ſo cloſe its texture kept:
Beneath this covert, great *Ulyſſes* crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made,
(Thick ſtrown by tempeſt thro' the bow'ry ſhade)
Where three at leaſt might winter's cold defy,
Tho' *Boreas* rag'd along th' inclement sky.

This

This ſtore, with joy the patient Heroe found,
And ſunk amidſt 'em, heap'd the leaves around.
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours, in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus *Ulyſſes* lyes,
'Till *Pallas* pour'd ſoft ſlumbets on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FIFTH BOOK.

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I.



ULYSSES makes his firſt entry in this book. It may be ask'd where properly is the beginning of the Action? It is not neceſſary that the beginning of the *Action* ſhould be the beginning of the *Poem*; there is a natural, and an artificial order, and *Homer* makes uſe of the latter. The Action of the *Odyſſey* properly begins neither with the Poem, nor with the appearance of *Ulyſſes* here, but with the relation he makes of his departure from *Troy* in the ninth book. *Boſſu* has very judiciouſly remark'd, that in the conſtitution of the fable, the Poet ought not to make the Departure of a Prince from his own country the foundation of his Poem, but his Return, and his ſtay in other places involuntary. For if the ſtay of *Ulyſſes* had been voluntary, he would have been guilty in ſome degree of all the diſorders that happen'd during his abſence. Thus in this book *Ulyſſes* firſt appears in a deſolate Iſland, ſitting in tears by the ſide of the Ocean, and looking upon it as the obſtacle to his return.

This

This artificial order is of great uſe, it cuts off all languiſhing and un-entertaining incidents, and paſſes over thoſe intervals of time that are void of action; it gives continuity to the ſtory, and at firſt tranſports the Reader into the middle of the ſubject. In the beginning of the *Odyſſey*, the Gods command *Mercury* to go down to the Iſland of *Ogygia*, and charge *Calypſo* to diſmiſs *Ulyſſes:* one would think the Poem was to end in the compaſs of a few lines, the Poet beginning the action ſo near the end of the ſtory; and we wonder how he finds matter to fill up his Poem, in the little ſpace of time that intervenes between his firſt appearance and his re-eſtabliſhment.

This book, as well as the firſt, opens with an Aſſembly of the Gods. This is done to give an importance to his Poem, and to prepare the mind of the Reader to expect every thing that is great and noble, when Heaven is engag'd in the care and protection of his Heroes. Both theſe Aſſemblies are placed very properly, ſo as not to interrupt the ſeries of action: The firſt aſſembly of the Gods is only preparatory to introduce the action; and this ſecond is no more than a bare tranſition from *Telemachus* to *Ulyſſes*; from the recital of the tranſactions in *Ithaca*, to what more immediately regards the perſon of *Ulyſſes*.

In the former council, both the Voyage of *Telemachus* and the Return of *Ulyſſes* were determin'd at the ſame time: The day of that aſſembly is the firſt day both of the *principal action*, (which is the return of *Ulyſſes*) and of the *incident*, which is the voyage of *Telemachus*; with this difference, that the incident was immediately put in practice, by the deſcent of *Minerva* to *Ithaca*; and the execution of it takes up the four preceding books; whereas the principal action was only then prepared, and the execution deferr'd to the preſent book, where *Mercury* is actually ſent to *Calypſo*.

Euſtathius therefore judges rightly when he ſays, that, in the firſt council, the ſafety alone of *Ulyſſes* was propos'd; but the means how to bring it about are here under conſultation, which makes the neceſſity of the ſecond council.

II.

VERSE 43. *Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods.*] This paſſage is intricate: Why ſhould *Jupiter* command *Ulyſſes* to return without the guidance either of man or God? *Ulyſſes* had been juſt declar'd the care of Heaven, why ſhould he be thus ſuddenly abandon'd? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that it is ſpoken ſolely with reſpect to the voyage which he immediately undertakes. This indeed ſhews a reaſon why this command is given; if he had been under the guidance of a God, the ſhipwreck (that great incident which brings about the whole Cataſtrophe of the Poem) muſt have been prevented by his power; and as for men, where were they to be procur'd in a deſolate iſland? What confirms this opinion is, that during the whole ſhipwreck of *Ulyſſes*, there is no interpoſition of a Deity, not even of *Pallas* who uſed to be his conſtant guardian; the reaſon is, becauſe this command of *Jupiter* forbids all aſſiſtance to *Ulyſſes*: *Leucothoe* indeed aſſiſts him, but it is not till he is ſhipwreck'd. It appears further, that this interdiction reſpects only the voyage from *Ogygia*, becauſe *Jupiter* orders that there ſhall be no aſſiſtance from man, ὔτε θεῶν πομπὴ, ϰτ' ἀνθρώπων; but *Ulyſſes* is tranſported from *Phæacia* to *Ithaca*, ἀνθρώπων πομπῇ, or by the aſſiſtance of the *Phæacians*, as *Euſtathius* obſerves; and therefore what *Jupiter* here ſpeaks has relation only to the preſent voyage. *Dacier* underſtands this to be meant of any *viſible* aſſiſtance only: but this ſeems a colluſion; for whether the Gods aſſiſt viſibly or inviſibly, the effects are the ſame; and a Deity unſeen might have preſerv'd *Ulyſſes* from ſtorms, and directly guided him to his own country. But it was neceſſary for the deſign of *Homer*, that *Ulyſſes* ſhould not ſail directly home; if he had, there had been no room for the relation of his own adventures, and all thoſe ſurprizing narrations he makes to the *Phæacians*; *Homer* therefore to bring about the ſhipwreck of *Ulyſſes*, withdraws the Gods.

III.

VERSE 45. *Alone, and floating to the wave.*] The word in the original is σχεδίης; νηὸς, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, is underſtood: It ſignifies, continues he, a ſmall veſſel made of one entire piece of wood, or a veſſel about which little wood is uſed; it is deriv'd from σχεδὸν, from being αὐτοσχεδίως συμπεπῆχθαι, or its being compacted together with eaſe. *Heſychius* defines σχεδία to be, μικρὰ ναῦς ἢ ξύλα ἃ συνδέουσι, ἢ ὅτω πλέουσι: that is, a ſmall bark, or float of wood which ſailors bind together, and immediately uſe in navigation. This obſervation appear'd to me very neceſſary, to take off an objection made upon a following paſſage in this book: the Critics have thought it incredible that *Ulyſſes* ſhould without any aſſiſtance build ſuch a veſſel, as *Homer* deſcribes; but if we remember what kind of a veſſel it is, it may be reconcil'd to probability.

IV.

VERSE 46. -----*Whoſe haughty line*
Is mix'd with Gods.]

The *Phæacians* were the inhabitants of *Scheria*, ſometimes call'd *Drepanè*, afterwards *Corcyra*, now *Corfu* in the poſſeſſion of the *Venetians*. But it may be ask'd in what theſe people reſemble the Gods? they are deſcrib'd as a moſt effeminate nation; whence then this God-like Quality? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that is either from their undiſturb'd felicity, or from their divine quality of general benevolence: he prefers the latter; but from the general character of the *Phæacians*, I ſhould prefer the former. *Homer* frequently deſcribes the Gods as ἀεὶ ῥεῖα ζωόντες, *the Gods that live in endleſs eaſe*: This is ſuitable to the *Phæacians*, as will appear more fully in the ſequel of the *Odyſſey*. *Euſtathius* remarks that the Poet here gives us in a few lines the heads of the eight ſucceeding books; and ſure nothing can be a greater inſtance of *Homer*'s art, than his building ſo noble an edifice upon ſo ſmall a foundation:

tion: The plan is ſimple and unadorn'd, but he embelliſhes it with all the beauties in nature.

V.

VERSE 56. *The God who mounts the winged wind.*] This is a noble deſcription of *Mercury*; the verſes are lofty and ſonorous. *Virgil* has inſerted them in his *Æneis, lib.* 4. 240.

——pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea: quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit: hâc animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit;
Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat.

What is here ſaid of the rod of *Mercury*, is, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, an Allegory: It is intended to ſhew the force of eloquence, which has a power to calm, or excite, to raiſe a paſſion, or compoſe it: *Mercury* is the God of Eloquence, and he may very properly be ſaid θελγειν, και ἀγειρειν, to cool or inflame the paſſions, according to the allegorical ſenſe of theſe expreſſions.

VI.

VERSE 64. *So wat'ry fowl.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that this is a very juſt alluſion; had the Poet compar'd *Mercury* to an Eagle, tho' the compariſon had been more noble, yet it had been leſs proper; a ſea-fowl moſt properly repreſents the paſſage of a Deity over the ſeas; the compariſon being adapted to the element.

Some ancient Critics mark'd the laſt verſe τῶ ἴκελος, *&c.* with an Obelisk, a ſign that it ought to be rejected: They thought that the word ὀχήσατο did not ſufficiently expreſs the ſwiftneſs of the flight of *Mercury*; the word implies no more than *he was carry'd*: But this expreſſion is applicable to any degree of ſwiftneſs; for where is the impropriety if we ſay, *Mercury* was

borne along the ſeas with the utmoſt rapidity? The word is moſt properly apply'd to a chariot, ἐπὶ ὄχε, ὅ ἐςὶν ἅρματος. *Euſtathius.*

VII.

VERSE 72. *The Nymph he found.*] *Homer* here introduces an Epiſode of *Calypſo*; and as every Incident ought to have ſome relation to the main deſign of the Poem, it may be ask'd what relation this bears to the other parts of it? A very eſſential one: The ſufferings of *Ulyſſes* are the ſubject of the *Odyſſey*; here we find him inclos'd in an Iſland: all his calamities ariſe from his abſence from his own country: *Calypſo* then who detains him is the cauſe of all his calamities. It is with great judgment that the Poet feigns him to be reſtrain'd by a Deity, rather than a mortal. It might have appear'd ſomewhat derogatory from the prudence and courage of *Ulyſſes*, not to have been able by art or ſtrength to have freed himſelf from the power of a mortal: but by this conduct the Poet at once excuſes his Heroe, and aggravates his misfortunes: he is detain'd involuntarily, but it is a Goddeſs who detains him, and it is no diſgrace for a man not to be able to over-power a Deity.

Boſſu obſerves, that the art of Diſguiſe is part of the character of *Ulyſſes*: Now this is imply'd in the name of *Calypſo*, which ſignifies *concealment*, or *ſecret*. The Poet makes his Heroe ſtay ſeven whole years with this Goddeſs; ſhe taught him ſo well, that he afterwards loſt no opportunities of putting her inſtructions in practice, and does nothing without diſguiſe.

Virgil has borrow'd part of his deſcription of *Circe* in the 7th book of the *Æneis*, from this of *Calypſo*.

-----ubi Solis filia lucos
Aſſiduo reſonat cantu, tectiſque ſuperbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas.

What

What I have here ſaid ſhews likewiſe the neceſſity of this machine of *Mercury:* It is an eſtabliſh'd rule of *Horace,*

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: -----

Calypſo was a Goddeſs, and conſequently all human means were inſufficient to deliver *Ulyſſes.* There was therefore a neceſſity to have recourſe to the Gods.

VIII.

VERSE 80. *The Bower of* Calypſo.] It is impoſſible for a Painter to draw a more admirable rural Landskip: The bower of *Calypſo* is the principal figure, ſurrounded with a ſhade of different trees: Green meadows adorn'd with flowers, beautiful fountains, and vines loaded with cluſters of grapes, and birds hovering in the air, are ſeen in the livelieſt colours in *Homer*'s Poetry. But whoever obſerves the particular trees, plants, birds, *&c.* will find another beauty of propriety in this deſcription, every part being adapted, and the whole ſcene drawn, agreeable to a country ſituate by the ſea.

IX.

VERSE 88. *The purple cluſters bluſhing thro' the green.*] *Euſtathius* endeavours to fix the ſeaſon of the year when *Ulyſſes* departed from that Iſland; he concludes it to be in the latter end of Autumn, or the beginning of Winter; for *Calypſo* is deſcrib'd as making uſe of a fire, ſo is *Arete* in the ſixth book, and *Eumæus* and *Ulyſſes* in other parts of the *Odyſſey*. This gives us reaſon to conclude, that the Summer heats were paſt; and what makes it ſtill more probable is, that a Vine is in this place ſaid to be loaded with grapes, which plainly confines the ſeaſon of the year to the Autumn.

VERSE

X.

VERSE 103. *But ſad* Ulyſſes *by himſelf apart.*] *Euſtathius* imagines, that the Poet deſcribes *Ulyſſes* abſent from *Calypſo*, to the end that *Calypſo* might lay a ſeeming obligation upon *Ulyſſes*, by appearing to diſmiſs him voluntarily: for *Ulyſſes* being abſent, could not know that *Mercury* had commanded his departure; ſo that this favour appears to proceed from the ſole kindneſs of the Goddeſs. *Dacier* diſlikes this obſervation, and ſhews that decency requires the abſence of *Ulyſſes*; if the Poet had deſcrib'd him in the company of *Calypſo*, it might have given ſuſpicion of an amorous diſpoſition, and he might ſeem content with his abſence from his country; but the very nature of the Poem requires that he ſhould be continually endeavouring to return to it: The Poet therefore with great judgment deſcribes him agreeably to his character, his mind is entirely taken up with his misfortunes, and neglecting all the pleaſures which a Goddeſs could confer, he entertains himſelf with his own melancholy reflections, ſitting in ſolitude upon the ſea-ſhores.

XI.

VERSE 155. *Orion.*] The love of *Calypſo* to *Ulyſſes* might ſeem too bold a fiction, and contrary to all credibility, *Ulyſſes* being a mortal, ſhe a Goddeſs: *Homer* therefore to ſoften the relation, brings in inſtances of the like paſſion, in *Orion* and *Iaſion*; and by this he fully juſtifies his own conduct, the Poet being at liberty to make uſe of any prevailing ſtroy, tho' it were all fable and fiction.

But why ſhould the death of *Orion* be here aſcrib'd to *Diana*; whereas in other places, ſhe is ſaid to exerciſe her power only over Women? The reaſon is, ſhe ſlew him for offering violence to her chaſtity; for tho' *Homer* be ſilent about his crime, yet *Horace* relates it.

—— *In-*

——— *Integræ*
Tentator Orion Dianæ
Virgineâ domitus ſagittâ.

Euſtathius gives another reaſon why *Aurora* is ſaid to be in love with *Orion*. He was a great hunter, as appears from the eleventh book of the *Odyſſey*; and the morning or *Aurora* is moſt favourable to thoſe diverſions.

XII.

VERSE 161. *Scarce could* Iäſion, *&c.*] *Ceres* is here underſtood allegorically, to ſignify the earth; *Iäſion* was a great Husbandman, and conſequently *Ceres* may eaſily be feign'd to be in love with him: The thunderbolt with which he is ſlain ſignifies the exceſs of heat, which frequently diſappoints the hopes of the labourer. *Euſtathius.*

XIII.

VERSE 165. *A man, an outcaſt to the ſtorm and wave,*
It was my crime to pity, and to ſave; &c.]
Homer in this ſpeech of *Calypſo* ſhews very naturally how paſſion miſguides the underſtanding. She views her own cauſe in the moſt advantageous, but falſe light; and thence concludes that *Jupiter* offers a piece of injuſtice in commanding the departure of *Ulyſſes*: She tells *Mercury*, that it is ſhe who had preſerv'd his life, who had entertain'd him with affection, and offer'd him immortality; and would *Jupiter* thus repay her tenderneſs to *Ulyſſes*? Would *Jupiter* force him from a place where nothing was wanting to his happineſs, and expoſe him again to the like dangers from which ſhe had preſerv'd him? this was an act of cruelty. But on the contrary, ſhe ſpeaks not one word concerning the truth of the cauſe: *viz.* that ſhe offer'd violence to the inclinations of *Ulyſſes*; that ſhe made him miſerable by detaining him,

not

not only from his wife, but from his whole dominions; and never conſiders that *Jupiter* is juſt in delivering him from his captivity. This is a very lively, tho' unhappy picture of human nature, which is too apt to fall into error, and then endeavours to juſtify an error by a ſeeming reaſon. *Dacier.*

XIV.

VERSE 198. *Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms.*] This paſſage has fallen under the ſevere cenſure of the Critics, they condemn it as an act of conjugal infidelity, and a breach of Morality in *Ulyſſes:* It would be ſufficient to anſwer, that a Poet is not oblig'd to draw a perfect character in the perſon of his Heroe: perfection is not to be found in human life, and conſequently ought not to be aſcribed to it in Poetry: Neither *Achilles* nor *Æneas* are perfect characters: *Æneas* in particular is as guilty, with reſpect to *Dido,* in the deſertion of her, (for *Virgil* tells us they were married, *connubio jungam ſtabili*) as *Ulyſſes* can be imagin'd to be by the moſt ſevere Critic, with reſpect to *Calypſo.*

But thoſe who have blam'd this paſſage, form their judgments from the morality of theſe ages, and not from the Theology of the Ancients: Polygamy was then allow'd, and even Concubinage, without being eſteem'd any breach of conjugal fidelity: If this be not admitted, the heathen Gods are as guilty as the heathen Heroes, and *Jupiter* and *Ulyſſes* are equally criminals.

This very paſſage ſhews the ſincere affection which *Ulyſſes* retain'd for his wife *Penelope*; even a Goddeſs cannot perſuade him to forget her; his perſon is in the power of *Calypſo,* but his heart is with *Penelope. Tully* had this book of *Homer* in his thought when he ſaid of *Ulyſſes, Vetulam ſuam prætulit immortalitati.*

XV.

VERSE 222. *Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke.*] It may be ask'd what occaſions this conduct in *Ulyſſes?* he has long been deſirous

deſirous to return to his country, why then is he melancholy at the propoſal of it? This proceeds from his apprehenſions of inſincerity in *Calypſo:* he had long been unable to obtain his diſmiſſion with the moſt urgent entreaties; this voluntary kindneſs therefore ſeems ſuſpicious. He is ignorant that *Jupiter* had commanded his departure, and therefore fears leſt his obſtinate deſire of leaving her ſhould have provoked her to deſtroy him, under a ſhew of complying with his inclinations. This is an inſtance that *Ulyſſes* is not only wiſe in extricating himſelf from difficulties, but cautious in guarding againſt dangers.

XVI.

VERSE 238. *But hear, oh earth, and hear ye ſacred skies!*] The oath of *Calypſo* is introduc'd with the utmoſt ſolemnity. *Rapine* allows it to be an inſtance of true ſublimity. The Ancients atteſted all nature in their oaths, that all nature might conſpire to puniſh their perjuries. *Virgil* has imitated this paſſage, but has not copy'd the full beauty of the original.

Eſto nunc ſol teſtis & hæc mihi terra precanti.

It is the remark of *Grotius* that the like expreſſion is found in *Deuteronomy, Hear oh ye heavens the words that I ſpeak, and let the earth hear the words of my mouth.* Which may almoſt literally be render'd by this verſe of *Homer,*

Ἴσω νῦν τόδε γαῖα, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν.

XVII.

VERSE 251. *For him, the Nymph a rich repaſt ordains.*] The Paſſion of Love is no where deſcrib'd in all *Homer,* but in this paſſage between *Calypſo* and *Ulyſſes*; and we find that the Poet is not unſucceſsful in drawing the tender, as well as the fiercer paſſions. This ſeemingly-trifling circumſtance is an inſtance of it;

love delights to oblige, and the leaſt offices receive a value from the perſon who performs them: This is the reaſon why *Calypſo* ſerves *Ulyſſes* with her own hands; her Damſels attend her, but love makes it a pleaſure to her to attend *Ulyſſes*. *Euſtathius*.

Calypſo ſhews more fondneſs for *Ulyſſes*, than *Ulyſſes* for *Calypſo*: Indeed *Ulyſſes* had been no leſs than ſeven years in the favour of that Goddeſs; it was a kind of matrimony, and husbands are not altogether ſo fond as lovers. But the true reaſon is, a more tender behaviour had been contrary to the character of *Ulyſſes*; it is neceſſary that his ſtay ſhould be by conſtraint, that he ſhould continually be endeavouring to return to his own country; and conſequently to have diſcover'd too great a degree of ſatisfaction in any thing during his abſence, had outrag'd his character. His return is the main hinge upon which the whole *Odyſſey* turns, and therefore no pleaſure, not even a Goddeſs, ought to divert him from it.

XVIII.

VERSE 263. *But ah* Ulyſſes! *wert thou giv'n to know*
What fate yet dooms thee.]

This is another inſtance of the tyranny of the paſſion of love: *Calypſo* had receiv'd a command to diſmiſs *Ulyſſes*; *Mercury* had laid before her the fatal conſequences of her refuſal, and ſhe had promis'd to ſend him away; but her Love here again prevails over her reaſon; ſhe frames excuſes ſtill to detain him, and though ſhe dares not keep him, ſhe knows not how to part with him. This is a true picture of nature; Love this moment reſolves, the next breaks theſe reſolutions: She had promis'd to obey *Jupiter*, in not detaining *Ulyſſes*; but ſhe endeavours to perſuade *Ulyſſes* not to go away.

XIX.

VERSE 277. *Tho' well I ſee thy graces far above*
The dear, tho' mortal, object of my love.]

Ulyſſes ſhews great addreſs in this anſwer to *Calypſo*; he ſoftens the

ſeverity

ſeverity of it, by firſt asking a favourable acceptance of what he is about to ſay; he calls her his ador'd Goddeſs, and places *Penelope* in every degree below the perfections of *Calypſo*. As it is the nature of woman not to endure a rival, *Ulyſſes* aſſigns the deſire of his return to another cauſe than the love of *Penelope*, and aſcribes it ſolely to the love he bears his country. *Euſtathius.*

XX.

VERSE 311, *&c.* Ulyſſes *builds his ſhip.*] This paſſage has fallen under cenſure, as outraging all probability: *Rapine* believes it to be impoſſible for one man alone to build ſo compleat a veſſel in the compaſs of four days; and perhaps the ſame opinion might lead *Boſſu* into a miſtake, who allows twenty days to *Ulyſſes* in building it; he applies the word εἴκοσι, or *twenty*, to the days, which ought to be apply'd to the trees; δένδρεα is underſtood, for the Poet immediately after declares that the whole was compleated in the ſpace of four days; neither is there any thing incredible in the deſcription. I have obſerv'd already that this veſſel is but Σχεδία, a *Float* or *Raft*; 'tis true, *Ulyſſes* cuts down twenty trees to build it; this may ſeem too great a proviſion of materials for ſo ſmall an undertaking: But why ſhould we imagine theſe to be large trees? the deſcription plainly ſhews the contrary, for it had been impoſſible to have fell'd twenty large trees in the ſpace of four days, much more to have built a veſſel proportionable to ſuch materials: but the veſſel was but ſmall, and conſequently ſuch were the trees. *Homer* calls theſe *dry trees*; this is not inſerted without reaſon, for green wood is unfit for Navigation.

Homer in this paſſage ſhews his skill in Mechanics; a ſhipwright could not have deſcrib'd a veſſel more exactly: but what is chiefly valuable, is the inſight it gives us to what degree this art of ſhipbuilding was then arriv'd: We find likewiſe what uſe Navigators made of Aſtronomy in thoſe ages; ſo that this paſſage deſerves a double regard, as a fine piece of Poetry, and a valuable remain of Antiquity.

XXI.

VERSE 317. *The wimbles for the work* Calypſo *found.* and
VERSE 329. *Thy Loom* Calypſo *for the future ſails*
Supply'd the cloth.]

It is remarkable, that *Calypſo* brings the tools to *Ulyſſes* at ſeveral times: this is another inſtance of the nature of Love; it ſeeks opportunities to be in the company of the belov'd perſon. *Calypſo* is an inſtance of it: ſhe frequently goes away, and frequently returns; ſhe delays the time, by not bringing all the implements at once to *Ulyſſes*; ſo that tho' ſhe cannot divert him from his reſolutions of leaving her, yet ſhe protracts his ſtay.

It may be neceſſary to make ſome obſervations in general upon this paſſage of *Calypſo* and *Ulyſſes*. Mr. *Dryden* has been very ſevere upon it. "What are the tears," ſays he, "of *Calypſo* for "being left, to the fury and death of *Dido?* Where is there the "whole proceſs of her paſſion, and all its violent effects to be found, "in the languiſhing Epiſode of the *Odyſſes?*" Much may be ſaid in vindication of *Homer*; there is a wide difference between the characters of *Dido* and *Calypſo*, *Calypſo* is a Goddeſs and conſequently not liable to the ſame paſſions, as an enrag'd woman: yet diſappointed love being always an outragious paſſion, *Homer* makes her break out into blaſphemies againſt *Jupiter* and all the Gods. "But the ſame proceſs of love is not found in *Homer* as in "*Virgil*;" 'Tis true, and *Homer* had been very injudicious if he had inſerted it. The time allows it not; it was neceſſary for *Homer* to deſcribe the concluſion of *Calypſo*'s paſſion, not the beginning or proceſs of it. It was neceſſary to carry on the main deſign of the Poem, *viz.* the Departure of *Ulyſſes*, in order to his re-eſtabliſhment; and not amuſe the Reader with the detail of a paſſion that was ſo far from contributing to the end of the Poem, that it was the greateſt impediment to it. If the Poet had found an enlargement neceſſary to his deſign, had he attempted a full deſcription of the paſſion, and then fail'd, Mr. *Dryden*'s Criticiſm had been judicious. *Virgil* had a fair opportunity to expatiate, nay

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the occaſion requir'd it, inaſmuch as the love of *Dido* contributed to the deſign of the Poem; it brought about her aſſiſtance to *Æneas*, and the preſervation of his companions: and conſequently the copiouſneſs of *Virgil* is as judicious as the conciſeneſs of *Homer*. I allow *Virgil*'s to be a maſterpiece; perhaps no images are more happily drawn in all that Poet; but the paſſages in the two Authors are not ſimilar, and conſequently admit of no compariſon: Would it not have been inſufferable in *Homer*, to have ſtepp'd ſeven years backward, to deſcribe the proceſs of *Calypſo*'s paſſion, when the very nature of the Poem requires that *Ulyſſes* ſhould immediately return to his own country? ought the action to be ſuſpended for a fine deſcription? But an oppoſite conduct was judicious in both the Poets, and therefore *Virgil* is commendable for giving us the whole proceſs of a love-paſſion in *Dido*, *Homer* for only relating the concluſion of it in *Calypſo*. I will only add that *Virgil* has borrow'd his Machinery from *Homer*, and that the departure of *Æneas* and *Ulyſſes* is brought about by the command of *Jupiter*, and the deſcent of *Mercury*.

XXII.

VERSE 344. ---Ulyſſes *ſpreads his ſails.*] It is obſervable that the Poet paſſes over the parting of *Calypſo* and *Ulyſſes* in ſilence; he leaves it to be imagin'd by the Reader, and proſecutes his main action. Nothing but a cold compliment could have proceeded from *Ulyſſes*, he being overjoy'd at the proſpect of returning to his country: it was therefore judicious in *Homer* to omit the relation; and not draw *Calypſo* in tears, and *Ulyſſes* in a tranſport of joy. Beſides, it was neceſſary to ſhorten the Epiſode: the commands of *Jupiter* were immediately to be obey'd; and the ſtory being now turn'd to *Ulyſſes*, it was requiſite to put him immediately upon action, and deſcribe him endeavouring to re-eſtabliſh his own affairs, which is the whole deſign of the *Odyſſey*.

XXIII.

VERSE 355. *Full ſev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way.*] It may ſeem incredible that one perſon ſhould be able to manage a veſſel ſeventeen days without any aſſiſtance; but *Euſtathius* vindicates *Homer* by an inſtance, that very much reſembles this of *Ulyſſes*. A certain *Pamphylian* being taken priſoner, and carried to *Tamiathis* (afterwards *Damietta*) in *Ægypt*, continued there ſeveral years; but being continually deſirous to return to his country, he pretends a skill in ſea affairs; this ſucceeds, and he is immediately employ'd in Maritime buſineſs, and permitted the liberty to follow it according to his own inclination, without any inſpection. He made uſe of this opportunity, and furniſhing himſelf with a ſail, and proviſions for a long voyage, committed himſelf to the ſea all alone; he croſs'd that vaſt extent of waters that lies between *Ægypt* and *Pamphylia*, and arriv'd ſafely in his own country: In memory of this prodigious event he chang'd his name, and was called μονοναύτης, or the *ſole-ſailor*; and the family was not extinct in the days of *Euſtathius*.

It may not be improper to obſerve, that this deſcription of *Ulyſſes* ſailing alone is a demonſtration of the ſmallneſs of his veſſel; for it is impoſſible that a large one could be managed by a ſingle perſon. It is indeed ſaid that twenty trees were taken down for the veſſel, but this does not imply that all the trees were made uſe of, but only ſo much of them as was neceſſary to his purpoſe.

XXIV.

VERSE 360. *Like a broad ſhield amid the watry waſte.*] This expreſſion gives a very lively idea of an Iſland of ſmall extent, that is, of a form more long than large: *Ariſtarchus*, inſtead of ῥινὸν, writes ξεινὸν, or reſembling a *Fig*; others tell us, that ῥινὸν is uſed by the *Illyrians* to ſignify ἀχλὺν, or a *Miſt*; this likewiſe very well repreſents the firſt appearance of land to thoſe that ſail

at

at a diſtance: it appears indiſtinct and confus'd, or as it is here expreſs'd, like a Miſt. *Euſtathius.*

XXV.

VERSE 362. *From* Solymé's *aerial brow.*] There is ſome difficulty in this paſſage. *Strabo,* as *Euſtathius* obſerves, affirms that the expreſſion of *Neptune*'s ſeeing *Ulyſſes* from the mountains of *Solymé,* is to be taken in a general ſenſe, and not to denote the *Solymæan* mountains in *Piſidia*; but other eaſtern mountains that bear the ſame appellation. In propriety, the *Solymæans* inhabit the ſummits of mount *Taurus,* from *Lycia* even to *Piſidia*; theſe were very diſtant from the paſſage of *Neptune* from the *Æthiopians,* and conſequently could not be the mountains intended by *Homer*; we muſt therefore have recourſe to the preceding aſſertion of *Strabo,* for a ſolution of the difficulty. *Dacier* endeavours to explain it another way: Who knows, ſays ſhe, but that the name of *Solymæan* was antiently extended to all very elevated mountains? *Bochart* affirms, that the word *Solymi* is deriv'd from the *Hebrew Selem,* or *Darkneſs*; why then might not this be a general appellation? But this is all conjecture, and it is much more probable that ſuch a name ſhould be given to ſome mountains by way of diſtinction and emphatically, from ſome peculiar and extraordinary quality; than extend it to all very lofty mountains, which could only introduce confuſion and error.

XXVI.

VERSE 393. *Happy! thrice happy! who in battle ſlain,*
Preſt in Atrides' *cauſe the* Trojan *plain.*]

Plutarch in his *Sympoſiacs* relates a memorable ſtory concerning *Memmius,* the *Roman* General: When he had ſack'd the City *Corinth,* and made ſlaves of thoſe who ſurviv'd the ruin of it, he commanded one of the youths of a liberal education to write down ſome ſentence in his preſence, according to his own inclinations. The youth immediately wrote this paſſage from *Homer,* *Happy!*

Happy! thrice happy! who in battle ſlain,
Preſt in Atrides' *cauſe the* Trojan *plain.*

Memmius immediately burſt into tears, and gave the youth and all his relations their liberty.

Virgil has tranſlated this paſſage in the firſt book of his *Æneis*. The ſtorm, and the behaviour of *Æneas*, are copy'd exactly from it. The ſtorm, in both the Poets, is deſcrib'd conciſely, but the images are full of terror; *Homer* leads the way, and *Virgil* treads in his ſteps without any deviation. *Ulyſſes* falls into lamentation, ſo does *Æneas*: *Ulyſſes* wiſhes he had found a nobler death, ſo does *Æneas*: this diſcovers a bravery of ſpirit, they lament not that they are to die, but only the inglorious manner of it. This fully anſwers an objection that has been made both againſt *Homer* and *Virgil*, who have been blam'd for deſcribing their Heroes with ſuch an air of mean-ſpiritedneſs. Drowning was eſteem'd by the Ancients an accurſed death, as it depriv'd their bodies of the rites of Sepulture; it is therefore no wonder that this kind of death was greatly dreaded, ſince it barr'd their entrance into the happy regions of the dead for many hundreds of years

XXVII.

VERSE 397. *Such as was that, when ſhow'rs of jav'lins fled*
From conqu'ring Troy *around* Achilles *dead.*]

Theſe words have relation to an Action, no where deſcrib'd in the *Iliad* or *Odyſſey*. When *Achilles* was ſlain by the treachery of *Paris*, the *Trojans* made a ſally to gain his body, but *Ulyſſes* carried it off upon his ſhoulders, while *Ajax* protected him with his ſhield. The war of *Troy* is not the ſubject of the *Iliad*, and therefore *Homer* relates not the death of *Achilles*; but, as *Longinus* remarks, he inſerts many Actions in the *Odyſſey* which are the ſequel of the ſtory of the *Iliad*. This conduct has a very happy effect; he aggrandizes the character of *Ulyſſes* by theſe ſhort hiſtories, and has found out the way to make him praiſe himſelf, without vanity.

VERSE.

XXVIII.

VERSE 424. *The wand'ring Chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,*
Leucothea *ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt.*]

It is not probable that *Ulyſſes* could eſcape ſo great a danger by his own ſtrength alone; and therefore the Poet introduces *Leucothea* to aſſiſt in his preſervation. But it may be ask'd, if this is not contradictory to the command of *Jupiter* in the beginning of this book? *Ulyſſes* is there forbid all aſſiſtance either from men or Gods; whence then is it that *Leucothea* preſerves him? The former paſſage is to be underſtood to imply an interdiction only of all aſſiſtance 'till *Ulyſſes* was ſhipwreck'd; he was to ſuffer, not to die: Thus *Pallas* afterwards calms the ſtorm; ſhe may be imagin'd to have a power over the winds, as ſhe is the daughter of *Jupiter*, who denotes the Air, according to the obſervation of *Euſtathius*: Here *Leucothea* is very properly introduced to preſerve *Ulyſſes*; ſhe is a Sea-Goddeſs, and had been a mortal, and therefore intereſts her ſelf in the cauſe of a mortal.

XXIX.

VERSE 440. *This heav'nly Scarf beneath thy boſom bind.*] This paſſage may ſeem extraordinary, and the Poet be thought to preſerve *Ulyſſes* by incredible means. What virtue could there be in this Scarf againſt the violence of ſtorms? *Euſtathius* very well anſwers this objection. It is evident that the belief of the power of Amulets or Charms prevailed in the times of *Homer*; thus *Moly* is uſed by *Ulyſſes* as a preſervative againſt Faſcination, and ſome charm may be ſuppoſed to be imply'd in the *Zone* or *Cæſtus* of *Venus*. Thus *Ulyſſes* may be imagin'd to have worn a ſcarf, or cincture, as a preſervative againſt the perils of the ſea. They conſecrated antiently *Votiva*, as tablets, *&c.* in the temples of their Gods: So *Ulyſſes*, wearing a Zone conſecrated to *Leucothea*, may be ſaid to receive it from the hands of that Goddeſs. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that *Leucothea* did not appear in the form of a Bird, for

then how ſhould ſhe ſpeak, or how bring this cincture or ſcarf? The expreſſion has relation only to the manner of her riſing out of the ſea, and deſcending into it; the Action, not the Perſon, is intended to be repreſented. Thus *Minerva* is ſaid in the *Odyſſey*, *to fly away*, ὄρνις ὡς ἀνόπαια, not in the *form* but with the *ſwiftneſs* of an Eagle. Moſt of the Tranſlators have render'd this paſſage ridiculouſly, they deſcribe her in the real form of a ſea-fowl, tho' ſhe ſpeaks, and gives her Scarf. So the verſion of *Hobbs*:

She ſpoke, in figure of a Water-hen.

XXX.

VERSE 454. ——— *I ſhall not blindly joyn*
Thy pleaded reaſon. ———]

Euſtathius obſerves, that this paſſage is a leſſon to inſtruct us, that ſecond reflections are preferable to our firſt thoughts; and the Poet maintains the character of *Ulyſſes* by deſcribing him thus doubtful and cautious. But is not *Ulyſſes* too incredulous, who will not believe a Goddeſs? and diſobedient to her, by not committing himſelf to the ſeas? *Leucothea* does not confine *Ulyſſes* to an immediate compliance with her injunctions; ſhe indeed commands him to forſake the Raft, but leaves the Time to his own diſcretion: And *Ulyſſes* might very juſtly be ſomewhat incredulous, when he knew that *Neptune* was his enemy, and contriving his deſtruction. The doubts therefore of *Ulyſſes* are the doubts of a wiſe man: But then, is not *Ulyſſes* deſcrib'd with a greater degree of prudence, than the Goddeſs? ſhe commands him to leave the Raft, he chuſes to make uſe of it 'till he arrives nearer the ſhores. *Euſtathius* directly aſcribes more wiſdom to *Ulyſſes* than to *Leucothea*. This may appear too partial; it is ſufficient to obſerve, that the command of *Leucothea* was general and left the manner of the execution of it to his own prudence.

XXXI.

VERSE 496. *And now two nights, and now two days were paſt.*] It may be thought incredible that any perſon ſhould be able to contend ſo long with a violent ſtorm, and at laſt ſurvive it: It is allow'd that this could ſcarce be done by the natural ſtrength of *Ulyſſes*; but the Poet has ſoften'd the narration, by aſcribing his preſervation to the cincture of *Leucothea*. The Poet likewiſe very judiciouſly removes *Neptune*, that *Ulyſſes* may not appear to be preſerv'd againſt the power of that God; and to reconcile it entirely to credibility, he introduces *Pallas*, who calms the winds and compoſes the waves, to make way for his preſervation.

XXXII.

VERSE 506. *As pious children joy with vaſt delight.*] This is a very beautiful compariſon, and well adapted to the occaſion. We miſtake the intention of it, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, if we imagine that *Homer* intended to compare the perſon of *Ulyſſes* to theſe children: It is introduc'd ſolely to expreſs the joy which he conceives at the ſight of land; if we look upon it in any other view, the reſemblance is loſt, for the children ſuffer not themſelves, but *Ulyſſes* is in the utmoſt diſtreſs. Theſe Images drawn from common life are particularly affecting; they have relation to every man, as every man may poſſibly be in ſuch circumſtances: other Images may be more noble, and yet leſs pleaſing; They may raiſe our admiration, but thoſe engage our affections.

XXXIII.

VERSE 509. *Fix'd by ſome Dæmon to his bed of pain.*] It was a prevailing opinion among the Ancients, that the Gods were the authors of all diſeaſes incident to mankind. *Hippocrates* himſelf confeſſes that he had found ſome diſtempers, in which the hand of the Gods was manifeſt, θεῖόν τι, as *Dacier* obſerves. In

this place this assertion has a peculiar beauty, it shews that the malady was not contracted by any vice of the father, but inflicted by an evil Dæmon. Nothing is more evident, than that every person was suppos'd by the Ancients to have a good and a bad Dæmon attending him; what the *Greeks* call'd a Dæmon, the *Romans* named a *Genius*. I confess that this is no where directly affirm'd in *Homer*, but as *Plutarch* observes, it is plainly intimated. In the second book of the *Iliad* the word is used both in a good and bad sense; when *Ulysses* addresses himself to the Generals of the army, he says Δαιμόνιε, in the better sense; and immediately afterwards he uses it to denote a coward,

Δαιμόνι' ἀτρέμας ἧσο.

This is a strong evidence, that the notion of good and bad Dæmons was believ'd in the days of *Homer*.

XXXIV.

VERSE 524. *Ah me! when o'er a length of waters tost.*] *Ulysses* in this place calls as it were a council in his own breast; considers his danger, and how to free himself from it. But it may be ask'd if it be probable that he should have leisure for such a consultation, in the time of such imminent danger? The answer is, that nothing could be more happily imagin'd, to exalt his character: He is drawn with a great presence of mind, in the most desperate circumstances; fear does not prevail over his reason; his wisdom dictates the means of his preservation; and his bravery of spirit supports him in the accomplishment of it.

The Poet is also very judicious in the management of the speech; it is concise, and therefore proper to the occasion, there being no leisure for prolixity; every Image is drawn from the situation of the place, and his present condition; he follows Nature, and Nature is the foundation of true Poetry.

VERSE

XXXV.

VERSE 550. *As when the* Polypus.] It is very surprizing to see the prodigious variety with which *Homer* enlivens his Poetry: he rises or falls as his subject leads him, and finds allusions proper to represent an Heroe in battle, or a person in calamity. We have here an instance of it; he compares *Ulysses* to a *Polypus*; the similitude is suited to the element, and to the condition of the person. It is observable, that this is the only full description of a person shipwreck'd in all his Poems: he therefore gives a loose to his imagination, and enlarges upon it very copiously. There appears a surprizing fertility of invention thro' the whole of it: In what a variety of attitudes is *Ulysses* drawn, during the storm and at his escape from it? his soliloquies in the turns of his condition, while he is sometimes almost out of danger, and then again involv'd in new difficulties, engage our hopes and fears. He ennobles the whole by his machinery, and *Neptune*, *Pallas* and *Leucothea* interest themselves in his safety or destruction. He has likewise chosen the most proper occasion for a copious description; there is leisure for it. The proposition of the Poem requires him to describe a man of sufferings in the person of *Ulysses*: he therefore no sooner introduces him, but he throws him into the utmost calamities, and describes them largely, to shew at once the greatness of his distress, and his wisdom and patience under it. In what are the sufferings of *Æneas* in *Virgil* comparable to these of *Ulysses*? *Æneas* suffers little personally in comparison of *Ulysses*, his incidents have less variety, and consequently less beauty. *Homer* draws his Images from Nature, but embellishes those Images with the utmost Art, and fruitfulness of invention.

XXXVI.

VERSE 573. *For sacred ev'n to Gods is Misery.*] This expression is bold, yet reconcileable to truth: Heav'n in reality has

has regard to the misery and affliction of good men, and at last delivers them from it. *Res est sacra miser*, as *Dacier* observes; and *Seneca*, in his dissertation on Providence, speaks to this purpose, *Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus!* Misery is not always a punishment, but sometimes a tryal: This is agreeable to true Theology.

XXXVII.

VERSE 578. *Before the wand'rer smooths the watry way.*] Such passages as these are bold, yet beautiful. Poetry animates every thing, and turns Rivers into Gods. But what occasion is there for the intervention of this River-God to smooth the waters, when *Pallas* had already compos'd both the seas and the storms? The words in the original solve the objection, πρόσθε δὲ οἱ ποίησε γαλήνην; or *smooth'd the way before him*, that is, his own current: the actions therefore are different; *Pallas* gives a general calmness to the Sea, the River-God to his own current.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 581. *He drop'd his sinewy arms: his knees no more*
Perform'd their office.]

Eustathius appears to me to give this passage a very forc'd interpretation; he imagines that the Poet, by saying that *Ulysses* bent his knees and arms, spoke philosophically, and intended to express that he contracted his limbs, that had been fatigued with the long extension in swimming, by a voluntary remission; lest they should grow stiff, and lose their natural faculty. But this is an impossibility: How could this be done, when he is speechless, fainting, without pulse and respiration? Undoubtedly *Homer*, as *Dacier* observes, means by the expression of ἔκαμψε γούνατα καὶ χεῖρας, no more than that his limbs fail'd him, or he fainted. If the Action was voluntary, it implies that he intended to refresh them, for γόνυ καμπτειν is generally used in that sense by *Homer*; if involuntarily, it signifies he fainted.

VERSE

XXXIX.

VERSE 630. *As some poor peasant, fated to reside*
Remote from neighbours.]

Homer is very happy in giving dignity to low Images. What can be more unpromising than this comparison, and what more successfully executed? *Ulysses*, in whom remains as it were but a spark of life, the vital heat being extinguish'd by the shipwreck, is very justly compar'd to a brand, that retains only some small remains of fire; the leaves that cover *Ulysses*, are represented by the embers; and the preservation of the fire all night, paints the revival of his spirits by the repose of the night; the expression,

——— Fated to reside
Remote from neighbours,

is not added in vain; it gives, as *Eustathius* further observes, an air of credibility to the allusion, as if it had really been drawn from some particular observation; a person that lives in a desart being oblig'd to such circumstantial cares, where it is impossible to have a supply, for want of neighbours. *Homer* literally calls these remains *the seeds of fire*; *Æschylus* in his *Prometheus* calls a spark of fire πυρὸς πηγην, or *a fountain of fire*; less happily in my judgment, the ideas of fire and water being contradictory.

XL.

The Conclusion.] This book begins with the seventh day, and comprehends the space of twenty five days; the first of which is taken up in the message of *Mercury*, and interview between *Calypso* and *Ulysses*; the four following in the building of the vessel; eighteen before the storm, and two after it. So that one and thirty days are compleated, since the opening of the Poem.

THE

ODYSSEY

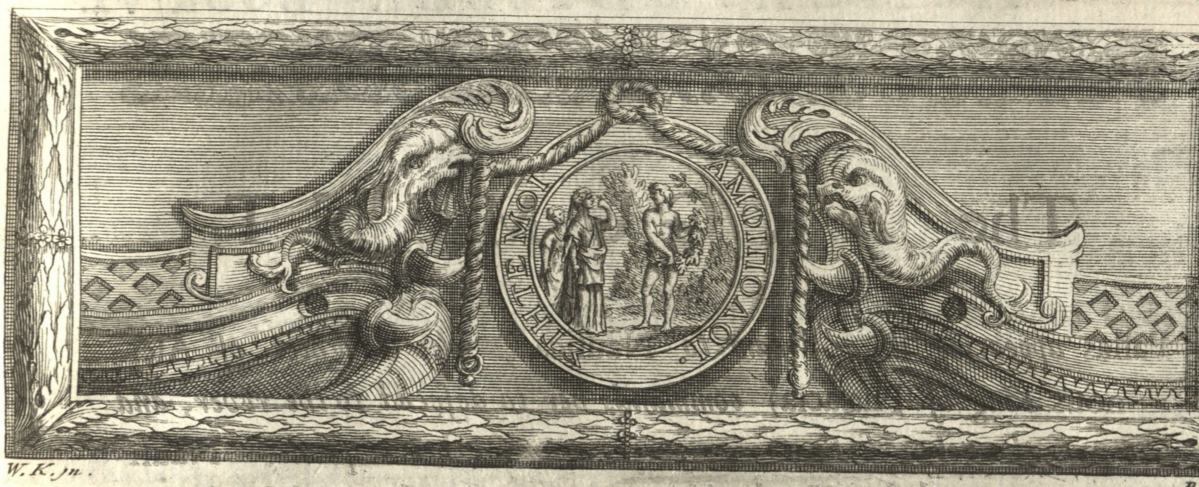
OF HOMER

SIXTH BOOK

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

Pallas *appearing in a dream to* Nauſicaa, *(the daughter of* Alci
nous *King of* Phæacia) *commands her to deſcend to the river, an
waſh the robes of State, in preparation to her nuptials.* Nauſi
caa *goes with her Handmaids to the river; where, while the gar
ments are ſpread on the bank, they divert themſelves in ſports
Their Voices awake* Ulyſſes, *who addreſſing himſelf to the Prin
ceſs, is by her relieved and cloathed, and receives directions i
what manner to apply to the King and Queen of the Iſland.*



THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

WHILE thus the weary Wand'rer ſunk to reſt,
And peaceful ſlumbers calm'd his anxious breaſt;
The martial Maid from heav'n's aereal height
Swift to *Phæacia* wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the ſoft *Phæacian* train
In eaſe poſſeſt the wide *Hyperian* plain;

'Till the *Cyclopean* race in arms aroſe,
A lawleſs nation of gygantic foes:
Then great *Nauſithous* from *Hyperia* far
Thro' ſeas retreating from the ſound of war,
The recreant nation to fair *Scheria* led,
Where never ſcience rear'd her lawrel'd head:
There round his tribes a ſtrength of wall he rais'd,
To heav'n the glitt'ring domes and temples blaz'd;
Juſt to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And ſhar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the ſilent grave the Monarch lay,
And wiſe *Alcinous* held the regal ſway.

To his high palace thro' the fields of air
The Goddeſs ſhot; *Ulyſſes* was her care.
There, as the night in ſilence roll'd away,
A heav'n of charms divine *Nauſicaa* lay:
Thro' the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewleſs air, the warrior Maid
Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;

A fav'rite virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
From *Dymas* ſprung, and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Oh indolent! to waſte thy hours away!
And ſleep'ſt thou, careleſs of the bridal day?
Thy ſpouſal ornament neglected lies;
Ariſe, prepare the bridal train, ariſe!
A juſt applauſe the cares of dreſs impart,
And give ſoft tranſport to a parent's heart.
Haſte, to the limpid ſtream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
Haſte to the ſtream! companion of thy care
Lo I thy ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.
Virgin awake! the marriage hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs ſigh!
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and diſtant rolls the wave
Where their fair veſts *Phæacian* virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth: for pomp becomes the great,
And Majeſty derives a grace from State.

Then

Then to the Palaces of heav'n ſhe ſails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:
The ſeat of Gods, the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm Eternity of eaſe.
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the skies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;
But on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe:
The firmament with living ſplendors glows.
Hither the Goddeſs wing'd th' aereal way,
Thro' heav'n's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her roſy car *Aurora* ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Uproſe the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the viſion of the night.
The Queen ſhe ſought: the Queen her hours beſtow'd
In curious works; the whirling ſpindle glow'd
With crimſon threads, while buſy damſels cull
The ſnowy fleece, or twiſt the purpled wool.
Mean-time *Phæacia*'s peers in council ſate;
From his high dome the King deſcends in ſtate,

Then

Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him paſſing, and ſubmiſſive ſaid;
Will my dread Sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with thy garments ſhall I bend my way
Where thro' the vales the mazy waters ſtray?
A dignity of dreſs adorns the great,
And Kings draw luſtre from the robe of ſtate.
Five ſons thou haſt; three wait the bridal day,
And ſpotleſs robes become the young and gay:
So when with praiſe amid the dance they ſhine,
By theſe my cares adorn'd, that praiſe is mine.
Thus ſhe: but bluſhes ill-reſtrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conſcious Sire the dawning bluſh ſurvey'd,
And ſmiling thus beſpoke the blooming maid.
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.

The blooming virgin with diſpatchful cares
Tunics, and ſtoles, and robes imperial bears.
The Queen, aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines.
The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mold,
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;
Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth skin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins
Shine in her hand: Along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone,
Around, a beavy of bright damſels ſhone.
They ſeek the ciſterns where *Phæacian* dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then æmulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave:

(The

(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand.)
Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil;
And while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play:
(Their ſhining veils unbound.) Along the skies
Toſt, and retoſt, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt; *Nauſicaa* lifts her voice,
And warbling ſweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.
As when o'er *Erymanth Diana* roves,
Or wide *Taygetus'* reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs Queen ſurrounds,
Her ratling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds:
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain brow
They bay the boar, or chaſe the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn, with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately grace;
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the Goddeſs proves;
Exults *Latona* as the virgin moves.

With equal grace *Nauſicaa* trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Mean time (the care and fav'rite of the skies)
Wrapt in embow'ring ſhade, *Ulyſſes* lies,
His woes forgot! But *Pallas* now addreſt
To break the bands of all-compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand *Nauſicaa* threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And ſwam the ſtream: Loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, *Ulyſſes* roſe,
And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes.
Ah me! on what inhoſpitable coaſt,
On what new region is *Ulyſſes* toſt?
Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores?
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan bow'rs?
The fair-hair'd *Dryads* of the ſhady wood,
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood?

Or

Or human voice? but iſſuing from the ſhades
Why ceaſe I ſtrait to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
With forceful ſtrength a branch the Heroe rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage, and concealing ſhades.
As when a Lion in the midnight hours
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wintry ſhow'rs,
Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow,
With living flames his rowling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey;
(The ſteer or ſtag:) or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
No leſs a terror, from the neighb'ring groves
Rough from the toſſing ſurge *Ulyſſes* moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the ſtorms;
The brackiſh ooze his manly grace deforms.

Wide o'er the ſhore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the Nymph: the nymph ſtood fix'd alone,
By *Pallas* arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Mean-time in dubious thought the King awaits,
And ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the pray'r.
But fearful to offend, by wiſdom ſway'd,
At awful diſtance he accoſts the maid.
If from the skies a Goddeſs, or *if* earth
(Imperial Virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, *Dian*, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung,
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,

Bleſt

Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding Princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' harmonious maze.
But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd 'till this bleſt hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze and I adore!
Thus ſeems the Palm with ſtately honours crown'd
By *Phœbus'* altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of *Delos.* (By the *Delian* coaſt
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior hoſt,
But ah how chang'd! from thence my ſorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes!)
Raptur'd I ſtood, and as this hour amaz'd,
With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:
Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.
Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For Miſery, oh Queen, before thee ſtands!

Twice

Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heav'n bad the deep to ſpare! but heav'n my foe
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe!
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms,
Outcaſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms!
Once more I view the face of humankind:
Oh let ſoft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a Veſt ſupply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:
So may the Gods who heav'n and earth controul,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,
On thy ſoft hours their choiceſt bleſſings ſhed,
Bleſt with a husband be thy bridal bed,
Bleſt be thy husband with a blooming race,
And laſting union crown your bliſsful days.
The Gods, when they ſupremely bleſs, beſtow
Firm union on their Favorites below;

Then

Then Envy grieves, with inly-pining Hate;
The good exult, and heav'n is in our ſtate.
To whom the Nymph: O ſtranger ceaſe thy care,
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious ſcales,
And the good ſuffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a ſoul reſign'd, the will of *Jove*;
Who breathes, muſt mourn: thy woes are from above.
But ſince thou tread'ſt our hoſpitable ſhore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To cloath the naked, and thy way to guide —
Know, the *Phæacian* tribes this land divide;
From great *Alcinous*' royal loins I ſpring,
A happy nation, and an happy King.
Then to her maids — Why, why, ye coward train
Theſe fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? diſmiſs that idle dread,
'Tis death with hoſtile ſtep theſe ſhores to tread;
Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;

'Tis

'Tis ours this ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Chear the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By *Jove* the ſtranger and the poor are ſent,
And what to thoſe we give, to *Jove* is lent.
Then food ſupply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving ſhades obſcure the mazy ſtreams.
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the ſecret tyde;
Cloſe by the ſtream a royal dreſs they lay,
A veſt and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay:
Then unguents in a vaſe of gold ſupply,
That breath'd a fragrance thro' the balmy sky.
To them the King. No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye Gods! ſince this worn frame refection knew,
What ſcenes have I ſurvey'd of dreadful view?
But, nymphs, recede! ſage chaſtity denies
To raiſe the bluſh, or pain the modeſt eyes.

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant show'r, he sheds,
Then drest in pomp magnificently treads.
The warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine;
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist to whom *Vulcan* gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By *Pallas* taught, he frames the wond'rous mold,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So *Pallas* his heroic frame improves
With heav'nly bloom, and like a God he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attends his steps: th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murm'ring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.

The wond'ring Nymph his glorious port ſurvey'd,
And to her damſels, with amazement, ſaid.
Not without Care divine the ſtranger treads
This land of joy: his ſteps ſome Godhead leads:
Would *Jove* deſtroy him, ſure he had been driv'n
Far from this realm, the fav'rite Iſle of heav'n:
Late a ſad ſpectacle of woe, he trod
The deſart ſands, and now he looks a God.
Oh heav'n! in my connubial hour decree
This man my ſpouſe, or ſuch a ſpouſe as he!
But haſte, the viands and the bowl provide——
The maids the viand, and the bowl ſupply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirſt aſſwag'd.
Now on return her care *Nauſicaa* bends,
The robes reſumes, the glittering car aſcends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as ſhe preſs'd
The ſplendid ſeat, the liſt'ning chief addreſs'd.
Stranger ariſe! the ſun rolls down the day,
Lo, to the Palace I direct thy way:

Where in high ſtate the nobles of the land
Attend my royal ſire, a radiant band.
But hear, tho' wiſdom in thy ſoul preſides,
Speaks from thy tongue and ev'ry action guides;
Advance at diſtance, while I paſs the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-aſcend — With airy mounds
A ſtrength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides;
Full thro' the narrow mouths deſcend the tides:
The ſpacious baſons arching rocks encloſe,
A ſure defence from every ſtorm that blows.
Cloſe to the bay great *Neptune*'s fane adjoins;
And near, a Forum flank'd with marble ſhines,
Where the bold youth, the num'rous fleets to ſtore,
Shape the broad ſail, or ſmooth the taper oar;
For not the bow they bend, nor boaſt the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
But the tall maſt above the veſſel rear,
Or teach the fluttering ſail to float in air;

They ruſh into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the ſteep ſurge, and thro' the tempeſt fly;
A proud, unpoliſh'd race ----- To me belongs
The care to ſhun the blaſt of ſland'rous tongues;
Leſt malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile cenſure taint my ſpotleſs name.
" What ſtranger this, whom thus *Nauſicaa* leads?
" Heav'ns! with what graceful majeſty he treads?
" Perhaps a native of ſome diſtant ſhore,
" The future conſort of her bridal hour;
" Or rather, ſome deſcendant of the skies;
" Won by her pray'r, th' aereal bridegroom flies.
" Heav'n on that hour its choiceſt influence ſhed,
" That gave a ſov'reign ſpouſe to crown her bed!
" All, all the god-like worthies that adorn
" This realm, ſhe flies: *Phæacia* is her ſcorn.
And juſt the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but ſhuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin as unchaſte I blame,
And the leaſt freedom with the ſex is ſhame,

'Till our conſenting ſires a ſpouſe provide,
And public nuptials juſtify the bride.

But would'ſt thou ſoon review thy native plain?
Attend, and ſpeedy thou ſhalt paſs the main:
Nigh where a grove, with verdant poplars crown'd
To *Pallas* ſacred, ſhades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubling fount diſtills
A lucid lake, and thence deſcends in rills:
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous ſcene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waſte of flow'rs.
Hence lies the town as far, as to the ear
Floats a ſtrong ſhout along the waves of air.
There wait embowr'd, while I aſcend alone
To great *Alcinous* on his royal throne.

Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From ev'ry dome by pomp ſuperior known;

A child may point the way. With earneſt gait
Seek thou the Queen along the rooms of ſtate;
Her royal hand a wond'rous work deſigns,
Around, a circle of bright damſels ſhines,
Part twiſt the threads, and part the wool diſpoſe,
While with the purple orb the ſpindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the *Scherian* pow'rs,
My royal father ſhares the genial hours;
But to the Queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So ſhalt thou view with joy thy natal ſhore,
Tho' mountains riſe between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as ſhe wheel'd
The ſilver ſcourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With skill the virgin guides th'embroider'd rein,
Slow rowls the car before th'attending train.
Now whirling down the heav'ns, the golden day
Shot thro' the weſtern clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the ſacred ſhade
To *Pallas* thus the penſive Heroe pray'd.

Daughter

Daughter of *Jove!* whoſe arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield;
Forſook by thee, in vain I ſought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd maid! accord my vows,
Bid the Great hear, and pitying heal my woes.

This heard *Minerva*, but forbore to fly
(By *Neptune* aw'd) apparent from the sky:
Stern God! who rag'd with vengeance unreſtrain'd,
'Till great *Ulyſſes* hail'd his native land.



W.K. del.

OBSER-