THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.
THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

TE SEQUOR, O GRALE GENTIS DECUS! INQUE TUIS NUNC
FINA PEDUM PONO PRESSIS VESTIGIA SIGNIS;
NON ITA CERTANDI CUPIDUS, QUAM PROPTER AMOREM,
QUOD TE MITARI AVEO,

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES, SELECTED FROM THE EDITION PUBLISHED

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VOLUME I.

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1817.
THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. I.
THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

THE Poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentes King of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his Father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned; then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following. P.
NOTES PRELIMINARY.

WE shall proceed in the same method through the course of these Annotations upon the Odyssey, as those in the Iliad; considering Homer chiefly as a Poet, endeavouring to make his beauties understood, and not to praise without a reason given. It is equally an extreme, on the one hand to think Homer has no human defects; and on the other to dwell so much upon those defects, as to depreciate his beauties. The greater part of Criticks form a general character, from the observation of particular errors, taken in their own oblique or imperfect views; which is as unjust, as to make a judgment of the beauty of a man’s body from the shadow it happens to cast, in such or such a position. To convince the Reader of this intended impartiality, we readily allow the Odyssey to be inferior to the Iliad in many respects. It has not that sublimity of spirit, or that enthusiasm of poetry; but then it must be allowed, if it be less noble, it is more instructive: the other abounds with more Heroism, this with more Morality. The Iliad gives us a draught of Gods and Heroes, of discord, of contentions, and scenes of slaughter; the Odyssey sets before us a scene more amiable; the landscapes of nature, the pleasures of private life, the duties of every station, the hospitality of antient times; a less busy, but more agreeable portrait. The Iliad concludes with the ruin, the Odyssey with the happiness of a nation. Horace was of the same opinion, as is evident from the epistle to Lollius.

“Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et ira,
“Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.
“Rursus, quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
“Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem.”

In a copy of the first edition of the Odyssey, I find the following MS. memorandum:

“Mr. Brome translated of Pope’s Odyssey the following books, viz. ii. vi. viii. xi. xii. xvi. xvii. xxiii.
“Mr. Fenton these, viz. i. iv. xix. xx.

“This account I had from Mr. Brome.

“This paper I had from Mr. Noble.

“Will. Thompson.”
THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSEY.

THE Man, for Wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. For Wisdom's various arts renown'd, Bossu's observations in relation to this Epithet καταφωνος, given to Ulysses, is worth transcribing. The Fable of the Odyssey (says he) is wholly for the conduct and policy of a State: therefore the quality it requires is Wisdom; but this virtue is of too large an extent for the simplicity which a just and precise character requires; it is therefore requisite it should be limited. The great art of Kings is the mystery of Dissimulation. It is well known, that Lewis the Eleventh, for the instruction of his son, reduced all the Latin language to these words only, viz. Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare. It was likewise by this practice that Saul began his reign, when he was first elected, and as yet full of the Spirit of God. The first thing we read of him in holy writ is *, that he made as if he did not hear the words which seditious people spoke against him.

This then is the character which the Greek Poet gives his Ulysses in the Proposition of his Poem, he calls him ἀνδρας ἀντίφωνος.

* Ille vero dissimulabat se audire. Reg. lib. i.
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin’d fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz’d her heaven-built wall,

τρισποντος; to denote this prudent dissimulation, which disguised
him so many ways, and put him upon taking so many shapes.

Without any thing having been mentioned of Circe, who de-
tained him with her a whole year, and who was famous for the
transformation she made of all sorts of persons, the reader finds
him at first with Calypso the daughter of wise Atlas, who bore
up the vast pillars that reached from earth to heaven, and whose
knowledge penetrated into the depths of the unfathomable
Ocean: that is to say, who was ignorant of nothing in Heaven,
Earth or Sea. And as the first product and principal part of
so high, so solid, and so profound a knowledge, was to know
how to conceal one’s self; this wise man called his daughter by
a name that signified a * secret. The Poet makes his Hero,
whom he designed for a Politician, to stay seven whole years
with this Nymph. She taught him so well, that afterwards he
lost no opportunity of putting her lessons in practice: for he
does nothing without a disguise. At his parting from Ogygia
he is cast upon the Isle of Phaeacia: as kind as his reception
was, yet he stays till the night before he went off, ere he would
discover himself. From thence he goes to Ithaca: the first
adventure that happened to him there was with Minerva, the
most prudent among the Deities, as Ulysses was the most pru-
dent among men. She says so expressly in that very passage.
Nor did they fail to disguise themselves. Minerva takes upon
her the shape of a shepherd, and Ulysses tells her he was
obliged to fly from Crete, because he had murdered the son of
King Idomeneus. The Goddess discovers herself first, and
commends him particularly, because these artifices were so easy
and natural to him, that they seemed to be born with him.
Afterwards the Hero under the form of a beggar deceives first
of all Eumaeus, then his son, and last of all his wife and every
body else, till he found an opportunity of punishing his ene-
mies, to whom he discovered not himself till he killed them,
namely on the last night. After his discovering himself in the
palace, he goes the next day to deceive his father, appearing
at first under a borrowed name; before he would give him joy
of his return. Thus he takes upon him all manner of shapes,

* Καλπιζων.
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of Day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah men unbless'd!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the wars of ten long years surviv'd,
and dissembles to the very last. But the Poet joins to this
character a valour and a constancy which render him invinci-
ble in the most daring and desperate adventures.

Ver. 3. *Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd full
Of sacred Troy,*
Whence is it that Ulysses is said to have overthrown Troy?
and not Achilles, who was of more remarkable courage than
Ulysses? Eustathius tells us, that the destruction of Troy ought
to be ascribed chiefly to Ulysses, as he not only took away the
*Palladium,* but was the inventor of the stratagem of the wooden
horse, by which that city was conquered.

Ver. 15. *Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;* It
is necessary for the better understanding of the Poem, to fix
the period of time from which it takes its beginning: Homer,
as Eustathius observes, does not begin with the wanderings of
Ulysses; he steps at once into the latter end of his actions, and
leaves the preceding story to be told by way of narration. Thus
in his *Iliad,* he dates his Poem from the anger of Achilles,
which happened almost at the conclusion of the Trojan war.
From hence Horace drew his observation in his *Arte Poet.*

"Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit."

There are but forty-eight days from the departure of Ulysses
from Calypso, to his discovery in Ithaca; he had been one
And scap'd the perils of the gulfy Main.
Ulysses sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent Queen, and Empire lost.

Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.

At length his Ithaca is given by Fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile Powers restrain,
All but the ruthless Monarch of the Main.

But now the God, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the genial feast.

year with Circe, and seven with Calypso, when the Gods dis-
patched Mercury to that Goddess; from which point of time
we are to date the Odyssey.

Ver. 24.] Rather,

The day predestin'd to conclude his woes. W.

Ver. 27.] Or thus, with greater perspicuity, and faithfulness:

At length their rage the pitying gods restrain. W.

Ver. 28. All but the ruthless Monarch of the Main.] It may
be asked why Neptune is thus enraged against Ulysses? Ho-
er himself tells us, because that Hero had put out the eye
of his son Cyclops. But if we take Neptune by way of alle-
gory for the Ocean, the passage implies, that the sufferings
of Ulysses were chiefly by sea; and therefore poetry, which adds
a grandeur to the meanest circumstance, introduces the God
of it as his greatest enemy. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 30. In Æthiopia, &c.] Strabo in his first book delivers
his opinion, that "the ancient Grecians included all those
people who lived upon the southern Ocean, from east to
west, in the general name of Æthiopians, and that it was
not confined to those only who lay south of Egypt." Ptole-
my says, "that under the Zodiac, from east to west, inhabit
the Æthiopians, black of colour." And elsewhere the same
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys)
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp prefer'd,
Distant he lay; while, in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
The' assembly thus the Sire supreme addrest,
Ægysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted Ghost.

Perverse Mankind! whose wills created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute Decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And Follies are miscall'd the Crimes of Fate.

Geographer divides Æthiopia into the eastern and the western.
These eastern and western Æthiopians were separated by the
Arabian or Ægyptian Gulf; which though never mentioned by
Homer, as Aristarchus remarked, yet it is not probable (says
Strabo) that he should be ignorant of it, it being but a thou-
sand stadia distant from the Mediterranean, when he knew
the Ægyptian Thebes, which was four times as far off. Strab.
Plin. Spondan.

I will not repeat what was observed upon the Gods being
gone to the Æthiopians, in the first book of the Iliad; it is suf-
ficent in general to observe, that the Æthiopians were a peo-
ple very religious towards the Gods, and that they held a
pompous feast twelve days annually to their honour; and in
particular, that the Poet very judiciously makes use of this
solemnity to remove Neptune out of the way, who was the
enemy of Ulysses, that he may with the greater security bring
off his Hero from Calypso's Island. Eustathius

This couplet does not express the genuine sense of the
original. Thus?

A race far sever'd; where the sun ascends
From Ocean's bed, and where his circuit ends.

Ver. 35.] Rather,

Well-pleas'd he lay.
When to his lust Ægysthus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or We, the' adulterous act constrain?
Did Fate, or We, when great Atrides died,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd,
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne.

Ver. 49. *Hermes I sent, &c.*] It would be endless to observe every moral passage in the Odyssey, the whole of it being but one lesson of Morality. But surely it must be a pleasure to the Reader to learn what notions the ancients had of a Deity, from the oldest book extant, except the book of Moses.

Jupiter here declares that he never fails to warn mankind from evil, and that he had sent Mercury for this purpose to Ægysthus. It may be asked what is this Mercury whom Jupiter sends? It is the light of Nature, which Heaven implants in the breast of every man: and which, as Cicero says, is not only more ancient than the world, but co-eval with the Master of the world himself. He writes to this effect: *There was from the beginning such a thing as Reason, a direct emanation from Nature itself, which prompted to good and averted from evil. A Reason which did not then become a law, when it was first reduced to writing, but was so even from the moment it existed; and it existed from ever, of an equal date with the divine Intelligence: it is the true and primordial Law, proper to command and to forbid, it is the Reason of the great Jupiter.*

That Reason of the supreme Being, is here called Mercury; that Reason flowing from God, which is constantly dictating to the most corrupted hearts, *this is good, or this is evil.* Hence arose an ancient Proverb, recorded by Simplicius, *Reason is a Mercury to all men.* Epictetus [lib. iii. Arrian.] says Apollo knew that Laius would not obey his Oracle. Apollo nevertheless did not neglect to prophesy to Laius those evils that threatened him. *The goodness of the Divinity never fails to advertise mankind; that source of truth is ever open and free: but men are ever incredulous, disobedient, and rebellious.* Dacier
Yet impotent of mind, and uncontro'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which Heaven foretold.

Here paus'd the God; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes.
O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth deriv'd to Kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast.
For brave Ulysses, still by Fate opprest.

Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A Goddess guards in her enchanted dome.
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;)

Ver. 63. Amidst an isle, &c.] There was, according to true history, such an island of Calypso, of which Strabo writes; that Solon gives an account of the island Atlantis bordering upon Egypt, and that he went thither to make inquiry, and learned that an island was once there, but by time was vanished. Eustathius.

This is very elegant, but Ogilby is in one respect more accurate:

A sea-girt isle, the navel of the main,
And fair Calypso's blandishments detain.

Ver. 67. Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
The eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.

Atlas is here said to understand all the depths of the sea: but the epithet ἀλκόπετας applied to him, has two different significations. It implies either, one whose thoughts are full of terrible and dismal things, or one who has infinite and unbounded views, and it is doubtful which of them Homer means. To reconcile both, may we not think our Author had heard some-
The eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)

By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his Country's love:
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies.

With what contentment could he close his eyes!

thing of the ancient tradition which makes Atlas the same person with Enoch, and represents him as a great astronomer, who prophesied of the universal deluge, and exhorted mankind to repentance? Therefore he named his son Methuselah, to shew that after his death the waters should overspread the face of the earth. His continual lamentations on this occasion caused him to be called the Weeper; for the world is always an enemy to melancholy predictions. Thus Homer upon the credit of this tradition might very well call Atlas, one whose thoughts ran upon dismal things, or one whose views and cares were vastly extended.

I insist no otherwise upon this, but as a conjecture; yet it is further strengthened by what follows in the next lines: That Atlas sustains those columns, which being fixed upon the earth support the Heavens. This is generally interpreted of his great skill in Astronomy and Geography. But may not the reason be more particular? Since Atlas or Enoch had prophesied of the Deluge, and since that prediction was looked upon as the effect of his skill in Astronomy, might it not be said he knew the abysses of the Sea, and sustained the pillars of Heaven, to express that he knew how the fountains of the deep, and the waters above the Heavens should unite to drown the earth?

As to the image of the pillars of Heaven, it is frequent in the sacred books, and used to express the height of vast mountains. (Pindar calls Ætna the ἐσπαρτὸς νῖος;) and there might probably be something more particular that furnished Homer with this idea; I mean the pillars of Hercules, well known in his time, and neighbouring to the mountain he describes. Dacier. P.
And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?
Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?

Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips unweigh'd!

(Replied the Thunderer to the martial Maid)
Deem not unjustly by my doom opprest
Of human race the wisest and the best.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, to avenge his giant-son,
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light;
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoösa bare (the bright increase
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the sounds and seas:)
Whom Neptune eyed with bloom of beauty blest,
And in his cave the yielding nymph comprist.

For this, the God constrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeless exile from his native home,

Ver. 87.] A portion of the original is omitted here, which may be thus supplied:
Whose hallow'd offerings ever wont to rise
In steams of odorous savour to the skies.

W.

Ver. 88.] There is no resemblance to the language and sentiments of the original in this intervening clause. Thus?
more faithfully:
But still pursues with unrelenting ire
Earth-girding Neptune; he, whom call'd his sire
The god-like Polypheme, of wonderous might,
Whose visual orb the chief bereav'd of light.

W.

Ver. 96.] The sense of Homer is not happily exhibited in this distich; and that which follows is vicious in rhyme, and unpolished in numbers. Thus?
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn;
Let all combine to' achieve his wish’d return:
Neptune aton’d, his wrath shall now refrain,
Or thwart the synod of the Gods in vain.
Father and King ador’d! Minerva cried,
Since all who in the' Olympian bower reside
Now make the wandering Greek their publick care,
Let Hermes to the' * Atlantick isle repair;
Bid him arriv’d in bright Calypso’s court,
The sanction of the' assembled powers report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis’d years,
In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the Suitor-train;
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.

For this, the god preserves him but to roam,
A hopeless exile from his much-lov’d home;
But come, and take we counsel to restore
The wandering hero to his native shore. W.

Ver. 108.] Rather,
The prince, much-suffering, to his native land. W.

Ver. 112. ’Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis’d years, &c.]
The turn of the passage is ingenious and poetical, but not correspondent to the purport of his author, whose intention will be better seen in the following essay:
’Tis mine, ye Powers! to mould his pliant will;
’Tis mine, an active boldness to instill,
That dares the Greeks assemble, and restrain—

* Ogygia.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
That from his realm retards his God-like Sire:
Delivering early to the voice of Fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.

She said: the sandals of celestial mold
Fledg’d with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
The’ aërial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O’er earth and ocean wide prepar’d to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o’erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.

Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Meutes’ form conceal’d from human eyes:
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land)
A glittering spear waved awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac’d, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule survey’d.

On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury) the Suitors sat.
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At chess they vie, to captivate the Queen;

Ver. 122.] This couplet is constructed from the following verse of Homer:

Ver. 141.] Rather, as more expressive of the original,
Spoils of their luxury.

Ver. 142. The whole of this period, except the former clause of
the next verse, is the interpolated explanation of the translator.

Ver. 143. At chess they vie, to captivate the Queen;
Divining of their loves.—]
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,  
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:  
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,  
And form the costly feast with busy care.  
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face  
Glowing celestial sweet, with God-like grace  
Amid the circle shines: but hope and fear  
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.

Now imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd  
In peace and joy the people's rightful Lord;  
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.  
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd,  
The stranger guest the royal youth beheld:

There are great disputes what this game was, at which the Suitors played. Athenæus relates it from Apian the Grammarian, who had it from Cteson a native of Ithaca, that the sport was in this manner. The number of the Suitors being one hundred and eight, they equally divided their men or balls; that is to say, fifty-four on each side; these were placed on the board opposite to each other. Between the two sides was a vacant space, in the midst of which was the main mark, or Queen, the point which all were to aim at. They took their turns by lot; he who took or displaced that mark, got his own in its place; and if by a second man, he again took it, without touching any of the others, he won the game; and it passed as an omen of obtaining his mistress. This principal mark, or Queen, was called by whatever name the gamesters pleased; and the Suitors gave it the name of Penelope.

It is said, this game was invented by Palamedes during the siege of Troy. [Sophocles in Palam.] Eustathius. Spondanus. Dacier.  

Ver. 144.] Our translator involves in general expression the circumstantial specification of his author, who may be thus literally exhibited:

Heralds and active servants on them wait;  
With water some were tempering cups of wine,  
Some wiping tables with the porous sponge,  
Meat others brought, and carv'd in many a dish.
Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonor'd, at a Monarch's gate,
Instant he flew with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.

Stranger! who'er thou art, securely rest,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest:
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare.

Thus affable and mild, the Prince precedes,
And to the dome the unknown Celestial leads.
The spear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' arms, now long disus'd to blood.

He led the Goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state;
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide)
Then drew his seat, familiar, to her side;
Far from the Suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud:

Ver. 157. *Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait*] The reader will lose much of the pleasure of this Poem, if he reads it without the reflection, that he peruses one of the most ancient books in the world; it sets before him persons, places and actions that existed three thousand years ago: here we have an instance of the humanity of those early ages: Tele-machus pays a reverence to this stranger, only because he is a stranger: he attends him in person, and welcomes him with all the openness of ancient hospitality.

Ver. 170.] The latter clause is interpolated; for the purpose, perhaps, of variation from Ogilby, whose lines are these:

There 'gainst a column sets her lance, where *stood* Ulysses' javelins, planted like a wood:

which is only an exaggerated likeness of their author.  

**BOOK I.**  
HOMER's ODYSSEY.  

**VOL. I.**
Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate,  
If haply conscious, of his father's fate.  
The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,  
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;  
With copious water the bright vase supplies  
A silver laver of capacious size:  
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,  
They heap the glittering canisters with bread:  
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,  
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!

Ver. 185, &c. The Feast described.] There is nothing that has drawn more ridicule upon Homer, than the frequent descriptions of his entertainments: it has been judged, that he was more than ordinarily delighted with them, since he omits no opportunity to describe them; nay, his temperance has not been unsuspected, according to that verse of Horace,  

"Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus."  
But we must not condemn without stronger evidence: a man may commend a sumptuous entertainment, or good wines, without being either a drunkard or a glutton. But since there are so many entertainments described in the Poem, it may not be improper to give this some explanation.

They wash before the feast; perhaps, says Eustathius, because they always, at the feast, made libations to the Gods. The ewer was of gold, the vessel from whence the water was poured, of silver, and the cups out of which they drank, were of gold.

A damsels attends Mentes, but heralds wait upon the Suitors: Eustathius observes a decency in this conduct; the Suitors were lewd debauchees, and consequently a woman of modesty would have been an improper attendant upon such a company. Beautiful youths attend the company in quality of cup-bearers.

A matron who has the charge of the household (ταμιτι) brings in the bread and the cold meats, for so Eustathius interprets ἐδιατρόφευε; an officer, whose employ it was to portion out the victuals, brings in the meats that furnished out the rest of the entertainment; and after the feast, a Bard diverts them with vocal and instrumental musick.
Delicious wines the attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the Suitors with voracious haste:
Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxurious then they feast. Observant round
Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:

Ver. 189.] This undignified representation of the Suitors, as a parcel of hungry mice, is unauthorised by his original; which may be exhibited literally thus:
Then came the haughty Suitors, and in rows
Along the thrones and couches took their seats.
Dacier too misconceived the passage, in supposing the entrance of the Suitors to be accidental and unexpected; when it is plain, that a separate entertainment was providing for them also.

Ver. 192] The omission of the translator after this verse may be thus faithfully supplied:
Then bread in baskets brought a female train:
The jovial Suitors ply their hands amain,
And feast luxurious; while, observant, round—

Ver. 197. To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre.] In ancient times, Princes entertained in their families certain learned and wise men, who were both Poets and Philosophers, and not only made it their business to amuse and delight, but to promote wisdom and morality. Ulysses, at his departure for Troy, left one of these with Penelope: and it was usual to consign in this manner, the care of their wives and families to the Poets of those days, as appears from a signal passage in the third book, verse (of the original) 267, &c. To this man Homer gives the name of Phemius; to celebrate one of his friends, who was so called, and who had been his Preceptor (says Eus-
Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains, responsive to the vocal string.
Meanwhile, in whispers to his heavenly guest
His indignation thus the Prince exprest.
Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays.
**His treasur'd stores these Cormorants consume,**
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to wilter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbersome pride's unwieldy weight.
But ah! I dream!—the appointed hour is fled,
And Hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?

**P.**

*tathius.*) I must add one remark, that though he places his master here in no very good company, yet he guards his character from any imputation, by telling us, that he attended the Suitors by compulsion. This is not only a great instance of his gratitude, but also of his tenderness and delicacy.
BOOK I.  HOMER'S ODYSSEY.  21

All who deserv'd his choice, he made his own; And curious much to know, he far was known.

My birth I boast (the blue-ey'd Virgin cries) From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race, Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A duteous people, and industrious isle,
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land, I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd mass, A just proportion of refulgent brass.
Far from your capital my ship abides At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow, Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to re-visit your imperial dome, An old hereditary guest I come: Your father's friend. Laertes can relate Our faith unspot'ted, and its early date;

Ver. 229. The latter clause of this verse, and the three succeeding verses, are spun from four words only of Homer, which may be represented thus:

Of the sea-faring Taphians am I King.  W.

Ver. 234. I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand.] In the country of the Brutians, in the lower part of Italy, was a town called Temese. That Homer here meant this city, and not one of the same name in Cyprus, appears not only because this was famous for works of brass, but because (as Strabo observes) Ithaca lay in the direct way from Taphos to this city of the Brutii; whereas it was considerably out of the way to pass by Ithaca to that of Cyprus.

Ver. 239. ] The words only,

— — — — — — under woody Neion,

are the fabric of this couplet.  W.
Who prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shed prefers,
Where sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.

With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return I came:
But still the frown of some celestial power
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.

Ver. 245. *Laertes's retirement.*] This most beautiful passage of Laertes has not escaped the censure of the Criticks: they say he acts an unmanly part, he forgets that he is a King, and reduces himself unworthily into the condition of a servant. Eustathius gives two reasons for his retirement, which answer those objections; the first is, that he could not endure to see the outrage and insolence of the Suitors; the second, that his grief for Ulysses makes him abandon society, and prefer his vineyard to his court. This is undoubtedly the picture of human nature under affliction; for sorrow loves solitude. Thus it is, as Ducier well observes, that Menedemus in Terence laments his lost son: Menedemus is the picture of Laertes. Nor does it make any difference, that the one is a King, the other a person of private station: Kings are but ennobled humanity, and are liable, as other men, to as great, if not greater sensibility.

Ver. 257. *Among a savage race,* &c.] It is the observation of Eustathius, that what Minerva here delivers bears resemblance to the Oracles, in which part is false, and part true: that Ulysses is detained in an island, is a truth; that he is detained by Barbarians, a falsehood: this is done by the Goddess, that she may be thought to be really a man, as she appears to be; she speaks with the dubiousness of a man, not the certainty of a Goddess;
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd breast,
To me, no Seer, the' inspiring Gods suggest;
"Nor skill'd, nor studious *," with prophetick eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky.
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Tho' adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.

But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.

Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to Troy;
But parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.

To prove a genuine birth (the Prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies;

she raises his expectation by shewing she has an insight into futurity; and to engage his belief she discovers in part the truth to Telemachus. Neither was it necessary or convenient for Telemachus to know the whole truth; for if he had known that Ulysses inhabited a desert, detained by a Goddess, he must of consequence have known of his return, (for he that could certify the one, could certify the other) and so had never gone in search of him; and it would hence have happened, that Homer had been deprived of giving us those graces of poetry which arise from the voyage of Telemachus. Eustathius.

* Milton.

Ver. 275. To prove a genuine birth, &c.] There is an appearance of something very shocking in this speech of Telemachus. It literally runs thus: My mother assures me that I am the son of Ulysses, but I know it not. It seems to reflect upon his mother's chastity, as if he had a doubt of his own legitimacy. This seeming simplicity in Telemachus, says Eustathius, is the effect of a troubled spirit; it is grief that makes him doubt if he can be
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss the great!
Happier the son, whose hoary sire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
   To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine.
Oh true descendent of a scepter'd line!
The Gods, a glorious fate from anguish free
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.

the son of the great, the generous Ulysses; it is no reflection
upon Penelope, and consequently no fault in Telemachus: it is
an undoubted truth that the mother only knows the legitimacy
of the child: thus Euripides,
   "The mother knows the child, the father only believes it."
   Thus also Menander,
   "No man knows assuredly who begot him, we only guess it,
and believe it."
Aristotle in his Rhetorick is also of this opinion.
What I have here said, is literally translated from Eustathius,
and if it edifies the reader I am content. But the meaning of
the passage is this, Mentes asks Telemachus if he be the son of
Ulysses; he replies, "So my mother assures me; but nothing
sure so wretched as I am could proceed from that great man."
But however this may be reconciled to truth, I believe few
ladies would take it as a compliment, if their sons should tell
them there was room to doubt of their legitimacy; there may be
abundance of truth in it, and yet very little decency. P.
The translator has executed this very difficult passage with ex-
traordinary dexterity, and no common elegance. W.
Ver. 287.] This turn mis-states the sense of the original, and
was adopted merely for the convenience of a rhyme. The fol-
lowing couplet has more fidelity, if less elegance:
   Thee not inglorious doom'd the powers of heaven,
   When to Penelope thy birth was given. W.
BOOK I. HOMER's ODYSSEY.

But say, yon' jovial troop so gaily drest,  
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast?  
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,  
Unseemly "flown with insolence and wine*!"  
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy  
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye.

Magnificence of old (the Prince replied)  
Beneath our roof with Virtue could reside;  
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,  
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;  
Who now (so heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,  
Bitter constraint! "erroneous and forlorn *."  
Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,  
Had fallen surrounded with his warlike train;  
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,  
New to his friends' embrace, had breath'd his last!  
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would raise  
Historick marbles, to record his praise;  
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,  
Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.  
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,  
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:  
Vanish'd at once, unheard-of, and unknown!  
And I his heir in misery alone.  
Nor for a dear, lost father only flow  
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe.

* Milton.

Ver. 309. Now snatch'd by harpies, &c.] The meaning of this expression is, that Ulysses had not had the rites of sepulture. This among the ancients was esteemed the greatest of calamities, as it hindered the shades of the deceased from entering into the state of the happy.
To tempt the spouseless Queen with amorous wiles,
Resort the Nobles from the neighbouring isles; 316
From Samos, circled with the' Iönian main,
Dulichium, and Zacyntus' silvan reign:
Even with presumptuous hope her bed to' ascend,
The Lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expence devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.

With tender pity touch'd, the Goddess cried:
Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide,
Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue! 330

Ver. 315. To tempt the spouseless Queen—resort the Nobles.] It is necessary to reconcile the conduct of the Suitors to probability, since it has so great a share in the process of the Odyssey. It may seem incredible that Penelope, who is a Queen, in whom the supreme power is lodged, should not dismiss such unwelcome intruders, especially since many of them were her own subjects: besides it seems an extraordinary way of courtship in them, to ruin the person to whom they make their addresses.

To solve this objection we must consider the nature of the Grecian governments: the chief men of the land had great authority: though the government was monarchical, it was not despotick: Laertes was retired, and disabled with age; Telemachus was yet in his minority: and the fear of any violence either against her own person, or against her son, might deter Penelope from using any endeavours to remove men of such insolence, and such power. Dacier. P.

Ver. 327.] The true force of the original is better seen in Chapman:
This Pallas sigh'd, and answer'd: O (said she)
Absent Ulysses is much mist by thee.
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiating panoply his limbs incased!
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl)
He then from Ephyre, the fair domain
Of Ilus, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measured a length of seas, a toilsome length, in vain.

For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart,
Observant of the Gods, and sternly just,
Ilus refus'd to impart the baneful trust:
With friendly zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd.

Ver. 341. To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;} It is necessary to explain this passage. It seems at first view, as if Ulysses had requested what a good man could not grant. Ilus, says Mentes, denied the poison, because he feared the anger of the Gods; and the poison itself is called by Homer 'Ἀρεφήος, as if it were designed against mankind. Eustathius defends Ulysses variously: he intended, says he, to employ it against beasts only, that infested his country, or in hunting. He assigns another reason, and says that the Poet is preparing the way to give an air of probability to the destruction of the Suitors. He poisons his arrows, that every wound may be mortal: on this account the poison may be called 'Ἀρεφήος; for it is certain in the wars of Troy poisoned arrows were not in use, for many persons who were wounded recovered; so that of necessity they must be reserved for domestic occasions. From what has been said, we may collect the reason why Anchialus granted the poison to Ulysses, and Ilus denied it; Anchialus was the friend of Ulysses, and knew that he would not employ it to any ill purpose: but Ilus, who was a stranger to him, was afraid lest he should abuse it. Eustathius.
Appear'd he now with such heroick port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court,
Soon should yon' boasters cease their haughty strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care resign;
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the Suitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple east,
Convoke the Peerage, and the Gods attest;
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate;
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste Queen connubial rites require,
Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of Jove)

Ver. 352.] Ogilby is more faithful, and, in my opinion, preferable after some castigation:

But hear my sentence, and consider well,
How best thou may'st this haughty tribe expell. W.

Ver. 357.] After this verse the couplet above should be thus inserted, with suitable adjustments of connection:

Their lawless revels with distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the Suitor-crowd:

for the preceding couplet is unauthorised by the original. W.

Ver. 367. Omen'd voice—of Jove.] There is a difficulty in this passage. In any case of enquiry, any words that were heard by accident were called by the Latins, omens; by Homer, the
Book I. Homer's Odyssey.

Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Thro' the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand:
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand;
For young Atrides to the' Achaian coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light, forbear,
'Till the fleet hours restore the circling year.
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night;
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column over the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste Queen select an equal Lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the Suitor-train destroy,
And starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?

voice of Jupiter; and he stiles them so, because it is through
his providence that those words come to our knowledge: νῆς
signifies name or rumour; and the ancients referred all voices or
sounds to Jupiter; and stiled him Ζεὺς πανομφαίος. So that the
voice of Jove implies any words that we hear by chance, from
whence we can draw any thing that gives light to our concerns
or enquiries. Ducier. Eustathius.

Ver. 379.] This and the four succeeding lines are the repre-
sentatives of only the following portion of his author:
A mound construct, the funeral rites perform
With fit profusion; and thy mother wed.

Ver. 387. Hast thou not heard, &c.] It may seem that this
example of Orestes does not come fully up to the purpose in-
tended; there is a wide difference in the circumstances: Orestes
His virgin-sword, Ægysthus’ veins imbru’d;  
The murderer fell, and blood aton’d for blood. 390
O greatly bless’d with every blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth’s your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of fame.—
But my associates now my stay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore,
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counsel of my friend (the youth rejoind’d)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)
Their sage experience to the favourite child.
But, since to part, for sweet refection due,
The genial viands let my train renew:
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
slew an adulterer, and a single person, with an adulteress. The designs of Telemachus are not against one, but many enemies; neither are they adulterers, nor have they slain the father of Telemachus, as is the case of Orestes: nor is Penelope an adulteress. The intent therefore of the Goddess is only to shew what a glorious act it is to defend our parents. Orestes, says Mentes, is everywhere celebrated for honouring his father, and thou shalt obtain equal honour by defending thy mother. P. Ver. 403.] So Milton, Par. Lost, viii. 645.
— — — — — Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest!
But our translator is too concise. The following representation is literal:
Yet stay, though bent on speed; and let the bath
Refresh thy limbs, and food recruit thy heart;
Nor, by some boon ungratified, return:
Some precious, honour’d gift, memorial sweet
Of me; and such as friends to friends may give. W.
Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddess cries,  
Celestial azure brightening in her eyes)  
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:  
From Temesé return'd, your royal court  
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive;  
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.  

A abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;  
Instant invisible to mortal eye.  
Then first he recognis'd the ethereal guest;  
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:  
Heroick thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate:  
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,  
At length, compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng;  
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song:  

His tender theme the charming Lyrist chose  
Minerva's anger and the direful woes  
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,  
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.  
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,  
Reflecting to the Queen the silver sounds.  

With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;  
Their sovereign's step a virgin-train attends:  
A veil of richest texture wrought, she wears,  
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.  
There from the portal, with her mild command  
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand.  

Phemius! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,  
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,

Ver. 419.] The unauthorised interpolations of this passage  
I would venture to abbreviate by the following adjustment:  
He found, with ears erect the suitor-throng  
The theme imbibing of the warbled song;  
The sad return from Troy across the main,  
Impos'd by Pallas on the Grecian train.
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ; 435
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.
But oh! forbear that dear, disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound. 440

Why, dearest object of my duteous love,
(Replied the Prince) will you the Bard reprove?
Oft', Jove's ethereal rays (resistless fire)
The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire;
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the sadly-pleasing strain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain, 450

Ver. 438.] The latter clause is a miserable botch, for the relief of the versifier. Thus?

But oh! that hapless name, for ever dear!
To tears and sadness consecrate, forbear.

Or thus:

That name, for ever sad, for ever dear:
To silent sorrow consecrate, forbear. W.

Ver. 440.] After this verse a distich of his original is passed by, which may thus be rendered:

That man, whose glory Greece and Argos fills,
On my fond memory such regret instills! W.

Ver. 443.] Our translator, treading in the steps of Chapman and Ogilby, most miserably mistakes his author. Correct thus? beginning the line before us, and proceeding to ver. 449.

Let the sweet songster's unrestrained choice
Wake his free lyre, and tune his varied voice.
No bard with woes our teeming measure fills;
Great Jove alone dispenses human ills.
What, if' his theme the woes of Greece display?
Our ravish'd ears approve the novel lay. W.
And in the publick woe forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd Lord, alone.
What Greeks, now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free,
That care to man belongs, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years the Queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires.
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;
'Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus assum'd the man.
Instant (he cried) your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend;
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
Pacifick now prolong the jovial feast;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
I, to the Peers assembled, shall propose
The firm resolve, I here in few disclose.
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your several states with speed resort;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.

Ver. 480.] Homer prescribes the following alteration:
There in alternate banquetings carouse. W.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flock shall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove—
By him and all the' immortal thrones above,
(A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain.

Awed by the Prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.
Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke.
What God to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state!
Those toils (Telemachus serene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, to allure the wise.

Ver. 483.] This representation of the passage is not correct. Rather, thus:
I witness now the eternal powers above,
If chance thy sovereign will, avenging Jove!
Will grant to view each proud oppressor's gore
Shed on this violated mansion's floor.
W.

Ver. 490.] This line is mere interpolation. I should propose the banishment of the whole couplet by an adjustment of the next, as follows:
What God to your untutor'd youth affords
(Antinous cries) this flood of boisterous words?
W.

Ver. 496.] This inelegant elision may be readily removed:
Have charms, with all their weight, to win the wise.
But this couplet of the translation is general, and bears little or no resemblance to the original; the sense and order of which are more correctly exhibited by Chapman, as follows:
Be not offended (he replide) if I
Shall say, I would assume this emperie,
If Jove gave leave. You are not he that sings,
"The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things,"
Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne.
W.
Fast by the throne obsequious Fame resides,
And Wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire:
Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of Night,
Should factious power dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title would precede.
At least, the scepter lost, I still should reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestick train.

To this Eurymachus. To heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted all your filial claim confess:
Your private right should impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But say, that stranger-guest who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage shew,
His grave demeanour, and majestick grace
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:

Ver. 513.] The original runs thus:
Let not that man appear, who dares by force
To wrest thy wealth, while Ithaca has men.

And, through the whole of this book, the translation is very
general in its representation of Homer's sense, with little atten-
tion to the complexion of his language: and in numerous in-
stances has more of a commentary than a version: but betrays,
notwithstanding, in the execution, an uncommon share of tech-
nical ingenuity and the true genius of poetry.

Ver. 517.] Thus, more faithfully to the original:
How swift he past, as shunning to be seen!
No common worth bespoke his noble mien.
Did he some loan of antient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your scepter'd Sire?

Oh son of Polybus! the Prince replies,
No more my Sire will glad these longing eyes:
The Queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with incircling seas.
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name, of old
High in Ulysses' social list inroll'd.

Thus he, tho' conscious of the' ethereal guest,
Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
Meantime the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the star of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable night,
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to rest resort.
A towering structure to the palace join'd;
To this his steps the thoughtful Prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the sage Euryclea bears:

And in Homer this couplet follows the next of the version, and
concludes the speech.

Ver. 540. The sage Euryclea.] Euryclea was a very aged
person; she was bought by Laertes to nurse Ulysses; and in
her old age attends Telemachus: she cost Laertes twenty oxen;
that is, a certain quantity of money which would buy twenty
oxen: or perhaps the form of an ox was stamped upon the
metal, and from thence had its appellation.
The simplicity of these heroick times is remarkable; an old
woman is the only attendant upon the son of a King: she lights
him to his apartment, takes care of his cloathes, and hangs them
up at the side of his bed. Greatness then consisted not in shew,
(Daughter of Ops, the just Piscuor's son,
For twenty bees by great Laertes won;
In rosy prime with charms attractive graced,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet, connubial life.
Solo with Telemachus her service ends,
A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilst to his couch himself the Prince addrest,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest:
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the Goddess gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

but in the mind: this conduct proceeded not from the meanness
of poverty, but from the simplicity of manners. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 555.] If the following alteration be made, perfectly

Secur'd the valves. All night on fleece laid;
the concluding couplet may be spared, as an elegant vision of
the translator's only.

W.

Having now gone through the first book, I shall only ob-
serve to the reader, that the whole of it does not take up the
compass of an intire day: when Minerva appeared to Telemachus,
the Suitors were preparing to sit down to the banquet at
noon; and the business of the first book concludes with the
day. It is true, that the Gods hold a debate before the de-
scent of Minerva, and some small time must be allowed for that
transaction. It is remarkable, that there is not one simile in
this book, except we allow those three words to be one, εφισ
δ' ἐν ἀντὶς μαίνειν; the same observation is true of the first book of
the Iliad. See the notes on that place. P.
THE SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE COUNCIL OF ITHACA.

TELEMACHUS, in the assembly of the Lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the Suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace: appealing to the Princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The Suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the Queen to the Court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two Eagles in the sky, which an Augur expounds to the ruin of the Suitors, Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to enquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses) helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and imbarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the Poem.

The Scene continues in the Palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book opens with the first appearance of Telemachus upon the stage of action. And Bossu observes the great judgment of the Poet, in beginning with the transactions of Ithaca in the absence of Ulysses: by this method he sets the conduct of Telemachus, Penelope, and the Suitors, in a strong point of light; they all have a large share in the story of the Poem, and consequently ought to have distinguishing characters. It is as necessary in Epick Poetry, as it is on the Theatre, to let us immediately into the character of every person whom the Poet introduces: this adds perspicuity to the story, and we immediately grow acquainted with each personage, and interest ourselves in the good or ill fortune that attends them through the whole relation.

Telemachus is now about twenty years of age: in the eleventh book, the Poet tells us, he was an infant in the arms of his mother when Ulysses sailed to Troy; that Hero was absent near twenty years, and from hence we may gather the exact age of Telemachus. He is everywhere described as a person of piety to the Gods, of duty to his parents, and as a lover of his country: he is prudent, temperate, and valiant; and the poet well sets off the importance of this young Hero, by giving him the Goddess of War and Wisdom for his constant attendant.
THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from the inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd falchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd, majestick as a God.
Then by his heralds, restless of delay,
To council calls the peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in solemn form the assembly sat,
From his high dome himself descends in state.

NOTES.

Ver 5.] Thus his author: (but fidelity made the versification
much more difficult, and a hackneyed description was easily
accommodated to the translator's purpose)
A royal robe with graceful pride he wore;
And a sharp sword athwart his shoulders bore.  W.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.

His father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary peers, and aged Wisdom bow'd.
'Twas silence all, at last Ægyptius spoke;
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.

Ver. 13. — In his hand a ponderous javelin shin'd.] The Poet describes Telemachus as if he were marching against an enemy, or going to a council of war, rather than to an assembly of peers in his own country: two reasons are assigned for this conduct; either this was the common usage of princes in those times, or Telemachus might look upon the Suitors as enemies, and consequently go to council in arms as against enemies. Eustathius.

Ver. 14. Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind.] This passage has not escaped the raillery of the Criticks; they look upon it as a mean description of a hero and a prince, to give him a brace of dogs only for his guards or attendants: but such was the simplicity of ancient princes, that except in war they had rarely any attendants or equipage. And we may be confident Homer copies after the custom of the time, unless we can be so absurd as to suppose, he would feign low circumstances unnecessarily, through a want of judgment. P.

Ver. 18.] The latter clause is the translator's interpolation, for the gain of an intolerable rhyme. Thus?

The throne he mounted of his father's sway:
The hoary seniors to the prince gave way. W.

Ver. 20.] The sentiment of the succeeding couplet should not be anticipated. The following attempt is not wide of the original:

The council throng'd in listening silence sate:
At length Ægyptius open'd the debate. W.
His eldest* hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
But, hapless youth! the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
Three sons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires;
The rest with due love his griefs assuage,
And ease the sire of half the cares of age.
Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns;
And as he stood he spoke and wept by turns.

Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian plains,
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
Say then, ye peers! by whose commands we meet?
Why here once more in solemn council sit?
Ye young; ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
Arrives some message of invading foes?
Or say, does high necessity of state
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate?
The present Synod speaks its author wise;
Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies!

He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majestick rose:
(His royal hand the' imperial scepter sway'd)
Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said.

* Antiphus.

Ver. 25.] It were easy to observe more fidelity, as follows:
Of all his comrades last, the Cyclops tore— W.

Ver. 45.] Our translator is too hasty and concise. The following attempt is conformable to the original:
The prince, to speak impatient, takes his stand
In the mid council: (then receiv'd his hand
The sceptre from Pisenor, wise with age)
And thus address Ægyptius, reverend sage:
Old man rever'd! lo here he stands confess
By whom ye meet: such grief o'erwhelms my breast! W.
Reverend old man! lo here confest he stands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No story I unfold of pub lik woe s,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my lost sire continual sorrows spring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more: our house from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your sons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome to the Queen they come;
Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome?
If she must wed, from other hands require
The dowery: is Telemachus her sire?
Yet thro' my court the noise of revel rings,
And wastes the wise frugality of kings.

Ver. 51.] This is wide of the original. Chapman is exact:
Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,
That in my house a double ill endure.

Ver. 55. Yet more: our house, &c.] What Telemachus here
says, has given offence to the Criticks; they think it indecent for
a son to say, that he bears with more regret the disorder of his
family than the loss of his father; yet this objection will vanish,
if we weigh Penelope, Telemachus, and his whole posterity,
against the single person of Ulysses.
But what chiefly takes away this objection is, that Telemachus
was still in hopes of his father's return: for ἀναύσηα does
not imply necessarily his death, but absence: and then both
with justice and decency, Telemachus may say that he grieves
more for the destruction of his family, than for the absence of
Ulysses.

A very inaccurate representation of his author. Thus?
A weightier evil still our house deplors;
Such wasteful riot squanders all our stores.
Unwelcome Suitors to my mother come
Your sons: but dread to seek the' Icarian dome.

W.
Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! unsufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and Vengeance sleeps too long.
Rise then, ye peers! with virtuous anger rise;
Your fame revere, but most the' avenging skies.
By all the deathless powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise)

Ver. 63. Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice.] This passage is ridiculed by the Criticks; they set it in a wrong light, and then grow very pleasant upon it: Telemachus makes a sad outcry because the Suitors eat his sheep, his beeves and fatted goats; and at last falls into tears. The truth is, the riches of Kings and Princes, in those early ages, consisted chiefly in flocks and cattle; thus Æneas and Paris are described as tending their flocks, &c. And Abraham in the Scriptures, as abounding in this kind of wealth.

But it is a sufficient answer to the objections against this passage, to observe, that it is not the expence but the manner of it that Telemachus laments; this he expressly declares by the word μαλακῶς; and surely a sober man may complain against luxury, without being arraigned for meanness; and against profusion, without being condemned for parsimony.

Ver. 66.] More faithfully,
Nor in my father's absence dread a foe.

Ver. 67.] Thus his author, literally exhibited:
Unfit am I for vengeance; all too weak,
All inexpert, my strength betrays my will;
With power responsive soon would vengeance come.

And to this the couplet before us, which is defective in rhyme, and perverse in meaning, is intended to correspond.
Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
For my lost sire, nor add new woe to woe.
If c'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
Or having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,
And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
Then might we hope redress from juster laws,
And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause;
But while your sons commit the unpunish'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too strong.

While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frowned,
And dash'd the imperial scepter to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
Then silent sat—at length Antinous burns
With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns.
O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.
Elusive of the bridal day she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

Ver. 84. Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.] To understand this passage, we must remember, as Eustathius remarks, that Telemachus is pleading his cause before the Ithacensians; them he constitutes the judges of his cause: he therefore prevents an answer which they might make, viz. We are not the men that are guilty of these outrages; Telemachus rejoins, "It were better for me to suffer from your hands; for by your quiescence you make my affairs desperate?" an intimation that they should rise in his defence.

Ver. 99. Elusive of the bridal day, she gives Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.]
Did not the sun, thro' heaven's wide azure roll'd,  
For three long years the royal fraud behold?  
While she, laborious in delusion spread  
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:  
Where as to life the wonderous figures rise.  

Thus spoke the inventive Queen, with artful sighs.  
"Tho' cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,  
"Cease yet a while to urge the bridal hour;  
"Cease, 'till to great Laërtes I bequeath  
"A task of grief, his ornaments of death.  

It will be necessary to vindicate the character of Penelope,  
the heroine of the Poem, from the aspersion of Antinous. It  
must be confest that she has a very hard game to play; she  
neither dares consent, nor deny: if she consents, she injures  
Ulysses, whom she still expects to return; if she denies, she  
endangers the throne, and the life of Telemachus, from the  
violece of the Suitors; so that no other method is left to elude  
their addresses. 

To vindicate her in this place, we must consider who it is  
that speaks: Antinous, an unsuccessful lover: and what he  
blames as a crime, is really her glory; he blames her because  
she does not comply with their desires; and it had been an act  
of guilt to have complied. He himself sufficiently vindicates  
er in the conclusion of his speech, where he extols her above all  
the race of woman-kind: so that the seeming inconsistency of  
Penelope must be imputed to the necessity of her affairs: she is  
artful, but not criminal.  

The original says, she deceived the Suitors by her messages;  
a plain intimation, that she used no extraordinary familiarities  
with her admirers; and through the whole course of the Poem  
she seldom appears in their assemblies.  

Ver. 102.] This royal fraud I suspect to be one of Pope's  
corrections; who lost no occasion of a satirical fling at the reigning family: as I have before remarked.  

Ver. 105.] A playful invention has fabricated this couplet  
from the following words of Homer:  

--- and spake to us apart.  

Ver. 109. Cease, 'till to great Laërtes I bequeath,  
A task of grief; his ornaments of death.]
"Lest when the fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade."

Thus she; at once the generous train complies, Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied; but studious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd; Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds the' amazing tale.
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;
A wonderous monument of female wiles!

But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear;
(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear)
Dismiss the Queen; and if her sire approves,
Let him espouse her to the peer she loves:
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.

It was an ancient custom to dedicate the finest pieces of weaving and embroidery, to honour the funerars of the dead: and these were usually wrought by the nearest relations in their lifetime. Thus in the twenty-second Iliad, Andromache laments that the body of Hector must be exposed to the air, without those ornaments.

Ver. 116.] We are indebted for this beautiful verse to the invention of the translator only. The whole passage is executed with superior taste.

Ver. 125.] This couplet is foreign in it's purport, and unsatisfactory in it's rhymes. Thus?
Lamenting then her frustrated deceit,
Constrain'd she makes the lingering work complete.
Tho' with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wonderous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Tho' Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boasts of fame)
Yet thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree
She shines with fatal excellence, to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
'Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
What tho' from pole to pole resounds her name!
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For 'till she leaves thy court it is decreed
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.

While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
Even Nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades,
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?
How from my father should I vengeance dread!
How would my mother curse my hated head!
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise!

Ver. 145. ] This is less accurate to the original, than the following attempt:
Not one, 'till she the favorite youth shall take,
Of all her Suitors will this house forsake.

Ver. 157. And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise!}
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe. 160
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed,
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all the' immortal host above,
(A sacred oath) if heaven the power supply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die. 170

In the ninth Iliad we are told that the father of Phoenix impre-
cated the Furies against his son.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.

In the same book the Furies hear the curses of Althea upon her
son:
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath,
On her own son to wreak her brother's death.
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the fell fiends who walk the nightly round,

These passages shew the opinion the ancients had of the honour
due from children to parents, to be such, that they believed
there were Furies particularly commissioned to punish those
who failed in that respect, and to fulfil the imprecations made
against them by their offended parents. There is a greatness
in this idea, and it must have had an effect upon the obedience
of the youth. We see Telemachus is full of the sense of it.

Dacier.

Ver. 160.] After this verse, an omission of a sentiment in
the original may be thus supplied:
Never, ye Suitors! never hope from me
(My will is fix'd) this base unkind decree! W.
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind,
Above the assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend:
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full toward the east, and mount into the sky.

The wondering rivals gaze with cares opprest,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
'Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:

Ver. 171, &c. The prodigy of the two eagles. This pro-
digy is ushered in very magnificently, and the verses are lofty
and sonorous. The eagles are Ulysses and Telemachus: by
Jove's command they fly from a mountian's height: this denotes
that the two heroes are inspired by Jupiter, and come from the
country to the destruction of the Suitors: the eagles fly with
wing to wing conjoin'd; this shews, that they act in concert and
unity of councils: at first they float upon the wind: this implies
the calmness and secrecy of the approach of those heroes: at
last they clang their wings, and hovering beat the skies; this shews
the violence of the assault: with ardent eyes the rival train they
threat; this, as the poet himself interprets it, denotes the
approaching fate of the Suitors: then sailing o'er the domes
and towers they fly, Full toward the east; this signifies that the
Suitors alone are not doomed to destruction, but that the men
of Ithaca are involved in danger, as Halitherses interprets it.

Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
See here the natural explication of this prodigy, which is very
ingenious! Eustathius, verbatim. P.
Prescient he view'd the aërial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.
Ye sons (he cried) of Ithaca, give ear;
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.
For lo! my words no fancied woes relate:
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.

When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian shores,
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold.
I see (I cried) his woes, a countless train;
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
Now twice ten years from shore to shore he roams;
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!
To whom Eurymachus: Fly, dotard, fly;
With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go prophesy at home; thy sons advise.
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the skies.
Unnumber'd birds glide thro' the aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.

Ver. 204.] More accurately thus:
See all his comrades o'erwhelm'd beneath the main. W.

Ver. 233. ] The version here is rambling and careless. Let
the reader accept a literal translation, and commensurate to the
original:
We Virtue sue, nor other flames regard,
Such as might else become our rank to wed. W.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below
Ulysses lies: oh wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And interest, not the god, thy voice inspires.
His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
Mislead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou would'rt redress.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
’Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, oh prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, ’till all thy stores in waste decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease;
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.
To whom the youth. Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.

Ver. 239. — All the Greeks have heard my wrongs: It is necessary for the reader to carry in his mind, that this assembly consists not only of the peers, but of the people of Ithaca: for to the people Telemachus here appeals.
Yet this I ask (nor be it ask'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from Oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
'Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty shades; I measure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while abash'd the peers attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:

It is evident, that the place of the assembly was at least open to the air in the upper parts: for otherwise how should the eagles be visible to the Suitors? and so very plainly, as to be discovered to threat them with their eyes? There was no doubt a place set apart for council, usually in the market: for Telemachus is said to seat himself in his father's throne, in the beginning of this book: but Ulysses had been absent twenty years: and therefore it is evident, that his throne had stood in the same place for the space of twenty years. It is past contradiction, that in Athens, and other cities of Greece, there were Βελουτίφια, publick halls for the consultation of affairs. P.

Ver. 253.] The portion that intervenes the speech of Mentor, is the most licentious translation which has yet occurred; and withal grossly misrepresents the original, as Chapman and Dacier had done before. The following effort is plain and faithful:

Thus speaking, he sat down; and next arose
That Mentor, whom renown'd Ulysses chose,
When first for Troy he left his native land,
To rule the household with a friendly hand;
That all should own his delegated sway,
The reverend senior thus began to say,
When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war; he
My friend (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
Years roll'd on years my god-like sire decay,
Guard thou his age, and his behests obey.

Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around,
That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke, he frown'd.
O never, never more! let king be just,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his trust!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share;
Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:
They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,
Ere long shall pay: their forfeit lives the price.
But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain!
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.

While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'st thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, arise!
Yet would your powers in vain our strength oppose;
The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.

Ver. 269.] The rhyme is incorrect. Thus, more faithfully and fully:
For all their deeds of force and rapine, they
A grievous price, their forfeit lives, shall pay:
Ulysses' wealth, insatiate, they destroy,
Nor think him destin'd to return from Troy.
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms,
Tho' to his breast his spouse with transport flies,
Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,
And Halitherses! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the son attend.
But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.

Then, with a rushing sound, the assembly bend,
Diverse their steps: the rival rout ascend
The royal dome; while sad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,
The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd.

O Goddess! who descending from the skies
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wondering eyes,
By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
And seek my sire thro' storms and rolling seas!
Hear from thy heavens above, oh warrior-maid!
Descend once more, propitious to my aid.
Without thy presence, vain is thy command;
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withstand.

Indulgent to his prayer, the Goddess took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke.

O prince, in early youth divinely wise,
Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!
If to the son the father's worth descends,
O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd,
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wise sons descendent of the wise,
And did not heroes from brave heroes rise,
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy soul inspires:
Go, and succeed! the rivals' aims despise;
For never, never, wicked man was wise.
Blind they rejoice, tho' now, even now they fall;
Death hastes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with speed we plough the watery way;
My power shall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged vessel studious I prepare,
Thro' seas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court ascend; and to the shores
(When night advances) bear the naval stores;
Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies.
Meanwhile the mariners by my command
Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band.

Ver. 313.] Thus, with superior fidelity; and more unexceptionable rhymes:
Wert thou not born of parents good and wise,
And did not heroes still from heroes rise,
Vain were my hopes. Few sons in glorious race
Outstrip their sires: most lag with failing pace. W.

Ver. 325.] Or thus, more faithfully:
I, erst thy father's friend, the ship prepare. W.

Ver. 329.] Chapman has preserved the very phrase of his author; and, in my opinion at least, very elegantly:
And miscal, the very marrow of a man. W.
Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides;
The best I chuse to waft thee o'er the tides. 334

She spoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And as he moves, with royal anguish mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawless train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous prest,
And thus deriding, with a smile addrest. 340

Grieve not, oh daring prince! that noble heart;
Ill suits gay youth the stern heroick part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides 345
The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides.

Is this (returns the prince) for mirth a time?
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luscious wines, dishonour'd, lose their taste;
The song is noise, and impious is the feast. 350
Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
The wealth of Kings, and made my youth a prey.

Ver. 334.] Thus, more faithfully:
Ships numerous, new and old, our harbour ride:
The best I chuse to waft us o'er the tide. W.

Ver. 335.] A wretched couplet all together, and too concise for his author. I shall propose the following substitution:
Thus, Jove's unconquer'd daughter, Pallas said:
And now no more Telemachus delayed.
Soon as his ear the heavenly sounds imprest,
He homeward hasten'd with a pensive breast. W.

Ver. 346.] We may thus supply what the translator has omitted of his author, after this verse:
With a choice band of sailors. Go, enquire
In sandy Pylos for thy noble sire. W.

Ver. 349.] The rhymes of this couplet also are incorrect, nor is the couplet authorised by the original.
But now the wise instructions of the sage,
And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,
Teach me to seek redress for all my woe, 355
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I pass the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,
And where on earth I live, I live your foe. 360
He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.
Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feast,
Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,
And each in jovial mood his mate addrest. 365
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyre with poisons fraught, 370
And kills us all in one tremendous draught!
Or who can say (his gamesome mate replies)
But while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his sire, may sink depriv'd of breath,
And punish us unkindly by his death? 375
What mighty labours would he then create,
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,
The royal palace to the Queen convey,
Or him she blesses in the bridal day!

Ver. 362.] Rather, as the original prescribes,
His hand in haste withdrew.  W.
Ver. 378. The royal palace to the Queen convey.] The Sui-
tors allot the palace to Penelope: it being, says Eustathius, the
Meantime the lofty rooms the prince surveys,
Where lay the treasures of the Ithacian race:
Here ruddy brass and gold refulgent blaz’d;
There polish’d chests embroider’d vestures grac’d;
Here jars of oil breath’d forth a rich perfume;
There casks of wine in rows adorn’d the dome.
(Pure flavorful wine, by Gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feasts of heaven.)
Untouch’d they stood, ’till his long labours o’er
The great Ulysses reach’d his native shore.
A double strength of bars secur’d the gates:
Fast by the door the wise Euryclea waits;
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage shar’d,
And watch’d all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince. O thou, whose guardian care
Nurs’d the most wretched King that breathes the air:
only thing that they cannot consume; and adds, that the expression of the Suitors, concerning the labour they should undergo in dividing the substance of Ulysses, shews the wealth and abundance of that hero.

Ver. 394. — — — O thou, whose guardian care
Nurs’d the most wretched King —— ]
Euryclea was not properly the nurse of Telemachus, but of Ulysses; so that she is called so not in the strict sense, but as one concerned in his education from his infancy, and as a general appellation of honour. Telemachus here reserves the best wines for Ulysses; a lesson (observes Eustathius) that even in the smallest matters we ought to pay a deference to our parents. These occasional and seemingly trivial circumstances are not without their use, if not as poetical ornaments, yet as moral instructions.

There is but a faint shadow of the original in this version, which may be literally given, as follows:
Nurse, draw me off some wine in two-ear’d urns,
Sweet wine, best flavour’d next to that you keep,
Your hapless lord expecting, if, perchance
Divine Ulysses comes, escap’d from death.
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand,
'Till great Ulysses views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd,
Next these in worth, and firm those urns be seal'd;
And twice ten measures of the choicest flour
Prepar'd, ere yet descends the evening hour.
For when the favoring shades of night arise,
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes,
Me from our coast shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses thro' the watery way.

While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my son? she cried,
To realms, that rocks and roaring seas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die!
Then stay, my child! storms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain!

Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driven:
Heaven calls me forth; these counsels are of heaven.
But by the powers that hate the perjur'd, swear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,

Twelve vessels fill, and fit them well with lids:
And pour me flour in close-compacted skins.
Twelve measures let there be of flour well-ground;
Plenteous provision, only known to thee.
And this extends to verse 401 of our translator.

Ver. 413.] Thus, accurately:
Your wealth is squander'd, and by fraud you die! W.

Ver. 418.] An omitted verse of his author might have been
well introduced after this, to form a triplet, as follows:
Unless she ask, and of my absence hear.
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray, 420
'Till twice six times descends the lamp of day:
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief destroy what time awhile would spare.

Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Atteststhe'All-seeing Sovereign of the skies. 425
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddess with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size, 430
With speed divine from street to street she flies,
She bids the mariners prepar'd, to stand,
When night descends, embodied on the strand.
Then to Noemon swift she runs, she flies,
And asks a bark: the chief a bark supplies. 435
And now, declining with his sloping wheels,
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.

Ver. 421. 'Till twice six times descends the lamp of day.] It
may be demanded how it was probable, (if possible) that the
departure of Telemachus could be concealed twelve days from
the knowledge of so fond a mother as Penelope? It must be
allowed, that this would not be possible, except in a time of
such great disorder as the Suitors created: Penelope confined
herself almost continually within her own apartment, and very
seldom appeared publicly; so that there is no improbability in
this relation. 
P.

Ver. 435. Noemon—the bark supplies.] It may be asked
why this particularity is necessary, and may it not be thought
that such a little circumstance is insignificant? The answer is,
that a great deal depends upon this particularity; no less than
the discovery of the voyage of Telemachus to the Suitors; and
consequently, whatever the Suitors act in order to intercept him,
takes its rise from this little incident; the fountain is indeed
small, but a large stream of poetry flows from it. 
P.
The Goddess shov'd the vessel from the shores,  
And stow'd within its womb the naval stores.  
Full in the openings of the spacious main  
It rides; and now descends the sailor-train.  

Next, to the court, impatient of delay,  
With rapid step the Goddess urg'd her way:  
There every eye with slumberous chains she bound,  
And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground.  
Drowsy they rose, with heavy fumes opprest,  
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.  

Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,  
Spoke to Telemachus the Martial Maid.  
Lo! on the seas, prepar'd the vessel stands,  
The' impatient mariner thy speed demands.  
Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads;  
The footsteps of the Deity he treads.  
Swift to the shore they move: along the strand  
The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.  

He bids them bring their stores; the' attending train  
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.  

Ver. 444. There every eye with slumberous chains she bound.]  
It may be asked how Minerva can be said to occasion this drowsiness in the Suitors, and make them retire sooner than usual? Eustathius replies, that the person who furnished the wine supplied it in greater quantities than ordinary, through which wine they contracted a drowsiness: in this sense, Minerva, or wisdom, may be said to assist the designs of Telemachus.  

Ver. 456.] Into this couplet the haste and laziness of the translator has huddled seven verses of his author.  
Then spake the blooming vigorous youth divine:  
Be now, dear comrades! our provisions brought;  
All stor'd at home they lie: our purpose yet  
Nor knows my mother; nor her maids, save one.  
He spake, and led the way: they follow'd straight;  
The stores together brought, and in their bark,  
Ulysses' much-lov'd son directing, stow'd.  

W.
The prince and Goddess to the stern ascend;
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow;
The sable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives; the obedient band
With due obedience wait the chief's command;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind. 465
High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating roll the tides. 469
And now they ship their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine:

Ver. 458.] This couplet also condenses twice the compass of his original, who may be thus literally given:
On board he goes: Minerva leads the way,
And at the stern sits down: there by her side
He takes his seat: the sailors loose the ropes,
Scale the ship's sides, and on the benches range. W.

Ver. 469.] This line excepted, the passage is finely executed. I shall propose an alteration, which consults fidelity at the same time:

Swift flies the vessel; roar the purple tides. W.

Ver. 470. — — — — And crown with wine

The holy goblet to the Powers divine.]

This custom of libations was frequent upon all solemn occasions, before meat, before sleep, voyages, journeys, and in all religious rites, sacrifices, &c. They were always made with wine, pure and unmixed, whence ἀμφήος is a word frequent in ancient authors. Sometimes they used mixed wines in sacrifices; but Eustathius says, that this mixture was of wine with wine, and not of wine with water; hence came the distinction of ἀπόστυρχος and ἀστυρχος, the unlawful and lawful libation; wine unmixed was lawful, and mixed unlawful. Homer in this place uses ἀπόστυρχος κρήτημα, or goblets crowned with wine; that is, filled till the wine stood above the brim of the goblet; they esteemed it
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief, the blue-ey'd Progeny of Jove.

Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

an irreverence to the Gods not to fill the cups full, for then only they esteemed the libation whole and perfect, ὀλοι καὶ τίλιοι. P.

This book takes up the space of one day and one night: it opens with the morning; the speeches in the Council, with the preparations for the voyage of Telemachus, are the subject of the day; and the voyage is finished by the next morning. By this last circumstance we may learn that Ithaca was distant from Pylos but one night's voyage, nay something less, there being some time spent after the setting of the sun, in carrying the provisions from the palace to the vessel.
THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming, and Nestor relates what past in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the Suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaüs. The sacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva, and Telemaechus proceeds on his journey to Sparta attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the Sea-shore of Pylos. P.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

The scene is now removed from Ithaca to Pylos, and with it a new vein of poetry is opened: instead of the riots of the Suitors, we are entertained with the wisdom and piety of Nestor. This and the following book are a kind of Supplement to the Iliad; the nature of Epick Poetry requires that something should be left to the imagination of the reader, nor is the picture to be entirely drawn at full length. Homer therefore, to satisfy our curiosity, gives an account of the fortunes of those great men, who made so noble a figure at the siege of Troy. This conduct also shews his art: variety gives life and delight; and it is much more necessary in Epick than in Comick or Tragick Poetry, sometimes to shift the scenes, to diversify and embellish the story. But as on the stage the Poet ought not to step at once from one part of the world to a too remote country, (for this destroys credibility, and the auditor cannot fancy himself this minute here, and the next a thousand miles distant) so in Epick poetry, every removal must be within the degrees of probability. We have here a very easy transition; the Poet carries his hero no farther than he really might sail in the compass of time he allots for his voyage. If he had still dwelt upon the disorders of the Suitors without interruption, he must grow tiresome; but he artfully breaks the thread of their story with beautiful incidents and episodes, and reserves the further recital of their disorders for the end of his Poem: by this method we sit down with fresh appetite to the entertainment, and rise at last not cloyed, but satisfied.
THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODYSEY.

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
Thro' heaven's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the Monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood,

NOTES.
Ver. 2. Thro' heaven's eternal, brazen portals ——] The
original calls heaven ζοι标签ςαλασνο, or brazen; the reason of it
arises either from the palaces of the Gods being built of brass
by Vulcan; or rather the word implies no more than the stabili-
ity of heaven, which in other places is called ζοι标签ςαλασνο or framed
of iron. Eustathius.

Ver. 8. At nine green theatres.] It may be asked why the
Poet is so very particular as to mention that the Pylians were
divided into nine assemblies; and may it not seem a circumstance
of no importance? Eustathius answers from the ancients, that
HOMER's ODYSSEY.

Each held five hundred, (a deputed train)
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They taste the entrails, and the altars load
With smoaking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the power of Wisdom march'd before,
And ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind.

Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We past the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:

there were nine cities subject to the power of Nestor: five in Pylos, the rest in Boeotia; the Poet therefore allots one bank or theatre to every city, which consisted of five hundred men, the whole number amounting to four thousand five hundred: these cities furnished the like compliment of men to Nestor for the war at Troy: he sailed in ninety vessels, and allowing fifty men to each vessel, they amount to that number. Hence it appears that this was a national sacrifice, every city furnished nine bulls, and by consequence the whole nation were partakers of it.

Ver. 11. They taste the entrails.] That is, every person eat a small portion of the sacrifice, and by this method every person became partaker of it.

Ver. 20. A line of interpretation, seasonably inserted by our translator, to render perspicuous the sententious brevity of his author.

Ver. 21. Thus his original:
To learn what fate, what land, thy sire detain:
Or, with still more fidelity:
To learn what lands thy wretched father hide,
What fate befalls, we measur'd ocean's tide.
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies; 25
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.

Oh tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty replied)
How shall I meet, or how accost the Sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age? 30
Awful the' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.

To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoin'd.
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
And others, dictated by heavenly power, 35
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.

She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursu'd the way she led; 40
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sat, encompast with his sons, the Sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace 45
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore the' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sat with youthful Thrasy med. 50
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held a golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then, first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words addrest.
Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep, 55
These rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep
Thee first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
The due libation and the solemn prayer;
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Tho' much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the powers divine;
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!

He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's King she then implores the grace.
Oh thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success.

Ver. 59.] An erroneous conception of the original disfigures this passage, which may be obviated thus:
Then, nor till then, thy friend the sacred wine
May shed; thy younger, and his years like mine.
The words of Homer are perfectly perspicuous, and are clearly apprehended by every translator but Chapman; who was, unfortunately, our Poet's guide on this occasion.
For I suppose, his youth doth prayers use,
Since all men need the Gods.

Ver. 68.] Homer says only,
Hear, earth-containing Neptune!

Ver. 74. Last deign Telemachus and me to bless ——] Since Minerva here mentions the name of Telemachus in her prayer; how comes it to pass, that Nestor is at a loss to know Telemachus? Minerva sat close by Nestor; he must therefore be supposed to hear the prayer; and yet in the following lines he en-
Thus she; and having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims drest
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,

Thus mild, the pleasing conference began.

Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask you, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander thro' the watery way?

Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:

quires who these strangers are? We can scarce imagine Nestor ignorant that the son of Ulysses was named Telemachus, there being so strict a friendship between Nestor and Ulysses. Perhaps therefore Minerva prayed in secret mentally; or perhaps Nestor might not take notice of what was not addrest immediately to him, and consequently make inquiry about it for the greater certainty.

Ver. 76.] Our poet follows Ogilby in omitting a clause of his author, which is quaintly exhibited by Chapman:

Thus praid she: and herセルe, herセルe obaid;
In the' end performing all for which she praid. W.

Ver. 86. Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain, &c.] If we form our images of persons and actions in ancient times, from the images of persons and actions in modern ages, we shall fall into great mistakes: thus in the present passage, if we annex the same idea of piracy, as it was practised three thousand years past, to piracy as it is practised in our ages; what can be a greater affront than this inquiry of Nestor? But, says Eustathius, piracy was formerly not only accounted lawful, but honourable. I doubt not but Thucydides had this passage in view, when he says, that the ancient poets introduce men inquiring of those who frequent the sea, if they be pirates, as a thing no way ignominious. Thucydides tells us in the same place, that all those who lived on the sea-coast, or in the islands, maintained themselves by frequent inroads upon unfor-
Where savage pirates seek thro' seas unknown
Th' lives of others, venturous of their own.
Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies.
Inquir'st thou, Father! from what coast we came?
(Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,
Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
A private sorrow, not a publick cause.
My sire I seek, where-c'er the voice of fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses; fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard-of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, opprest with tender fears,
Lo, at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And oh! whate'er heaven destin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery sooth, nor pity hide.

HOMER's ODYSSEY. BOOK III.

78

Herodotus also writes, that many of

the ancients, especially about Thrace, thought it ignominious
to live by labouring the ground, but to live by piracy and plunder was esteemed a life of honour. Eustathius.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer, and to die.
Oh then, if ever thro' the ten years' war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word;
Far as thy mind thro' backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee.
To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoin'd.
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind!
Shall I the long, laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew!
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we rov'd; Achilus led the way:
What toils by land! where mixt in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my son—ah once my best delight,
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight,
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
A faultless body, and a blameless mind:
Antilochnus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious series of our fate?

Ver. 122.] This triplet is swollen from one line of Homer:
Now think on this, and all the truth unfold. W.

Ver. 135.] To avoid this imperfection of rhyme, and to keep
closer to the compass of the original, which stands as follows:
There my Antilochnus, both brave and good;
Most dear! undaunted warrior, swift of foot:
I could wish to see the translation confined to a couplet. Thus?
There brave Antilochnus, my best delight:
All virtuous! swift to run, and bold to fight. W.
Not added years on years my task could close,
The long historian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that detested shore,
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, 'till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
Thy sire and I were one; nor varied aught
In publick sentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or the' assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd,
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn the' event, confounding human pride:

Ver. 157. *The council or the assembly.*] There is a remarkable difference between βουλή and ἀγορὰ. The former denotes a select number of men assembled in council, the latter a publick assembly where all the people were present. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 158.] The original is already sufficiently dilated: otherwise, a neglected, but important, sentiment, might be introduced thus:

Greek joy'd our schemes in harmony to share:
The public interest was our only care:

Or thus:

There, anxious only for the public good,
Harmonious counsellors of Greece we stood.
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just)
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Sterne daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate,
Who call'd to council all the Achaian state;
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observe'd, nor heedful of the setting light).

Ver. 163.] This comparison of the dust was interpolated by
the translator, not willing to encounter the trouble of devising
a different turn for the verse, from an obvious reason. And the
sentiment too, as far as it was authorized by his author, had
been given in verse 161. Thus? with fidelity:

*On numbers, Fate with swift perdition flies:*
Not all were righteous, and not all were wise. W.

Ver. 165. Sent by Pallas — — — Nestor in modesty conceals
the reason of the anger of the Goddess; out of respect to Ajax
the Locrian, who was then dead: the crime of Ajax was the
violation of Cassandra even in the temple of Minerva before her
image. But why should the Goddess be angry at others for the
crime of Ajax? This is because they omitted to punish the
offender. If Ajax was criminal in offending, others are criminal
for not punishing the offence. Eustathius.

Ver. 168, &c. Who call'd to council — — —
But call'd untimely, &c.]
It may seem at first view, that the Poet affirms the night to be an
improper season to convene a council. This is not his meaning:
in the Iliad, there are several councils by night; nay, *νυκτί*
*βαλεν* is used proverbially to express the best concerted councils.
What therefore Nestor here condemns is the calling not a select,
but a publick assembly of the soldiers in the night, when they
are in no danger of an enemy, and when they are apt to fly into
insolence through wine, and the joy of victory. The night is
then undoubtedly an ill chosen season: because the licence of
the soldier cannot be so well restrained by night as by day.
Eustathius.

Ver. 169.] Where our Poet found his commentary I have
not discovered from the books before me; but the following line
of his author is represented by these three verses:

Rash, in disorder, at the setting sun. W.
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
Not so the King of men: he will'd to stay;
The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh blind to fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
'Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now different counsels every breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side.
The unquiet night strange projects entertain'd;
(So Jove, that urged us to our fate, ordain'd.)
We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our stores a-board;
But half the people with respect obey'd
The King of men, and at his bidding stay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our course we keep,
(For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep)
For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the powers:
To bless our safe return we join in prayer,
But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new discord. Then, (so heaven decreed)
Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:
Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
He there, tho' late, to please the monarch, stay'd.

Ver. 195.] Ogilby, who fully expresses the true sense of his author, will serve to point out the deviation and interpolation of our Poet in the following period.
Ulysses' squadron on our general's score
Sail'd back, and anchor'd where they rode before.
BOOK III. HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste:
And Menelaüs came, but came the last.
He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road) beside the Psyrion isle;
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plow,
And anchor under Mimas' shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the power divine;
The God propitious gave the guiding sign:
Thro' the mid seas he bid our navy steer,
And in Euboea shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all the labours o'er
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore:
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The God still breathing on my swelling sails;
Separate from all, I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.

Ver. 216.] More properly, I think,
And reach Gerestus ere the dawn of day.

W.

Ver. 218.] Accurately to the original, thus:
Our run reward through such a length of main:
But more poetically as follows, nor with less fidelity:
We numerous thighs of bulls to Neptune gave,
Our kind conductor through the spacious wave.

W.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sat,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.

Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely crost the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,

Ver. 229. *Achilles' warlike son.*] The son of Achilles was named Neoptolemus, by others Pyrrhus; his story is this: when he had reached Thessaly with the Myrmidons of Achilles, by the advice of Thetis he set fire to his vessels; and being warned by Helenus, from the oracles, to fix his habitation where he found a house whose foundations were iron, whose walls were wood, and whose roof was wool: he took his journey on foot, and coming to a certain lake of Epirus, he found some persons fixing their spears with the point downwards into the earth, and covering the tops of them with their cloaks, and after this manner making their tents: he looked upon the oracle as fulfilled, and dwelt there. Afterwards having a son by Andromache, the wife of Hector, he named him Molossus, from whom the region took the name of Molossia. From this country are the Molossi canes, mentioned by Virgil. *Eustathius.*

Ver. 234.] Though the sound be the same, a word similarly written seems preferable, thus:

How brought our general back his Argive host—
But our translator has executed the remainder of this speech with but little attention to his author. The reader must accept a plain translation, as nearly commensurate, as our poetry will admit, to the original.

Ye hear, tho' distant, how Atrides sped:
Our king return'd, by fell Ægysthus bled.
The crafty murderer soon the forfeit paid,
And dyed with blood the son's avenging blade.
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath,
What lands so distant from that scene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and heard, admire
How well the son appeas'd his slaughter'd sire!
Even to the' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
Heaven gives posterity, to' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægysthus; and may'st thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And he what brave Orestes was before!

The prudent youth replied. O thou the grace
And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
Shall long posterity resound the praise.
Some God this arm with equal prowess bless!
And the proud Suitors shall its force confess:
Injurious men! who while my soul is sore
Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
But heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor shall my father repossess the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn!

Thus he; and Nestor took the word: My son,
Is it then true, as distant rumours run,

Bless'd goes that father to the Stygian coast,
Who leaves a child to soothe his murder'd ghost!
Thou too, my friend! assert a warrior's name:
Thy form and stature promise future fame.

Ver. 254.} To these four verses corresponds the following portion of his author:

But nor for me the Gods such bliss have woven,
Nor for my sire: dull patience is my lot!

Thus? more faithfully and concisely:

But for my sire no favouring Gods appear,
Nor me; still doom'd to suffer, and forbear!
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, thro' tame submission, thine?
Or leagued against thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by some Oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for the' afflicted state;
When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy son, will, as the father, aid,
(Whose fame and safety was her constant care
In every danger and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd and divine,
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire)  
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.
Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)
Can touch my breast; that blessing heaven denies.
Even by celestial favour were it given,
Fortune or Fate would cross the will of heaven.

Ver. 264. Mov'd by some Oracle, or voice divine?] The words in the original are, following the voice of some God, that is, some oracle. Homer does not confine the expression either to a good or bad sense, but the context plainly shews, that they must be understood in a bad sense; namely, to imply, that the people had recourse to pretended Oracles to justify their rebellion. This is evident from what follows, where Nestor encourages Telemachus to expect that Ulysses may punish them for their crimes, ἄτοβίζατι ἂνβο— if there had been no crime, there ought to be no punishment.

P.

Ver. 282. Fortune or Fate would cross the will of heaven.] It may be asked how an expression so near blasphemy, as Eus-
What words are these, and what imprudence thine!
(Thus interpos'd the martial maid divine)
Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With ease can save the object of his love;
Wide as his will, extends his boundless grace;
Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who many sorrows past,
Long labouring gains his natal shore at last,
Than who too speedy, hastes to end his life
By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miss,
And all is possible to heaven, but this.
The best, the dearest favourite of the sky
Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.

Tathius observes, could escape a person of such piety as Telemachus? It is true, the Poet makes Minerva herself correct it but yet the objection remains, viz. how could Telemachus speak it? I think since the Poet himself condemns it, we may give it up as an indecency in Telemachus: it is natural for men in despair (and that was the condition of Telemachus) to use a vehemence of expression, and this might transport Telemachus beyond the bounds of prudence. The only possible way that occurs to me to take off the impiety, is to have recourse to destiny: it was the opinion of the antients, that the Gods could not alter destiny: and then Telemachus may mean no more, than that it was decreed by the destinies that Ulysses should return no more, so the Gods themselves could not restore him. P.

Ver. 291.] Thus, more faithfully and explicitly:

Than end at home, like Atreus' son, his life,
By some false ruffian, or adulterous wife.

Ver. 294. And all is possible to heaven, but this.] What Minerva here says justifies the remark I made, that what Telemachus seemed to have spoken rashly, may be softened, if not vindicated, by having recourse to destiny: it is evident from this passage, that destiny was superior to the power of the Gods: otherwise Minerva speaks as blasphemously as Telemachus: for what difference is there between saying, that the Gods cannot
Thus check'd, replied Ulysses' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more must draw his country's breath,
Already snatch'd by Fate, and the black doom of
death!

Pass we to other subjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable sage:
(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and thro' three ages shin'd,
Like Gods majestick, and like Gods in mind.)

For much he knows, and just conclusions draws
From various precedents, and various laws.

preserve even those they love from death, and saying that the
Gods could not save Ulysses? Why therefore may not the
words of Telemachus be thought to have a respect to destiny?

I am of opinion, that the Poet had something further in view
by putting these words into the mouth of Minerva: the words of
Telemachus, if taken grossly, might appear shocking to so pious
a person as Nestor, and make an ill impression upon him to the
disadvantage of Telemachus; Minerva therefore artfully ex-
plains it, and softens the horror of it by reconciling it to the
theology of those ages.

Ver. 303. *Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, ——*]
The Poet here tells us that Nestor was now in his fourth gen-
eration: Ovid took the word γενος to signify an hundred years;
but then Nestor must have been above three hundred years old.
Others with more probability understand it to signify a genera-
tion, or such a portion of time in which any race of men flouris-
together, which is computed to be about thirty years. I refer
the reader to the Note of the 333d verse of the first book of the
Iliad, for the particular age of Nestor. According to that com-
putation, he must now be about ninety-five years of age.

Ver. 306.] His author says only,

In laws and prudence eminently wise:

but our translator seems to have recollected at the time a well-
O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon fell?
By what strange fraud Ægysthus wrought, relate,
(By force he could not) such a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
Or sure Ægysthus had not dar'd the deed.

To whom the full of days. Illustrious youth,
Attend (tho' partly thou hast guest) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground,
Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,
Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies,
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
(Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
With flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
At first with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit denied.

known couplet by Creech, if my memory fail me not, in his Lucretius:

Which from firm premises just reason draws,
And a deep insight into nature's laws.

Ver. 323.] Our translator should have closely expressed his model:

And dogs had torn him on the distant plain.

Ver. 324.] More accurately, thus:
Whilst us continual toils of war employ'd.

Ver. 330.] Or thus? with more fidelity and conciseness,
and rhymes unexceptionable:
For virtue's image yet possest her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.

True to his charge, the Bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits; such the power of Song.
But when the Gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate,
The Bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:

At first, protected by ingenuous shame,
His lawless suit reject's the royal dame.
For virtue's image yet possest her soul
By stains of vice unsullied: such controul
Still o'er his charge maintain'd the virtuous bard
Atrides left her chastity to guard.

Ver. 333. Taught by a master of the tuneful kind.] Homer
through the whole Odyssey speaks much in honour of the art
which he himself loved, and in which he so eminently excelled:
from these and other passages we may learn the state of poetry
in those ages: "Poets (says Eustathius) were ranked in the
"class of Philosophers; and the ancients made use of them as
"preceptors in musick and morality:" Strabo quotes this very
passage as an instance of the excellence of poetry in forming
the soul to worthy actions: Ægysthus could not debauch Cly-
tennestra, until he banished the Poet who was her guide and
instructor.

There were many degrees of these ἀοιδοί; some were ἀοιδοὶ
Sφίνων, others ἀοιδοὶ ψιλῆ γὰρ; but such bards as are here men-
tioned were of an higher station, and retained as instructors by
kings and princes.

Ver. 340.] Thus correct the versification and the ambiguity:
The bard he banisht from his native land,
Left helpless on an island's desert strand.
And the reader will excuse in a professor of the tuneful art this
excursion in celebration of a predecessor: otherwise, this sub-
ject of the minstrel is dispatched in two verses of Homer, thus
faithfully exhibited:

He to a desert isle the bard convey'd,
And left, a prey to prowling vultures made.
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.

Even to the temple stalk'd the adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, thro' the curling sea.

But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd;
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil)
While yet he exercis'd the steersman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Even with the rudder in his hand, he fell.

To pay whose honours to the shades of hell
We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:

Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies,
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet;

Part, the storm urges on the coast of Crete,

Ver. 359. Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart.] Homer calls the darts of Apollo ὁγαίνα, or gentle; to signify that those who die thus suddenly, die without pain. Eustathius. P.
Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The streams of Jardan issue to the main.
There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
And views Gortyna on the western side;
On this rough Auster drove the impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstan shores,
With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
Far from their fellows, on the Ægyptian coast.
There wander'd Menelaüs thro' foreign shores,
Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores;
While curst Ægysthus the detested deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.

Ver. 383. —— On the Ægyptian coast.] In the original it is, The wind and water carried them to Ægyptus. Homer by Ægyptus means the river Nile, and then it is always used in the masculine gender; the region about it took its name from the river Ægyptus, this is always used in the feminine gender; but the country had not received that name in the days of Homer. Eustathius.

What Dacier adds to this observation, may assist in determining the dispute concerning the priority of Homer and Hesiod: Hesiod makes mention of the river Nilus; if therefore it be true that Ægyptus had not been called by the name of Nilus in the times of Homer, it is a demonstration that Hesiod was posterior to Homer; otherwise he could not have been acquainted with any other name but that of Ægyptus.

Ver. 386.] Better rhymes and more fidelity may easily be effected:

Then curst Ægysthus plann'd the direful deeds;
At home supplanted, his great brother bleeds.
Seven years, the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,  
And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;  
The eighth, from Athens to his realm restor'd,  
Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,  
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame  
The vile assassin, and adulterous dame.  
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease;  
Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece,  
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,  
With gifts of price and ponderous treasure fraught.  
Hence warn'd, my son beware! nor idly stand  
Too long a stranger to thy native land;  
Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,  
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;  
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;  
And thou return, with disappointed toil,  
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.  
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,  
And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.  
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,  
And many languag'd nations has survey'd;  

Ver. 402.] For the sake of fidelity, I should propose some  
alteration of this verse, as follows,  
*These plunderers all thy stores may share and spoil:*  
and omit the concluding verse of the triplet as wholly superfluous, and impaired by a vicious rhyme.  

Ver. 407.] Our translator, to waive particular exceptions,  
has given a very inaccurate representation of this passage in  
general. I shall submit a plain literal version to the candour of  
the reader:  

He from those distant nations lately came,  
Where no sad exile's fondest heart could frame  
One hope of safety, if the storms had cast  
On that drear ocean's bosom, deep and vast!
And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships,
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly)
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
The ship and sailors but for orders stay;
Or if by land thou chuse thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And sure he will: for Menelaüs is wise.

No bird, while Phæbus wheels his annual round,
Could stretch it's pinions o'er the dire profound.  W.

Ver. 411.  A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly.]

It must be confess, that Homer greatly exaggerates this description: Homer himself tells us, that a ship may sail in five days from Crete to Egypt; wherefore then this hyperbole of Nestor? It might perhaps be to deter Telemachus from a design of sailing to Crete, and he through his inexperience might believe the description. It may be added, that what Nestor speaks concerning the flight of birds, may be only said to shew the great distance of that sea: nay, by a favourable interpretation it may be reconciled to truth; the meaning then must be this: should a person observe that sea a whole year, he would not see one bird flying over it, both because of the vastness and dreadfulness of it; and perhaps the whole of this might arise from the observation, that this sea is not frequented by birds. This is wholly and almost literally taken from Eustathius; and if we add to this the ignorance of the sea and sea-affairs in those ages, we shall the less wonder to hear so wise a man as Nestor describing it with so much terror. Navigation is now greatly improved, and the moderns sail further in a month, than the ancients could in a year; their whole art consisting chiefly in coasting along the shores, and consequently they made but little way.
Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
And twilight grey her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd maid: O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.

Ver. 425. _Now immolate the tongues_ — Various are the reasons which Eustathius reports concerning this oblation of the tongues at the conclusion of the sacrifice. It was to purge themselves from any evil words they might have uttered; or because the tongue was reckoned the best part of the sacrifice, and so reserved for the completion of it; or they offered the tongue to the Gods, as witnesses to what they had spoken. I omit the rest as superfluous. They had a custom of offering the tongues to Mercury, because they believed him the giver of eloquence. P.

Ver. 429. _Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,
Timeless, indecent, &c._

Eustathius shews the difference between ἐσφαλμαῖα, festivals, and _σοφαλμαῖα_, or sacrifices: in the former it was customary to spend the whole night in wine and rejoicing: in the latter, this was reckoned an unlawful custom, through the fear of falling into any indecencies through wine. He likewise gives another reason of this injunction, by telling us that it was the custom to offer sacrifices to the celestial powers in the day, and even to finish them about the setting of the sun; and that those who dealt in incantations performed their sacrifices to the infernal powers by night, and finished them before sun-rising. Either of these reasons sufficiently explains the words of the Goddess; and the former carries in it an excellent moral, that particular care should be taken in our acts of devotion, not to turn religion into impiety. P.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows;
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and the Athenian maid
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:
But this the hospitable sage denied.
Forbid it, Jove! and all the Gods! he cried,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom heaven denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway,
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their sire,

Ver. 450. *When beds of royal state invite your stay?*] This passage gives us a full insight into the manners of these hospitable ages; they not only kept a treasury for bowls or vases of gold or silver, to give as δώρα, or gifts of hospitality, but also a wardrobe of various habits and rich furniture, to lodge and bestow upon strangers. Eustathius relates, that Tellias of Agrigentum was a person of so great hospitality, that five hundred horsemen coming to his house in the winter season, he entertained them, and gave every man a cloak and a tunick. This laudable custom prevailed, and still prevails, in the eastern countries: it was the practice of Abraham of old, and is at this day of the Turks, as we may learn from their caravanseras, erected for the reception of travellers.

Ver. 452. ] His original prescribes,

Or sons remain to imitate their sire.
BOOK III. HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

Here shall the wandering stranger find his home;
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.

Well hast thou spoke (the blue-eyed maid replies)
Belov’d old man! benevolent, as wise.

Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey’d,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade;
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship, to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions and confirm the crew.

For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince’s love.

There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.

Ver. 468. I go to challenge from the Caucons. The Poet makes a double use of these words of the Goddess: she gives an air of probability to her excuse, why she should not be pressed to stay; and at the same time Homer avoids the absurdity of introducing that Goddess at Sparta; Menelaüs and Helen are celebrating the nuptials of their son and daughter: Minerva is a virgin deity, and consequently an enemy to all nuptial ceremonies. Eustathius.

But it may be necessary to observe who these Caucons are: we find in the tenth book of the Iliad, the Caucons mentioned as auxiliaries to Troy: there Dolon says,

The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges encamp along the coast.

Are these Caucons the same with those here mentioned? Eustathius informs us, that there was a people of Triphyly, between Elis and Pylos, named Caucons: but Strabo says, that the whole race is now extinct, and that these here mentioned are of Dymæa, and take their name from the river Caucon: whereas those in

VOL. I.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care, 470
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way.

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle thro' the liquid skies.

Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fixt, and still amaze.

But chief the reverend sage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke.

Oh happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,

Distinguish'd care of guardian deities!

the Iliad are Paphlagonians: they were a wandering nation, and consequently might be the same people originally, and retain the same name in different countries.

Ver. 478. But chief the reverend sage admir'd— It may be asked why Nestor is in such a surprise at the discovery of the Goddess: it is evident from the Iliad, that he had been no stranger to such intercourses of the deities; nay, in this very book Nestor tells us, that Ulysses enjoyed almost the constant presence of Minerva; insomuch that Sophocles, the great imitator of Homer, relates, that he knew the Goddess by her voice, without seeing her. Eustathius answers, that the wonder of Nestor arose not from the discovery of that deity, but that she should accompany so young a person as Telemachus: after her departure, the old man stood amazed, and looked upon that hero as some very extraordinary person, whom in such early years the Goddess of War and Wisdom had vouchsafed to attend. This interpretation agrees perfectly with what Nestor speaks to Telemachus.

Ver. 481. Distinguish'd care of guardian deities! I will take this opportunity to obviate an objection that may be made against all interposition of the Gods in assisting the heroes of the Odyssey: it has been thought by some Criticks a disparagement to them to stand in continual need of such supernatural succour: if two persons were engaged in combat, and a third person should immediately step in to the assistance of one of the parties, and
BOOK III.  HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.

kill the adversary, would it not reflect upon the valour of his friend who was so weak as to want such assistance? Why, for instance, should Jupiter help Æneas to kill Turnus? Was not he brave enough to fight, and strong enough to conquer his enemy by his own prowess? and would not Turnus have killed Æneas with the same assistance? It is therefore a disparagement to the actors, thus continually to supply the defects of a hero by the power of a Deity.

But this is a false way of arguing, and from hence it might be inferred, that the love and favour of a Deity serves only to make those whom he assists, and those who depend upon such assistance, appear weak, impotent, cowardly, and unworthy to be conquerors. Can any doubt arise whether the love and favour of a God be a disparagement or honour to those whom he favours? According to these Criticks, we should find the character of a perfect hero in an impious Mezentius, who acknowledges no God but his own arm and his own sword: it is true, the objection would be just, if the hero himself performed nothing of the action; or if when he were almost conquered by the superior valour of his enemy, he owed his life and victory to Gods and miracles: but the hero always behaves himself in all his actions, as if he were to gain success without the assistance of the Deity; and the presence of the Gods is so ordered, that we may retract every thing that is miraculous, without making any alteration in the action or character of the human personages. Thus in the instance of Æneas and Turnus, though Jupiter favours Æneas, yet Æneas is painted in stronger colours of fortitude: he appears superior, as a man unassisted, and able to conquer Turnus; and consequently the favour of Jupiter makes no alteration in the action or character of Æneas.

There is likewise a wide difference between the assistance of a man and of a God: the actions of men belong only to the performers of those actions; but when a Deity assists us by inspiring us with strength and courage, the actions we perform are really our own, and the more he favours us, the more glory he gives us: so that the assistance of man eclipses, but the assistance of a God exalts, our glory. Thus, for instance, when Achilles is pursuing Hector, he charges the Greeks to keep off from Hector;
For lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
Confest is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submissive thus the hoary sire preferr'd
His holy vow: the favouring Goddess heard.
Then, slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long procession) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His sons and grandsons the wide circle grac'd.
To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine,
(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy-bright.)
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.

their assistance might lesson his glory; but when Pallas offers her assistance, he immediately embraces it as an honour, and boasts of it as such to Hector. I have been large upon this objection, because the reader ought to carry it in his memory through the whole poem, and apply it to every action, in which any share is ascribed to any Deity. See Bossu more at large concerning this objection.

Ver. 493. Better, perhaps, as attempting to represent the specific expressions of the Greek poet, thus:

With ample forehead grac'd; whose sprouting horns
A radiant ring of ductile gold adorns.

W.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous colonnade;
Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread,
(In age his equal) on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely clos'd,
The reverend Nestor and his queen repos'd.

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn,
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sat
On polish'd stone before his palace gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Neleus sat, a rustick throne;
But he descending to the infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the scepter sway'd.

Ver. 518. — — — — And sat
On polish'd stone before his palace gate.]

We have here an ancient custom recorded by the poet; a
King places himself before the gate of his palace upon a seat
of marble, worn smooth by long use, says Eustathius, or per-
haps smoothed exquisitely by the hand of the workman.
What I would chiefly observe is, that they placed themselves
thus in publick for the dispatch of justice: we read in the
scripture of judges sitting in the gate: and that this procedura
of Nestor was for that purpose, is probable from the expression,
He sat in the seat where Neleus [μητος, or Consiliarius,] used to sit, (which seems to express his wisdom in the discharge of jus-
tice.) Nestor is also described as bearing his scepter in his
hand, which was never used but upon some act of regality, in
the dispatch of justice, or other solemn occasions. Perhaps,
says Dacier, these seats or thrones might be consecrated with
oil, to draw a reverence to the seats of justice as by an act of
religion; but I rather judge (adds she) that no more is meant
than to express the shining of these thrones, they being un-
doubtedly made of marble.
His sons around him mild obeisance pay,  
And duteous take the orders of the day.  

First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed;  
Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed;  
The last Pisistratus arose from rest:  
They came, and near him plac’d the stranger-guest.  
To these the senior thus declar’d his will:  
My sons! the dictates of your sire fulfil.  
To Pallas, first of Gods, prepare the feast.  
Who grac’d our rites, a more than mortal guest.  
Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead  
A well-fed bullock from the grassy-mead;  
One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,  
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! ashore,  
(Leave only two the galley to attend)  
Another to Laerceus must we send,  
Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold  
The victim’s horn with circumfusile gold.  

Ver. 525.] A verse interpolated by the translator, but in full  
harmony with the scope and spirit of his author.  
W.  

Ver. 527.] His bad accent came from Chapman. Had he  
made his original his guide, he would have given the verse thus:  
Perseus, Aretus then, and Thrasymed.  
W.  

Ver. 540. Laerceus—Artist divine, &c.] The author of the  
Parallel quotes this passage to prove that Homer was ignorant of  
the mechanick arts: we have here, says he, a gilder with his  
anvil and hammer; but what occasion has he for an anvil and  
hammer in the art of a gilder? Boileau has excellently vindicated  
Homer from this objection, in his reflections upon Longinus;  
this gilder was a gold-beater: Nestor, we see, furnished  
the gold, and he beat it into leaves, so that he had occasion  
to make use of his anvil and hammer; the anvil was portable,  
because the work was not laborious. Our modern travellers assure  
us, that it is at this day the practice in the eastern regions, as  
in Persia, &c. for the artists in metals to carry about with them  
the whole implements of trade, to the house of the persons
The rest may here the pious duty share,
And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living spring.

He said, and busy each his care bestow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacensian crew,
The dexterous smith the tools already drew:
His ponderous hammer, and his anvil sound,
And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.

where they find employment: it is therefore a full vindication
of Homer, to observe that the gold this artist used in gilding,
was nothing but gold beat into fine leaves.

Ver. 552. Nor was Minerva absent——] It may be asked in
what sense Minerva can be said to come to the sacrifice? Eustati-
thus answers, that the ancients finding the inclinations of men to
be bent incontinently upon pleasures, to oblige them to use them
moderately, distinguished times, ordained sacrifices, and repre-
senting the Gods in the forms of men, brought them to use those
pleasures with discretion; they taught them that the Gods came
down to their libations and sacrifices, to induce them to govern
their conversation with reverence and modesty: thus Jupiter
and the other Gods in the Iliad, and Neptune in the Odyssey,
are said to feast with the Ethiopians.

If I might be pardoned a conjecture, I would suppose, that
Minerva may in another sense be said to come to the sacrifice; I
mean by her image or statue; and what may seem to confirm
this opinion, is what Diodorus relates in his third book concern-
ing the above-mentioned Æthiopians: they carried about the
statues of Jupiter and the other Gods twelve days, during which
time the Gods were said to be gone to the Æthiopians; and if
the Gods may be said to come to the Æthiopians by their statues,
why may not the same be said of Minerva, from the introduction
of her statue among the Pylians? So that the appearance of the
Goddess may possibly mean the appearance of her statue.
With reverend hand the King presents the gold,
Which round the intorted horns the gilder roll'd;
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And canisters of consecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The ax was held by warlike Thrasymed,
In act to strike: before him Perseus stood,
The vase extending to receive the blood.
The king himself initiates to the power;
Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour,
And the stream sprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.

Ver. 560. Stratius and Echephron, &c.] Nestor here makes use only of the ministry of his sons; the reason of it is, because it was reckoned honourable to serve in the performance of sacrifice, this being in some sense an attending upon the Gods: or because it was the practice of those ages for great persons to do those offices with their own hands, which in the latter have been performed by servants.

Eustathius reports a saying of Antigonus, who observing his son behaving himself imperiously to his subjects, "Knowest thou not," says he, "that royalty itself is but illustrious servitude!" An intimation that he himself was but a servant of the publick, and therefore should use his servants with moderation.

But the true reason of Nestor's assisting in the sacrifice is, because kings anciently had the inspection of religion, and priesthood was joined to royalty, according to that of Virgil,
"Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phæbique sacerdos." P,
Down sunk the heavy beast: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,
(The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line;)
In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name.)
From earth they rear him, struggling now with death;
And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
The soul for ever flies: on all sides round
Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the ground.
The beast they then divide, and disunite
The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The sacred sage before his altar stands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire:
The youth with instruments surround the fire.

Ver. 573. *Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.*]
I have kept the meaning of the word in the original, which signifies prayers made with loud cries. The Scholiast upon AEschylus remarks that this word is not used properly but when applied to the prayers offered to Minerva, for Minerva is the only Goddess to whom prayers are made with loud cries, she being the Goddess of war: to other Deities they offer prayer with thanksgiving.

Ver. 575.] It is not possible, that any translator, who consulted the language of Homer himself, could ever endure such a pronunciation of this word. A tolerable remedy may be found in transposition:

The first-born she, of Clymenus' old line.

Ver. 580 ] Or literally thus; without any intermixture of unauthorised thoughts:

The vital spirit left the joints, and-round
The purple current floated o'er the ground.
The thighs now sacrifi'c'd, and entrails drest,
The' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
While these officious tend the rites divine,
The last fair branch of the Nestorian line,
Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
And issued, like a God, to mortal view.
His former seat beside the king he found,
(His people's father with his peers around)

Ver. 594.  *Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
To bathe the prince, &c.*

It is very necessary to say something about this practice of women bathing and anointing men; it frequently occurs through the whole Odyssey, and is so contrary to the usage of the moderns, as to give offence to modesty; neither is this done by women of inferior quality, but we have here a young princess, bathing, anointing, and cloathing the naked Telemachus. Eustathius indeed tells us, it was undoubtedly by her father's command: but if it was a piece of immodesty, it does not solve the objection, whoever commanded it. I confess it would be immodest in these ages of the world, and the only excuse that occurs to me is, to say that custom established it. It is in manners, in some degree, as in dress; if a fashion never so indecent prevails, yet no person is ridiculous, because it is fashionable: so in manners, if a practice prevails universally, though not reconcilable to real modesty, yet no person can be said to be immodest who comes into it, because it is agreeable to the custom of the times and countries.

But is it necessary to understand any more, than that the lady supplied Telemachus with this apparatus, without personal interference in the application of them? As we say now, "He " *built a house," and mean only, that he employed builders for the purpose. No figure of language more common than this both in ancient and modern writings.

If the reader will compare book vi. verses 210, 216, of the original, he will see an actual proof of the truth of this explanation from Homer himself.
All plac’d at ease the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress,
The monarch turns him to his royal guest;
And for the promis’d journey bids prepare
The smooth-hair’d horses, and the rapid car.
Observant of his word, the word scarce spoke,
The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And presents, such as suit the state of kings.
The glittering seat Telemachus ascends;
His faithful guide Pisistratus attends;
With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He lash’d the courser, and the courser flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and smok’d along the field.
The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, ’till close of day:
Then sunk the sun, and darken’d all the way.
To Phere now, Diocleus’ stately seat,
(Of Alpheus’ race) the weary youths retreat.
His house affords the hospitable rite,
And pleas’d they sleep (the blessing of the night.)
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o’er the lawn,

Ver. 609.] Our translator misrepresents his author, who
may be simply and truly reported thus:
And viands, suited to the taste of kings.

Ver. 614.] The sense of these five verses might be compre-
hended with advantage in a triplet:
Now the high Pylian towers elude the sight:
Their course they hold, ’till Sol withdraws his light,
And the dim roads involves the veil of night.
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the sounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as their chariot roll’d:
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o’er the shaded landscape rush’d the night.

I shall lay together what I have further to observe on the conclusion of this book: it is remarkable that the Poet does not amuse himself in describing the present Telemachus received from Nestor, or the provisions for the journey, or even the journey itself at large: he dispatches the whole in a few lines very judiciously; he carries his hero directly to Menelaüs, who is to furnish many incidents that contribute to the design of the poem, and passes over other matters as unnecessary.

We have likewise a piece of poetical geography, and learn that it is exactly two days journey from Pyle to Lacedæmon.

This book takes up three days; the first is spent in the inquiries Telemachus makes of Nestor concerning Ulysses; the two last in the morning sacrifice at Pylos, and in the journey of Telemachus to Lacedæmon; so that five days have now passed since the opening of the poem. I have said nothing about the sacrifice, though it be the most exact description of the sacrifices, as practised by the ancients, perhaps extant in any author; I refer to the observations upon the first book of the Iliad.

I would here remark that the three first books are written with the utmost simplicity; there has been no room for such exalted strokes of poetry as are to be found in the Iliad, or in the future parts of the Odyssey; but this is not owing to the decay of genius in Homer, as some Criticks have affirmed, (who look upon the Odyssey as bearing marks of his declining years) but to the nature of the subject. The characters of Achilles and Ulysses are both very great, but very different. The Iliad consists of battles and a continual commotion: the Odyssey in patience and wisdom; and consequently the style of the two poems must be as different as the characters of the two heroes. A noble fountain of poetry opens in the next book, and flows with an uninterrupted course almost through the whole Odyssey.
THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONFERENCE WITH MENELAUS.

TELEMACHUS with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaüs, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return, from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso.

In the meantime the Suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprized of this, but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphthima.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

ARISTOTLE in his Poeticks reports, that certain ancient Criticks reproached Homer for an indecency in making Telemachus take his abode with Menelaüs, and not with his own grandfather Icarius: this Monsieur Dacier sufficiently answers, by shewing that Icarius had settled himself in Acarnania, and not in Lacedæmon. P.
And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds, 
Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds: 
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends, 
Where sat Atrides ’midst his bridal friends; 
With double vows invoking Hymen’s power, 
To bless his son’s and daughter’s nuptial hour. 
That day, to great Achilles’ son resign’d,
Hermione, the fairest of her kind, 
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy, 
Espous’d before the final doom of Troy: 
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train 
Attend the nymph to Phthia’s distant reign. 
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes’ bed 
The virgin-choir Alector’s daughter led. 
Brave Megapenthes, from a stolen amour 
To great Atrides’ age his hand-maid bore: 
To Helen’s bed the Gods alone assign 
Hermione, to extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A Bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper’d to the vocal strings;
Whilst warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that issuing thro’ the palace gate
The splendid car roll’d slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses’ son:
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And speeding, thus address’d the royal ear.

Two youths approach, whose semblant features prove
Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign’d, or must they bend
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?

Insensate! (with a sigh the king replies)
Too long, mis-judging, have I thought thee wise:
But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft’ reliev’d my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another’s board,
’Till pitying Jove my native realm restor’d—
Straight be the coursers from the car releast,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.

NOTES.

Ver. 22. This circumstance is not from Homer, but from Dacier: “Le palais retentissoit de cris de joie mêlés avec le son des instruments.” W.
The Seneschal rebuk'd in haste withdrew;  
With equal haste a menial train pursue:  
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd;  
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharg'd;  
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd  
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:  
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,  
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;  
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,  
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.  
From room to room their eager view they bend;  
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;  
Where a bright damsel-train attends the guests  
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.  
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,  
Where circled with his peers Atrides sat:  
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings  
The purest product of the crystal springs;  
High on a massy vase of silver mold,  
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold:  
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,  
And on the board a second banquet rose.  
When thus the king with hospitable port:—  
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;  
The waste of nature let the feast repair,  
Then your high lineage and your names declare:  
Say from what sceptred ancestry ye claim,  
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?  
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race  
With signatures of such majestick grace.  
Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns  
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun.

View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honoured most!
These prodigies of art, and wonderous cost!
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.

The monarch took the word, and grave replied.
Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest!
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempest tost,
From Cyprus to the far Phoenician coast,
(Sidon the capital) I stretch'd my toil
Thro' regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.

Ver. 80.] The following verse will accommodate the rhyme,
and, in some measure, the original:
The illustrious youths the proffer'd viands taste. W.

Ver. 91.] This representation of his author to verse 97, is
inaccurate and unfaithful. The following attempt is literal:
The prince with amber locks o'erheard his words,
And in swift accents thus the youths addrest:
Dear sons, no mortal should contend with Jove:
His domes and wealth defy decays and death.
Some mortal may, perehance, with me contend
In wealth, or not; for suffering, wandering, much,
In ships I brought it after seven long years. W.
Next, Æthiopia’s utmost bound explore,
And the parch’d borders of the Arabian shore:
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
O’er the warm Libyan wave to spread my sails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear;
And two fair crescents of translucent horn
The brows of all their young increase adorn:
The shepherd swains with sure abundance blest,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every season fills the foaming pail.

Ver. 105. — — — where each revolving year,
The teeming ewes, &c.]

These sheep, as described by Homer, may be thought the creation of the Poet, and not the production of nature; but Herodotus, says Eustathius, writes, that in Scythia the oxen have no horns through the extremity of the cold: he quotes this very verse, rightly intimating, says Herodotus, that in hot regions the horns of cattle shoot very speedily. Aristotle directly asserts, that in Libya the young ones of horned cattle have horns immediately after they are brought into the world. So that Aristotle and Herodotus vindicate Homer. The Poet adds, that the sheep breed three times in the year; these words may have a different interpretation, and imply that they breed in three seasons of the year, and not only in the spring, as in other countries: or that the sheep have at once three lambs; but the first is the better interpretation. Athenæus upon this passage writes, that there are things in other countries no less strange than what Homer relates of these sheep of Libya. Thus in Lusitania, a country of Spain, now Portugal, there is a wonderful fruitfulness in all cattle, by reason of the excellent temper of the air; the fruits there never rot, and the roses, violets and asparagus, never fail above three months in the year,

Eustathius.
Whilst heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant roam,
The best of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life:
Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a sack'd palace, and barbarick spoils.
Oh! had the Gods so large a boon denied,
And life, the just equivalent, supplied

Ver. 113.] I cannot more effectually do justice to this fine passage of the version, than by exhibiting to the reader the simple materials from which it was wrought:

Whilst I, these copious stores collecting, stray'd
Those climes remote, my brother slaughter'd lay
By wiles unlook'd-for of his wife accruss'd.

Ver. 114. The best of brothers,
— a traitress wife.]

Menelaüs neither mentions Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, nor Ägyysthus by name; a just indignation and resentment is the occasion of his suppressing the names of Clytemnestra and Ägyysthus. Through the whole Iliad Menelaüs is described as a very affectionate brother, and the love he bears Agamemnon is the reason why he passes by his name in silence. We see that he dispatches the whole in one verse and a half; Nestor had told the story pretty largely in the preceding book; and as he was a person less nearly concerned, might speak of it with more ease and better temper than Menelaüs; the Poet avoids a needless repetition, and a repetition too of a story universally known to all the Greeks. The death of Agamemnon is distributed into four places in the Odyssey; Nestor, Menelaüs, Proteus, and the shade of Agamemnon in the eleventh book, all relate it, and every one very properly. Proteus as a prophet more fully than Nestor and Menelaüs, and Agamemnon more fully than them all, as being best acquainted with it. Eustathius.
To those brave warriors, who with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cause expir'd!
Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But oh! Ulysses—deeper than the rest
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast!
My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain;
The bowl, and tasteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
When imag'd to my soul his sorrows rise.
No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equall'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on some friendly coast,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals: but doubtful of his doom,
His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne,
Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetick to the prince he spoke:
From the brave youth the streaming passion broke:

Ver. 126.] Thus, exactly to his author:
From Argos far, on Trojan plains, expir'd. W.
Ver. 145.] The latter part of this line, and the five following verses are expanded from little more than two of his author, which are as fully expressed in one couplet by Ogilby; whom I quote with slight corrections:
His aged sire, his prudent wife, and heir,
An infant left, are wasting in despair. W.
Studious to veil the grief, in vain represt,
His face he shrouded with his purple vest:
The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
And view'd his filial love with vast surprise:
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth enquire his father's fate.

In this suspense bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume:

Ver. 154.] The phrase with vast surprise is a most miserable
expletive indeed, and totally unauthorized by his author. Thus?
more conformably to the scope of the original:
The conscious monarch through the coy disguise
Saw sorrow's dew-drops glistening in his eyes. W.

Ver. 157. — — — bright Helen grac'd the room.] Menelaüs conjectured that the person he had entertained was the son
of Ulysses, from the tears he shed at the name of his father, and
from the resemblance there was between Ulysses and Telemachus; it might therefore have been expected that Menelaüs
should immediately have acknowledged Telemachus, and not
delayed a full discovery one moment, out of regard to his ab-
sent friend; but Menelaüs defers it upon a two-fold account, to
give some time to Telemachus to indulge his sorrow for his father, and recover himself from it, and also to avoid the re-
petition of a discovery upon the appearance of Helen, who would
be curious to know the condition of the strangers.

It may be necessary to say something concerning Helen, that
fatal beauty that engaged Greece and Asia in arms; she is
drawn in the same colours in the Odyssey as in the Iliad; it is a
vicious character, but the colours are so admirably softened by
the art of the Poet, that we pardon her infidelity. Menelaüs is
an uncommon instance of conjugal affection, he forgives a wife
who had been false to him, and receives her into a full degree
of favour. But perhaps the reader might have been shocked
at it, and prejudiced against Helen as a person that ought to be
forgot, or have her name only mentioned to disgrace it: the
Poet therefore, to reconcile her to his reader, brings her in as
a penitent, condemning her own infidelity in very strong ex-
pressions; she shews true modesty, when she calls herself im-
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The silver-shafted Goddess of the chace!
The seat of majesty Adraste brings,
With art illustrious for the pomp of kings.
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A silver canister divinely wrought,
In her soft hands the beauteous Phylo brought:
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord, (whose sovereign sway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey)
When to that court Atrides came, carest
With vast munificence the' imperial guest:
Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd;
And bounteous, from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rivall'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The sovereign seat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
And pleasing thus her sceptred lord address'd.

pudent, and by this conduct we are inclined, like Menelaus, to forgive her.

Thus his author:

In this suspense, the beauteous regal dame
From her high-vaulted fragrant chamber came.
Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair speak they their lineage, or their names declare? Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroll'd Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold. With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace The feature of the Ulyssean race: Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear, In just similitude, the grace and air Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy, Who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy, What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms, To' avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms! Just is thy thought, the king assenting cries, Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes: Full shines the father in the filial frame, His port, his features, and his shape the same: Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow; Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow!

Ver. 192. — — — the grace and air Of young Telemachus! ———

It may seem strange that Helen should at first view recollect the features of Ulysses in Telemachus; and that Menelaüs, who was better acquainted with him, and his constant friend, should not make the same observation. But Athenæus, to reconcile this to probability, says, that women are curious and skilful observers of the likeness of children to parents, for one particular reason, that they may, upon finding any dissimilitude, have the pleasure of hinting at the unchastity of others. P.

Ver. 195.] Thus, with more fidelity:

In my sad cause when Greece assembled came, And breath'd destruction on the Trojan name. W.

Ver. 201.] Our translator should have endeavoured to preserve the beautiful expression of his author. Thus?

His sparkling eyes such vivid glances throw: W.
And when he heard the long disastrous store
Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore,
Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose:
Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.

See there confest, Pisistratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wise!
Of that heroick sire the youth is sprung,
But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue.
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
With him at Nestor's high command I came,
Whose age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
For counsel and redress, he sues to you.
Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.

Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes
View my friend's son? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whose sword was sacred to the man he lov'd:

Ver. 216.] This line is an unauthorized insertion by the translator.

Ver. 219.] The conclusion of this speech is rambling and inaccurate. I shall attempt a more close and faithful version:

What ills that orphan's hapless house await,
Where no kind friends support his falling state,
Those ills Telemachus is doom'd to bear;
His sire an exile, and no succour near!

W.
Mirror of constant faith, rever’d, and mourn’d!—
When Troy was ruin’d, had the chief return’d, 230
No Greek an equal space had e’er possesst,
Of dear affection, in my grateful breast.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar’d,
For his abode a capital prepar’d;
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose;
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vassals had resign’d a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence, and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolv’d the friendly band!
Some envious power the blissful scene destroys;
Vanish’d are all the visionary joys:
The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
Fated to wander from his natal coast!
He ceas’d; a gust of grief began to rise:
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen’s eyes;

Ver. 229.] For this couplet of imperfect rhymes I would
propose somewhat more congenial to the tenor of the original:
I thought if thundering Jove’s protecting hand
Would safe conduct us to our native land,
No Greek an equal space had then possess’d.—  W.
Ver. 234. For his abode a capital prepar’d.] The Poet puts
these words in the mouth of Menelaüs, to express the sincerity
of his friendship to Ulysses; he intended him all advantage, and
no detriment: we must therefore conclude, that Ulysses was
still to retain his sovereignty over Ithaca, and only remove to Ar-
gos, to live with so sincere a friend as Menelaüs. Eusta-
thius.
Fast for the sire the filial sorrows flow;
The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial * brother: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain!
But silence soon the son of Nestor broke,
And melting soon with fraternal pity spoke.

Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont to raise
And charm attention with thy copious praise:
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute controul
This unavailing impotence of soul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd:
But when from dewy shade emerging bright,
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,

* Antilochus.

Ver. 265. Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd.]

It may be asked why sorrow for the dead should be more unseasonable in the evening than the morning? Eustathius answers, lest others should look upon our evening tears as the effect of wine, and not of love to the dead.

" Intempestivus venit inter pocula fletus,
Nec lacrymas dulci fas est miscere Falerno."

I fancy there may be a more rational account given of this expression; the time of feasting was ever looked upon as a time of joy and thanksgiving to the Gods; it bore a religious veneration among the ancients, and consequently to shed tears when they should express their gratitude to the Gods with joy, was esteemed a profanation.

P. Ver. 267.] Our translator here most grossly misrepresents his author; following, perhaps, the steps of Chapman and
Let each deplore his dead: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:
O'er the congenial dust injoin'd to shear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame:
With strength and speed superior form'd, in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
'Too early snatch'd by fate ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee.
Young and mature! the monarch thus rejoins,
In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to shower
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great sire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate:
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary state.

Ogilby, who are alike mistaken. A conformity may be thus effected:

And now, emerging from yon orient skies,
Soon on our waitings would Aurora rise.
To wail the dead I grudge not: rites of woe.

I, in the pomp of sorrow join'd with you,
Will pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due.

Ver. 276.] Or, more exactly,
Not last in records roll'd of Argive fame.
But now let each becalm his troubled breast,
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,
’Till heaven’s revolving lamp restores the day.

He said, Asphalion swift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful springs:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the savory viands share.

Meantime with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix’d a mirth-inspiring bowl:

Ver. 302. Bright Helen mix’d a mirth-inspiring bowl, &c.]
The conjectures about this cordial of Helen have been almost infinite. Some take Nepenthes allegorically, to signify history, musick or philosophy. Plutarch in the first of the Symposiacks affirms it to be, discourse well suiting the present passions and conditions of the hearers. Macrobius is of the same opinion. What gave a foundation to this fiction of Homer, as Dacier observes, might be this. Diodorus writes that in Egypt, and chiefly at Heliopolis, the same with Thebes, where Menelaüs sojourned, as has been already observed, there lived women who boasted of certain potions, which not only made the unfortunate forget all their calamities, but drove away the most violent sallies of grief or anger. Eusebius directly affirms, that even in his time the women of Diospolis were able to calm the rage of grief or anger by certain potions. Now whether this be truth or fiction, it fully vindicates Homer, since a Poet may make use of a prevailing, though false opinion.

Milton mentions this Nepenthes in his excellent Masque of Comus.

— — — Behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds!
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power as this to stir up joy,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

But that there may be something more than fiction in this is very probable, since the Ægyptians were so notoriously skilled in physick; and particularly since this very Thon, or Thonis, or
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, to' assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful sluices of despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, the' exalted mind
All sense of woe delivers to the wind.
Tho' on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian-force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolifick Nile
With various simples clothes the fattened soil.
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd to' inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addrest.

Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.

Thoon, is reported by the ancients to have been the inventor of physick among the Ægyptians. The description of this Nepenthes agrees admirably with what we know of the qualities and effects of opium.
Myself assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.

Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village slave,
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire secure from searching eyes,
'Till haply piercing thro' the dark disguise
The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
Knew all the serpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,

Ver. 335. This translation is erroneous, in my opinion. Hobbes rightly understood the passage:

*Bloody with stripes, from no hand but his own:

and Dacier: "Un jour, après s'être déchiré le corps à coups de
"verges." It is not improbable, that Chapman led the way for
our translator:

— — — — how with ghastly wounds
Himselfe he mang'ld.
W.

Ver. 338.] A sentiment of his author, suppressed by our poet, may be thus exhibited:

And personates a beggar; though no Greek
That ignominious semblance less became.  W.

Ver. 343.] The version here is very loose and rambling. The following attempt is literally commensurate with the original, and accompanies the translation before us to verse 353.

But, when with oil I smooth'd him from the bath,
And vestments gave, and swore a solemn oath,
Ne'er to divulge Ulysses to his foes,
'Till at the ships and tents arriv'd; he then
Detail'd the whole intention of the Greeks.  W.
His limbs in military purple dress'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confess'd.
A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
'Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war against the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate:
And safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded thro' the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then with dire remorse, and conscious shame,
I view'd the effects of that disastrous flame,
Which kindled by the imperious Queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;
Admir'd among the first of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.
Right well, replied the king, your speech displays
The matchless merit of the chief you praise:
Heroes in various climes myself have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:

Ver. 368.] His original prescribes,
For counsel sage and depth of thought renown'd,
But our translator is very inaccurate and inattentive to his author in this passage. The following attempt exhibits the speech literally to verse 373 of this version.
The prince with amber hair thus, answering, spake:
Thy words, O! wife, are, doubtless, just and true.
But Ithacus, unrivall'd in his claim, 370
May boast a title to the loudest fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wonderous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabrick of the steed we rear'd!
Some demon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come,

Myself the counsel and the thoughts have known
Of many a hero, and have wandered wide;
But ne'er beheld these eyes a chief to match
The prudent soul of that much-suffering man. W.

Ver. 374.] Here an omission of our translator may be supplied by a couplet corrected from Ogilby:
That well-wrought steed, where all we chieftains sate,
Big with destruction to the Trojan state. W.

Ver. 375. Some demon anxious for the Trojan doom.] It is the observation of Eustathius, that these words are very artfully introduced to vindicate Helen; they imply that what she acted was by compulsion; and to evidence this more clearly, Deiphobus is given her for an attendant, as a spy upon her actions, that she might not conceal any thing that should happen, but act her part well, by endeavouring to deceive the Greeks in favour of Troy. It is the demon, not Helen, that is in fault; this, continues Eustathius, answers many objections that lie against Helen: for if she was a real penitent, as she herself affirms, how comes she to endeavour to deceive the Greeks by the disguise of her voice, into more misery than had yet arisen from a ten years war? Or indeed is it credible that any person could modulate her voice so artfully as to resemble so many voices? And how could the Greeks inclosed in the wooden horse believe that their wives, who were in Greece, could be arrived in so short a space as they had been concealed there, from the various regions of Greece, and meet together in Troy? Would the wives of these heroes come into an enemy's country, when the whole army, except these latent heroes, were retired from it? This is ridiculous and impossible. I must confess there is great weight in these objections: but Eustathius answers all by the
interposition of the demon; and by an idle tradition that Helen had the name of Echo, from the faculty of mimicking sounds; and that this gift was bestowed upon her by Venus when she married Menelaüs, that she might be able to detect him, if he should prove false to her bed, by imitating the voice of the suspected person, (but Menelaüs had more occasion for this faculty than Helen.) As for the excuse of the demon, it equally excuses all crimes: for instance, was Helen false to Menelaüs? The demon occasioned it. Does she act an impostor to destroy all her Grecian friends, and even Menelaüs? The demon compels her to it. The demon compels her to go with Deiphobus, to surround the horse thrice, to sound the sides of it, to endeavour to surprise the latent Greeks by an imitation of the voices of their wives; and in short, to act like a person that was very sincere in mischief.

Dacier takes another course, and gives up Helen, but remarks the great address of Menelaüs. Helen had, said she, long desired nothing so much as to return to Lacedæmon; and her heart had long been wholly turned to Menelaüs: Menelaüs is not at all convinced of this pretended sincerity; but it would have been too gross, after he had taken her again to his bed, to convict her of falsehood: he therefore contents himself barely to reply, that some demon, an enemy to the Greeks, had forced her to a conduct disagreeable to her sincerity. This (continues Dacier) is an artful, but severe irony.

As for the objection concerning the impossibility of the Greeks believing their wives could be in Troy; she answers, that the authors of this objection have not sufficiently considered human nature. The voice of a beloved person might of a sudden, and by surprise, draw from any person a word involuntary, before he has time to make reflection. This undoubtedly is true, where circumstances make an imposture probable; but here is an impossibility; it is utterly impossible to believe the wives of these heroes could be in Troy. Besides, Menelaüs himself tells us, that even he had fallen into the snare, but Ulysses prevented it; this adds to the incredibility of the story; for if this faculty of mimickry was given upon his marriage with Helen, it was nothing new to him; he must be supposed
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke:
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the steed we both impatient press,
Threatening to answer from the dark recess.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd;
And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd:
But Anticlus unable to controul,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:
Ulysses straight with indignation fir'd,
(For so the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands applied,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs died.

to be acquainted with it, and consequently be the less liable to surprise: nay it is not impossible, but the experiment might have been made upon him before Helen fled away with Paris.

In short, I think this passage wants a further vindication; the circumstances are low, if not incredible. Virgil, the great imitator of Homer, has given us a very different and more noble description of the destruction of Troy; he has not thought fit to imitate him in this description.

If we allow Helen to act by compulsion, to have feared the Trojans, and that Deiphobus was sent as a spy upon her actions; yet this is no vindication of her conduct: she still acts a mean part, and through fear becomes an accomplice in endeavouring to betray and ruin the Greeks.

I shall just add, that after the death of Paris, Helen married Deiphobus; that the story of the wooden horse is probably founded upon the taking of Troy by an engine called a horse, as the like engine was called a ram by the Romans.

Ver. 387.] This conclusion of the speech is very licentious and diffuse, as the reader may judge from a literal translation:

Anticlus only labour'd to reply;
But straight Ulysses with his powerful hands
Incessant prest his mouth, and sav'd us all:
Nor left his hold, 'till Pallas led thee off.

P. W.
Meantime Minerva from the fraudulent horse
Back to the court of Priam bent your course.

Inclement fate! Telemachus replies,
Frail is the boasted attribute of wise:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost!
But now let sleep the painful waste repair
Of sad reflection, and corroding care.

He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of state;
Beneath an ample portico, they spread
The downy fleece to form the slumberous bed;
And o'er soft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold:
Then thro' the' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
The' obsequious herald guides each princely guest:
While to his regal bower the king ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.

Soon as the morn, in orient purple drest,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,

Ver. 395.] The version here is unpardonably vague. I shall give a literal representation of the former paragraph of the speech.

To him discreet Telemachus replied:
Divine Atrides! sovereign chief! more hard
His fate, if all these virtues, and a soul
Of steel, were weak to ward his ruin off.

Ver. 407.] That part of his author, which our translator intended to exhibit in this couplet, is given with much greater fidelity, and in a stile not contemptible, by Ogilby:
Forth went her damsels with a lighted torch;
The guests a herald ushers to the porch:
O'er the resounding gates the princes lay;
Whom Morpheus' golden fetters bound till day.
The monarch rose; magnificent to view,
The' imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw:
The glittering zone athwart his shoulder cast,
A starry falchion low-depending grac'd;
Clasp'd on his feet the' embroider'd sandals shine;
And forth he moves, majestick and divine:
Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,
And thus benevolent his speech address'd.

Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do publick or domestick cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?

O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.
Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot, and misrule disgrace;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount the' imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate:
Each known disaster of the man disclose,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
To the sire's merit give the son's request.
Deep from his inmost soul Atrides sigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in the fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns:
Meantime return'd, with dire remorseless sway
The monarch-savage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.
O Jove, supreme, whom Gods and men revere!
And thou *, to whom 'tis given to gild the sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when contending on the Lesbian shore

* Apollo.

Ver. 447. This is the first simile that Homer has inserted in the Odyssey; but I cannot think it proceeded from a barrenness of invention, or through phlegm in the declension of his years, as some have imagined. The nature of the poem requires a difference of style from the Iliad: the Iliad rushes along like a torrent; the Odyssey flows gently on like a deep stream, with a smooth tranquillity; Achilles is all fire, Ulysses all wisdom.

Ver. 457. One verse of Homer is here dilated into four.
A couplet at most might have sufficed, thus:
Would Jove, supreme of Gods and mortals, aid;
Would favouring Phoebus and the martial maid.— W.

Ver. 462. As when contending on the Lesbian shore.] The Poet here gives an account of one of Ulysses's adventures. Philomelides was king of Lesbos, and Eustathius observes, that there was a tradition that Ulysses and Diomedes slew him, and turned a stately monument he had raised for himself into a pullick place for the reception of strangers.
His prowess Philomelides confess’d,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless’d:
Then soon the’ invaders of his bed and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
With patient ear, oh royal youth, attend
The storied labours of thy father’s friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of Fate.

Long on the’ Ægyptian coast by calms confin’d,
Heaven to my fleet refus’d a prosperous wind:
No vows had we preferr’d, nor victim slain!
For this the Gods each favouring gale restrain:
Jealous, to see their high behests obey’d:
Severe, if men the’ eternal rights evade.
High o’er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboquing Nile:

Ver. 479. The Pharian isle.] This description of Pharos has
given great trouble to the Criticks and Geographers; it is gene-rally concluded, that the distance of Pharos is about seven stadia
from Alexandria; Ammianus Marcellinus mentions this very
passage thus; l. xxii. Insula Pharos, ubi Protea cum Phocarum
gregibus diversatum Homerus fabulatur inflatus, à civitatis littore
mille passibus disparata, or, about a mile distant from the shores.
How then comes Homer to affirm it to be distant a full day’s
sail? Dacier answers, that Homer might have heard that the
Nile, continually bringing down much earthy substance, had
enlarged the continent; and knowing it not to be so distant in
his time, took the liberty of a Poet, and described it as still
more distant in the days of Menelaüs. But Dacier never sees
a mistake in Homer. Had his poetry been worse if he had
described the real distance of Pharos? It is allowable in a Poet
to disguise the truth, to adorn his story; but what ornament
has he given his poetry by this enlargement? Bochart has fully
proved that there is no accession to the continent from any sub-
Her distance from the shore, the course begun
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
A galley measures; when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lye,
Whilst limpid springs the failing cask supply.

And now the twentieth sun descending, laves
His glowing axle in the western waves;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores.

stance that the Nile brings down with it: the violent agitation
of the seas prohibit it from lodging and forming itself into
solidity. Eratosthenes is of opinion, that Homer was ignorant
of the mouths of Nile; but Strabo answers, that his silence
about them is not an argument of his ignorance, for neither has
he ever mentioned where he was born. But Strabo does not
enter fully into the meaning of Eratosthenes: Eratosthenes does
not mean that Homer was ignorant of the mouths of Nile from
his silence, but because he places Pharos at the distance of a
whole day's sail from the continent. The only way to unite this
inconsistence is to suppose, that the Poet intended to specify the
Pelusiac mouth of Nile, from which Pharos stands about a day's
sail; but this is submitted to the Criticks.

I cannot tell whether one should venture to make use of the
word Nile in the translation; it is doubtless an anachronism;
that name being unknown in the times of Homer and Menelaüs,
when the Nile was called Ægyptus. Homer in this very book
— — — Αἰγύπτιος Δῆ αἰγύπτιος συνήματι.
Yet on the other hand, this name of Ægyptus is so little known,
that a common reader would scarce distinguish the river from
the country; and indeed universal custom has obtained for
using the Latin name instead of the Grecian, in many other
instances which are equally anachronisms: witness all the names
of the Gods and Goddesses throughout Homer; Jupiter for
Zeus, Juno for Erē, Neptune for Poseidon, &c.
When lo! a bright cerulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;
Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd:
What time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease the afflictive fierce desire of food.

Whoe'er thou art (the azure Goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?

Ver. 499. *Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood.*] Menelaüs says, hunger was so violent among his companions, that they were compelled to eat fish. Plutarch in his Symposiacks observes, that among the Syrians and Greeks, to abstain from fish was esteemed a piece of sanctity; that though the Greeks were encamped upon the Hellespont, there is not the least intimation that they eat fish, or any sea provision; and that the companions of Ulysses, in the twelfth book of the Odyssey, never sought for fish till all their other provisions were consumed, and that the same necessity compelled them to eat the herds of the sun which induced them to taste fish. No fish is ever offered in sacrifice: the Pythagoreans in particular command fish not to be eaten more strictly than any other animal: fish afford no excuse at all for their destruction, they live as it were in another world, disturb not our air, consume not our fruits, or injure the waters; and therefore the Pythagoreans, who were unwilling to offer violence to any animals, fed very little, or not at all on fishes. I thought it necessary to insert this from Plutarch, because it is an observation that explains other passages in the sequel of the Odyssey.

Ver. 504. [Thus, with more fidelity,
That lingering here on this wave-beaten coast.]
Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply;  
Whate’er thy title in thy native sky,  
A Goddess sure! for more than mortal grace  
Speaks thee descendant of ethereal race:  
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;  
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:  
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew,  
(For what’s sequester’d from celestial view?)  
What power becalms the’ innavigable seas?  
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?  
I ceas’d, when affable the Goddess cried;  
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:  
The’ oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,  
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast:  
Proteus, a name tremendous o’er the main,  
The delegate of Neptune’s watery reign.

Ver. 508.] These three verses are amplified from little more  
than the same number of words in his original, after the model  
of a parallel passage below in book vi. verse 149. of the Greek,  
and Virgil’s imitation of it in his first Æneid.  

Ver. 511.] The remainder of this speech is liable to various  
exceptions. I shall propose a more faithful version:  
Unwilling here I stay; some deathless power  
Incens’d detains, who dwells the’ Olympian bower.  
But (for thou know’st) what God detains me, say;  
And binds my passage o’er the watery way?  

Ver. 521. Proteus, a name tremendous o’er the main.] Eusta- 
thius enumerates various opinions concerning Proteus; some  
understand Proteus allegorically to signify the first matter which  
undergoes all changes; others make him an emblem of true  
friendship, which ought not to be settled till it has been tried in  
all shapes: others make Proteus a picture of a flatterer, who  
takes up all shapes, and suits himself to all forms, in compli- 
ance to the temper of the person whom he courts. The Greeks  
(observe Diodorus) imagined all these metamorphoses of Pro- 
teus to have been borrowed from the practices of the Ægyptian
Watch with insidious care his known abode;  
There fast in chains constrain the various God;  
Who bound, obedient to superior force,  
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.  
If studious of your realms, you then demand  
Their state, since last you left your natal land,

kings, who were accustomed to wear the figures of lions, bulls or dragons, in their diadems, as emblems of royalty, and sometimes that of trees, &c. not so much for ornament as terror. Others took Proteus to be an enchanter; and Eustathius recounts several that were eminent in this art, as Cratisthenes the Phliasian (which Dacier renders by mistake Calisthenes the Physician) who when he pleased could appear all on fire, and assume other appearances to the astonishment of the spectators: such also was Xenophon, Scymnus of Tarentum, Philippides of Syracuse, Heraclitus of Mitylene, and Nymphodorus, all practisers of magical arts; and Eustathius recites that the Phocae were made use of in their incantations. Some write that Proteus was an Egyptian tumbler, who could throw himself into a variety of figures and postures; others, a stage-player; others, that he was a great general, skilled in all the arts and stratagems of war: Dacier looks upon him to have been an enchanter, or ἔνατη ἔνατης. It is certain from Herodotus, that there was in the times of Menelaüs, a king named Proteus, who reigned in Memphis; that Αἰγύπτιος was always remarkable for those who excelled in magical arts; thus Jannes and Jambres changed, at least in appearance, a rod into a serpent, and water into blood: it is not therefore improbable but that Menelaüs, hearing of him while he was in Αἰγύπτιος, went to consult him as an enchanter, which kind of men always pretended to foreknow events: this perhaps was the real foundation of the whole story concerning Proteus; the rest is the fiction and embellishment of the Poet, who ascribes to his Proteus whatever the credulity of men usually ascribes to enchanters.

Concerning the first interpretation of the character Proteus, mentioned, as assigned by Eustathius, at the beginning of this note, the curious reader may see some elegant disquisitions in the Philosophical Arrangements of Mr. Harris, chapter iv. W.
Instant the God obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.

She ceas’d, and suppliant thus I made reply;
O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely:
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer?
For perilous the’ assay, unheard the toil,
To’ elude the prescience of a God by guile.

Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: Obedient to my rule, attend:
When thro’ the zone of heaven the mounted sun
Hath journey’d half, and half remains to run,
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,
“ Frequent and full” *; the consecrated train

Of † her, whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, the’ enormous herd exhales
An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprise,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriended the toil,
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch’d on the shelly shore, he first surveys

The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;

* Milton. † Amphitrite.

Ver. 534.] There is nothing in Homer to countenance this
epithet changeful, which anticipates the sequel of the story. W.
Their number summ’d, repos’d in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround:
So with his battening flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion’d on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch’d amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimick force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might
Thro’ each vain passive form constrain his flight.
But when, his native shape resum’d, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg’d the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish’d with a victor’s prayer.
The bands relax’d, implore the seer to say
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
Who straight propitious, in prophetick strain
Will teach you to repass the’ unmeasur’d main.
She ceas’d, and bounding from the shelfy shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves redounding roar.
High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
’Till night with grateful shade involv’d the skies,

Ver. 569. *But when, his native shape resum’d, &c.*] This is founded upon the practice of enchanters, who never give their answers, till they have astonished the imagination of those who consult them with their juggling delusions. Dacier. P.

Ver. 579. ] Literally, thus:
With heart revolving deep the future deed,
Straight to the sands, where stood our ships, I speed. W.
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
In saffron robes the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her rosy steps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along the appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:
Then from her azure car, the finny spoils
Of four vast Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny spoils extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse
Unsavoury stench of oil, and blackish ooze:
But the bright sea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd.
Thus 'till the sun had travell'd half the skies,
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
When thronging quick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep:
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit:
(In order told, we make the sum complete.)
Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies,
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the God: our force to evade
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now, he curls a surgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then arm'd with tusks, and lightening in his eyes,
A boar's obscener shape the God belies:
On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd.
Say, son of Atreus, say what God inspir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?
I thus; O thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees,
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;

Ver. 613. *And shouting seize the God:* — Proteus has, through the whole story, been described as a God who knew all things; it may then be asked, how comes it that he did not foreknow the violence that was designed against his own person? and is it not a contradiction, that he who knew Menelaüs without information, should not know that he lay in ambush to seize him? The only answer that occurs to me is, that these enchanters never pretend to have an inherent fore-knowledge of events, but learn things by magical arts, and by recourse to the secrets of their profession; so that Proteus, having no suspicion, had not consulted his art, and consequently might be surprized by Menelaüs: so far is agreeable to the pretensions of such deluders: the Poet indeed has drawn him in colours stronger than life; but poetry adds or detracts at pleasure, and is allowed frequently to step out of the way to bring a foreign ornament into the story.
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?

To Jove (with stern regard the God replies) 635
And all the offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend, 640
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar, 645
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a safe return accord.

He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main, 650
A shelfy tract, and long!) O seer, I cry,
To the stern sanction of the offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay
Sustain those peers, the relics of our host, 655
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestick friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore? 660

Press not too far, replied the God; but cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the rest, a lamentable train!

Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were crown'd,
Fell by disastrous fate; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.

By Neptune rescu'd from Minerva's hate,
On Gyrae, safe, Oilean Ajax sat,
His ship o'erwhelm'd; but, frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The power defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.

This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
The' aërial summit from the marble base:
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to the' abyss the boaster bore.

By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast
Secure of storms, your royal brother past:
'Till coasting nigh the Cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds,
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore,
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd;

Ver. 689.] Here our translator begins to misrepresent his author, of whom I shall give a literal version:

To the land's end, where once Thyestes dwelt,
But then his son Ægysthus: hence appear'd
But when his hoary honours bow’d to fate,
Ægysthus govern’d in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends;
From his tall ship the king of men descends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil! 693
Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
With rapture oft’ the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand,
A spy distinguish’d from his airy stand;
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægysthus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
There watch’d this guardian of his guilty fear,
’Till the twelfth moon had wheel’d her pale career;
And now, admonish’d by his eye, to court 700
With terror wing’d conveys the dread report.

An easy passage home; for favouring Gods
Chang’d the rough breeze, and gave a safe return.
The king sprang joyful to his native shore,
And fondly kist the ground: with rapture view’d
The blissful spot, and steeped with many a tear.
None of his predecessors appear to have misconceived the meaning of their author.

Ver. 705.] The remainder of this account is poorly executed. The reader must content himself with a plain literal translation:

The news he carried to Ægysthus’ house;
Who straight a crafty stratagem devis’d.
Seven of his sturdiest men, selected all,
In ambush lay: a feast he bids prepare:
Himself with horse and cars, on mischief bent,
Meets and invites the king of men; conducts
Without suspicion, and at supper slays,
Just at his manger as an ox might fall.
Not one the royal train surviving saw;
Not one, Ægysthus: all were slaughter’d there. W.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprise:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Close-ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd. 710
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shews of love to veil his felon hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of coursers, and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads: the royal guest
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast.
The troop forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppress!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægysthus sole survives to boast the deed.
He said; chill horrors shook my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and resume the man;

Ver. 729.] Better, perhaps, as follows:
At length, when, sated with excess of woe,
My limbs I rais'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow—. W.

Ver. 732.] This thought is not in Homer, and was probably suggested to the translator by Chapman's version a little below:
To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.

He said: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I address
The prescient Godhead to reveal the rest.
The decom decreed of those disastrous two
I've heard with pain, but oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main:
Or in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.

— — — — a generous spring began.
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I must ever mourn.

Ver. 735.] These six verses are dilated from two of Homer;
and their contents may be exhibited in an equal number in
English, if a common form of construction in the ancient lan-
guages may be allowed in our's: (and all possible indulgence of
this kind should be conceded in poetry) namely, that of in-
cluding the substantive in the pronoun; thus:
Alive thou still wilt find him, or partake
His funeral feast, by young Orestes slain.

Ver. 749. Or in eternal shade if cold he lies.] Proteus in
the beginning of his relation had said, that one person was alive,
and remained enclosed by the ocean: how then comes Menelaus
here to say, Give me an account of that other person who is
alive, or dead? Perhaps the sorrow which Menelaus conceived
for his friend Ulysses, might make him fear the worst; and
That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wonderous woes survives;
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.

Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain to move
The' enamour'd Goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.

But oh belov'd by heaven! reserv'd to thee
A happier lot the smiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.

Proteus adding, enclosed by the ocean, might give a suspicion
that he was dead, the words being capable of ambiguity. However this be, it sets the friendship of Menelaüs in a strong light: where friendship is sincere, a state of uncertainty is a state of fears, we dread even possibilities, and give them an imaginary certainty. Upon this, one of the finest compliments that a Poet ever made to a patron turns, that of Horace to Mecænas, in the first of the Epodes.

Nor (so heaven wills) shall death's resistless hand
At Argos seize thee, in thy native land—

This is the only place in which the Elysian field is mentioned in Homer. The conjectures of the ancients are very various about it: Plato in his Phæd. places it in ccelo stellato, or the region of the stars; but since Homer fixes it in ωται γαῖας, or (as Milton expresses it) at the earth's green end, I will pass over
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of the eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.

He ceas'd, and plunging in the vast profound,
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
'Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.

the conjectures of others, especially since the μακάριος Νήσος, by which others express Elysium, confine it to this world.

Strabo, says Eustathius, places it not far from Maurusia, that lies near the Streights; it is supposed by Bochart, as Dacier observes, that the fable is of Phoenician extraction; that αλιζυθ in Hebrew signifies joy or exultation, which word the Greeks, adapting to their way of pronunciation, called Elysium. If this be true, I should come into an opinion that has much prevailed, that the Greeks had heard of Paradise from the Hebrews; and that the Hebrews describing Paradise as a place of αλιζυθ, or joy, gave occasion to all the fables of the Grecian Elysium.
Then steering backward from the Pharian isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descended Nile:
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A Cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,
The friendly Gods a springing gale inlarg'd:
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
'Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond request;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
'Till from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,

Ver. 795.] Too much dilatation, when a version commensurate with his author were practicable, and much to be preferred. Thus?
These honours duly paid, the gods command
A gale, that wafts me to my native land.

Ver. 799.] A couplet wholly added by the translator to a passage immoderately amplified with gratuitous interpolations.

Ver. 806. Three sprightly coursers.] How comes it to pass that Menelaius proffers three horses to Telemachus? This was a compleat set among the ancients, they used one pole-horse and two leaders. Eustathius.
(Form’d for libation to the Gods) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love.     810
My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin’d,
Damps the warm wishes of my raptur’d mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charm’d by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,  815
While deep attention fix’d my listening soul.
But now to Pyle permit my destin’d way,
My lov’d associates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promis’d vase;
The coursers for the champaign sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed  820
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounded realms the Gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.

His hand the king with tender passion press’d,
And smiling, thus the royal youth address’d:  830
O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung.
Selected from my stores, of matchless price
An urn shall recompence your prudent choice:

Ver. 809.] Or thus, more accurately:
Great prince, replies Telemachus again,
Me, all too willing! strive not to detain.
I, loitering here, my friends expectant wrong,
Charm’d by the graceful accents of your tongue. W.
Not mean the massy mould of silver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the sceptred power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
    Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare:
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to dye;
Rich fragrant wines the shearing-bowl supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.

Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the Suitor-powers
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas varied with mosaick art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinous sat spectator of the sport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confest,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus addrest.

My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed,
To' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.

Ver. 844.] This line is from the invention of the translator. W.
Ver. 846.] He might easily have exhibited the full sense of his author, in some such manner as the following:

With equal riot pass their jovial hours.
Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote. 865
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestick train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?
With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cried) the vessel was resign'd.
Who in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester-dawn disclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd.—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, the' unfinish'd game
The Suitors quit, and all to council came:
Antinous first the' assembled peers addrest,
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast.
O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to crush us' all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel man' d; 895
For ambush'd close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore:
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.

With vast applause the sentence all approve; 900
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove:
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands. 905

What will the Suitors? must my servant train
The' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last!
Or if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise? 915
Have not your fathers oft' my lord defin'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power:

Ver. 910.] This version is not true to the sense of the original. Chapman is without elegance, but exactly faithful:
I would to heaven, that (leaving wooing me,
Nor ever troubling other companie)
Here might the last feast be, and most extreme,
That ever any shall address for them. W.
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But absent now, peridious and ingrate!
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.

He thus: O were the woes you speak the worst!
They form a deed more odious and accurst;
More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-sailing and the Spartan court,
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital streams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents dye.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love.
Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?
'Tis not, replied the sage, to Medon given
To know, if some inhabitant of heaven
In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd;
Or if alone with filial duty fir'd,

Ver. 935.] This verse is an addition from the translator: as
the next has profited by a well-known passage in Shakspeare. W.
Ver. 938.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost, i. 621.
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way. W.
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom.

The sage retir'd: unable to control
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.

Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair.

Behold a wretch whom all the Gods consign
To woe! Did ever sorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
Our other column of the state is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!

Ill suits it with your shews of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Tho' at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose?
He either had obey'd my fond desire,
Or seen his mother pierc'd with grief expire.

Ver. 960.] How inadequately this exordium of the speech
is rendered by our artist, will appear from a verbal translation
most effectually:

My dear companions! listen: Heaven to me
Has woes beyond my fellows' portion given.
My spouse illustrious first, of lion-heart,
I lost, for every virtuous grace renown'd
Amongst his Greeks, and glorious far and wide. W.
Bid Dolus quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To attend the fruit-groves: with incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed,
To good Laertes tell. Experienc’d age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to save his race appeal.

Then Euryclea thus. My dearest dread!
Tho’ to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of the unpleasing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor’d,
With wine and viands I the vessel stor’d:
A solemn oath, impos’d, the secret seal’d,
’Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal’d.
Dreading the’ effect of a fond mother’s fear,
He dare not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and in imperial robes array’d,
Pay due devotions to the * martial Maid,
And rest affianc’d in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age:
’Tis impious to surmise the powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line:
Long shall the race of just Arcesius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his old domain.

* Minerva.

Ver. 994.] Or, exactly to his author:

In new affliction, self-afflicted age. W.

Ver. 998.] It were easy to express his original with unexceptionable fidelity:

Sway this high dome, this rich and wide domain. W.
The queen her speech with calm attention hears,  
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears:  
She bathes, and rob’d, the sacred dome ascends;  
Her pious speed a female train attends:  
The salted cakes in canisters are laid,  
And thus the queen invokes Minerva’s aid.  

Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield  
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
If e’er Ulysses to thy fane preferr’d  
The best and choicest of his flock and herd;  
Hear, goddess, hear, by those oblations won;  
And for the pious sire preserve the son:  
His wish’d return with happy power befriended,  
And on the Suitors let thy wrath descend.  
She ceas’d; shrill extasies of joy declare  
The favouring Goddess present to the prayer:  
The Suitors heard, and deem’d the mirthful voice  
A signal of her hymeneal choice:  

Ver. 999. ] Or thus, with more exactness:  
The queen her *dictates* with attention hears:  
*They calm her sorrows, and suppress her tears.*  

Ver. 1013 ] These two fanciful couplets are wrought from  
as many verses of Homer, who is thus faithfully exhibited by  
Chapman:  
This said, she shriek’d; and Pallas heard her praise.  
The wooers broke with tumult all the aire  
About the shadie house.  
He and Ogilby make no connection between the cry of Penelope  
and the conduct of the Suitors, nor does it seem authorized by  
the original; but our Poet followed Hobbes:  
Her prayer granted was. Then shouted they.  
The Suitors heard it in the hall:  
or Dacier: “Cependant les poursuivants, qui avoient entendu  
"le bruit que la reine et ses femmes avoient fait.”—  

Ver. 1015. *The Suitors heard, and deem’d the mirthful voice  
A signal of her hymeneal choice.*]
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board:
"Too late the queen selects a second lord:
"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
"When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
Thus he unskill'd of what the fates provide! 1021
But with severe rebuke Antinous cried.

These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with discourse the menial train:
The great event with silent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.

His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:
Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides, 1030
Replete with mail and military store,
In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.

It may be asked whence this conjecture of the Suitors arises?
Penelope is described as weeping grievously, and fainting away,
and yet immediately the Suitors conclude she is preparing for the nuptials. Eustathius answers, that undoubtedly the Suitors understood the queen had purified herself with water, and supplicated the Goddess Minerva, though the Poet omits the relation of such little particularities. But whence is it that the Poet gives a greater share of wisdom to Euryclea than to Penelope? Penelope commands a servant to fly with the news of the absence of Telemachus to Laertes, which could not at all advantage Telemachus, and only grieve Laertes: Euryclea immediately diverts her from that vain intention, advises her to have recourse to heaven, and not add misery to the already miserable Laertes: this is wisdom in Euryclea. But it must be confessed that the other is nature in Penelope: Euryclea is calm, Penelope in a passion; and Homer would have been a very bad painter of human nature, if he had drawn Penelope, thus heated with passion, in the mild temper of Euryclea; grief and resentment give Penelope no time to deliberate, whereas Euryclea is less concerned, and consequently capable of thinking with more tranquillity.

P.
The desperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails;
(The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales)
Then take repast, 'till Hesperus display'd
His golden circlet in the western shade.

Meantime the queen without refection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:
In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.

So when the wood-man's toil her cave surrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion stung;
Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.

While pensive in the silent slumberous shade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade,
Minerva, life-like on im-bodied air
Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair:
(Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin arms;
A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Thessaly, wide stretch'd his ample reign:)
As Pallas will'd, along the sable skies
To calm the queen the phantom-sister flies.

Ver. 1035.] Exactly thus:
Then take repast, and wait the star of Even. W.

Ver. 1041.] A strange translation indeed of this simile, which
with the sequel may be faithfully represented in the following manner:

Thus, as a lion all expedients tries,
Alarm'd, hemm'd in by tribes of circling swains:
With various thoughts distracted, grateful sleep
Seiz'd her reclining, and relaxt her limbs. W.

Ver. 1048.] This error in the quantity of the word is peculiar
to our translator, who had good examples in Chapman and
Ogilby. It were most easy to be faultless in this respect:

Imprest the semblance of Iphthima fair. W
Swift on the regal dome descending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.

O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
To render Sleep's soft blessing unsincere?
Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight-dream!
Thy son, the Gods propitious will restore,
And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.

To whom the queen, (whilst yet her pensive mind
Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd)
O sister, to my soul for ever dear,
Why this first visit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm so distant should you know
From what deep source my ceaseless sorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
And with consummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours, and his crown,

Ver. 1061.] A very elegant couplet, but without sanction from his author. W.

Ver. 1063.] Thus, more faithfully:
The gods thy unoffending son restore:
or closely,
The immortals bless'd thy guiltless son restore. W.

Ver. 1073. And with consummate woe, &c.] In the original, Penelope says plainly, she is more concerned for her son than her husband. I shall translate Dacier's observations upon this passage. We ought not to reproach Penelope for this seemingly shocking declaration, in preferring a son to a husband: her sentiment is natural and just; she had all the reason in the world to believe that Ulysses was dead, so that all her hopes, all her affection, was entirely placed upon Telemachus: his loss therefore must unavoidably touch her with the highest degree of sen-
My darling son is fled! an easy prey
To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they:
Who in a league of blood associates sworn,
Will intercept the unwary youth's return.

Courage resume, the shadowy form replied,
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a surer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddess deigns to send,
To bid thee patient his return attend.

The queen replies: If in the blest abodes
A Goddess, thou hast commerce with the Gods,
Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?

Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
I speak not all the counsel of the skies:
sibility; if he is lost, she can have recourse to no second comfort. But why may we not allow the reason which Penelope herself gives for this superiority of sorrow for Telemachus? "Telemachus," says she, "is unexperienced in the world, and unable to contend with difficulties: whereas Ulysses knew how to extricate himself upon all emergencies." This is a sufficient reason why she should fear more for Telemachus than Ulysses: her affection might be greater for Ulysses than Telemachus, yet her fears might be stronger for the son than the husband, Ulysses being capable to surmount dangers by experience, Telemachus being new to all difficulties.

The deviations and suppressions of the translator will be seen from a literal version:
Now my dear child across the seas is gone,
Unpractis'd youth! in counsels or in toils:
For him I more lament than for his sire.
A trembling fear has seiz'd me, lest some ill
In nations strange, or on the waves, befall:
For numerous foes to shed his blood contrive,
Ere his ship reach his native shores again.
Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
The windy satisfaction of the tongue.
Swift thro' the valves the visionary fair
Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes;
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The vision, manifest of future fate,
Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.

Meantime the Suitors plough the watery plain,
Telemachus in thought already slain!
When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,
Their sail directed for the Samian coast,
A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,
And Asteris the' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm:
That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
And in close ambush wait the murderous deed.

Ver. 1101.] The following is a literal version of this concluding paragraph:
In the mid sea there lies a rocky isle,
'Twixt Ithaca and Samos' rugged shore,
But small, nam'd Asteris; with ports each way
Accessible; there ambush'd lay the Greeks.

The action of this book takes up the space of two nights and one day, so that from the opening of the poem to the introduction of Ulysses are six days completed.

But how long a time Telemachus afterwards stayed with Mene-laüs, is a question, which has employed some modern French critics; one of which maintains, that he staid no longer than these two nights at Lacedæmon: but it is evident from the sequel of the Odyssey, that Telemachus arrived again at Ithaca, two days after Ulysses; but Ulysses was twenty-nine days in passing from Ogygia to Ithaca, and consequently during that whole time Telemachus must have been absent from Ithaca.
The ground of that Critick's mistake was from the silence of Homer as to the exact time of his stay, which was of no importance, being distinguished by no action, and only in an episodical part.
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 described. 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 shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death; till Leucothea a sea-goddess assists him, and after innumerable perils he gets ashore on Phocacia.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

ULYSSES makes his first entry in this book. It may be asked 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 remarked, 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 happened 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 artificial order is of great use; it cuts off all languishing and unentertaining 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 engaged 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 the 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.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

In the former council, both the voyage of Telemachus and the return of Ulysses were determined 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 deferred 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 proposed; but the means how to bring it about are here under consultation, which makes the necessity of the second council.

P.
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 heaven with sacred light.
Then met the' eternal Synod of the sky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Pallas, to these, deplores the' unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates;
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying power,
The nymph's seducements, and the magick bower.

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 every 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 the immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.

What words are these! (replied the Power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heaven 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 given.
Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!
Go, to the Nymph be these our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return:

NOTES.
Ver. 28.] It is impossible, I should think, for an English reader to annex the sense required by his author to the language of this verse; that of "going in quest of some intelligence concerning his father:" nor, I presume, did our Poet mean to be understood thus, but was misled either by the common Latin translation post patris famam, or by Chapman's version:

He puts in pursuite, and is gone as farre
As sacred Pylos.
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 Phaeacians there, whose haughty line Is mixt with gods, half human, half divine,

Ver. 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 declared the care of heaven, why should he be thus suddenly abandoned? 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 procured 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: Leucothea indeed assists him, but it is not till he is shipwrecked.

Ver. 44.] Our translator pays but little attention to his author here. The following attempt is closer:

His skiff of rafters, many a danger pass'd, 
In twice ten days shall Scheria reach at last.

Ver. 46. — — — whose haughty line
Is mixt with gods.]

The Phaeacians were the inhabitants of Scheria, sometimes called Drepanë, afterwards Corcyra, now Corfu, in the possession of the Venetians. But it may be asked in what these people resemble the gods? they are described as a most effeminate nation: whence then this god-like quality? Eustathius answers, that is either from their undisturbed felicity, or from their divine quality of general benevolence: he prefers the latter; but from the general character of the Phaeacians, I should prefer the former. Homer frequently describes the gods as the gods that live in endless ease: this is suitable to the Phaeacians, as will appear more fully in the sequel of the Odyssey.
The chief shall honour as some heavenly 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 sovereign will, and such is fate.  

He spoke. The god who mounts the winged winds  
Fast to his feet the 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 heaven to high Pieria's steep,  
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.  
So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,  
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,

Ver. 56. *The god who mounts the winged winds.*] This is a noble description of Mercury; the verses are lofty and sonorous. Virgil has inserted them in his *Aeneis*, lib. iv. 240. 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 to cool or inflame the passions, according to the allegorical sense of these expressions.  

Ver. 63.] More exactly.  

And *skims with winged speed* the rolling deep.  

Ver. 64. *So watery fowl.*] Eustathius remarks, that this is a very just allusion; had the Poet compared Mercury to an eagle, though 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.
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
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 every beauty crown'd)

Ver. 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 asked 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 inclosed 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 restrained by a deity, rather than a mortal. It might have appeared 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 hero, and aggravates his misfortunes: he is detained involuntarily, but it is a goddess who detains him, and it is no disgrace for a man not to be able to overpower a deity.

Bossu observes, that the art of disguise is part of the character of Ulysses: now this is implied in the name of Calypso, which signifies *concealment*, or *secret*. The Poet makes his hero 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 borrowed part of his description of Circe in the seventh book of the *Aeneis*, from this of Calypso.

What I have here said shews likewise the necessity of this machine of Mercury: it is an established 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.
She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous 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 silvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering 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.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings pouring down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.

Ver. 74.] The latter clause is added by our translator, who has found this thought a commodious interpolation in many former instances. Thus? with more fidelity:
There trill'd her voice divine enchanting lays. W.

Ver. 89. 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 described as making use of a fire; so is Arete in the sixth book, and Eumaeus 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.
A scene, where if a God should cast his sight, 95
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
Him entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
For powers celestial to each other's view 100
Stand still confess, tho' distant far they lie
To 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 sat to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Toward 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. 110
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 bower.
Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread,
(Ambrosial cates, with Nectar rosy-red)

Ver. 102.] The meaning conveyed by this verse is not very
conspicuous to me, nor has it any resemblance to it's original.
More similarity may be produced thus:
Immortals 'scape not an immortal's eye. W.

Ver. 107.] This appears to me a very inferior couplet, and
has no praises of fidelity to challenge. The following presum-
tuous substitution is preferable in that respect:
There, pin'd with sorrows, many a live-long day
The pensive chief had sobb'd and wept away. W.
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 would 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 power 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 em-
ployed
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckless hour,
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With storms pursued them through 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 heaven's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss; so Destiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country, and his friends.
Even to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke,
BOOK V. HOMER's ODYSSEY. 183

Ungracious Gods! with spite and envy curst!
Still to your own ethereal race the worst!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever Goddess by her charms engage
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 Iasion taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.

Ver. 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 story, though it were all fable and fiction.

But why should the death of Orion be here ascribed 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 though Homer be silent about his crime, yet Horace relates it.

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.

Ver. 161. Scarce could Iasion, &c.] Ceres is here understood allegorically, to signify the earth; Iasion was a great husbandman, and consequently Ceres may easily be feigned 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.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
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 toss,
The sport of winds, and driven from every 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 power 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 having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish’d from her eye.

Ver. 189.] This couplet is fabricated from a single verse of his author to the following purport:
The mighty Mercury with these words departs. W.
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:
Absent he lay in her desiring arms.

Ver. 193.] The Greek is exquisitely beautiful here. I shall venture a plain exact translation:
Him on the beach she found: with ceaseless woe
Still stream'd his eyes, still ran to waste in tears
His precious life; the nymph distasteful grown. W.

Ver. 197.] The literal beauties of his author might have been transplanted, I think, with success into the version, thus:
For, sated now with her celestial charms,
He lay unwilling in her willing arms.
Chapman has a pretty line:
The willing goddess and the unwilling guest. W.

Ver. 198. Absent he lay in her desiring arms.] This passage has fallen under the severe censure of the criticks, 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 obliged to draw a perfect character in the person of his hero: perfection is not to be found in human life, and consequently ought not to be ascribed to it in poetry: neither Achilles nor Aeneas are perfect characters: Aeneas 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 imagined to be by the most severe critick, with respect to Calypso.

But those who have blamed this passage, form their judgments from the morality of these ages, and not from the theology of the ancients: Polygamy was then allowed, and even concubinage, without being esteemed 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.
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores consum’d the tedious day;
There sat all desolate, and sigh’d alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll’d his eyes o’er all the restful main,
’Till, dimm’d with rising grief, they stream’d again.

Here, on the 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 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 rosy wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.

This very passage shews the sincere affection which Ulysses retained 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 proetulit immortalitati.*

Ver. 200.] The following attempt is a literal exhibition of these five verses:

By day midst rocks and cliffs he sate, and tore,
With tears, and sighs, and griefs, his inmost soul;
Still eyes the sea, and, eying, streams with tears.

Ver. 211.] A wretched rhyme! Accuracy in this respect, and additional fidelity may be consulted with little difficulty, thus:

And form a raft, and raise it’s lofty sides,
To bear thee safely o’er the gloomy tides.
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. 220

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, 225 On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails The best built ship, though Jove inspire the gales. The bold proposal how shall I fulfil; Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will? 230 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 eyed, And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus replied: 234 This shews 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!

Ver. 221.] His original rather dictates, With horror thrill'd, he heard the words she spoke. W. Ver. 221.] The latter clause is interpolated by our satirist. W.

Ver. 238. But hear, oh earth, and hear ye sacred skies!] The oath of Calypso is introduced with the utmost solemnity. Rapin 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 copied the full beauty of the original.
And thou, O Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide thro' the shades, and bind the' 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.
Heaven has not curst me with a heart of steel,
But given the sense, to pity, and to feel.

Thus having said, the Goddess march'd before,
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state,
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sat;
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)
O 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?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But ah Ulysses! Wert thou given to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

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. P.
Ver. 262.] This line is from the translator only; and re-
minds us of a passage in his Eloisa, ver. 291.
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease, 
And even these slighted charms might learn to please.
A willing Goddess and immortal life, 
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
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 heavenly 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 difference know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return, and die at home.
Whate’er the Gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery 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!

Ver. 279.] A fine couplet; but the following effort is a more faithful representation of the original:
   Her charms are mortal charms, and fade away;
   Eternal thine, nor subject to decay.  W.
Ver. 283.] Neither the rhyme nor the sense can be commended for accuracy. Thus?
   Me should some God in vengeance plunge again,
   From the wreck’d vessel in the raging main.  W.
Ver. 287.] Thus, with more fidelity:
   I, who by war and sea such conflicts bore,
   Will bear, unterrified, one conflict more.  W.
Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends,
And rising night her friendly shade extends. 290
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 robed him in the cloak and vest.
The nymph’s fair head a veil transparent grac’d, 295
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac’d
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow’d glittering on the ground.
Forth-issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty axe, wit: 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 neighbouring forest led the way.
On the lone island’s utmost verge there stood 305
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch’d by the sun, or sear’d by heavenly fire:
(Already dried.) These pointing out to view,
The nymph just shew’d him, and with tears with-
drew. 310

Ver. 290.] This epithet, friendly, seems to me as foreign to
the purport of his author, as it is unauthenticated by his lan-
guage. I should like better,
And rising night her shadowy veil extends. W.

Ver. 308.] These are the fancies of the translator. Ogilby
is more accurate, as well as simple. The following couplet is
corrected from him:
Where alders grew, and poplars, light and dry,
For sailing fit; and firs that scaled the sky. W.
Now toils the hero; 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.

Ver. 311, &c. Ulysses builds his ship.] This passage has fallen under censure, as outraging all probability: Rapin believes it to be impossible for one man alone to build so complete 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 ἑκατέρων, or twenty, to the days, which ought to be applied to the trees; ἑκατέρων is understood, for the Poet immediately after declares, that the whole was completed in the space of four days; neither is there anything incredible in the description. It is to be observed, that this vessel is but Σκαλαί, a float, or raft; it is 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 felled 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 mechanicks; a shipwright could not have described a vessel more exactly; but what is chiefly valuable is the insight it gives us to what degree this art of ship-building was then arrived: 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.
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  
Supplied the cloth, capacious of the gales.  
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,  
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.  

Four days were past, and now the work complete,  
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat  
The nymph dismiss'd him, (odorous garments given)  
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heaven:  
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,  
With water one, and one with sable wine:  
Of every 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 rejoicing in the prosperous gales,  
With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails;  
Plac'd at the helm he sat, 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 resplendent beam,

Ver. 341.] An elegant couplet, amplified from this verse of  
his author:  
And sent before a safe and gentle breeze.  

W.
To which, around the axle of the sky
The bear revolving, points his golden eye:
Who shines exalted on the ethereal 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 seventeen 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 watery waste.

Ver. 355. Full seventeen 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 Egypt, 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 employed 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 crossed that vast extent of waters that lies between Egypt and Pamphylia, and arrived safely in his own country: in memory of this prodigious event he changed his name, and was called μονοσαλτής, 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.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solymé's aërial 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:

Heavens! how uncertain are the powers on high!
Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
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.

Ver. 362. From Solymé's aërial brow.] There is some difficulty in this passage. Strabo, as Eustathius observes, affirms that the expression of Neptune's seeing Ulysses from the mountain 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 anciently extended to all very elevated mountains? Bochart affirms, that the word Solimi is derived 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 itself to all very lofty mountains, which could only introduce confusion and error.

Ver. 373.] This translation is quite beside his author. The subjoined attempt is plain, but faithful:
He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world;
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night: east, west, together roar;
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, 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 should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes:
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;
Death, present death on every side appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Prest, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain:

To end his labours. But, not yet secure,
Abundant toils I doom him to endure.

Ver. 381.] Exactly thus:
The chief, while sinks his heart and members quake,
Thus with a sigh his mighty soul bespake.

Ver. 393. Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Prest, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain.]
Plutarch in his Symposiackes relates a memorable story concerning Memmius, the Roman general: when he had sacked the city of Corinth, and made slaves of those who survived 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.
Oh! had I died before that well-fought wall!
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall;
(Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead)
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.

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 copied
exactly from it. The storm, in both the Poets, is described
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 in-
glorious manner of it. This fully answers an objection that has
been made both against Homer and Virgil, who have been
blamed for describing their heroes with such an air of mean-
spiritedness. Drowning was esteemed by the ancients an ac-
cursed death, as it deprived their bodies of the rites of sepul-
ture; it is therefore no wonder that this kind of death was
greatly dreaded, since it barred their entrance into the happy
regions of the dead for many hundreds of years.

Ver. 397. (Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead.)

These words have relation to an action, no where described in
the Iliad or Odyssey. When Achilles was slain by the trea-
chery 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 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.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,  
Unwept, unnoted, 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 borne:  
While by the howling tempest rent in twain  
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.  
Long press'd he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,  
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave:  

At length emerging from his nostrils wide  
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide;  
Even then not mindless of his last retreat,  
He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat,  
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood  
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.  
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast  
Now to, now fro, before the' 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.

Ver. 411.] Our translator was more studious of convenient  
language for versification, than of fidelity to his author, who  
may be very accurately represented thus:  
At length he rose, and sputter'd from his mouth  
The brine, which from his head ran murmuring down.  
W.  
Ver. 415.] His original dictates,  
And thus scapes instant death. The rolling flood—.  
W.  
Ver. 420.] The latter clause of the verse is mere interpolation,  
and the rhymes are insufferable. Thus? more faithfully:  
Together clung, around the field it sweeps:  
So the light skiff floats diverse thro' the deeps.  
W,
The wandering chief, with toils on toils opprest, 425
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast:
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain, 430
But now an azure sister of the main)
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddess stood:
Then thus address'd him. Thou, whom heaven decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
(Unequal contest!) not his rage and power,
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 Phaeacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.

Ver. 424. The wandering chief, with toils on toils opprest,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast.] 425
It is not probable that Ulysses could escape so great a danger by
his own strength alone; and therefore the Poet introduces Leuco-
thea to assist in his preservation. But it may be asked, if this
is not contradictory to the command of Jupiter in the beginning
of the 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, until Ulysses was shipwrecked; he was to
suffer, not to die: thus Pallas afterwards calms the storm; she
may be imagined to have a power over the winds, as she is the
daughter of Jupiter, who denotes the air, according to the ob-
servation of Eustathius: here Leucothea is very properly intro-
duced to preserve Ulysses; she is a sea-goddess, and had been
a mortal, and therefore interests herself in the cause of a
mortal.
This heavenly 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.

Ver. 440. *This heavenly 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 implied in the *zone* or *cestus* of Venus. Thus Ulysses may be imagined 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 could 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, ἐπι τὰς ἀνώπαυσα, not in the form, but with the swiftness of an eagle. Most of the translators have rendered this passage ridiculously; they describe her in the real form of a sea-fowl, though she speaks, and gives her scarf. So the version of Hobbes:

She spoke, in figure of a water-hen.
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 adventurous 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 watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billows spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparked 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, pois'd a-while above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers 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 eyed him, and contemptuous said:

Ver. 465.] This comparison is from the translator only. W.
Ver. 472.] Our translator, like Hobbes, omits after this line the simile of his author, which may be given in the words of Chapman:

Like to a rider of a running horse.
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay!

Go, wander helpless on the watery 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 remembered in thy best of days.

This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking power,
Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.
The drier 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 watery waste;
Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.

Ver. 480.] The version of this speech is diffuse, and not properly exact. I shall give a literal representation of it:
Thus wander, numerous ills endur'd, the main,
Thus, 'till thou mix with people nurs'd by Jove:
But thee no trivial woes e'en there await. W.

Ver. 492.] His original requires the following adjustment of the passage, and compare verse 502.
The blasts alone of rapid Boreas sway,
And bear him swift on broken waves away;
With vigorous force—. W.

Ver. 495.] This translation stands in contradiction with verse 485 as properly represented. His author says only,
'Till with Phæacians, skill'd in naval arts,
Ulysses mingle, scap'd from death and fates. W.
The third fair morn now blaz’d upon the main; 500
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 watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen’d eyes. 505
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov’d sire revives before their sight,
(Who lingering long has call’d on death in vain,
Fixt by some demon to the bed of pain,
’Till heaven by miracle his life restore)
So joy’s Ulysses at the’ 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 listening ear may wound,
Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling 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 the’ unhop’d-for coast, 525
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.

Ver. 509. *Fixt by some demon to the 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, ἰεροὶ τί, as Ducier observes. P.
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 rolling 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 heavenly foe.

While thus he thought, a monstrous 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.

Ver. 530.] I can make no sense of this couplet. His original is;
Close within shore the sea is deep; my feet
Could find no stand, nor could I danger 'scape:
but our Poet was plainly misled by Chapman:
So neare which tis so deepe, that not a sand
Is there, for any tired foot to stand.

Ver. 544.] Thus his author:
Then had his skin been torn, nor ribs left whole;
as Ogilby and Hobbes: of whom the former thus:
'There had his flesh been rent, fractur'd his bones,
'Mongst rowling pebbles, and sharp pointed stones:
but our translator chose to follow Chapman:
— — — While thus discourse he held,
A curst surge, 'against a cutting rocke impell'd
His naked bodie, which it gasht and tore;
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
Had cast him on it.
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung,
'Till the huge surge roll'd off: then backward sweep
The resurgent tides, 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,
The' unhappy man—even Fate had been in vain:—
But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
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 spied
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 thou art, before whose stream unknown
I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,

Ver. 562.] This is not an accurate translation. Ogilby is
more faithful to his author:
At last a pleasant river's mouth he finds,
Free from rough clifts, safe from disturbing winds.
Our translator might take Hobbes for his guide:
And '{twixt the rocks a pause there did appear. W.
Ver. 566.] This line is added by the translator, and the next
stands thus in his author:
He clearly saw the stream, and silent pray'd. W.
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred even to Gods is misery:
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distrest.
He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream subsides,
Detains the rushing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,
And soft receives him from the rolling 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 swollen 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 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 tide.
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 flowery herb as soft he lay,
Thus to his soul the sage began to say.
What will ye next ordain, ye powers 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 vapours, breathing from the flood  
When morning rises? If I take the wood,  
And in thick shelter of innumerous 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 the 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 power,  
Nor wind sharp piercing, nor the rushing shower,

Ver. 609.] The paragraph might have been finished thus,  
with rhymes unexceptionable, and complete justice to his author:

Some savage monsters may devour at last:

for Homer mentions wild beasts merely, without specification. W.

Ver. 612.] The translation here is fanciful and paraphrastical.  
Mr. Cowper's version is excellent, and only runs one line beyond  
the compass of his author. I shall present it to the reader:

Long time he mused, but, at the last, his course  
Bent to the woods, which not remote he saw  
From the sea-brink, conspicuous on a hill;  
Arriv'd, between two neighbour shrubs he crept,  
Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild. W.
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 bowery shade) 
Where three at least might winter's cold defy,  
Tho' Boreas rag'd along the inclement sky.  
This store, with joy the patient hero 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 lies,  
'Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;  
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)  
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

Ver. 634.] Thus, with more fidelity: for these golden dreams  
past through the ivory gate of our translator's fancy:  
And instant clos'd his lids, that sweet repose  
Might sooth his toils, and banish all his woes.  

W.  

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 completed, since the opening of the poem.  
P.
THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

PALLAS appearing in a dream to Nausicaa, (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phaeacia) commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island. P.
WHILE thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast,
The martial maid from heaven's aërial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phæacian train
In ease possesst the wide Hyperian plain;
'Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of gigantick 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 laurel'd head:

NOTES.

Ver. 11.] This epithet recreant, as applied to the Phæacians, can only signify spiritless, or cowardly. It is certainly an unhappy word in this place. W.

Ver. 12. Where never Science rear'd her laurel'd head.] The Phæacians having a great share in the succeeding parts of the
There, round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd;
To heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
Just to his realms, he part'd grounds from grounds, 15
And shared the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.

Odyssey, it may not be improper to enlarge upon their character. Homer has here described them very distinctly: he is to make use of the Phæacians to convey Ulysses to his country; he therefore, by this short character, gives the reader such an image of them, that he is not surprised at their credulity and simplicity, in believing all those fabulous recitals which Ulysses makes in the progress of the poem. The place likewise in which he describes them is well chosen: it is before they enter upon action, and by this method we know what to expect from them, and see how every action is naturally suited to their character.

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

Plutarch seems to understand this verse in a different manner: he quotes it in his Dissertation upon Banishment, to shew that Nausithous made his people happy though he left his own country, and settled them far from the commerce of mankind, ixâ; ἀνδρέαν ἀνθρώπων, without any particular view to the Phæacians; which was undoubtedly intended by Homer, those words being a kind of a preface to their general character.

This Phæacia of the ancients is the island now called Corfu. The inhabitants of it were a colony of the Hyperians: Eustathius remarks, that it has been a question whether Hyperia was a city or an island; he judges it to be a city: it was infested by the Cyclops; but they had no shipping, as appears from the ninth book of the Odyssey, and consequently if it had been an island, they could not have molested the Phæacians; he therefore concludes it to be a city, afterwards called Camarina in Sicily.

Mr. Barnes has here added a verse that is not to be found in any other edition; and I have rendered it in the translation. P.
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 heaven 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 favourite 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!

Ver. 19.] The couplet before us is loosely and indolently done. The following is a literal version:

Straight to his palace went the grey-eyed maid,
Providing for the great-soul'd chief's return. W.

Ver. 31. The spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train——]

Here is a remarkable custom of antiquity. Eustathius observes, that it was usual for the bride to give changes of dress to the friends of the bridegroom at the celebration of the marriage, and Homer directly affirms it. Dacier quotes a passage in Judges concerning Sampson's giving changes of garments at his marriage feast, as an instance of the like custom amongst the Israelites: but I believe, if there was such a custom at all amongst them, it is not evident from the passage alleged: nothing is plainer, than that Sampson had not given the garments, if his riddle had not been expounded: nay, instead of giving, he himself had received them, if it had not been interpreted. I am rather of opinion that what is said of Sampson, has relation to another custom amongst the ancients, of proposing an enigma at festivals, and adjudging a reward to him that solved it. These the
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:

Greeks called γρίφος γευτογλυφός; grifhos convivales; Athenaeus has a long dissertation about this practice in his tenth book, and gives a number of instances of the enigmatical propositions in use at Athens, and of the forfeitures and rewards upon the solution, and non-solution of them; and Eustathius in the tenth book of the Odyssey comes into the same opinion. So that if it was a custom amongst the Israelites as well as Greeks, to give garments, (as it appears to be to give other gifts) this passage is no instance of it: it is indeed a proof that the Hebrews as well as Greeks had a custom of entertaining themselves at their festivals, with these grifhi convivales: I therefore believe that these changes of garments were no more than rewards or forfeits, according to the success of the interpretation.

Ver. 32. An idle verse, nothing like his author, who runs thus:

Thy wedding comes, when beauteous robes thyself
Must wear, and give to all thy nuptial train.

Ver. 35. Haste to the limpid stream.] This passage has not escaped the raillery of the critics; Homer, say they, brings the Goddess of Wisdom down from heaven, only to advise Nausicaa to make haste to wash her cloaths against her wedding; what necessity is there for a conduct so extraordinary upon so trivial an occasion? Eustathius sufficiently answers the objection, by observing that the Poet very naturally brings about the safety of Ulysses by it; the action of the washing is the means, the protection of Ulysses the end of the descent of that Goddess; so that she is not introduced lightly, or without contributing to an important action; and it must be allowed, that the means made use of are very natural: they grow out of the occasion, and at once give the fable a poetical turn, and an air of probability.

It has been farther objected, that the Poet gives an unworthy employment to Nausicaa, the daughter of a king; but such critics form their idea of ancient from modern greatness: it would be now a meanness to describe a person of quality thus employed, because custom has made it the work of persons of
Haste to the stream! companion of thy care, 
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.  
Virgin awake! the marriage hour is nigh, 39
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 Phaëcian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great, 45
And majesty derives a grace from state.

Then to the palaces of heaven she sails, 50
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 splendours glows.
Hither the Goddess wing’d the’ aerial way, 55
Thro’ heaven’s eternal gates that blaz’d with day.

Now from her rosy car Aurora shed 60
The dawn, and all the orient flam’d with red.
Uprose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night.

low condition: it would now be thought dishonourable for a lady of high station to attend the flocks; yet we find in the most ancient history extant, that the daughters of Laban and Jethro, persons of power and distinction, were so employed, without any dishonour to their quality. In short, these passages are to be looked upon as exact pictures of the old world, and consequently as valuable remains of antiquity.
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.
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sat;
From his high dome the king descends in state,
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:

Ver. 61. — — — the queen her hours bestow'd
In curious works — — —
This is another image of ancient life: we see a queen amidst her attendants at work at the dawn of day: de nocte surrexit, et digitu ejus apprehenderant fusum. This is a practice as contrary to the manners of our ages, as the other of washing the robes: it is the more remarkable in this queen, because she lived amongst an idle effeminate people, that loved nothing but pleasures. Dacier.

Ver. 79.] The translator indulges his own fancy, instead of attending to the sense of his author. Chapman is faithful:
This general cause she shew'd; and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet; and thus replide.
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 the' attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares
Tunicks, and stoles, and robes imperial bears.
The queen assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavorful wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
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

Ver. 83.[] What follows is a literal version of this answer:
Nor grudge I, child! the mules, nor aught besides.
Go; and the servants shall prepare a car,
Lofty, well-wheel'd, in all things full-equipp'd. W.

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

Ver. 93.] A rambling couplet of execrable rhymes, to represent the following line of his author:
Ointment for her, and her attendant maids. W.
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy 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 basin fills.

Ver. 101. Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.

It is evident, that the antients had basons, or cisterns, continually supplied by the rivers for this business of washing; they were called, observes Eustathius, πλυνταί, or βάθρα; and were sometimes made of marble, other times of wood. Thus in the Iliad, book xxii.

Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish’d bed receives the falling rills,
Where Trojan dames, ere yet alarm’d by Greece,
Wash’d their fair garments in the days of peace.
The manner of washing was different from what is now in use: they trode them with their feet, Στέπας, ἔπτικοι τοίς ποδίς. Eustathius.

It may be thought that these customs are of small importance, and of little concern to the present ages: it is true; but time has stamped a value upon them: like ancient medals, their intrinsic worth may be small, but yet they are valuable, because images of antiquity.

Plutarch in his Symposiacks proposes this question, Why Nausicaa washes in the river, rather than the sea, though it was more nigh, more hot, and consequently more fit for the purpose than the river? Theon answers from Aristotle, that the sea-water has many gross, rough, and earthy particles in it, as appears from its saltness, whereas fresh water is more pure and unmixt, and consequently more subtle and penetrating, and fitter for use in washing. Themistocles dislikes this reason, and affirms that sea-water being more rough and earthy than that of rivers, is therefore the most proper, for its cleansing quality: this appears from observation, for in washing, ashes, or some such substance are thrown into the fresh water to make it effectual, for those particles open the pores, and conduce to the effect of cleansing. The true reason then is, that there is an
The mules unharness'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(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 re-tost, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven rejoice.

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves:
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe:

Unctuous nature in sea-water (and Aristotle confesses all salt to
be unctuous) which hinders it from cleansing: whereas river-
water is pure, less mixt, and consequently more subtle and pen-
etrating, and being free from all oily substance, is preferable
and more effectual than sea-water.

Ver. 103. Thus, more faithfully:
The mules, unharness'd, by the river go;
And crop the herbs that on the margin grow.

Ver. 108. This verse is added by the translator; nor is it
unseasonable or inelegant.

Ver. 115. Our Poet is sufficiently audacious here. His
author had said merely,
For them Nausicaa fair began the song.

Ver. 120. This verse is expanded from a single word in his
original, the epithet of Diana, signifying rejoicing in arrows.
HOMER's ODYSSEY. BOOK VI.

High o'er the lawn, with more majestick 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.

Meantime (the care and favourite of the skies)
Wrapt in embowering 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,

Ver. 129.] The rambling licentiousness of our Poet will be
most effectually seen from a literal and commensurate version:
When now the princess for return prepar'd,
With harness'd mules, and vestments folded up,
The blue-eyed Goddess fram'd a new device,
To shew the waking chief the beauteous maid,
His kind conductress to Phaeacia's town.
The ball, which toward her damsels cast the queen,
Erroneous, in a whirlpool deep was plung'd.
Loudly they shriek, and straight Ulysses wakes;
Sits upright, musing in his troubled mind.

Ver. 133. Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball ———

This play with the ball was called Φωνεῖς, and ἕστρινθα, by the
anceints; and from the signification of the word, which is decep-
tion, we may learn the nature of the play: the ball was thrown
to some one of the players unexpectedly, and he as unexpect-
edly threw it to some other of the company to catch, from which
surprise upon one another it took the name of Φωνεῖς. It was a
sport much in use among the ancients, both men and women;
it caused a variety of motions in throwing and running, and was
therefore a very healthful exercise. The Lacedemonians were
remarkable for the use of it; Alexander the Great frequently
exercised at it; and Sophocles wrote a play, called Πολύκιας, or
Lotrices; in which he represented Nausicaa sporting with her
damsels at this play: it is not now extant. 
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 bowers,  
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood;  
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;  
Or human voice? but, issuing from the shades,  
Why cease I straight to learn what sound invades?  
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,  
With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;  
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads  
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.

Ver. 151. Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads  
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.

This passage has given great offence to the criticks. The interview between Ulysses and Nausicaa, says Rapin, outrages all the rules of decency: she forgets her modesty, and betrays her virtue, by giving too long an audience: she yields too much to his complaints, and indulges her curiosity too far at the sight of a person in such circumstances. But perhaps Rapin is too severe; Homer has guarded every circumstance with as much caution as if he had been aware of the objection: he covers his loins with a broad foliage, he makes Ulysses speak at a proper distance, and introduces Minerva to encourage her virgin modesty. Is there here any outrage of decency? Besides, what takes off this objection of immodesty in Nausicaa, is, that the sight of a naked man was not unusual in those ages: it was customary for virgins of the highest quality to attend heroes to the bath, and
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts and wet with wintery showers,
Descends terrifick from the mountain’s brow,
With living flames his rolling 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 neighbouring 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 frightened virgins fly;
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix’d alone,
By Pallas arm’d with boldness not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the King awaits,
And self-considering, as he stands, debates;

even to assist in bathing them, without any breach of modesty;
as is evident from the conduct of Polycaste in the conclusion of
the third book of the Odyssey, who bathes and perfumes Tele-
machus. Yet it may seem that the other damsels had a diffe-
rent opinion of this interview, and that through modesty they
ran away, while Nausicaa alone talks with Ulysses: but this
only shews, not that she had less modesty, but more prudence,
than her retinue. The damsels fled not out of modesty, but
fear of an enemy: whereas Nausicaa wisely reflects that no such
person could arrive there, the country being an island; and from
his appearance, she rightly concluded him to be a man in cala-

Ver. 169.] Our translator is very concise with his author.
Chapman is full and accurate, and may be read with pleasure:

— — — — And here was he
Put to his wisdome; if her virgin knee,
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
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 majestick, 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 are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms allied:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim the' harmonious maze.

But blest o'er all, the youth with heavenly 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!

He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace;
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtaine
Some cover for his nakednes, and gaine
Her grace to shew and guide him to the townie.
The last, he best thought, to be worth his owne,
In weighing both well: to keepe still aloofe,
And give with soft words, his desires their proofe,
Lest pressing so neare, as to touch her knee,
He might encense her maiden modestie.
This faire and fil'd speech then, shewd this was he.
Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd
By Phoebus' 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!)

Ver. 193. Thus seems the palm.] This allusion is introduced
to image the stateliness, and exactness of shape in Nausicaa,
to the mind of the reader; and so Tully, as Spondanus ob-
erves, understands it. The story of the Palm is this: "When
" Latona was in travail of Apollo in Delos, the earth that in-
" stant produced a large Palm, against which she rested in her
" labour." Homer mentions it in his hymns. This allusion is
after the Oriental manner. Thus in the Psalms, how frequently
are persons compared to Cedars. And in the same author,
children are resembled to Olive-branches.
This palm was much celebrated by the ancients, the super-
stition of the age had given it a religious veneration, and even
in the times of Tully the natives esteemed it immortal; (for so
the above-mentioned words imply.) This gives weight and
beauty to the address of Ulysses; and it could not but be very
acceptable to a young lady, to hear herself compared to the
greatest wonder in the creation.

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

Homer passes over the voyage in this transient manner with-
out a farther explanation: Ulysses had no leisure to enlarge
upon that story, but reserves it more advantageously for a future
discovery before Alcinous and the Phaeacian rulers. By this
conduct he avoids a repetition, which must have been tedious
to the reader, who would have found little appetite afterwards,
if he had already been satisfied by a full discovery made to
Nausicaa. The obscurity therefore arises from choice, not
want of judgment.
Raptur'd I stood, and as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence 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.
Awed from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For Misery, oh Queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to spare! but heaven, my foe,
Spare 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 human-kind:
O let soft pity touch thy generous 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 the inclement sky:
So may the Gods who heaven 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.

Ver. 208.] Thus, more closely to the purport of the original language:
Spares only to exhaust its stores of woe.
The next couplet is prosaic, and might be spared, as unauthorised by Homer.
W.

Ver. 222.] The following attempt is a literal translation of the conclusion of this address:
May heaven the fondest wishes of thy soul
Indulge, and grant a husband, and a home,
The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then Envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and heaven 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 a 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:

And mutual love: for sure of blessings first
Is harmony of souls in wedded pair;
Sight hateful and tormenting, to their foes;
To friends, delicious, to themselves the most.

Ver. 229.] This is not the sentiment of his original, which
may be more faithfully represented as follows:
Dispens'd at will by all-controlling heaven,
To good and bad terrestrial wealth is given.

Chapman has three excellent lines on this passage:
Jove onely orders man's felicitie
To good and bad; his pleasure fashions still
The whole proportion of their good and ill.

Ver. 238.] Or thus, more faithfully:
Phæacia calls my potent sire her king.
Safe in the love of heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer 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 tide;
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroidery 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 wearied limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave;
Ye Gods! since this worn frame reflection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!

Ver. 248. This sentiment is not at all in Homer, but from
Proverbs, xix. 17. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth
unto the Lord; and that, which he hath given, will he pay
"him again."

W.

Ver. 251. A literal version will shew the slovenly execution
of our Poet:

He spake; they stopt, and cheer'd each other's hearts.
Then led Ulysses to the shelter'd stream,
As brave Alcinous' daughter gave command.
Close by, they place a tunic, and a robe,
And give a golden cruse of purest oil;
Then in the river's current bid him plunge:
But first the chief divine bespake the maids.

W.

Ver. 261. This couplet is not accurate. Chapman has very
well represented the thought of his author:
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide 265
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:

And then use oile, which long time did not shine
On my poore shoulders.

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

On the subject of this note, the reader may consult my observation on Book iii. verse 591.

Ver. 265. — — — at once into the tide
Active he bounds ———]

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

P.
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,  
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;  
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, 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 wonderous mould,  
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold—  
So Pallas his heroick frame improves  
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves.  
A fragrance breathes around: majestick grace  
Attends his steps: the astonish'd virgins gaze.  
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,  
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.  
The wondering 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:

Ver. 276.] There is nothing about statues in Homer: the sense is much better exhibited by Ogilby:

So shews 'bout silver a gilt border, wrought  
By one whom Vulcan and Minerva taught.  
A simile, not unlike this in purport occurs in Proverbs, xxv. 11.  
"A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."  
W.

Ver. 281.] This fragrance is from the translator; and the rhymes are truly wretched. Thus? more faithfully:

A roseate beauty and majestic grace  
His limbs inspirit and illumine his face.
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
Far from this realm, the favourite isle of heaven. 290.
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod
The desert sands, and now he looks a God.
Oh heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!
But haste, the viands and the bowl provide— 295
The maids the viands, and the bowl supplied:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirst assuag'd.

Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends, 300
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd
The splendid seat, the listening 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 305
Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.
But hear, tho' wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at distance, while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain: 310
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, 315
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 numerous 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.

Ver. 325. They rush into the deep with eager joy.] It is very judicious in the Poet to let us thus fully into the character of the Phæacians, before he comes to shew what relation they have to the story of the Odyssey: he describes Alcinous and the people of better rank, as persons of great hospitality and humanity; this gives an air of probability to the free and benevolent reception which Ulysses found: he describes the vulgar as excellent navigators; and he does this not only because they are islanders, but, as Eustathius observes, to prepare the way for the return of Ulysses, who was to be restored by their conduct to his country, even against the inclination of Neptune, the God of the ocean. But it may be asked, is not Homer inconsistent with himself, when he paints the Phæacians as men of the utmost humanity, and immediately after calls them a proud unpolished race, and given up to censoriousness? It is easy to reconcile the seeming contradiction, by applying the character of humanity to the higher rank of the nation, and the other to the vulgar and the mariners. I believe the same character holds good to this day amongst any people who are much addicted to sea affairs; they contract a roughness, by being secluded from the more general converse of mankind, and consequently are strangers to that affability, which is the effect of a more enlarged conversation. But what is it that inclines the Phæacians to be censorious? It is to be remembered, that they are every where described as a people abandoned to idleness; to idleness therefore that part of their character is to be imputed. When the thoughts are not employed upon things, it is usual to turn them upon persons: a good man has not the inclination, an industrious man not the leisure, to be censorious; so that censure is the property of idleness. This I take to be the moral, intended to be drawn from the character of the Phæacians.
A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name. 330
"What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa leads?
"Heavens! 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 prayer, the' aërial bridegroom flies.
"Heaven on that hour its choicest influence shed,
"That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!
"All, all the God-like worthies that adorn
"This realm, she flies: Phæacia is her scorn." 340
And just the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the' guilt, but shuns the' offence:
The' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
"Till our consenting sires a spouse provide,
And publick 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, 350

Ver 344. — the least freedom with the sex is shame,
'Till our consenting sires a spouse provide.

This is an admirable picture of ancient female life among the orientals; the virgins were very retired, and never appeared amongst men but upon extraordinary occasions, and then always in the presence of the father or mother; but when they were married, says Eustathius, they had more liberty. Thus Helen converses freely with Telemachus and Pisistratus, and Penelope sometimes with the suitors.

P.
We bend our way: a bubbling 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 flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.
There wait embower'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
Arrived, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every 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 wonderous 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 powers,
My royal father shares the genial hours;
But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:

Ver. 351.] I would propose a contraction of these four verses into half the compass, without any infidelity to the original, which supplies less than a line for this length of version:

We bend our way: a bubbling fount distills
It's lucid current o'er the verdant meads. W.

Ver. 371.] The following substitution is a much nearer resemblance to the sense of Homer:

There, like a God in bliss, with her alone,
My sire quaffs nectar on his gorgeous throne. W.

Ver. 373. But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose.] This little circumstance, seemingly of small importance, is not without
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 the' embroider'd rein,
Slow rolls the car before the' attending train:
Now whirling down the heavens, 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 hero pray'd.

Daughter of Jove! whose arms in thunder wield
The' 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 awed) apparent from the sky:

it's beauty. It is natural for a daughter to apply to the mother,
rather than the father: women are likewise of a compassionate
nature, and therefore the Poet first interests the queen in the
cause of Ulysses. At the same time he gives a pattern of con-
jugal affection, in the union between Arete and Alcinous. P.
Ver. 375.] With more fidelity, as follows:
So may'st thou hope thy friends to view, and come
O'er the wide seas to thy dear native home. W.
Ver. 379.] His original dictates,
The stream they left; she guides the' emboider'd rein—. W.
Ver. 391. — — — but forbore to fly
(By Neptune awed) apparent from the sky.]
We see the ancients held a subordination among the Deities, and
though different in inclinations, yet they act in harmony: one
God resists not another Deity. This is more fully explained, as
Eustathius observes, by Euripides, in his Hippolytus; where
Diana says, it is not the custom of the Gods to resist one the
other, when they take vengeance even upon the favourites of
Stern God! who rag’d with vengeance unrestrain’d,
'Till great Ulysses hail’d his native land.

other Deities. The late tempest that Neptune had raised for
the destruction of Ulysses, was an instance of Neptune’s impla-
cable anger: this makes Minerva take such measures as to avoid
an open opposition, and yet consult the safety of Ulysses: she
descends, but it is secretly.

This book takes up part of the night, and the whole thirty-
second day; the vision of Nausicaa is related in the preceding
night, and Ulysses enters the city a little after the sun sets in the
following evening. So that thirty-two days are completed since
the opening of the poem.

This book in general is full of life and variety: it is true, the
subject of it is simple and unadorned, but improved by the Poet,
and rendered entertaining and noble. The muse of Homer is
like his Minerva, with respect to Ulysses, who from an object of
commiseration improves his majesty, and gives a grace to every
feature.
THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

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

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

THIS book opens with the introduction of Ulysses to Alcinoüs; every step the Poet takes carries on the main design of the poem, with a progress so natural, that each incident seems really to have happened, and not to be invention. Thus Nausicaa accidentally meets Ulysses, and introduces him to Alcinoüs, her father, who lands him in Ithaca: it is possible this might be true history; the Poet might build upon a real foundation, and only adorn the truth with the ornaments of poetry. It is to be wished, that a faithful history of the Trojan war, and the voyages of Ulysses, had been transmitted to posterity; it would have been the best comment upon the Iliad and Odyssey. We are not to look upon the poems of Homer as mere romances, but as true stories, heightened and beautified by poetry: thus the Iliad is built upon a real dissention, that happened in a real war between Greece and Troy; and the Odyssey upon the real voyages of Ulysses, and the disorders that happened through his absence in his own country. Nay, it is not possible but that many of those incidents that seem most extravagant in Homer, might have an appearing truth, and be justified by the opinions, and mistaken credulity of those ages. What is there in all Homer more seemingly extravagant, than the story of the race of the Cyclops, with one broad eye in their foreheads? and yet, as Sir Walter Raleigh very judiciously conjectures, this may be built upon a seeming truth: they were a people of Sicily, remarkable for savageness and cruelty, and perhaps might in their wars make use of a head-piece or vizor, which had but one sight in it, and this might give occasion to sailors who coasted those shores, to mistake the single sight of the vizor for a broad eye in the forehead, especially when they before looked upon them as monsters for their barbarity. I doubt not but we lose many beauties in Homer for want of a real history, and think him extravagant, when he only complies with the opinions of former ages. I thought it necessary to make this observation, as a general vindication of Homer; especially in this place, immediately before he enters upon the relation of those stories which have been thought most to outrage credibility: if then we look upon the Odyssey as all fiction, we consider it unworthily; it ought to be read as a story founded upon truth, but adorned with the embellishments of poetry, to convey instruction with pleasure the more effectually. P.
THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE patient, heavenly man thus suppliant, pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on the' imperial maid;
Thro' the proud street she moves, the publick gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:

NOTES.

Ver. 9.] Circumstances of this kind occur in other parts of
this poem, but I find nothing here to countenance the notion of
our lickerish translator. His original stands thus:
Her for Alcinous they selected once
As a choice gift, because Phæacia's realm
He sway'd, and homage as a God received. W.
Ver. 10. Eurymedusa nam'd.] Eustathius remarks, that the
Phæacians were people of great commerce, and that it was cus-
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,  
Snatch’d from Epirus, her sweet native shore,  
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow’d  
On good Alcinous, honour’d as a God:  
Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,  
And tender second to a mother’s cares.  

Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,  
To town Ulysses took the winding way.  
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,  
Around him spread a veil of thicken’d air;  
To shun the’ encounter of the vulgar crowd,  
Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.  
When near the fam’d Phæacian walls he drew,  
The beauteous city opening to his view,  
His step a virgin met, and stood before:  
A polish’d urn the seeming virgin bore,  
tomary in those ages to exchange slaves in traffick; or perhaps  
Eurymedusa might be a captive, piracy then being honourable,  
and such seizures of cattle or slaves frequent. The passage  
concerning the brothers of Nausicaa has not escaped the censure  
of the criticks: Homer in the original calls them like Gods, and  
yet in the same breath gives them the employment of slaves;  
they unyoke the mules, and carry into the palace the burdens  
they brought. A two-fold answer may be given to this objection,  
and this conduct might proceed from the general custom  
of the age, which made such actions reputable; or from the  
particular love the brothers bore their sister, which might in-  
duce them to act thus, as an instance of it.  

Ver. 20. Around him spread a veil of thicken’d air.] It may be  
asked what occasion there is to make Ulysses invisible? Eusta-  
thius answers, not only to preserve him from insults as he was a  
stranger, but that he might raise a greater surprise in Alcinous  
by his sudden appearance. But, adds he, the whole is an alle-  
gory; and Ulysses wisely chusing the evening to enter unob-  
served, gave occasion to the Poet to bring in the Goddess of  
Wisdom to make him invisible.  

Ver. 26. — The seeming virgin, &c.] It may be asked why  
Minerva does not appear as a Goddess, but in a borrowed form?
And youthful smil’d; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the Goddess with the azure eyes.

Shew me, fair daughter, (thys the chief demands)
The house of him who rules these happy lands. 29
Thro’ many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous’ hospitable dome.

Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!

The Goddess answer’d. Father, I obey, 33
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you enquire,
For fast beside it dwells my honour’d sire;
But silent march, nor greet the common train
With question needless, or enquiry vain. 40

A race of rugged mariners are these;
Unpolish’d men, and boisterous as their seas:
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.

These did the ruler of the deep ordain 45
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvas wings to cut the watery way,
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.

Thus having spoke, the’ unknown celestial leads:
The footsteps of the Deity he treads, 50
And secret moves along the crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race.

(The mist objected, and condens’d the skies.)
The chief with wonder sees the’ extended streets, 55
The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;

The Poet has already told us, that she dreaded the wrath of
Neptune; one Deity could not openly oppose another Deity,
and therefore she acts thus invisibly.)
He next their princes' lofty domes admires,
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.

At length the kingly palace gates he view'd:
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech renew'd.

My task is done; the mansion you enquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.

High-thron'd, and feasting, there thou shalt behold
The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends.

First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous' queen, Arete is her name,
The same her parents, and her power the same.

For know, from Ocean's God Nausithous sprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young:
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left this only heir.)

Ver. 60.] A verse exquisitely beautiful, solely due to the
invention of our translator. W.

Ver. 74. Eurymedon, &c.] This passage is worthy observation,
as it discovers to us the time when the race of the ancient giants
perished; this Eurymedon was grandfather to Nausithous, the
father of Alcinous; so that the giants were extirpated forty or
fifty years before the war of Troy. This exactly agrees with
ancient story, which informs us, that Hercules and Theseus
purged the earth from those monsters. Plutarch in his Life of
Theseus tells us, that they were men of great strength, and
public robbers, one of whom was called the Bender of Pines.
Now Theseus stole away Helen in her infancy, and consequently
these giants were destroyed some years before the Trojan ex-
pedition. Dacier, Plutarch.
Who now by Neptune's amorous power comprest,
Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The first by Phoebus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son surviv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the street she gracious deigns to move,
(The publick wonder, and the publick love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.

Ver. 84. Arete, &c. It is observable that this Arete was both
wife and niece to Alcinous, an instance that the Grecians mar-
rried with such near relations: the same appears from Demost-
henes and other Greek orators. But what then is the notion of
incest amongst the ancients? The collateral branch was not
thought incestuous, for Juno was the wife and sister of Jupiter.
Brothers likewise married their brothers' wives, as Deiphobus
Helen, after the death of Paris; the same was practised amongst
the Jews, and consequently being permitted by Moses was not
incestuous. So that the only incest was in the ascending, not
collateral or descending branch; as when parents and children
married; thus when Myrrha lay with her father, and Lot with
his daughters, this was accounted incest. The reason is very
evident, a child cannot pay the duty of a child to a parent, and
at the same time of a wife or husband; nor can a father act
with the authority of a father towards a person who is at once
his wife and daughter. The relations interfere, and introduce
confusion, where the law of nature and reason requires regu-
larity.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast,
To heal divisions, to relieve the' opprest;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.

With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forsaking Scheria's ever pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread;
She past, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.

Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.

Ver. 94.] This triplet is a loose and luxuriant representation of his author, who may be literally given thus:
Nor wants the queen benevolence of soul;
Her kind interposition solves disputes.

W.

Ver. 105.] This verse is interpolated by our Poet; and the next might be more properly written thus:
And to Erectheus' well-wrought dome retreats.
Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait 129
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd, 125
The work of matrons: these the princes prest,
Day following day, a long-continu'd feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;

Ver. 118. Two rows of stately dogs, &c.] We have already seen that dogs were kept as a piece of state, from the instance of those that attended Telemachus; here Alcinous has images of dogs in gold, for the ornament of his palace; Homer animates them in his poetry: but to soften the description, he introduces Vulcan, and ascribes the wonder to the power of a God. If we take the poetical dress away, the truth is, that these dogs were formed with such excellent art, that they seemed to be alive, and Homer, by a liberty allowable to poetry, describes them as really having that life, which they only have in appearance. In the Iliad he speaks of living tripods with greater boldness. Eustathius recites another opinion of some of the ancients, who thought these χάλιτι not to be animals, but a kind of large nails (ςκληρύνες) or pins, made use of in buildings, and to this day the name is retained by builders, as dogs of iron, &c. It is certain the words will bear this interpretation, but the former is more after the spirit of Homer, and more noble in poetry. Besides, if the latter were intended, it would be absurd to ascribe a work of so little importance to a Deity.

P. Ver. 128. Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd.] This is a remarkable piece of grandeur: lamps, as appears from the eighteenth of the Odyssey, were not at this time known to the Grecians, but only torches: these were held by images in the shape of beautiful youths, and those images were of gold. P.
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride.
'\The flying shuttle thro' the threads to guide:'

Ver. 130.] A beautiful couplet, but unauthorised by his original, as a literal version will discover:

There boys of gold on polish'd bases stood;
Their hands held blazing torches, to dispense
Rays for the banquet thro' the gloom of night.  W.

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

The verse omitted after this by our Poet, I would thus translate:

The new-wrought texture gleam'd an oily gloss.
The ancients were accustomed to perfume their garments with fragrant oils: let the reader compare Iliad xviii. verse 686, of this translation, and especially the original of that passage. W.

Ver. 138. — — works of female skill their women's pride.] We may gather from what Homer here relates concerning the skill of these Phoracian damsels, that they were famed for these works of curiosity: the Corcyrians were much given to traffic, and perhaps they might bring slaves from the Sidonians, who instructed them in these manufactures. Dacier.
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around,
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,

Ver. 142. Close to the gates a spacious garden lies.] This famous garden of Alcinous contains no more than four acres of ground, which in those times of simplicity was thought a large one even for a prince. It is laid out, as Eustathius observes, into three parts: a grove for fruits and shade, a vineyard, and an allotment for olives and herbs. It is watered with two fountains, the one supplies the palace and town, the other the garden and the flowers. But it may be asked what reality there is in the relation, and whether any trees bear fruit all the year in this island? Eustathius observes, that experience teaches the contrary, and that it is only true of the greatest part of the year; Homer, adds he, disguises the true situation of the Phaeacians, and here describes it as one of the happy islands; at once to enrich his poetry, and to avoid a discovery of his poetical exaggeration. The relation is true of other places, if Pliny and Theophrastus deserve credit, as Dacier observes; thus the Citron bears during the whole year fruits and flowers. The same is related of other trees by Pliny. So that what Homer relates is in itself true, though not entirely of Phaeacia. Or perhaps it might be only intended for a more beautiful and poetical manner of describing the constant succession of one fruit after another in a fertile climate.

Ver. 145.] These seven verses are luxuriantly expanded from three of Homer, which may be literally represented thus:

There stately trees with ample foliage grew;
Pomegranates, pears, and apples, noble fruit!
Figs, sweetly luscious; olives, spreading wide.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.

The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labours of a year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join;
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descried,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dyed.

Ver. 161. Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun.] To understand this passage aright, it is necessary to know the manner of ordering the vintage amongst the Greeks. First, they carried all the grapes they gathered into a house for a season; afterwards they exposed them ten days to the sun, and let them lie abroad as many nights in the freshness of the air; then they kept them five days in cool shades, and on the sixth they trod them, and put the wine into vessels. This we learn from Hesiod: ἐπίθρυ, verse 229.

Homer distinguishes the whole into three orders: first, the grapes that have already been exposed to the sun are trod; the second order is of the grapes that are exposed, while the others are treading; and the third, of those that are ripe to be gathered, while the others are thus ordering. Homer himself thus explains it, by saying, that while some vines were loaded with black and mature grapes, others were green, or but just turning to blackness. Homer undoubtedly founds this poetical relation upon observing some vines that bore fruit thrice annually. Pliny affirms this to be true, lib. xvi. cap. 27.
Beds of all various herbs for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring.
The people one, and one supplies the king.

Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Even from the chief, who men and nations knew,
The' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.

Night now approaching; in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for rest, and offering to * the God
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.

Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.

* Mercury.

Ver. 183.] This is not from Homer, but Chapman:
— — — where all the peers he found,
And captains of Phæacia, with cups crown'd. W.

Ver. 184. Prepar'd for rest, and offering to the God
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.]
I have already explained from Athenæus this custom of offering
to Mercury at the conclusion of entertainments: he was thought
by the ancients to preside over sleep: Dat somnos adimitque,
according to Horace, as Dacier observes. In the following ages
this practice was altered, and they offered not to Mercury, but
to Jove the perrecter, or to Ζής τηλωτζ. P.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before the imperial dame.
Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night; 190
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.
The nobles gaze, with awful fear opprest;
Silent they gaze, and eye the God-like guest.

Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man) 195
To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.

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

Ver. 200. A wretched exile to his country send.] Ulysses here speaks very concisely: and he may seem to break abruptly into the subject of his petition, without letting the audience either into the knowledge of his condition or person. Was this a proper method to prevail over an assembly of strangers? But his gesture spoke for him, he threw himself into the posture of a suppliant, and the persons of all suppliants were esteemed to be.
So may the Gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race;
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest!

Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echeneus sage, a venerable man!
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpast,
And join'd to that the experience of the last.

sacred: he declared himself to be a man in calamity, and reserves his story to be told more at large, when the surprise of the Phæacians at the sudden appearance of a stranger was over; this conciseness therefore is not blameable, but rather an instance of Homer's judgment, who knows when to be short, and when to be copious.

Ver. 202.] Or thus, on account of the rhymes:

So may the Gods your days with blessings grace—

Ver. 207. And humbled in the ashes, &c.] This was the custom of suppliants: they betook themselves to the hearth as sacred, and a place of refuge. It was particularly in the protection of Vesta, as Tully remarks, lib. ii. de Naturâ Deorum. Apollonius likewise, as Spondanus observes, takes notice of this custom of suppliants. He says, "they betook themselves to the hearth, and there "sat mute, which is the custom of all unhappy suppliants." If it was a custom, as Apollonius observes, to sit mute, this gives another reason why Ulysses used but few words in his supplication: he had greatly outraged a practice that was established as sacred amongst the Greeks, and had not acted in the character of a suppliant, if he had launched out into a long oration.

This was the most sure and effectual way of supplication; thus when Themistocles fled to Admetus king of the Molossians, he placed himself before the hearth, and was received, though that king had formerly vowed his destruction. Plutarch indeed calls it an unusual way of supplication, but that proceeded from his carrying a child in his arms to move the greater compassion, not from his throwing himself into the protection of the household Gods.
Homer's Odyssey

Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

Oh sight (he cried) dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.

Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way;
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.

His sage advice the listening king obeys,
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas remov'd,
(The monarch's offspring, and his best belov'd)
There next his side the God-like hero sat;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver laver, of capacious size.
The table next in regal order spread.
The glittering canisters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!

Ver. 221.] The following attempt, if it can be borne, is faithful to the original:

Let first the heralds due libations shower,
To Jove, of awful suppliants guardian power.

W.

Ver. 229.] Homer says here only in general "on a resplendent throne."

W.
Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,  
And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.  
Let all around the due libation pay  
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.  

He said. Pontonus heard the king's command;  
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:  
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.  
Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began.  

Princes and peers, attend! while we impart  
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.  
Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite  
Repair we to the blessings of the night:  
But with the rising day, assembled here,  
Let all the elders of the land appear,  
Pious observe our hospitable laws,  
And heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause;  
Then join'd in council, proper means explore  
Safe to transport him to the wisht-for shore:  
(How distant that, imports not us to know,  
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe)  
Meantime, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:  
This interval, heaven trusts him to our care;  

Ver. 240. — — — the due libation pay  
To Jove ——— ]

We have already seen that the whole assembly was about to pour libations to Mercury; whence is it then that they now offer to Jupiter? Eustathius observes, it was because of the arrival of this stranger, and Jupiter presides over all strangers, and is frequently stiled Ζεύς ξύνθη και Ζεύς ἰππικελμένος.  

Ver. 251. } This open vowel is bad; and his original prescribes,  

More frequent let our senators appear.  

Ver. 255. ] This elegant couplet is expanded from the following words of his author:  

—— — far distant though it be.  

VOL. 1.
But to his native land our charge resign'd,
Heaven's is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins even from the birth, are misery and man!

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

Ver. 262.] The rhymes are not equally correct, nor is the sense in tolerable correspondence with his model. I shall presume to propose a couplet of much more faithful interpretation:

Then must he suffer what the thread of Fate
Wove at his entrance on this earthly state.

W.

Ver. 273.] We have here no less than eight verses spun from three of Homer; which the subjoined version literally exhibits:

Then if some lonely traveller chance to meet,
They scorn disguise: so near are we allied;
As Cyclops' near, and the wild giant-tribes.
In his interpretation of the concluding paragraph our translator follows Ogilby and Ducier; erroneously, and by a construction forced and unnatural, in my opinion.

W.
Let no such thought (with modest grace rejoin’d
The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind;
Alas, a mortal! most opprest of those
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish’d long and second now to none!
By heaven’s high will compell’d from shore to shore;
With heaven’s high will prepar’d to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast.
Howe’er the noble, suffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live,
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
But finish, oh ye peers! what you propose,
And let the morrow’s dawn conclude my woes.
Plea’d will I suffer all the Gods ordain,
To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
That view vouchsaf’d, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!

Ver. 287.] The version here is very licentious. The seven next lines are designed to represent the following portion of his author:

Those, whom ye know, of all the race of man
With sorrows laden most, I match in woe:
Nay, ills surpassing their’s in number far
Could I recount, at heaven’s high will endur’d.
The assembled peers with general praise approv'd
His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Ulysses in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne,
Divine Arete and Alcinous shone.
The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd
Robed in the garments her own hands had made:
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the God-like man.
Camest thou not hither, wonderous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like these, so recent and so fair!
Hard is the task, oh princess! you impose:
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows, sent by Heaven and Fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia named, in Ocean's watery arms:
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.

Ver. 310.] Thus, exactly:
*Each to his dome for balmy sleep repairs.*
W.

Ver. 313.] A portion of his author, omitted after this verse
by our Poet, cannot be better given than from Chapman:
— — — The handmaids then
The vessels of the banquet took away.
W.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships: 335
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges toss'd,
Heaven drove my wreck the' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddess there with open arms, 340
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love. 345
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth, she voluntary moves to part,
Or urged by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea; 350
Herself supplied the stores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain, 355
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;

Ver. 345.] This is unauthorised by Homer: and, therefore, he might have written, with less deviation from the purport of the passage, as follows:

Her form celestial, and unbounded love. W.

Ver. 346.] Thus, with more fidelity:
I stay, still watering seven continued years
The' ambrosial vest she gave me, with my tears. W.
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.

Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle: but there my hopes were lost,
The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanced to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.

All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd, and Phoebus shin'd in vain,
Nor 'till oblique he sloped his evening ray,
Had Somnus dried the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
To her I sued, she pitied my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.

Who from such youth could hope considerate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh ye powers on high!

Ver. 377.] For this line we are indebted to the translator only.

Ver. 382.] This couplet is poor, I think, in itself, and gives a wrong turn to his author's meaning, which is more fully delivered by Virgil in the beginning of the second Aeneid, at the conclusion of Aeneas' preamble to the history of his adventures.
To this the king. Our daughter but exprest
Her cares imperfect to our god-like guest. 385
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?

Hero and king! (Ulysses thus replied)
Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect of pride:
She bade me follow in the attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.

Far from my soul (he cried) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve.
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove
Thus?

This, the whole truth, my sorrowing thoughts disclose;
Truth, that revives the memory of my woes. W.

Ver. 391. She bade me follow ———
But fear and reverence, &c.]

This is directly contrary to what is before asserted in the preceding book, where Nausicaa forbids Ulysses to attend her, to avoid suspicion and slander. Is not Ulysses then guilty of falsehood, and is not falsehood beneath the character of a hero? Eustathius confesses that Ulysses is guilty, φαύρσις ειναι; and he adds, that a wise man may do sometimes opportunely: ὃπερ ὅπως ποιησοί εἰς κατηγών ὁ συφοί. I fear this concession of the Bishop's would not pass for good casuistry in these ages. Spondanus is of the same opinion as Eustathius; Vir prudens certo loco et tempore mendaciiis officiosissimis uti novit. Dacier confesses that he somewhat disguises the truth. It will be difficult to vindicate Ulysses from the imputation, if the notions of truth and falsehood were as strict in former, as in these ages: but we must not measure by this standard: it is certain that anciently lying was reckoned no crime by a whole nation; and it still bears a dispute, An omne falsi-loquium sit mendacium? Some casuists allow of the officiosum mendacium, and such is this of Ulysses, entirely complimentary and officious.
HOMER's ODYSSEY. BOOK VII.

Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son. 400
In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.
'Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise:
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more. 410
Far as Eubœa tho' thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.

Ver. 400. Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.] The ancients observe, that Alcinous very artfully inserts this proposition to Ulysses, to prove his veracity. If he had embraced it without hesitation, he would have concluded him an impostor; for it is not conceivable that he should reject all the temptation to marriage made him by Calypso a Goddess, and yet immediately embrace this offer of Alcinous to marry his daughter. But if we take the passage in another sense, and believe that Alcinous spoke sincerely without any secret suspicions, yet his conduct is justifiable. It has appeared shocking, that Alcinous, a king, should at the very first interview offer his daughter to a stranger, who might be a vagrant and impostor: but examples are frequent in antiquity of marriages thus concluded between strangers, and with as little hesitation: thus Bellerophon, Tydeus, and Polinices were married. Great personages regarded not riches, but were only solicitous to procure worthy husbands for their daughters, and birth and virtue were the best recommendations.

Ver. 411. Far as Eubœa tho' thy country lay ] Eubœa, as Eustathius observes, is really far distant from Coreya, the country of the Phæacians: but Alcinous still makes it more distant, by placing it in another part of the world, and describ—
Thither of old, Earth's * Giant-son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning course begun,
Saw them returning with the setting sun.

Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dexterous, and how fleet our sail,
When justly timed with equal sweep they row,
And Ocean whitens in long tracks below.

Thus he. No word the' experienc'd man replies.
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
O Jove! oh father! what the King accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my Country mine!

Meantime Arete, for the hour of rest
Ordains the fleecy couch, and covering vest:

ing it as one of the fortunate islands: for in the fourth book
Rhadamanthus is said to inhabit the Elysian fields. Alcinous
therefore endeavours to have it believed that his isle is near
those fields, by asserting that Rhadamanthus made use of
Phaeacian vessels in his voyage to Tityus. Eustathius farther
adds, that Ithadamanthus was a prince of great justice, and
Tityus a person of great impiety, and that he made this voyage
to bring him over to more virtuous dispositions. P.

* Tityus.

Ver. 414.] This beautiful thought, not authorised by his
original, might be suggested by a clumsy line in Ogilby:
That swift as swallows fly from coast to coast. W.

Ver. 423. The prayer of Ulysses.] It is observable, that Ulysses
makes no reply directly to the obliging proposition which the
King made concerning his daughter. A refusal might have been
disadvantageous to his present circumstances, yet an answer is
implied in this prayer, which shews the impatience he has to re-
turn to his country, and the gratitude he feels for his promises
to effect it: and consequently it discovers that he has no inten-
tions of settling with his daughter amongst the Phaeacians.
Dacier.

P.
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.  430
With torches blazing in their hands they past,
And finish'd all their Queen's command with haste:
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
There, soft-extended, to the murmuring sound  435
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies;
And fast beside, were clos'd Arete's eyes.

Ver. 431.] The rhymes will not pass. Thus? more faithfully:

   Swift thro' the palace, at their Queen's commands,
   They pass, with torches blazing in their hands.  W.

Ver. 437, 438.] Thus, more accurately:

   Far in a deep recess Alcinous lies;
   Beside him, queen Arete clos'd her eyes.   W.

This book takes up no longer time than the evening of the thirty-second day.  P.
THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

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

THIS book has been more severely censured by the criticks than any in the whole Odyssey: it may therefore be thought necessary to lay before the reader what may be offered in the Poet's vindication.

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

To know (says Aristotle in his Art of Poetry) whether a thing be well or ill spoken, we must not only examine the thing whether it be good or ill, but we must also have regard to him that speaks or acts, and to the person to whom the Poet addresses; for the character of the person who speaks, and of him to whom he speaks, makes that to be good, which would not come well from the mouth of any other person. It is not on this account we vindicate Homer with respect to the immorality that is found in the fable of the adultery of Mars and Venus: we must consider that it is neither the Poet, nor his hero, that recites that story: but a Phaeacian sings it to Phaeacians, a soft effeminate people, at a festival. Besides, it is allowable even in grave and moral writings to introduce vicious persons, who despise the Gods; and is not the Poet obliged to adapt his poetry to the characters of such persons? And had it not been an absurdity in him to have given us a philosophical or moral song before a people who would be pleased with nothing but gaiety and effeminacy? The moral that we are to draw from this story is, that an idle and soft course of life is the source of all criminal pleasures; and that those persons who lead such lives, are generally pleased to hear such stories, as make their betters partakers in the same vices. This relation of Homer is a useful lesson to them who desire to live virtuously; and it teaches, that if we would not be guilty of such vices, we must avoid such a method of life as inevitably leads to the practice of them.

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

It must be granted, that the Gods are here painted in colours unworthy of Deities, yet still with propriety, if we respect the spectators; who are ignorant, debauched Phæacians. Homer was obliged to draw them, not according to his own idea of the Gods, but according to the wild fancies of the Phæacians. The Poet is not at liberty to ascribe the wisdom of a Socrates to Alcinous: he must follow Nature, and like a painter, he may draw Deities or monsters, and introduce, as he pleases, either vicious or virtuous characters, provided he always makes them of a piece, consistent with their first representation.

This rule of Aristotle in general vindicates Homer, and it is necessary to carry it in our minds, because it ought to be applied to all incidents that relate to the Phæacians, in the sequel of the Odyssey.
THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

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

Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air;

NOTES.

Ver. 6. And fill the shining thrones along the bay.] This place
of council was between the two ports, where the temple of Neptune stood; probably, like that in the second book, open to the
air. P.

But why not literally?
And sit on polish'd stones along the bay:
rather than obliterate those characteristic marks of primæval
simplicity, which constitute a chief beauty and value of this
Poem. W.

Ver. 7.] A superfluous couplet, which may be superseded thus:
Whilst Pallas, like a royal herald, flies—. W.

VOL. I.
In form, a herald of the King she flies
From Peer to Peer, and thus incessant cries:  

Nobles and chiefs, who rule Phæacia's states,
The King in council your attendance waits;
A Prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.

She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds 15
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds:
At once the seats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas, with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more in larg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;
With strength, the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.

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

Ver. 21. ] Or thus, with much greater fidelity:

O'er his broad shoulders manly vigour spread,
And bloom celestial settles on his head.

W.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose:
Attend, he cried, while we our will disclose.

Your present aid this god-like stranger craves,
Tost by rude tempest thro' a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.

Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;

Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye Peers ascend;
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.

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

P.
Few readers of taste will acquiesce, I think, in this decision.

W.

Ver. 41. Taught by the Gods to please — ] Homer here insinuates that all good and great qualities are the gifts of God. He shews us likewise, that musick was constantly made use of in the courts of all the Oriental princes; we have seen Phemius in Ithaca, a second in Lacedæmon with Menelaüs, and Demodocus here with Alcinous. The Hebrews were likewise of remarkable skill in musick; every one knows what effect the harp of David had upon the spirit of Saul. Solomon tells us, that he sought out singing men and singing women to entertain him, like these in Homer, at
Thus spoke the Prince: the attending Peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise;
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous King.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:

the time of feasting: thus another Oriental writer compares
musick at feasts to an emerald inclosed in gold; as a signet of
an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of musick with

Ver. 46.] These three verses concentrate the following portion
of his original.

Then two-and-fifty youths, selected, went,
As bade the king, to barren Ocean's shore;
There to the deep they dragg'd the sable ship,
The mast uprear'd, and bring the sails aboard:
With leather thongs they bound their oars, array'd
In order meet, and spread the snowy sails.
In the main sea the vessel moors.

Ver. 54.] The following couplet, such as it is, supplies an
omission of our translator, and completes the period:
They flay, they dress, the victims: and prepare
The genial banquet with officious care.

Ver. 57.  Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe.]

It has been generally thought that Homer represents himself in
the person of Demodocus; and Dacier imagines that this passage
With clouds of darkness quench’d his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sat:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his seat a polish’d table shines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines:
His food a herald bore: and now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger tied.
Then fir’d by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demigods and Kings:
gave occasion to the ancients to believe that Homer was blind.
But that he really was blind is testified by himself in his hymn
to Apollo, which Thucydides asserts to be the genuine produc-
tion of Homer, and quotes it as such in his history. It is true,
as Eustathius observes, that there are many features in the two
Poets that bear a great resemblance; Demodocus sings divi-
ningly, the same is true of Homer; Demodocus sings the adven-
tures of the Greeks before Troy, so does Homer in his Iliad.
If this be true, it must be allowed that Homer has found out a
way of commending himself very artfully; had he spoken plainly,
had he been extravagantly vain; but by this indirect way of
praise, the reader is at liberty to apply it either solely to Demo-
docus, or obliquely to Homer.
It is remarkable, that Homer takes a very extraordinary care
of Demodocus his brother Poet; and introduces him as a person
great distinction. He calls him in this book the Hero Demo-
docus: he places him on a throne studded with silver, and gives
him an herald for his attendant; nor is he less careful to provide
for his entertainment: he has a particular table, and a capacious
bowl set before him to drink as often as he had a mind, as the
original expresses it. Some merry wits have turned the last cir-
cumstance into raillery, and insinuate that Homer in this place,
as well as in the former, means himself in the person of De-
omodocus; an intimation, that he would not be displeased to
meet with the like hospitality.
Ver. 70.] Or thus, with more fidelity:
The far-fam’d glories of illustrious kings.
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphick God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the musick paus'd, he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:

Ver. 74. *The stern debate Atrides hears with joy.*] This passage
is not without obscurity, but Eustathius thus explains it from
Athenæus. In the Iliad the generals sup with Agamemnon with
sobriety and moderation; and if in the Odyssey we see Achilles
and Ulysses in contention to the great satisfaction of Agamemnon,
it is because these contentions are of use to his affairs; they con-
tend whether force or stratagem is to be employed to take Troy;
Achilles, after the death of Hector, persuaded to assault it by
storm, Ulysses by stratagem. There is a further reason given
for the satisfaction which Agamemnon expresses at the contest
of these two heroes: before the opening of the war of Troy, he
consulted the oracle concerning the issue of it; Apollo answered,
that Troy should be taken when two Princes most renowned,
the one for wisdom and the other for valour, should contend at
a sacrifice of the Gods; Agamemnon rejoices to see the predic-
tion fulfilled, knowing that the destruction of Troy was at hand,
the oracle being accomplished by the contest of Ulysses and
Achilles.

Ver. 82.] The sense of the author may be in some degree
better consulted by the following corrections:
Abash'd, and studious screen'd the falling dew:
But, when the bard's celestial raptures rest,
He dried his sorrows, and remov'd the vest.
And lifting to the Gods a goblet crown’d, He pour’d a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song; the listening train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil’d his pensive head,
Again unmann’d a shower of sorrow shed:
Conceal’d he wept: the king observ’d alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the’ harmonious string;
Enough the feast has pleas’d, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crown’d the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display,
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day!
That pleas’d the’ admiring stranger may proclaim
In distant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way;

Ver. 93.] There is no correspondence here with his author;
who may be more faithfully represented thus:
Then to the fam’d Phæacians gives command:
Ye potentates and rulers of the land!
Give ear: forbid we now the bard to sing:
Dumb be his voice——

Ver. 101. None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway.] Eustathius asks how Alcinous could make such an assertion, and give the preference to his people before all nations, when he neither knew, nor was known to, any heroes out of his own island? He answers, that he speaks like a Phæacian, with ostentation and vanity; besides it is natural for all people to form, not illaudably, too favourable a judgment of their own country: and this agrees with the character of the Phæacians in a more particular manner, who called themselves ἰόμης, and the favourites of the Gods.
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground.
Thus spoke the king; the attending peers obey,
In state they move, Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lists of Fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace; a countless throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:
The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acronæus, Thoon, and Eretmeus rise;
The prize Ocylus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame:
There Proreus, Nautes, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus, like Mars terrifick, rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequall'd shone,
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.

Ver. 112.] Or, with greater accuracy,
Of sturdy youths, and skilful, prest along. W.
Ver. 119. Euryalus, like Mars terrifick, rose.] I was at a loss for a reason why this figure of terror was introduced amongst an unwarlike nation, upon an occasion contrary to the general description, in the midst of games and diversions. Lustathius takes notice, that the Poet distinguishes the character of Euryalus, to force it upon our observation; he being the person who uses Ulysses with roughness and inhumanity, and is the only peer that is described with a sword, which he gives to Ulysses to repair his injury. He further remarks, that almost all the names of the persons who are mentioned as candidates in these games are borrowed from the sea, Phæacia being an island, and the people greatly addicted to navigation.
With these came forth Ambasineus the strong;
And three brave sons, from great Alcinous sprung.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:
Swift as on wings of wind upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky.
Before the rest, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough;
Clytonius sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore the unrivalled honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join:
The conquest, great Euryalus, is thine.
Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground:

Ver. 129. — — — What space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough.

This image drawn from rural affairs is now become obsolete, and gives us no distinct idea of the distance between Clytoneus and the other racers; but this obscurity arises not from Homer's want of perspicuity, but from the change which has happened in the method of tillage, and from a length of time which has effaced the distinct image which was originally stamped upon it; so that what was understood universally in the days of Homer is grown almost unintelligible to posterity. Eustathius only observes, that the teams of mules were placed at some distance from the teams of oxen; the mule being more swift in his labour than the ox, and consequently the more ground was allowed to the mule than the ox by the husbandman. This gives us an idea that Clytoneus was the foremost of the racers, but how much is not to be discovered with any certainty. Aristarchus, as Didymus informs us, thus interprets Homer: "As much as a yoke of mules set to work at the same time with a yoke of oxen, outgoes the oxen, (for mules are swifter than oxen) so much Clytoneus outwent his competitors." The same description occurs in the tenth book of the Iliad, verse 419, to which passage I refer the reader for a more large and different explication.
From Elatreus' strong arm the Discus flies,
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray. 140

While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to speak, Laodamas ascends:

O friends, he cries, the stranger seems well skill'd
To try the' illustrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave; then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the hero to his share of fame. 146

What nervous arms he boasts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his shoulders spread!
By age unbroke!—but all-consuming care
Destroys perhaps the strength that time would spare:

Ver. 148.] This is not from Homer, but Ogilby. W.
Ver. 149. By age unbroke!] It is in the original literally, he wants not youth; this is spoken according to appearance only, for Ulysses must be supposed to be above forty, having spent twenty years in the wars of Troy, and in his return to his country. It is true Hesiod calls a person a youth, ἔνδνιος, who was forty years of age, but this must be understood with some allowance, unless we suppose that the life of man was longer in the times of Hesiod, than in these later ages; the contrary of which appears from many places in Homer, where the shortness of man's life is compared to the leaves of trees, ἄν. But what the Poet here relates is very justifiable, for the youth which Ulysses appears to have, proceeds from Minerva; it is not a natural quality, but conferred by the immediate operation of a Goddess.

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

Thus, with more fidelity:

Nor youth is flown; but all-consuming care
Has broke, perhaps, the strength that Time would spare. W.
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!

Well hast thou spoke, (Euryalus replies)

Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.

Swift at the word advancing from the crowd

He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud.

Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display
His manly worth, and share the glorious day?
Father, arise! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.

Then the swift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one transient day,
To glory give the space thou hast to stay;
Short is the time, and lo! even now the gales

Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply:
Ah why the' ill-suiting pastime must I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who suppliant to the king and peers, implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores.

Wide wanders, Laodom, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong,

Ver. 165.] These ready rhymes invited our Poet to disregard his author. I can promise nothing beyond fidelity on this occasion:

To glory give the moments of thy stay.
For now that stay must momentary be;
The sailors ready, and the ship at sea.
(Retorts Euryalus :) he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main,
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads the' athletick labours of the field.

Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies,
O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts dispense;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controuls,
And steals with modest violence our souls,
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
In publick more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as the' ethereal kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show heaven gives thee to excell,
But heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul resents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroick exercise, I claim
A post of honour with the sons of Fame:
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;

Ver. 179.] Rather, in conformity with his author,
A greedy merchant.—
W.
Ver. 183.] Exactly, and, I think, better:
The sage Ulysses—.
Inur’d a melancholy part to bear,
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet thus by woes impair’d, no more I waive
To prove the hero.—Slander stings the brave.

Then striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench’d a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia’s sons discharg’d in air.
Fierce from his arm the enormous load he flings;
Sonorous through the shaded air it sings;
Couch’d to the earth, tempestuous as it flies.

The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the skies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
Fix’d a distinguish’d mark, and cried aloud.

Even he who sightless wants his visual ray,
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
Of every champion by a length of ground:

Securely bid the strongest of the train
Arise to throw: the strongest throws in vain.

She spoke; and momentary mounts the sky:
The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy;

Ver. 210.] His original dictates,
Unrob’d, a disk he lifted from the ground.

Ver. 211.] Bad rhymes. Thus? more exactly:
A disk, by far more ponderous and more vast,
Than what Phæacia’s strongest sons had cast.

Ver 217.] This passage is wide of his author, who says only,
— — — — o’er all their marks it flew,
Swift issuing from his hand: the limit fixt
Pallas, in human semblance; and thus spake.

Ver. 227.] The strange licentiousness of our translator will
appear from Ogilby, who is sufficiently exact:
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Rise ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the strongest caster vye,
Still, further still, I bid the Discus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the swiftest racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
In such heroick games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays the' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man, that we our might may try.
Expert in every art, I boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone superior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
From all the sons of earth unrivall'd praise
I justly claim; but yield to better days,
To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose,
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:

These words buoy'd up Ulysses' sinking heart,
Glad he had found a friend would take his part.
In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the contest I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints; and I resign.

Ver. 257. Vain Eurytus ———— ] This Eurytus was King of Oechalia, famous for his skill in archery; he proposed his daughter Iole in marriage to any person that could conquer him at the exercise of the bow. Later writers differ from Homer, as Eustathius observes, concerning Eurytus. They write that Hercules overcame him, and he denying his daughter, was slain, and his daughter made captive by Hercules: whereas Homer writes that he was killed by Apollo, that is, died a sudden death, according to the import of that expression. The ancients differ much about Oechalia; some place it in Eubcia, and some in Messenia, of which opinion is Pausanias. But Homer in the Iliad places it in Thessaly: for he mentions with it Tricca and Ithomé, which, as Dacier observes, were cities of Thessaly.

Ver. 262.] Or, more perspicuously and closely:

As flies an arrow from another's bow.

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

This conclusion seems but moderately executed, nor with suitable fidelity. I shall attempt a substitution in the simplicity of the original:
By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail, 265
When storms and hunger both at once assail.
Abash'd, the numbers hear the God-like man,
'Till great Alcinous mildly thus began.
Well hast thou spoke, and well thy generous
With decent pride refutes a publick wrong: 270
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroick fame;
In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When blest with ease thy woes and wanderings end,
Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend;
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our sires with praise,
How we their offspring dignify our race. 280
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boast the glories of the' athletick field;
We in the course unrivall'd speed display,
Or thro' cerulean billows plough the way;
'To dress, to dance, to sing: our sole delight,
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
Rise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a distant air:
A contest in the race alone I fear;
Some swift Phæacian may outstrip me there.
Long toils and hunger on tempestuous seas
Have spent my vigour, and relax'd my knees.  W.

Ver. 284.] This does not express his author with requisite
precision. Thus?

With skill unrivall'd plough the watery way.  W.
And faithful say, to you the powers belong
To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song:

But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey
The future games, the judges of the day:
With instant care they mark a spacious round,
And level for the dance the allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The Bard advancing meditates the lay.
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand;
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
Their feet half-viewless quiver in the skies:
Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey
The glancing splendors as their sandals play.
Meantime the Bard, alternate to the strings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
How the stern God enamour'd with her charms,
Clasp'd the gay panting Goddess in his arms,
By bribes seduc'd: and how the Sun, whose eye
Views the broad heavens, disclos'd the lawless joy.
Stung to the soul, indignant thro' the skies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies;
Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place
The' eternal anvil on the massy base.
A wonderous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
Above, below, around, with art dispread,
The sure inclosure folds the genial bed;
Whose texture even the search of Gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the starry bowers,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
His favourite isle! Observant Mars descies
His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies;
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of love
Descends smooth-gliding from the courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
With eager joy, and with a sigh addrest.

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

Ver. 325.] Literally thus:
  When thus the God had spread his curious guile,
  He feigns a journey to the Lemnian isle. W.
Ver. 330.] His author says:
  Had come smooth gliding —:
as if the more forward of the two lovers. W.
Ver. 336. Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms.] The Sintians were the inhabitants of Lemnos, by origin Thracians: Homer calls them barbarous of speech, because their language was a corruption of the Greek, Asiatick, and Thracian. But there is a concealed raillery in the expression, and Mars ridicules the ill taste of Vulcan for leaving so beautiful a Goddess to visit his rude and barbarous Sintians. The Poet calls Lemnos the favourite isle of Vulcan; this alludes to the subterraneous fires frequent in that island, and he is feigned to have his forge there, as the God of fire. This is likewise the reason why he is said to fall into the island Lemnos when Jupiter threw him from Heaven. Dacier.
Then, nothing loath, the' enamour'd fair he led,
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
The careless lovers in their wanton play:

In vain they strive, the' intangling snares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly:
Warn'd by the God who sheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:

Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns;
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven returns:

O Jove, he cried, oh all ye powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, awkward me, she scorns; and yields her charms
To that fair lecher, the strong God of arms.

If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!

But yet I trust, this once even Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my power,
'Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dower.

Ver. 340.] More exactly to the original,
The lovers, bent in vain on amorous play. W.

Ver. 342.] With greater truth,
Inextricable, power to move or fly. W.

Ver. 358. 'Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dower.] I doubt not but this was the usage of antiquity; it has been observed that the bridegroom made presents to the father of the bride, which were called ἰδας; and if she was afterwards false to his bed, this dower was restored by the father to the husband. Besides this restitution, there seems a pecuniary mulct to have been paid, as appears evident from what follows:
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face: Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.

Meanwhile the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng, Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along, With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain; But modesty with-held the Goddess-train. All heaven beholds, imprison'd as they lie, And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

Then mutual, thus they spoke: Behold on wrong Swift vengeance waits; and Art subdues the strong! Dwells there a God on all the' Olympian brow 369 More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow? Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

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

Homer in this, as in many other places, seems to allude to the laws of Athens, where death was the punishment of adultery. Pausanias relates, that Draco the Athenian lawgiver granted impunity to any person that took revenge upon an adulterer. Such also was the institution of Solon; "If any one seize an " adulterer, let him use him as he pleases." And thus Eratosthenes answered a person who begged his life after he had injured his bed, "It is not I who slay thee, but the law of thy " country." But still it was in the power of the injured per- son to take a pecuniary mulct by way of atonement: for thus the same Eratosthenes speaks in Lysias, ἵνα τὸν ἔρωτα, ἂν ἀγρίων σφιχτὰς, "He entreated me not to " take his life, but exact a sum of money." Nay, such penal- ties were allowed by way of commutation for greater crimes than adultery, as in the case of murder: Iliad ix.

— — — — If a brother bleed, On just atonement, we remit the deed: A sire the slaughter of his son forgives; The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives.
Thus serious they: but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, oh Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame like Mars, to share the joy?
   O envied shame! (the smiling youth rejoin'd,)
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye Gods, and every Goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.

Loud laugh the rest, even Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet sues importunate to loose the God:
And free, he cries, oh Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I ensure the penal claim.

Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for the' unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He instant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.

To whom appeas'd; No more I urge delay;
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey.

Ver. 382. *Neptune sues to loose the God.*] It may be asked why Neptune in particular interests himself in the deliverance of Mars, rather than the other Gods? Dacier confesses she can find no reason for it; but Eustathius is of opinion, that Homer ascribes it to that God out of decency, and deference to his superior majesty and eminence amongst the other Deities: it is suitable to the character of that most ancient, and consequently honourable God, to interrupt such an indecent scene of mirth, which is not so becoming his personage, as those more youthful Deities Apollo and Mercury. Besides, it agrees well with Neptune's gravity to be the first who is first mindful of friendship; so that what is here said of Neptune is not accidental, but spoken judiciously by the Poet in honour of that Deity.
Then to the snares his force the God applies; They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies: To the soft Cyprian shores the Goddess moves, To visit Paphos and her blooming groves, Where to the Power a hundred altars rise, And breathing odours scent the balmy skies: Conceal'd she bathés in consecrated bowers, The Graces ungents shed, ambrosial showers, Unguents that charm the Gods! she last assumes Her wonderous robes; and full the Goddess blooms. Thus sung the Bard: Ulysses hears with joy, And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.

Then to the sports his sons the king commands, Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,

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

Ver. 395.] These two couplets are more fashioned from Virgil, than from Homer; whose verses may be fully represented thus:

To Cyprian Paphos went the smiling dame.

Ver. 403.] His author is but little seen in this poor couplet. Take a literal and commensurate translation:

Thus sang the Bard renown'd: Ulysses hears With soul enraptur'd; nor Phæacia's tribes Delight not, skill'd in every naval art.
In dance unmatch'd! A wonderous ball is brought,
(The work of Polybus, divinely wrought)
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;
His brother springing with an active bound,
At distance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.
The' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.

Then thus Ulysses: Happy king, whose name
The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame:
In subjects happy! with surprise I gaze;
Thy praise was just; their skill transcends thy praise.
Pleas'd with his people's fame the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accosts the peers.
Since Wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share,
O'er whom supreme, imperial power I bear:

Ver. 407.] Homer says,

-- -- a purple ball is brought.

Ver. 410. And bending backward whirls it to the sky.] Eustathius is most learnedly trifling about this exercise of the ball, which was called ὀξύνω, or aerial; it was a kind of dance, and while they sprung from the ground to catch the ball, they played with their feet in the air after the manner of dancers. He reckons up several other exercises at the ball, and explains them all largely.

Ver. 413.] Our translator did not see the meaning of his author here. I shall give a verbal exhibition of him:

Then danc'd the pair, with quick alternate step,
Tripping the ground: the youthful circle strike
From clashing fingers loud accordant sounds.
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A vest, a robe; and imitate your king:
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong:
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.
The' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whose sway
Rules this blest realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt, a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.

He said, and to his hand the sword consign'd;
And if, he cried, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds bear,
And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air!
Crown, oh ye heavens, with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his spouse and native shores!

And blest be thou, my friend, Ulysses cries,
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies;
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'st thou want this sword!

He said, and o'er his shoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth ascends the evening shade:
The precious gifts the illustrious heralds bear,
And to the court the embodied peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' sons unfold
The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state;
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sat.
Thence to the queen. O partner of our reign,
O sole belov'd! command thy menial train
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wonderous frame,
Ourself we give, memorial of our name:
To raise in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Instant the queen, observant of the king,
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring,
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,
A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Insolvable these gifts, thy care demands:
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watery main,
The hand of Rapine make our bounty vain.
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,

Ver. 476.] Or, with more fidelity:
The beauteous gifts are rang'd, the vests and gold. W.

Ver. 483.] More faithfully:
Then strait he fits the lid, and round it roll'd— W.
Clos'd with Circean art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king ascends:
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour,
He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bower)
Where, happy as the Gods that range the sky,
He feasted every sense, with every joy.
He bathes; the damsels with officious toil,
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a shower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Nausicaa blooming as a Goddess stands;
With wondering eyes the hero she survey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid.

Ver. 485. Clos'd with Circean art.—Such passages as
these have more of nature than art, and are too narrative, and
different from modern ways of speaking, to be capable of much
ornament in poetry. Eustathius observes that keys were not in
use in these ages, but were afterwards invented by the Lacedaemonians;
but they used to bind their carriages with intricate
knots. Thus the Gordian knot was famous in antiquity. And
this knot of Ulysses became a proverb, to express any insolvable
difficulty; this is the reason why he is said to have learned
it from Circe; it was of great esteem amongst the ancients,
and not being capable to be untied by human art, the invention
of it is ascribed, not to a man, but to a Goddess.

A Poet would now appear ridiculous if he should introduce a
Goddess only to teach a hero such an art, as to tie a knot with
intricacy; but we must not judge of what has been, from what
now is; customs and arts are never at a stay, and consequently
the ideas of customs and arts are as changeable as those arts and
customs: this knot in all probability was in as high estimation
formerly, as the finest watch-work or machines are at this day:
and were a person famed for an uncommon skill in such works,
it would be no absurdity in the language of poetry, to ascribe
his knowledge in them to the assistance of a Deity.
Hail god-like stranger! and when heaven restores
To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,
This ever grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou owest, to me, the vital air.

O royal maid, Ulysses straight returns,
Whose worth the splendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whose arm in vengeance forms
The writen bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,) Restore me safe, thro' weary wanderings tost,
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,
As while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my Goddess, I address my vows; My life, thy gift I boast! He said, and sat, Fast by Alcinous on a throne of state.
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares, Portions the food, and each his portion shares. The bard a herald guides: the gazing throug Pay low obeisance as he moves along:

Ver. 510. To thee, my Goddess, I address my vows.] This may seem an extravagant compliment, especially in the mouth of the wise Ulysses, and rather profane than polite. Dacier commends it as the highest piece of address and gallantry; but perhaps it may want explication to reconcile it to decency. Ulysses only speaks comparatively, and with relation to that one action of her saving his life: "As therefore, says he, I owe my thanks to the heavens for giving me life originally, so I ought to pay my thanks to thee for preserving it; thou hast been to me as a Deity. To preserve a life, is in one sense to give it." If this appears not to soften the expression sufficiently, it may be ascribed to an overflow of gratitude in the generous disposition of Ulysses; he is so touched with the memory of her benevolence and protection, that his soul labours for an expression great enough to represent it, and no wonder if in this struggle of thought, his words fly out into an excessive but laudable boldness.
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd, The peers encircling form an awful round. Then from the chine, Ulysses carves with art Delicious food, an honorary part; This, let the Master of the Lyre receive, A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give. Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies, Who sacred honours to the Bard denies? The Muse the Bard inspires, exalts his mind; The Muse indulgent loves the' harmonious kind. The herald to his hand the charge conveys, Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise. When now the rage of hunger was allay'd, Thus to the Lyrist wise Ulysses said. Or more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires, Or Phœbus animates with all his fires: For who by Phœbus uninform'd, could know The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe? Just to the tale, as present at the fray, Or taught the labours of the dreadful day: The song recalls past horrors to my eyes, And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.]
Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
The' Epean fabrick, fram'd by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise
In every land, thy monument of praise.

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

Ver. 543.] His author's meaning is but ill represented here.

Thus?
This great adventure should thy tuneful lay
In faithful measures to our ear convey,
Then through the spacious world these lips proclaim
Thy raptures kindled by celestial flame.

Ver. 551.] A material circumstance of his author is suppressed. Thus, with greater accuracy:
How in Troy's forum, fill'd with Grecians, stood
(Ulysses led their bands) the fashion'd wood.
He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the steed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends
The Spartan king; how Ithacuus attends,
(Horrid as Mars) and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdues: for Pallas strings his arms.

Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his checks, and tears the ground bedew:
As some fond matron views in mortal fight
Her husband falling in his country's right,
Frantick thro' clashing swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mocks her violence of woe;
To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deplores;
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores—

Ver. 563.] The figurative expressions of the original may be
more clearly preserved thus:
How from the steed the Grecians pour'd around,
He sang; and Ilion level'd with the ground. W.
Ver. 569.] A more just representation of this simile may be
seen in Ogilby's version, corrected and completed:
Thus sang the minstrel, whilst Ulysses steeps
His cheeks with tears: and, as a woman weeps,
Her dearest lord embracing on the plain,
For his dear children and his country slain:
He in the pangs of death convulsive lies;
She clasps the corse, and rends the air with cries:
Each strike her back and shoulders with their spear,
To bondage then the wretched victim tear;
From the dear object of her love to part
Constrain'd, grief wastes her eyes, and care her heart.
So from the sluices—. W.
So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the King observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the Bard aloud: O cease to sing;
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
To every note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This social right demands: for him the sails
Floating in air, invite the impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: the wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.

But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)
Say from what city, from what regions east,
And what inhabitants those regions boast?
So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,
In wonderous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;

Ver. 588.] Or, more closely to his author:
And heaves his bosom with unceasing woe. W.

Ver. 593.] The Greek expression of this passage is superlatively beautiful, but neither preserved nor attempted, as it should appear, by any translator. The reader must not expect an adequate delineation of it in the subjoined effort, which can pretend to nothing beyond fidelity:

A suppliant pilgrim he a brother deems,
Whose bosom Virtue's slightest touch can feel. W.

Ver. 604. In wonderous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind.] There is not a passage that more outrages all the rules of credi-
No helm secures their course, no pilot guides; 605
Like man intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil the' encumber'd sky,
Fearless thro' darkness and thro' clouds they fly: 610
Tho' tempests rage, tho' rolls the swelling main,
The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;
Even the stern God that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,

bility than the description of these ships of Alcinous. The Poet
inserts these wonders only to shew the great dexterity of the
Phæacians in navigation; and indeed it was necessary to be very
full in the description of their skill, who were to convey Ulysses
home in deslight of the very God of the Ocean. It is for the
same reason that they are described as sailing almost invisibly,
to escape the notice of that God. Antiquity animated every
thing in Poetry; thus Argo is said to have had a mast made of
Dodonaean oak, endued with the faculty of speech. But this is
defending one absurdity, by instancing a fable equally ab-
surd; all that can be said in defence of it is, that such extra-
vagant fables were believed, at least by the vulgar, in former
ages; and consequently might be introduced without blame in
poetry; if so, by whom could a boast of this nature be better
made, than by a vain Phæacian? Besides, these extravagancies
let Ulysses into the humour of the Phæacians, and in the fol-
lowing books he adapts his story to it, and returns fable for fa-
ble. It must likewise certainly be a great encouragement to
Ulysses to find himself in such hands as could so easily restore
him to his country: for it was natural to conclude, that though
Alcinous was guilty of great amplification, yet that his subjects
were very expert navigators.

P.

Ver. 608.] This thought is foreign to his author. Better,
perhaps:

They pass, unerring, through the floating way. W.

Ver. 611.] This couplet is a fanciful appendage by the
translator. Thus?

Tho' blasts tempestuous scour the swelling main,
Tempestuous blasts pour out their rage in vain. W.
With fury burns; while careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune raged, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the ground.
But this the Gods may frustrate or fulfill,
As suits the purpose of the eternal will.
But say thro' what waste regions hast thou stray'd,
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd?
Possest by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?

Ver. 619.] It is but a conjecture, yet it is not without probability, that there was a rock which looked like a vessel, in the entrance of the haven of the Phaeacians; the table may be built upon this foundation, and because it was environed by the ocean, the transformation might be ascribed to the God of it.

Ver. 621.] The following substitution is a safer representation of the original:

A monument of wrath! and, here convey'd,
O'er-gloom our city with it's horrid shade.
But the former paragraph is unfaithful also to the original, which can be seen truly in a literal version only:

Neptune, he said, some trim Phaeacian ship,
From convoy sailing home, would wreck at sea,
And with a mountain huge our city shroud.

Compare book xiii. verse 172.

Ver. 629.] These rhymes are inaccurate, and the remaining paragraph is slovenly and imperfectly represented. I shall submit a substitution to the candour of the reader:

Say, why in floods of tears thy sorrow rose,
Pour'd to the tale of Greek and Trojan woes?
Just are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed,
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear-lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part, 635
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

These woes by heaven decreed, to man belong,
The future subject of the minstrel's song.
Some dear relation there, perchance, might fall,
Thy wife's fond sire, beneath the Trojan wall;
Or son-in-law belov'd! who fondness claim,
Next to a parent's ever-honour'd name.
Some virtuous friend might bleed: congenial mind!
Sweet sympathy of soul with soul entwin'd!
For sure a friend deserves, discreet and true,
The warm affection to a brother due. W.

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

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONS, LOTOPHAGI, AND CYCLOPS.

ULYSSES begins the relation of his adventures; how after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped. 
IMPERIAL AFRICA

The colonization of Africa by European powers began in the 19th century. The scramble for Africa, as it was called, resulted in the establishment of European colonies across the continent. The colonies were often established by multinationals, which were given the right to exploit the resources of the colonies. The colonizers brought their own cultures and languages, which often led to tensions with the native populations. The colonizers were often interested in profit, and their actions often had detrimental effects on the environment and the indigenous populations. The legacy of colonialism is still felt in Africa today, with many African countries still struggling with the effects of their colonial past. The colonization of Africa was a major factor in the modernization of the continent, and it continues to shape the political and economic landscape of Africa.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

As we are now come to the episodical part of the Odyssey, it may be thought necessary to speak something of the nature of episodes.

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

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

In a word, the episodes of Homer are complete episodes; they are proper to the subject, because they are drawn from the ground of the fable; they are so joined to the principal action, that one is the necessary consequence of the other, either truly or probably: and lastly, they are imperfect members which do not make a complete and finished body; for an episode that makes a complete action, cannot be part of a principal action; as is essential to all episodes.

An episode may then be defined, "A necessary part of an action, extended by probable circumstances." They are part of an action, for they are not added to the principal action, but only dilate and amplify that principal action: thus the Poet to shew the sufferings of Ulysses brings in the several episodes of Polyphemus, Scylla, the Syrens, &c. But why should the words, "extended by probable circumstances," enter the definition? Because the sufferings of Ulysses are proposed in the model of the fable in general only, but by relating the circumstances, the manner how he suffered is discovered; and this connects it with the principal action, and shews very evidently the necessary relation the episode bears to the main design of the Odyssey. What I have said, I hope, plainly discovers the difference between the episodick and principal action, as well as the nature of episodes. See Bossu more largely upon this subject.
THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THEN thus Ulysses. Thou whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught Poet, and enchanting strain;

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *How sweet the products of a peaceful reign, &c.* This passage has given great joy to the critics, as it has afforded them the ill-natured pleasure of railing, and the satisfaction of believing they have found a fault in a good writer. It is fitter, say they, for the mouth of Epicurus than for the sage Ulysses, to extol the pleasures of feasting and drinking in this manner: he whom the Poet proposes as the standard of human wisdom, says Rapin, suffers himself to be made drunk by the Phaeacians. But it may rather be imagined, that the critic was not very sober when he made the reflection; for there is not the least appearance of a reason for that imputation. Plato indeed in his third book *de Repub.* writes, that what Ulysses here speaks is no very proper example of temperance; but every body knows that Plato, with respect to Homer, wrote with great partiality. Athenæus in his twelfth book gives us the following interpretation. Ulysses accommodates his discourse to the present occasion; he in ap-
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!

pearance approves of the voluptuous lives of the Phæacians, and having heard Alcinaous before say, that feasting and singing, &c. was their supreme delight; he by a seasonable flattery seems to comply with their inclinations: it being the most proper method to attain his desires of being conveyed to his own country. Eustathius observes that this passage has been condemned, but he defends it after the very same way with Atheneus.

It is not impossible but that there may be some compliance with the nature and manners of the Phæacians, especially because Ulysses is always described as an artful man, not without some mixture of dissimulation: but it is no difficult matter to take the passage literally, and give it an irreproachable sense. Ulysses had gone through innumerable calamities, he had lived to see a great part of Europe and Asia laid desolate by a bloody war; and after so many troubles, he arrives among a nation that was unacquainted with all the miseries of war, where all the people were happy, and passed their lives with ease and pleasure: this calm life fills him with admiration, and he artfully praises what he found praiseworthy in it: namely, the entertainments and musick, and passes over the gallantries of the people, as Dacier observes, without any mention. Maximus Tyrius fully vindicates Homer. It is my opinion, says that author, that the Poet, by representing these guests in the midst of their entertainments, delighted with the song and musick, intended to recommend a more noble pleasure than eating and drinking, such a pleasure as a wise man may imitate, by approving the better part, and rejecting the worse, and chusing to please the ear rather than the belly. 12 Dissert.

If we understand the passage otherwise, the meaning may be this. I am persuaded, says Ulysses, that the most agreeable end which a king can propose, is to see a whole nation in universal joy, when musick and feasting are in every house, when plenty is on every table, and wines to entertain every guest: this to me appears a state of the greatest felicity. I will only add, that this agrees with the oriental way of speaking; and in the poetical parts of the scriptures, the voice of melody, feasting, and dancing, are used to express the happiness of a nation.
How goodly seems it, ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy;
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!

Amid these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
The unhappy series of a wanderer's woe;
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew?
And oh, what first, what last shall I relate
Of woes unnumber'd, sent by Heaven and Fate?

Know first the man (though now a wretch distrest)
Who hopes thee, Monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my fame.

My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:

This verse has no prototype in the original. Thus?
What bliss to hear, amid this jovial throng,
The tuneful lyrist and his heavenly song!
What bliss the palace, fill'd with many a guest— W.

Ver. 21. — — — — Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus, &c.]

Eustathius gives various interpretations of this position of Ithaca;
some understand it to signify that it lies low; others explain it to
signify that it is of low position, but high with respect to the
neighbouring islands; others take παντεπιάτε (excellentissima) in
another sense to imply the excellence of the country, which, though
it lies low, is productive of brave inhabitants, for Homer imme-
diately adds ἀγαθή καρδιάς. Strabo gives a different exposition;
Ithaca is χθαματα, as it lies near to the continent, and παντεπιάτε
as it is the utmost of all the islands towards the north, πρό ἑλλήνος,
for thus πρός θέρες is to be understood. So that Ithaca, adds he,
is not of a low situation, but as it lies opposed to the continent,
or the most lofty (ὑψηλότερον) but the most extreme of the northern
islands; for so παντεπιάτε signifies. Dacier differs from Strabo
in the explication of πρός τ' ἑλλήνος τι, which he believes to mean
Dulichium, Samë, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around.
(These to the north and night's dark regions run, 25
Those to Aurora and the rising sun.)
Low lies our isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that heaven o'erspreads with light!
In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magick, to secure my love.
In poms or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.

the South; she applies the words to the East, or South-east, and appeals to the maps which so describe it. It is the most northern of the islands, and joins to the continent of Epirus; it has Dulichium on the east, and on the south Samos and Zacynthus. P.

Ver. 22.] This vicious accent he found in Chapman and Ogilby. Hobbes is correct. Thus? more exactly:
Where his thick woods waves Neritus in air. W.

Ver. 24.] Or, more justly to his author:
With spreading foliage, range their isles around. W.

Ver. 26.] Chapman probably suggested these rhymes: but conformity to the original demands the following corrections:
Low, towards Aurora and the rising sun,
Lies our rough island; bless'd in generous stores
Of hardy sons—. W.

Ver. 36] The translation is by no means accurate. Thus?
very faithfully:
If from our friends in climes remote we live,
'Midst all the bliss that wealth and plenty give,
Our soul expatiates homeward still for rest;
Our parents' dear idea still controuls our breast! W.
Hear then the woes, which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.

The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.

We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race;
Their wives made captive, their possessions shared,
And every soldier found a like reward.

I then advis'd to fly: not so the rest,
Who staid to revel, and prolong the feast:

Ver. 41. — — to the Cicons' shore.] Here is the natural and true meaning of the Odyssey, which comprehends all the sufferings of Ulysses, and these sufferings take their date immediately after his leaving the shores of Troy; from that moment he endeavours to return to his own country, and all the difficulties he meets with in returning, enter into the subject of the poem. But it may then be asked, if the Odyssey does not take up the space of ten years, since Ulysses wastes so many in his return; and is not this contrary to the nature of Epick poetry, which is agreed must not at the longest exceed the duration of one year, or rather campaign? The answer is, the Poet lets all the time pass which exceeds the bounds of epick action, before he opens the poem; thus Ulysses spends some time before he arrives at the island of Circe, with her he continues one year, and seven with Calypso; he begins artificially at the conclusion of the action, and finds an opportunity to repeat the most considerable and necessary incidents which preceded the opening of the Odyssey; by this method he reduces the duration of it into less compass than the space of two months. This conduct is absolutely necessary, for from the time that the Poet introduces his hero upon the stage, he ought to continue his action to the very end of it, that he may never afterwards appear idle or out of motion: this is verified in Ulysses; from the moment he leaves the island of Ogygia to the death of the suitors, he is never out of view, never idle: he is always either in action, or preparing for it, till he is re-established in his dominions. If the Poet had followed the natural order of the action, he, like Lucan, would not have wrote an epick poem, but a history in verse.
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.  50
Meantime the Cicons, to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick, as the budding leaves or rising flowers  55
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now fortune changes (so the Fates ordain)
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.  60
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun, increasing bright,
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,  65
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds;
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.  70
With sails outspread we fly the' unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellows' rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.

Ver. 74.  And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.] This passage preserves a piece of antiquity; it was the custom of the Grecians, when their friends died upon foreign shores, to use this ceremony of recalling their souls, though they obtained not their bodies, believing by this method that they transported them to their own country: Pindar mentions the same practice.
Meanwhile the God, whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with storms:
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And Night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.

We furl'd the sail, we plied the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.

But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.

Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.

Thus the Athenians, when they lost any men at sea, went to
the shores, and calling thrice on their names, raised a cenotaph
or empty monument to their memories; by performing which
solemnity, they invited the shades of the departed to return,
and performed all rites as if the bodies of the dead had really
been buried by them in their sepulchres. Eustathius.

The Romans as well as the Greeks followed the same custom.
The occasion of this practice arose from the opinion, that the
souls of the departed were not admitted into the state of the
happy, without the performance of the sepulchral solemnities.

P.

Ver. 84.] Or rather, if we wish fidelity, thus:
Whilst toil and sorrow pin'd our souls away.

W.

Ver. 85.] Exactly:
When the third morn fair tress'd Aurora brings:
that epithet is too beautiful and picturesque to be neglected. W.
Strong was the tide, which by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet the uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,

The land of Lotos, and the flowery coast.

Ver. 92.] Homer says,
   — — — our vessels from Cythera cast. W.

Ver. 95. The tenth we touch'd ———
   The land of Lotos ———

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

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

Nothing can better shew the great deference which former ages paid Homer, than these defences of the learned ancients; they continually ascribe his deviations from truth, (as in the instance before us) to design, not to ignorance; to his art as a Poet, and not to want of skill as a geographer.
We climb'd the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,
(A herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possesst the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feast;
The trees around them, all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine nectareous juice!

Less fame, such relations might be thought errors, but in Homer they are either understood to be no errors, or if errors, they are vindicated by the greatest names of antiquity.

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

The rhymes are faulty, and the sense unfaithful. Thus?
The tenth, our wanderings cease, the land we gain,
Whose men with flowery Lotos life sustain.

In the following account of these people, our translator is paraphrastical and inaccurate. For precision the reader must have recourse to Mr. Cowper.

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

Ver. 106. Lotos.] Eustathius assures us, that there are various kinds of it. It has been a question whether it is an herb, a root, or a tree: he is of opinion, that Homer speaks of it as an herb; for he calls it ἀνθινὸς οἰδακός, and that the word ἵππωτες is in its proper sense applied to the grazing of beasts, and therefore he judges it not to be a tree, or root. He adds, there is an Egyptian Lotos, which, as Herodotus affirms, grows in great abun-
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends: 110
The three we sent, from off the enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep 115
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep:

dance along the Nile in the time of its inundations; it resembles
(says that historian in his Euterpe) a lily; the Egyptians dry it
in the sun, then take the pulp out of it, which grows like the head
of a poppy, and bake it as bread; this kind of it agrees likewise
with the "\textit{ Axios \ vidos}" of Homer. Athenæus writes of the Lybian
Lotos in the fourteenth book of his Deipnosophist; he quotes
the words of Polybius in the twelfth book of his history, now not
extant; that historian speaks of it as an eye-witness, having ex-
amined the nature of it. "The Lotos is a tree of no great height,
" rough and thorny: it bears a green leaf, somewhat thicker
" and broader than that of the bramble or briar; its fruit at
" first is like the ripe berries of the myrtle, both in size and co-
" lor, but when it ripens it turns to purple; it is then about
" the bigness of an olive; it is round, and contains a very small
" kernel; when it is ripe they gather it, and bruising it among
" bread-corn, they put it up into a vessel, and keep it as food
" for their slaves; they dress it after the same manner for their
" other domesticks, but first take out the kernel from it: it has
" the taste of a fig, or dates, but is of a far better smell: they
" likewise make a wine of it, by steeping and bruising it in
" water; it has a very agreeable taste, like wine tempered with
" honey. They drink it without mixing it with water, but it
" will not keep above ten days, they therefore make it only in
" small quantities, for immediate use." Perhaps it was this last
kind of Lotos, which the companions of Ulysses tasted; and
if it was thus prepared, it gives a reason why they were over-
come with it; for being a wine, it had the power of intoxica-
tion.

P.
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide,
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untried.

The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam’d by manners, nor by laws confin’d:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.

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

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

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

But it may be asked if there were any such persons who bore the name of Cyclops? No less a historian than Thucydides informs us, that Sicily was at first possessed and inhabited by giants, by the Laestrigons and Cyclops, a barbarous and inhuman people: but he adds, that these savages dwelt only in one part
The soil until'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields;
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour, 125
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
of that island. Cedrenus gives us an exact description of the Cyclops: "Ulysses fell among the Cyclops in Sicily; a people "not one-eyed, according to the mythologists, but men like "other men, only of a more gigantick stature, and of a bar-"barous and savage temper." What Homer speaks of the fertility of Sicily, is agreeable to history: it was called anciently Romani Imperii Horreum. Pliny, lib. x. cap. 10. writes, that the Leontine plains bear for every grain of corn, an hundred. Diodorus Siculus relates in his history what Homer speaks in poetry, that the fields of Leontium yield wheat without the culture of the husbandman: he was an eye-witness, being a native of the island. From hence in general it may be observed, that wherever we can trace Homer, we find, if not historic truth, yet the resemblance of it; that is, as plain truth as can be related without converting his poem into a history. P. Ver. 127. By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne.]
Plato (observes Spondanus) in his third book of laws, treats of government as practised in the first ages of the world; and refers to this passage of Homer; mankind was originally independent, every "Master of a family was a kind of king of his family, and reigned over his wife and children like the Cyclo-"peans," according to the expression of Homer.
Aristotle likewise complains, that even in his times, in many places, men lived without laws, according to their own fancies; referring likewise to this passage of Homer.
Dacier adds from Plato, that after the deluge, three manners of life succeeded among mankind; the first was rude and savage: men were afraid of a second flood; and therefore inhabited the summits of mountains, without any dependance upon one another, and each was absolute in his own family: the second was less brutal; as the fear of the deluge wore away by degrees, they descended towards the bottom of mountains, and
But high on hills or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.

Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats thro' pathless thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters here, with winter's cold
began to have some intercourse: the third was more polished;
when a full security from the apprehensions of a flood was estab-
lished by time, they then began to inhabit the plains, and a
more general commerce by degrees prevailing, they entered into
societies, and established laws for the general good of the whole
community. These Cyclopeans maintained the first state of life
in the days of Ulysses; they had no intercourse with other so-
cieties, by reason of their barbarities, and consequently their
manners were not at all polished by the general laws of hu-
manity. This account agrees excellently with the holy Scriptures,
and perhaps Plato borrowed it from the writings of Moses; after
the deluge men retreated to the mountains for fear of a second
flood; the chief riches, like these Cyclopeans, consisted in flocks
and herds; and every master of a family ruled his house with-
out any controul or subordination.

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

Ver. 134. An isle, whose hills, &c.] This little isle is now
called Ægusa, which signifies the isle of goats. P.

Ver. 135.] Our Poet injudiciously follows the opinion of
some interpreters, mentioned by Eustathius, in making a proper
name of an epithet signifying little.
Pursue their flight; but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desart ground.

Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.

For there no vessel with vermillion prore,

Nor bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;

Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green;

A port there is, inclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and untied,
'Till the glad mariners incline to sail,

And the sea whitens with the rising gale.

Ver. 144. *Bleating goat.*] It is exactly thus in the original,
verse 124, μυναίς, balantes; which Pollux, lib. v. observes not to
be the proper term for the voice of goats, which is φιλαγημαίς. P.

Ver. 153.] The translator misrepresents his author, and may
be rectified by the following adjustment, which is exact:

There waving harvests soon would load the field,
There vines unfading a full vintage yield:
By the hoar ocean stretch the blooming meads;
Deep is the soil, and fertile moisture feeds.

Ver. 157.] The latter clause is interpolated: perhaps, from
Ogilby.
High at its head, from out the cavern’d rock,
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green
The bushing alders form’d a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our thought,
Thro’ all-surrounding shade our navy brought;
For gloomy Night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer’d Phoebe in the’ ethereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
’Till safe we anchor’d in the shelter’d bay:
Our sails we gather’d, cast our cables o’er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal’d the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz’d, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous’d by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o’er the lawn:

Ver. 165. Hither some favouring God ——— ] This circumstance is inserted with great judgment, Ulysses otherwise might have landed in Sicily, and fallen into the hands of the Cyclopes, and consequently been lost inevitably: he therefore piously ascribes his safety, by being driven upon this desolate island, to the guidance of the Gods; he uses it as a retreat, leaves his navy there, and passes over into Sicily in one single vessel, undiscovered by these gigantick savages; this reconciles the relation to probability, and renders his escape practicable.

Eustathius.

Ver. 178. The woodland nymphs.] This passage is not without obscurity, and it is not easy to understand what is meant by the daughters of Jupiter. Eustathius tells us, the Poet speaks allegorically, and that he means to specify the plants and herbs of the field. Jupiter denotes the air, not only in Homer, but in the Latin Poets. Thus Virgil:
In haste our fellows to the ships repair, 180
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supplied, (for twelve were all the fleet).
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars 190
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.

"Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus aether
"Conjugis in gremium laetae descendit ——"
and consequently the herbs and plants, being nourished by the
mild air and fruitful rains, may be said to be the daughters of
Jupiter, or offspring of the skies; and these goats and beasts of
the field, being fed by these plants and herbs, may be said to be
awakened by the daughters of Jupiter, that is, they awake to
feed upon the herbage early in the morning. Thus Homer
makes Deities of the vegetative faculties and virtues of the field.
I fear such boldnesses would not be allowed in modern
poetry.

It must be confessed that this interpretation is very refined:
but I am sure it will be a more natural explication to take these
for the real mountain nymphs (Oreades) as they are in many
places of the Odyssey; the very expression is found in the
sixth book, and there signifies the nymphs attending upon
Diana in her sports: and immediately after Ulysses, being awa-
kened by a sudden noise, mistakes Nausicaa and her damsels
for nymphs of the mountains or floods. This conjecture will
not be without probability, if we remember that these nymphs
were huntresses, as is evident from their relation to Diana.
Why then may not this other expression be meant of the
nymphs that are fabled to inhabit the mountains? P.
The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains rising smokes appear.
Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Satiate we slept: but when the sacred dawn
Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words address—
My dear associates, here indulge your rest,
While, with my single ship, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right;
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the Gods, and succour the distrest?
This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me and the ship untied.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the nearest verge of land we flew,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the shore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading oak.
A giant-shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,

Ver. 194.] The full sense of his author may be thus exhibited:

And noise of men; whilst rising smokes appear.
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin’d;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;

Ver. 221. A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth —— ]

Goropius Becanus, an Antwerpian, has wrote a large
discourse to prove, that there never were any such men as
giants; contrary to the testimony both of profane and sacred
history: thus Moses speaks of the Rephaims of Aestroth, the
Zamzummims of Ham, the Emims of Moab, and Anakims of
Hebron. Thus Goliath must be allowed to be a giant, for he
was six cubits and a span, that is, nine feet and a span in
height. We find the like relations in profane history: Plu-
tarch in his life of Theseus says, that age was productive of
men of prodigious stature, giants. Thus Diodorus Siculus;
Ægyptii scribunt, Isidis ætate, fuisse vasto corpore homines, quos
Greci dixere gigantes. Herodotus affirms that the body of
Orestes was dug up, and appeared to be seven cubits long; but
Aulus Gellius believes this to be an error. Josephus writes,
l. xviii. c. 6. that Vitellius sent a Jew named Eleazar, seven
cubits in height, as a present from Artabanes king of the Par-
thians, to Tiberius Cæsar; this man was ten feet and a half
high. Pliny vii. 16. speaks of a man that was nine feet nine
inches high; and in another place, vi. 30. Sybortas, gentem
Æthiopum Nomadum, octona cubita longitudine excedere. It
may seem strange that in all ancient stories the first planters of
most nations are recorded to be giants; I scarce can persuade
myself but such accounts are generally fabulous: and hope to
be pardoned for a conjecture which may give a seeming reason
how such stories came to prevail. The Greeks were a people
of very great antiquity; they made many expeditions, as ap-
ppears from Jason, &c. and sent out frequent colonies: now the
head of every colony was called Ἀνακ, and these adventurers
being persons of great figure in story, were recorded as men
of war, of might and renown, through the old world; it is
therefore not impossible but the Hebrews might form their word
Anac, from the Greek Ἀνάκ, and use it to denote persons of un-
common might and abilities. These they called Anac, and
sons of Anac; and afterwards in a less proper sense used it to
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,  
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.  
I left my vessel at the point of land,  
And close to guard it, gave our crew command:  
With only twelve the boldest and the best,  
I seek the' adventure, and forsake the rest.  
Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,  
The gift of Maron, of Evantheus' line, \[230\]  
(The priest of Phæbus at the' Ismarian shrine.)  
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood  
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;  
Him, and his house; heaven mov'd my mind to save,  
And costly presents in return he gave;  
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,  
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,  
And twelve large vessels of unmingle'd wine,  
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!  
Which now some ages from his race conceal'd,  
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd.  
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,  
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream  
To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd  
Breath'd aromatic fragrances around.  
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,  
And brought another with provisions stor'd.

signify men of uncommon stature, or giants. So that in this sense, all nations may be said to be originally peopled by a son of Anac, or a giant. But this is submitted as a conjecture to the reader's judgment.  

Ver. 243. Scarce twenty measures from the living stream  
To cool one cup suffic'd [———]  
There is no wine of so strong a body as to bear such a disproportionate quantity; but Homer amplifies the strength of it to prepare the reader for its surprising effects immediately upon Polypheme.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barbarous power;
Some rustick wretch, who liv’d in heaven’s despight,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right. 251
The cave we found, but vacant all within,
(His flock the giant tended on the green)
But round the grot we gaze: and all we view,
In order rang’d, our admiration drew: 255
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses prest,
The folded flocks each separate from the rest,
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fallen young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish’d from the lambkin lies:) 260
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore; 265
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin’d,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites alas! and fatal to my friends!

Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.

Ver. 257.] His author dictates, The crowded flocks—. W.
Ver. 261.] A paltry line, interpolated by the translator. W.
Ver. 271.] Or thus, more agreeably to Homer’s language:
Sad trial, view unlovely, to my friends! W.
Ver. 272.] This devout couplet is expanded from the following words of his author:
A fire we lit for sacrifice. W.
The laden shelves afford us full repast; We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last. Near half a forest on his back he bore, And cast the ponderous burden at the door. It thunder’d as it fell. We trembled then, And sought the deep recesses of the den. Now driven before him, thro’ the arching rock, Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, the’ unnumber’d flock:

Big-udder’d ewes, and goats of female kind, (The males were penn’d in outward courts behind) Then, heav’d on high, a rock’s enormous weight To the cave’s mouth he roll’d, and clos’d the gate. (Scarce twenty four-wheel’d cars, compact and strong, 286
The massy load could bear, or roll along:) He next betakes him to his evening cares, And sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares; Of half their udders eases first the dams, 290
Then to the mother’s teat submits the lambs. Half the white stream to hardening cheese he prest, And high in wicker-baskets heap’d: the rest, Reserv’d in bowls, supplied his nightly feast. His labour done, he fir’d the pile that gave A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave. We stand discover’d by the rising fires; Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires. 295
What are ye, guests? on what adventure, say, Thus far ye wander thro’ the watery way? Pirates perhaps, who seek thro’ seas unknown The lives of others, and expose your own?
His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man! 305
At length, with heart recover'd, I began.
From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er the main,
Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
Thro' various seas by various perils tost,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast; 310
Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command!
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe: 320
'Tis what the Gods require: those Gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.
Fools that ye are! (the savage thus replies, 325
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)

Ver. 310.] This epithet unwilling, which is not furnished by
Homer, implies no great compliment of engaging form or agree-
able speech to soothe the formidable stranger; and reminds me
of a couplet in Hudibras, part iii. cant. i. verse 1185.
Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.        W.

Ver. 325.] Ogilby's version of this passage bids loud defiance
to the delicacy of modern manners:
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then we Cyclops are a race, above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchored? near, or off the shore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind)
And cautious, thus. Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke.
Scarce with these few I 'scap'd; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the
main;
The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast;
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.

Then roughly he replied: A fool thou art,
Or stranger: I not value Gods a —.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me; and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but Wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies;
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teat submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd and whistling, drives his flock before;
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again: with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is oped and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, e'en in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:

Ver. 374.] This embellishment is not from Homer, but Da-
cier: "Faisant retentir toute la campagne du son effroyable de
son chalumeau."
The monster's club within the cave I spied, 380
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,  
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,  
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.  
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train  
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane; 385  
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire;  
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,  
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.  
Then to my few companions, bold and brave, 389  
Propos'd, who first the venturous deed should try?  
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye  
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,  
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.  
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:  
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour. 395  
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock  
Before him march, and pour into the rock:  
Not one, or male or female staid behind;  
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd)
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest:
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.

escape, as appears from the following part of the story. Homer here uses the word ὑποδέχομαι, to shew the suspicion which Polyphem might entertain that Ulysses had other companions abroad who might plunder his flocks; and this gives another reason why he drove them all into his cave, namely for the greater security.

Ver. 404.] This part is very ill done: I shall attempt something more exact:

When all his work was order'd as before,
He snatch'd for supper two companions more.
Then to the Cyclop with these words I went,
And a full bowl of purple wine present:
in which effort almost every word of Homer is exhibited, without interpolation.

Ver. 405.] A mistake of the translator. This was the third meal. See verses 343 and 369.
More! give me more, he cried: the boon be thine, 420
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as the unblest Cyclopean climes produce,
(Tho' sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields)
But this descended from the blest abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods.
He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful speech I reassume.
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title: Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The giant then. Our promis'd grace receive;
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.
He said: then nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropt his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Prest with the weight of sleep that tames the strong:
There belcht the mingled streams of wine and blood,
And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;

Ver. 424.] He goes wide of his author here. Thus?
And Jove's own showers but fertilize our fields. W.
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirs the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
The gelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-ax, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Thro' all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantick hand
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Enquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
What hurts thee, Polyphem? what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal in the unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies.
Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power.
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine"
"Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
"To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray:"
The brethren cried, and instant strode away.
Joy touch'd my secret soul, and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with the effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:
At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sat:
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door.

Ver. 489.] His author dictates this:
Come, to thy father, 

Ver. 491.] A very meagre couplet. On Ogilby's rhymes
may be constructed a better, and one literally faithful:
My secret soul with conscious rapture smil'd,
That thus the name and artful scheme beguil'd.

Ver. 495. — — The stone removing from the gate.] This con-
duct of Polyphem may seem very absurd, and it looks to be im-
probable that he should not call the other giants to assist him, in
the detection of the persons who had taken his sight from him;
especially when it was now day-light, and they at hand. Eusta-
thius was aware of the objection, and imputes it to his folly and
dulness.
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(Such as his shallow wit, he deem'd was mine)
But secret I revolv'd the deep design; 500
'Twas for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought;
This way and that, I cast to save my friends,
'Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.

Strong were the rams, with native purple fair, 505
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These three and three, with osier bands we tied,
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supplied)
The midmost bore a man; the outward two
Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew. 510
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.

When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales, 515
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along. 520
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.

Ver. 514.] The latter clause is interpolated, as furnishing a ready rhyme. I shall venture on a substitution, more nearly expressive of Homer's language:
There cling beneath, in woolly curls intwined;
And call up all the patience of my mind.

Ver. 515.] Before this verse our translator has omitted the following:
Thus the bless'd morn we wait with groaning hearts.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:  
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?  
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,  
First to the field and river's bank to lead;  
And first with stately step at evening hour  
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.  
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow  
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!  
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?  
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train)  
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted Lord,  
And would but Fate the power of speech afford;  
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here  
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:  
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,  
His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.  
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,  
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.  
The giant spoke, and thro' the hollow rock  
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.  
No sooner freed, and thro' the' enclosure past,  
First I release myself, my fellows last;  
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,  
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.  
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,  
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.  
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:  
I check their fondness, and command to fly.

Ver. 547.] Thus, precisely:
We drive the sheep, by circuit wide, before.  

W.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.

These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
The strong concussion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:
Again I shov'd her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raise my voice; my friends afraid,
With mild entreaties my design dissuade.
What boots the godless giant to provoke,
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?

Ver. 559.] Our Poet exhibits a wrong conception of his author. The subjoined attempt is exact:

Thy lawless force devour'd in yonder cave
The dear companions of no coward slave.

W.
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.
The sounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.
   But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear, 585
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigur'd thus that eyeless face?
Say 'twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
The' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:
Oh heavens! oh faith of antient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold, 595
(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menace'd, such was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.

Ver. 584. Our translator might have included the whole sense of his author in a triplet:
The rock o'ertakes us, and we 'scap'd in vain;
Ourselves and vessel dash'd, and plunge'd beneath the main. W.
Ver. 592. His author gives no specification, thus:
Whose prowess tumbles cities to the ground. W.
Ver. 595. This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold.] This incident sufficiently shews the use of that dissimulation which enters into the character of Ulysses: if he had discovered his name, the Cyclop had destroyed him as his most dangerous enemy. P.
Ver. 596. These three verses are expanded from the following portion of his original;
   — — — who in prophecy excell'd,
   And here grew old in practice of his art. W.
I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.

But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own;
The' immortal father no less boasts the son.

His power can heal me, and re-light my eye;
And only his, of all the Gods on high.

Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night,
As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight!

Thus I; whilst raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies.
Hear me, oh Neptune! thou whose arms are hurl'd
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.

Ver. 601.] Thus, more faithfully:
I deem'd some noble hero to behold,
Of size majestick, comely, strong, and bold. W.

Ver. 603. Not this weak pigmy wretch——] This is spoken in compliance with the character of a giant; the Phaeacians wondered at the manly stature of Ulysses; Polyphemus speaks of him as a dwarf; his rage undoubtedly made him treat him with so much contempt. Nothing in nature can be better imagined than this story of the Cyclops, if we consider the assembly before which it was spoken; I mean the Phaeacians, who had been driven from their habitation by the Cyclopeans, as appears from the sixth book of the Odyssey, and compelled to make a new settlement in their present country: Ulysses gratifies them by shewing what revenge he took upon one of their antient enemies, and they could not decently refuse assistance to a person, who had punished those who had insulted their forefathers. P.

Ver. 617. The prayer of the Cyclop.] This is a master-piece of art in Ulysses: he shews Neptune to be his enemy, which
If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if the unhappy Cyclop be thy son;
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it thro' toils and sufferings, long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign sufferings freed,
More near and deep, domestick woes succeed!

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main:
It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.

might deter the Phaeacians from assisting in his transportation,
yet brings this very circumstance as an argument to induce them to it. O Neptune, says the Cyclop, destroy Ulysses, or if he be fated to return, may it be in a vessel not of his own! Here he plainly tells the Phaeacians, that the prayer of the Cyclop was almost accomplished, for his own ships were destroyed by Neptune, and now he was ready to sail in a foreign vessel; by which the whole prayer would be compleated. By this he persuades them, that they were the people ordained by the Fates to land him in his own country.

His original may be fully rendered thus:

Thou, Neptune! hear, whose liquid arms are hurl'd,
God with green tresses! round the solid world.

Ver. 624.] Thus, more precisely:
Be it thro' sufferings dire, and be it late.

Ver. 627.] Homer says only,
and havoc find at home.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea; 635
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hoped and fear'd.
There disembarking on the green sea side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:
Of these due shares to every sailor fall;
The master ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to heaven I consecrate.
But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;
And sees me wandering still from coast to coast;
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!
While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
'Till evening Phoebus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
'Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east.
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind. 655

Ver. 635.] The rhyme is insufferable, and the sentiment unknown to his author here. The following substitution is faithful:

The surge absorbs us backward in the bay.
At length the island, where our vessels lay,
We gain'd; our sight the crews collected cheer'd—. W.

Ver. 645.] Our Poet, to be accurate, should have written thus:

With pious mind to Jove I consecrate.
That sovereign God, whose clouds involve the skies—. W.

Ver. 654.] Or thus, without interpolated thoughts:
Without delay my comrades I command,
To mount the decks, and loose the ship from land. W.
Now rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse-resounding deep!
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

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

Virgil has borrowed this episode of Polyphemus, and inserted
it into the third of the Æneis. I will not presume to decide
which author has the greatest success, they both have their
peculiar excellencies. Rapin confesses this episode to be equal
to any part of the Iliad, that it is an original, and that Homer
introduced that monstrous character to shew the marvellous,
and paint it in a new set of colours. Demetrius Phalereus
calls it a piece of sublime strangely horrible; and Longinus,
even while he is condemning the Odyssey, allows this adven-
ture of Polyphem to be very great and beautiful; (for so
Monsieur Boileau understands Longinus, though Monsieur Da-
cier differs from his judgment.) In Homer we find a greater va-
riety of natural incidents than in Virgil, but in Virgil a greater
pomp of verse. Homer is not uniform in his description, but
sometimes stoops perhaps below the dignity of epic poetry; Vir-
gil walks along with an even, grave, and majestick pace: they
both raise our admiration, mixed with delight and terror. P.
THE

TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LÆSTRIGONS, AND CIRCE.

ULYSSES arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again and rejected. Then they sail to the Læstrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the Enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his voyage to the infernal shades.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

POETRY is a mixture of History and Fable; the foundation is historical, because the Poet does not entirely neglect truth; the rest is fabulous, because naked truth would not be sufficiently surprising; for the marvellous ought to take place, especially in epick poetry. But it may be asked, does not Homer offend against all degrees of probability in these Episodes of the Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, Cyclops and Antiphates? How are these incredible stories to be reduced into the bounds of probability? It is true, the marvellous ought to be used in epick Poetry; but ought it to transgress all power of belief? Aristotle in his Art of Poetry lays down a rule to justify these incidents: A Poet, says that author, ought to prefer things impossible, provided they are probable, before things possible, that are nevertheless incredible. Chap. xv. This rule is not without obscurity; but Monsieur Dacier has explained it in his Annotations upon that author: a thing may be impossible, and yet probable: thus when the Poet introduces a Deity, any incident humanly impossible receives a full probability by being ascribed to the skill and power of a God: it is thus we justify the story of the transformation of the ship of the Phæacians into a rock, and the fleet of Æneas into sea-nymphs. But such relations ought not to be too frequent in a poem; for it is an established rule, that all incidents which require a divine probability only, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be subtracted from it without destroying it; for instance, if we omit the transformation of the ship, the action of the Odyssey will retain the same perfection. And therefore those episodes which are necessary, and make essential parts of the poem, ought to be grounded upon human probability: now the episodes of Circe, Polyphem, the Sirens, &c. are necessary to the action of the Odyssey: but will any man say they are within the bounds of human probability? How then shall we solve this difficulty? Homer artificially has brought them within the degrees of it; he makes Ulysses relate them before a credulous and ignorant assembly; he lets us into the character of the Phæacians, by saying they were a very dull nation, in the sixth book, Where never Science rear’d her laurel’d head.

It is thus the Poet gives probability to his fables, by reciting them to a people who believed them, and who through a laziness
of life were fond of romantick stories; he adapts himself to his audience, and yet even here he is not unmindful of his more intelligent readers: he gives them, (observes Bossu) in these fables all the pleasure that can be reaped from physical or moral truths, disguised under miraculous allegories, and by this method reconciles them to poetical probability.

There are several heads to which probability may be reduced; either to divinity, and then nothing is improbable, for every thing is possible to a Deity; or to our ideas of things whether true or false: thus in the descent of Ulysses into hell, there is not one word of probability or historic truth; but if we examine it by the ideas that the old world entertained of hell, it becomes probable; or lastly, we may have respect to vulgar opinion or fame; for a Poet is at liberty to relate a falsehood, provided it be commonly believed to be true. We might have recourse to this last rule, which is likewise laid down by Aristotle, to vindicate the Odyssey, if there were occasion for it; for in all ages such fables have found belief.

I will only add, that Virgil has given a sanction to these stories, by inserting them in his Æneis; and Horace calls them by the remarkable epithet of specious miracles.

"— Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat;"

"Antiphaten, Scyllamque et cum Cyclope Charybdim."

Longinus calls these fables dreams, but adds, that they are the dreams of Jupiter; he likewise blames those episodes, because in all of them there is much more fable and narration than action: which criticism may perhaps be too severe, if we consider that past adventures are here brought into present use, and though they be not actions, yet they are the representations of actions, agreeable to the nature of episodes.

It may be questioned if Virgil is so happy in the choice of the audience to which he relates many of these fables; the Carthaginians were not ignorant like the Phæacians: from whence then do his stories receive their probability? It is not so easy to answer this objection, unless we have recourse to common fame: Virgil was not the author of them, Homer had established them, and brought them into fame, so that Virgil had common opinion to vindicate him, joined with Homer's authority.
At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore,  
Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore,

NOTES.

Ver. 1. We reach'd Æolia's shore.] It is difficult to distinguish what is truth from what is fiction in this relation: Diodorus, who was a Sicilian, speaks of Æolus, and refers to this passage:—
"This is that Æolus," says he, "who entertained Ulysses in his voyages: he is reported to have been a pious and just prince, and given to hospitality, and therefore φίλος ἄθρακτος, as Homer expresses it." But whence has the fable of his being the governor of the winds taken its foundation? Eustathius tells us, that he was a very wise man, and one who from long observation could foretell what weather was like to follow; others say he was an astronomer, and studied chiefly the nature of the winds; and as Atlas, from his knowledge in astrology, was said to sustain the heavens; so Æolus, from his experience and observation, was fabled to be the ruler or disposer of the winds. But what explication can be given of this bag, in which he is said to bind the winds? Eratosthenes, continues Eustathius, said pleasantly, that we shall then find the places where Ulysses voyaged, when we have discovered the artist, or cobler, τὸν σχιτεῖα, who sewed up this bag of the winds. But the reason of the fiction is supposed
A floating isle! high-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.

To be this: Æolus taught the use and management of sails, and
having foretold Ulysses from what quarter the winds would blow,
he may be said to have gathered them into a kind of enclosure,
and retained them as use should require. Diodorus explains it
a little differently, lib. v. "He taught the use of sails, and hav-
ing learned from observing the bearing of the smoke and fires
(of those Vulcanian islands) what winds would blow, he usu-
ally foretold them with exactness, and from hence he is fabled
'to be the disposer of the winds." The words of Varro,
quoted by Servius, are to the same purpose.

Polybius will not admit that this story of Æolus is entirely
fable; and Strabo is of the same opinion, that Ulysses was in
the Sicilian seas; and that there was such a king as Æolus, he
affirms to be truth; but that he met with such adventures is, in
the main, fiction. There may another reason, as Eustathius ob-
serves, be given for the fiction of binding up the winds in a bag:
they who practised the art of incantation or charms, made use
of the skin of a dolphin, and pretended by certain ceremonies
to bind or loose the winds as they pleased; and this practice is
a sufficient ground to build upon in poetry.

The solution also of Bochart is worth our notice: Homer bor-
rrowed the word Ἀελως from the Phenician Aol, which signifies a
whirlwind or tempest, from whence the Greeks formed their word
Ἀλέω; the Phenicians observing the king of this island to be very
expert in foretelling the winds, called him king Aolin, or king
of the winds and storms; from hence Homer formed a proper
name, and called him Ἀελως. It must be confessed, that this
solution is ingenious, and not without an appearance of proba-
bility.

But, having laid together what may be said in vindication of
this story of Æolus, Justice requires that I should not suppress
what has been objected against it by no less a critic than
Longinus: he observes that a genius naturally lofty sometimes
falls into trifling; an instance of this, adds he, is what Homer
says of the bag wherein Æolus inclosed the winds. Cap. vii.

Ver. 3. A floating isle—] The word in the original is ἐλυστην: some take it, as Eustathius remarks, for a proper name; but
Aristarchus believes Homer intended to express by it a floating
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters, graced the royal bed:

island, that was frequently removed by concussions and earthquakes, for it is seen sometimes on the right, at other times on the left hand: the like has been said of Delos; and Herodotus thus describes the island Echemis in the Egyptian seas. Dionysius, in his περίγραφης, affirms, that this island is not called by the name of πανωθή, by reason of its floating, but because it is an island of fame, and much sailed unto, or παυωθή, by navigators; that is, παυομένη, or in τόπος παυομένης κυμένη, or lying in seas of great navigation. These islands were seven in number, (but eleven at this day) Strongyle, Hiera, Didyme, Hicesia, Lipara, Erycodes, and Phenicides, all lying in the Sicilian seas, as Diodorus Siculus testifies; but differs in the name of one of the islands. Strabo is of opinion, that the island called by Homer, the Æolian, is Strongyle. "This island Strongyle abounds with "subterraneous fires, &c. and here Æolus is said to have "reigned." Pliny agrees with Strabo, lib. iii. but Dacier understands it to be Lipara, according to Virgil, Æn. lib. viii. but in reality the seven were all called the Æolian islands.

But why is it fabled to be surrounded with a wall of brass? Eustathius says, that this may proceed from its being almost inaccessible; but this reason is not sufficient to give foundation to such a fiction. Dacier observes that it is thus described, because of the subterranean fires, which from time to time break out from the entrails of this island. Aristotle speaking of Lipara, which is the most considerable of the Æolian islands, thus describes it: "All night long the island of Lipara appears en-"lightened with fires." The same relation agrees with Strongyle, called Strombolo at this day.

I will take the liberty to propose a conjecture, which may perhaps not unhappily give a reason of this fiction of the wall of brass, from this description of Aristotle: all night fires appear (says that author) from this island, and these fires falling upon the seas, might cast a ruddy reflection round the island, which to navigators might look like a wall of brass enclosing it. This is but a conjecture drawn from appearances; but to write according to appearances is allowable in poetry, where a seeming or a real truth may be used indifferently.

Ver. 5. Six blooming youths—and six fair daughters.] Diodorus Siculus mentions the names of the six sons of Æolus, but
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and musick thro' the isle resound:

is silent concerning his daughters, and therefore others, who
can find mysteries in the plainest description, assure us, that
this is not to be understood historically, but allegorically: Æolus
represents the year, his twelve children are the twelve months,
six of which are female, to denote those six months in which the
earth brings forth her fruits; by his six sons the other months
are understood, in which the seed is sown, or in which the herbs,
fruits, &c. are nourished in order to production; these may
therefore be called males. But this is to darken an author into
mystery, not to explain him. Dacier gives us another allegorici-
cal interpretation: the Poet makes him the governor of the
winds, and gives him twelve children, these denote the twelve
principal winds; half of which children are males, half females;
the males denote the winter winds, which as it were brood upon
the earth, and generate its increase; the females those warmer
seasons of the year, when the more prolific winds blow, and
make the earth teem with fruitfulness: these children of Æolus
are in continual feasts in his palace; that is, the winds are con-
tinually fed by the exhalations from the earth, which may be
called their food or nourishment: the brothers and sisters in-
termarry: this denotes the nature of the winds, which blow pro-
miscuously, and one wind unites itself with another from all
quarters of the world indifferently: the brothers and sisters are
said to sleep by night together; that is, the winds are usually
still and calm, and as it were rest together, at that season. But
what occasion is there to have recourse to an uncertain allegory,
when such great names as Polybius, Strabo, and Diodorus assure
us, that this relation is in part true history; and if there was
really such a king as Æolus, why might he not be a father of
six sons and as many daughters? I should prefer a plain history
to a dark allegory.

Ver. 7.] More distinctly perhaps:
These, wedded to the sons, at home, remain.

Ver. 10.] I know not what could lead him to this needless
deviation. His author dictates:
And joy and music thro' the dome resound
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.

This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.

Full oft' the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft' I told: at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast:

For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung;
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!

Nine prosperous days we plied the labouring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils opprest,
Complied to take the balmy gifts of rest;

Ver. 32. *The hills display the beacon's friendly light.*] Eustathius observes, that these fires were a kind of beacons kept continually burning to direct navigators; the smoke gave notice by day, the light of the flame by night. Ithaca was environed with rocks, and consequently there was a necessity for this care, to guide seafaring men to avoid these rocks, and to point out the places of landing with security.
Then first my hands did from the rudder part,
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart)
When lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought?
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought.
Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come my friends, these mystick gifts explore.
They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound!
The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
If still to live, or desperate plunge to fate:
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
'Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.

Ver. 50. *They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound.*
This relation has been blamed as improbable; what occasion was there to unbind the bag, when these companions of Ulysses might have satisfied their curiosity that there was no treasure in it from the lightness of it? But Homer himself obviates this objection, by telling us that Æolus fastened it in the vessel, as Eustathius observes.

Ver. 57. *For this line Homer says only,*
But resolute I bore.
Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known ΑEolian coast regain;
Our groans the rocks remurmur’d to the main.
We leap’d on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress’d;
That done, two chosen heralds strait attend
Our second progress to my royal friend;
And him amidst his jovial sons we found;
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown’d:
There humbly stopp’d with conscious shame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate presum’d to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descried,
And starting from their couches loudly cried,
Ulysses here! what demon couldst thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?
Wast thou not furnish’d by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear!
Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn’d,
At length these words with accent low return’d.
Me, lock’d in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your god-like gift!
But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.

Ver. 60.] Our translator has here interwoven his favourite thought: for his original had simply given,
— — — — — — and my comrades groan’d. W.
Ver. 67.] Our Poet indulges his fancy here. These four verses correspond to the subjoined two of Homer:
Come to the mansion, by the threshold posts
We sate: amaz’d they view’d, and thus enquir’d. W.
Ver. 75.] This couplet is amplified, with misrepresentation, from the following line:
Thus they: and I, with sorrow wrung, replied. W.
Thus I with art to move their pity tried,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern sire replied,
Vile wretch, be gone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accr'sd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Laestrigonia's gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain;

Ver. 83. *Vile wretch, be gone!* This unhospitable character
of Æolus may seem contrary to the humane disposition which
Homer before ascribed to him; he therefore tells us, that Ulysses
appeared to him to be an object of divine vengeance, and that
to give him assistance would be to act against the will of the
Gods. But, observes Eustathius, is not this an ill-chosen rela-
tion to be made to the Phaeacians, as the Criticks have re-
marked, and might it not deter them from assisting a man
whom Æolus had rejected as an enemy to the Gods? He an-
swers, that it was evident to the Phaeacians, that Ulysses was
no longer under the displeasure of heaven, that the impreca-
tions of Polyphem were fulfilled; he being to be transported
to his own country by strangers, according to his prayer in the
ninth of the Odyssey, and consequently the Phaeacians have
nothing to fear from the assistance which they lend Ulysses. P.

Ver. 94. *The shepherd quitting here at night the plain, &c.*
This passage has been thought to be very difficult; but Eusta-
thius makes it intelligible: the land of the Laestrigons was
fruitful, and fit for pasturage; it was the practice to tend the
sheep by day, and the oxen by night; for it was infested by a
kind of fly that was very grievous to the oxen by day, whereas
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,
the wool of the sheep defended them from it: and therefore
the shepherds drove their oxen to pasture by night. If the
same shepherd who watched the sheep by day, could pass the
night without sleep, and attend the oxen, he performed a dou-
ble duty, and consequently merited a double reward. Homer
says, that the ways of the night and day were near to each
other, that is, the pastures of the sheep and oxen, and the
ways that led to them were adjacent; for the shepherd that
drove his flocks home, could call to the herdsman, who drove
his herds to pasture, and be heard with ease, and therefore the
roads must be adjoining.

Crates gives us a very different interpretation: he asserts that
Homer intended to express the situation of the Læstrigons, and
affirms that they lay under the head of the dragon, Κεφαλὴ
δέκατος, (which Dacier renders the tail of the dragon) accord-
ing to Aratus.

If this be true, the Poet intended to express that there was
scarce any night at all among the Læstrigons, according to that
of Manilius,

"Vixque ortus, occasus erit"—

But how will this agree with the situation of the Læstrigons,
who were undoubtedly Sicilians, according to the direct affir-
mation of Thucydides, lib. vi. of his History? Besides, if Læstri-
gonía lay under the head of the dragon, Ulysses must have
spent seven months instead of seven days, in sailing from the
Æolian islands to that country. Neither is there any necessity
to have recourse to this solution: for what signifies the length
or shortness of the day to the double wages of the shepherds,
when it was paid to him who took upon him a double charge of
watching the whole day and night, which comprehends the
space of four and twenty hours; which alone, whether the
greater part of it was by night or day, entitled the shepherd
to a double reward? I therefore should rather chuse the for-
mer interpretation, with which Didymus agrees.

It is most apparent to me, that Homer means to describe a
country, in which the twilight was so powerful, and the interval
of total darkness so transitory, that the flocks continued feeding
day and night. Upon this notion (whether the historical pro-
So near the pastures, and so short the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.

Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halsers to the shore.

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;

propriety will hold, or not, upon any explanation; of which Homer's accuracy will scarce admit a doubt) the passage is obvious at once, and perfectly intelligible. The following attempt is literal:

To shepherd, unremitting, shepherd calls;
Alternate yields the flock, alternate feeds.
There, could a man keep sleepless, he might gain
A double hire, now herds, now tending sheep;
So close the confines of the day and night!

Ver. 109.] Thus, more faithfully, and with a better rhyme:
I outwards, to the verge, my vessel bore;
And tied my halsers to the rocky shore.
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's silver streams came down,
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town:)
The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place? 124
With joy the maid the' unwary strangers heard,
And shew'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but as they entering saw the queen
Of size enormous, and terrifick mien,

Ver. 120. The daughter of Antiphates, &c.] It is not evident
from whence Ulysses had the knowledge of these particulars;
the persons whom he sent to search the land perished in the at-
tempt; or were destroyed with the fleet by the Læstrigons: how
then could this relation be made to Ulysses? It is probable that
he had his information from Circe or Calypso, for Circe in the
sequel of the Odyssey tells Ulysses, that she was acquainted with
all the sufferings that he had undergone by sea; and if she, as a
Godess, knew his adventures, why might she not relate to him
these particulars? Homer a little lower tells us, that the Læ-
strigons transfixed (?i?i?i?i?i) the companions of Ulysses, and then
carried them away on their weapons like so many fishes; others
prefer ?i?i?i?i, that is, connecting them together like a range of
fishes; both which very well express the prodigious strength of
these giants: others chuse the word ?i?i?i?i, or, " they eat
them yet alive (palpitantes) like fishes." The preference is
submitted to the reader. Eustathius.

I will only add, that possibly the relation of the barbarity of
Polypheme, and Antiphates, with respect to their eating the
flesh of men, may not be entirely fabulous: modern history
assures us, that savages have been found in parts of the world
lately discovered, who eat the bodies of their enemies: it is
therefore no wonder that the more polite and civilized nations
of antiquity, looked upon such men as monsters, and that their
poets painted them as such, or perhaps aggravated the fierté, or
fierceness of their features, struck with horror at their brutal
inhumanity.
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)
A sudden horror struck their aking sight.
Swift at her call her husband scour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton slew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.

Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below:
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies;
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cram'm'd their filthy throats with human food.
Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would fly,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas;
Clear of the rocks the' impatient vessel flies;
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.

Ver. 130.] More accurately,
They view with horror the detested sight:
which would make a slight correction necessary in verse 127.
— — — but, as they enter'd, saw the queen. W.

Ver. 146.] They could not weigh, if the cables were cut.
Ogilby is not amiss:
Their oars I bid them ply, their lives to save,
Death at their heels: they brush the briny wave,
And soon our ship the open sea enjoy'd;
But all the rest the Lastrigons destroy'd. W.
With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day;
Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain,
Thus from the Sun descended, and the main;
(From the same lineage stern Æetes came
The far-fam'd brother of the enchantress dame)
Godess, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magick, and commanding song.
Some God directing; to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third succeeding morning shone.

Ver. 158. Where Circe dwelt.] Hesiod in his Theogony agrees with Homer as to the genealogy of Circe and Æetes.
"Perseis the daughter of Oceanus bore to Phæbus, "Circe and king Æetes." But why are they fabled to be the offspring of the sun? Eustathius answers, either from their high birth, as the great personages of antiquity were called Ægmatæ, or the sons of Jupiter, and the sun in the antient mythology represented that deity; or from their extraordinary beauty, which might be compared to the sun, or from their illustrious actions. But perhaps the whole might be derived from the way of speaking among the orientals; at this day we are informed from the best historians, that such language prevails in the easter countries, and kings and great personages are called the brothers or offspring of the sun.
This Ææa is a mountain or promontory in Italy: perhaps originally an island, and still keeping the resemblance of it. P. Ver. 163.] This couplet corresponds to a verse of his author, which may be verbally given thus:
Melodious, fair-tress'd Circe, goddess dire!
I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land; 170
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke, ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.

Thither to haste, the region to explore,
Was first my thought: but speeding back to shore
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
And send out spies the dubious coast to view. 180
As down the hill I solitary go,
Some power divine who pities human woe
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries;
Thro' the wide wound the vital spirit flies. 190

Ver. 179.] Thus his author:
I deem'd it prudent to refresh my crew. W.

Ver. 183.] Ogilby is closer to his original, whom our translator but little heeds in this passage. The following portion is a correction of his predecessor:

The raging fervours of the solar beam
Had sent to love him in the crystal stream.
Just as he clomb the bank, my spear I threw;
Clear through his chine the well-aim'd javelin flew.
He fell, with cries, expiring, to the ground:
My foot impress'd, the weapon quits the wound. W.

Ver. 190.] This thought of human cries is engrafted by the translator, who has interwoven several beautiful inventions in his
I drew, and casting on the river side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I tied
With twining osiers which the bank supplied.
An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,
Upbore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
With weighty steps, 'till at the ship I threw
The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew.

Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts thro' Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the desert land, behold! is given:
Live, and enjoy the providence of heaven.

The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
There, 'till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
They sat indulging in the genial rite.
When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
My men I summon'd, and these words addrest.

Followers and friends; attend what I propose:
Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes!

delicate version of this passage. The reader, who wishes perfect accuracy, must betake himself to Mr. Cowper. W.

Ver. 226.] This verse is not in Homer, but is translated from Virgil, Æn. iii. 193.

— — — cœlum undique, et undique pontus:
With only seas around and skies above:
as Dryden represents the verse.

V. 195.
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counsel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
An isle incircled with the boundless flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some smoke I saw amid the forest rise,
And all around it only seas and skies!

With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
And horrid Laestrigons, the men of blood.
Presaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I straight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other side
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.

The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around:
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magick tamed) familiar to the dome.

Ver. 241.] His author says,
Of polish'd stones.

Ver. 242. There is a beautiful moral couched under this
fable or allegory: Homer intended to teach, as Eustathius re-
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet. 245

marks, that pleasure and sensuality debase men into beasts. Thus Socrates understood it, as Xenophon informs us. Perhaps, adds Dacier, by the fawning wolves and lions that guard the portals of Circe's palace, the Poet means to represent the attendants of such houses of debauchery, which appear gentle and courteous, but are in reality of a brutal disposition, and more dangerous than lions. But upon what foundation is this fable built? Many writers inform us, that Circe was a famous courtezan, and that her beauty drew her admirers as it were by enchantment. It is evident, that Ulysses had a very intimate commerce with Circe, for Hesiod writes that he had two sons by her, Agrius and Latinus, who afterwards reigned in Tuscany; other authors call them Nausithous and Teleogenus.

Dionysius Halicarnassus and Aristotle mention Telegonus as the son of Circe and Ulysses, who afterwards slew his father with the bone of a fish inadvertently. But then is not this intrigue a breach of morality, and conjugal fidelity in that hero? I refer the reader to note on ver. 198. of the fifth book of the Odyssey: I shall only add, that the notions of morality are now very different from what they were in former ages. Adultery alone was esteemed criminal, and punished with death by the antient heathens; concubinage was not only permitted, but thought to be honourable, as appears from the practice, not only of heroes, but even of the Pagan Deities; and consequently this was the vice of the age, not in particular of Ulysses. But there is a stronger objection against Ulysses, and it may be asked, how is he to be vindicated for wasting no less space than a whole year in dalliance with a harlot? Penelope and his country seem both forgotten, and consequently he appears to neglect his own re-establishment, the chief design of the Odyssey: what adds some weight to this observation is, that his companions seem more sensible of his long absence from his country, and regret it more than that hero; for they awake him out of his dream, and intreat him to depart from the island. It is therefore necessary to take away this objection: for if it be unanswerable, Ulysses is guilty of all the miseries of his family and country, by neglecting to redress them by returning, and therefore he must cease to be a hero, and is no longer to be
As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,
(Such as the good man ever used to give—)
Domestick thus the grisly beasts drew near;
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding thro' the wood:
Placed at her loom within, the Goddess sung;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd,
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd.)

proposed as a pattern of wisdom, and imitation, as he is in the opening of the Odyssey. But the stay of Ulysses is involuntary, and consequently irreproachable; he is in the power of a Deity, and therefore not capable of departing without her permission: this is evident: for upon the remonstrance made by his companions, he dares not undertake his voyage without her dismissal. His asking consent plainly shews that it was not safe, if practicable, to go away without it; if he had been a free agent, her leave had been unnecessary: it is true, she tells him she will not detain him any longer against his inclinations: but this does not imply that his stay till then had been voluntary, or that he never had intreated to be dismissed before, but rather intimates the contrary: it only shews that now at last she is willing he should go away. But why should Ulysses stand in need of being admonished by his companions? Does not this imply that he was unmindful of returning? This is only an evidence that they were desirous to return as well as he; but he makes a wise use of their impatience, and takes an occasion from their importunities to press for an immediate dismissal. P.

Thus, with more fidelity:

Made harmless, there wild wolves and lions roam,
By potent drugs, familiar to her dome.
BOOK X.  HOMER’S ODYSSEY.

What voice celestial, chanting to the loom (Or nymph, or goddess) echoes from the room? Say shall we seek access? With that they call; And wide unfold the portals of the hall.

The Goddess, rising; asks her guests to stay, Who blindly follow where she leads the way. Eurylochus alone of all the band, Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain’d. On thrones around with downy coverings graced, With semblance fair the unhappy men she placed. Milk newly press’d, the sacred flour of wheat, And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat: But venom’d was the bread, and mix’d the bowl, With drugs of force to darken all the soul: Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost, And drank oblivion of their native coast. Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves, To hogs transforms ’em, and the sty receives. No more was seen the human form divine; Head, face, and members, bristle into swine: Still curst with sense, their minds remain alone, And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Ver. 275.] We much regret the imperfection of rhyme in so fine a verse: the metaphor, however, of the translation is not from the present passage of Homer, but from Virgil, Æn. vi. 714.

— — — — Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant:
thus incomparably rendered by Pitt:
To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair, And guaff deep draughts of long oblivion there. W.

Ver. 281.] An admirable thought of the translator only, transferred from more than one passage, if my memory fails me not, of Ovid’s Metamorphoses. W.
Meanwhile the Goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;
Now prone and groveling on unsavoury ground.

Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey;
His swelling heart denied the words their way:
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates.

We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)
Thro' the lone thicket, and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
Or nymph, or goddess, chanting to the loom.
Access we sought, nor was access denied:
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train;
I waited long, and eyed the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

Ver. 282.] Thus, more faithfully:

There to the wretches, as they weep, she throws
The mast and acorn—.

Ver. 285.] Thus his original:

The feasts of swine low-groveling on the ground.
I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty falchion hung; 310
(A beamy blade) then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd.
   O king belov'd of Jove! thy servant spare,
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die. 320
   I answer'd stern. Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.
   This said, and scornful turning from the shore 325
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
'Till now approaching nigh the magick bower,
Where dwelt the' enchantress skill'd in herbs of power,
A form divine forth issued from the wood,
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod) 330
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.

Ver. 321.] Our translator is not countenanced either by his author or his predecessors in giving this turn of insult and severity to this speech. I shall quote Chapman's version:

I answered him: Eurylochus! stay thou
And kepe the ship then; eate and drinke: I now
Will undertake th' adventure: there is cause
In great Necessities unaltered lawes.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began.
Ah whither roam'st thou? much-enduring man!
O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magick grove?
Each friend you seek in yon' enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of sties.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal: first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.
The plant I give thro' all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,
And menace death: those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The powers below, the blessed in the sky;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magick bind thee, cold and impotent.

Ver. 348.] Or, more faithfully:

This drug shall make her temper'd potion vain. W.
BOOK X.  HOMER’s ODYSSEY.  379

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew, Where on the’ all-bearing earth unmark’d it grew, And shew’d its nature and its wonderous power: Black was the root, but milky-white the flower; Moly the name, to mortals hard to find, But all is easy to the’ ethereal kind. This Hermes gave, then gliding off the glade Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade. While full of thought, revolving fates to come, I speed my passage to the’ enchanted dome: Arrived, before the lofty gates I stay’d; The lofty gates the Goddess wide display’d; She leads before, and to the feast invites; I follow sadly to the magick rites. Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat Receiv’d my limbs; a footstool eas’d my feet. She mix’d the potion; fraudulent of soul; The poison mantled in the golden bowl.

Ver. 361. — The sovereign plant he drew, Where on the’ all-bearing earth unmark’d it grew, &c.] This whole passage is to be understood allegorically. Mercury is Reason, he being the God of Science: the plant which he gives as a preservative against incantation is instruction; the root of it is black, the flower white and sweet; the root denotes that the foundation or principles of instruction appear obscure and bitter, and are distasteful at first, according to that saying of Plato, The beginnings of instruction are always accompanied with reluctance and pain. The flower of Moly is white and sweet; this denotes that the fruits of instruction are sweet, agreeable, and nourishing. Mercury gives this plant; this intimates, that all instruction is the gift of heaven: Mercury brings it not with him, but gathers it from the place where he stands, to shew that Wisdom is not confined to places, but that every where it may be found, if heaven vouchsafes to discover it, and we are disposed to receive and follow it.  P.
I took, and quaff’d it, confident in heaven:
Then waved the wand, and then the word was given
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)
Go, be a beast!—I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy falchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.

Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander’d Ocean round;
The man for Wisdom’s various arts renown’d,

Ver. 379. I took, and quaff’d it, confident in heaven.] It may be asked if Ulysses is not as culpable as his companions, in drinking this potion? Where lies the difference? and how is the allegory carried on, when Ulysses yields to the solicitation of Circe, that is, pleasure, and indulges, not resists his appetites? The moral of the fable is, that all pleasure is not unlawful, but the excess of it: we may enjoy, provided it be with moderation. Ulysses does not taste till he is fortified against it; whereas his companions yielded without any care or circumspection; they indulged their appetites only, Ulysses takes merely out of a desire to deliver his associates: he makes himself master of Circe, or pleasure, and is not in the power of it, and enjoys it upon his own terms; they are slaves to it, and out of a capacity ever to regain their freedom but by the assistance of Ulysses. The general moral of the whole fable of Circe is, that pleasure is as dreadful an enemy as danger, and a Circe as hard to be conquered as a Polypheme.

Ver. 382.] I like the simple words of his author better:

Go, to the sty!
Ulysses? oh! thy threatening fury cease, 395
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence be thine!

And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence be mine, 400
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own?
O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed;
That, all-unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent, 405
And magick bind me, cold and impotent?
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear, by the vow which never can be vain. 410

The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
Ministrant to the queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods. 416
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another placed
The silver stands with golden flaskets graced:
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:

Ver. 404.] Or rather,
   To climb thy chamber, and partake thy bed. W.
Ver. 416.] Or, accurately to his original:
   Or the fair race of sea descending floods. W.
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepared, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunick o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and placed me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
Absent I ponder, and absorpt in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and these words addrest.

Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt, or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain!
I answer'd, Goddess! Humane is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:

Ver. 446.] To preserve the metaphor of his original, we may thus correct:
The tooth of sorrow gnaws his secret heart.
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me would'st thou please? for them thy cares em-
ploy,
And them to me restore, and me to joy.

With that, she parted: in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magick wand.
Then hastening to the sties set wide the door,
Urged forth, and drove the bristly herd before; 460
Unwieldy, out they rush'd, with general cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change agen,
And stand majestick, and recall'd to men.
Those hairs of late that bristled every part,
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!
'Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed thro' the bower:
Even Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Ver. 461.] A poor couplet, in my opinion: totally unnecessary
to the sense of his author, and would be well expunged. W.

Ver. 468. More young,—more graceful to my eyes.] Homer
excellently carries on his allegory: he intends by this expression
of the enlargement of the beauty of Ulysses's companions, to
 teach that men who turn from an evil course, into the paths of
virtue, excel even themselves; having learned the value of virtue
from the miseries they suffered in pursuit of vice, they become
new men, and as it were enjoy a second life. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 473.] This couplet is amplified from these few words
of his author:

and even the Goddess pity felt. W.
Son of Laertes! (then the queen began) 475
Oh much-enduring, much-experienced man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor;
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottos stow thy spoils and arms: 480

She said. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field 485
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry—

So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah master! ever-honour'd, ever-dear, 495
(These tender words on every side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn,
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath!
But ah! relate our lost companions' death. 500
BOOK X.  HOMER's ODYSSEY.  385

I answer'd cheerful.  Haste, your galley moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in you' hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes; and come 505
To take the joys of Circe's sacred dome.

With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magick bower?
Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.

I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
My flying falchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground;
But all at once my interposing train 521
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.

Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,

Ver. 501.]  Thus his author:
They said; and I with soothing words replied:
but Ogilby had rendered:

- - - - - - I cheerfully replied.  W.

Ver. 506.]  Or, more exactly:
To taste with them the joys of Circe's dome.  W.

Ver. 513.]  All this embellishment, beyond the name of the animal, in this verse, is his own; suggested, perhaps, by Dryden, AEn. vii. 22.  W.
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.

Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast, He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest. 530

Meanwhile the Goddess, with indulgent cares And social joys, the late-transform'd repairs; The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews; Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews: Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold Each other's face, and each his story told; Then gushing tears the narrative confound, And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound. When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess cries;

Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise, Let this short memory of grief suffice. To me are known the various woes ye bore, In storms by sea, in perils on the shore; Forget whatever was in Fortune's power, And share the pleasures of this genial hour. 545 Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast, Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost. Exiles and wanderers now, where'er ye go, Too faithful memory renews your woe; The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain, And the soul saddens by the use of pain.

Her kind intreaty mov'd the general breast; Tired with long toil, we willing sunk to rest. We plied the banquet and the bowl we crown'd, 'Till the full circle of the year came round. 555 But when the seasons, following in their train, Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries.
Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov’d palace glitter in our eyes?
Melting I heard; yet ’till the sun’s decline
Prolong’d the feast, and quaff’d the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bower;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe’s bed,
The tender moment seiz’d, and thus I said.
Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay’d?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.
Go then, (she cried) ah go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates your wish deny:
Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;

Ver. 568.] Thus his author literally:
But I, who clomb the Goddess’ sumptuous bed,
Besought her knees: to hear the Goddess deign’d;
I thus in winged words my suit prefer. W.

Ver. 579. Far other journey —
To tread the’ uncomfortable paths beneath.]
There should in all the episodes of epick poetry appear a convenience, if not a necessity of every incident; it may therefore be asked what necessity there is for this descent of Ulysses into hell, to consult the shade of Tiresias? Could not Circe, who was a Goddess, discover to him all the future contingencies of his life? Eustathius excellently answers this objection; Circe
To tread the' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban Bard, depriv'd of sight;
Within, irradiate with prophetick light;
To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain the' unseparated soul:

declares to Ulysses the necessity of consulting Tiresias, that he may learn from the mouth of that prophet, that his death was to be from the ocean; she acts thus in order to dispose him to stay with her, after his return from the regions of the dead: or if she cannot persuade him to stay with her, that she may at least secure him from returning to her rival Calypso; she had promised him immortality, but by this descent, he will learn that it is decreed that he should receive his death from the ocean; for he died by the bone of a sea-fish called Xiphias. Her love for Ulysses induces her not to make the discovery herself, for it was evident she would not find credit, but Ulysses would impute it to her love, and the desire she had to deter him from leaving her island. This will appear more probable, if we observe the conduct of Circe in the future parts of the Odyssey: she relates to him the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, of the oxen of Phoebus, and the Sirens; but says nothing concerning his death: this likewise gives an air of probability to the relation. The isle of Circe was adjoining to Scylla and Charybdis, &c. and consequently she may be supposed to be acquainted with those places, and give an account of them to Ulysses with exactness, but she leaves the decrees of heaven and the fate of Ulysses to the narration of the prophet; it best suitin his character to see into futurity. By the descent of Ulysses into hell may be signified, that a wise man ought to be ignorant of nothing; that he ought to ascend in thought into heaven, and understand the heavenly appearances, and be acquainted with what is contained in the bowels of the earth, and bring to light the secrets of nature: that he ought to know the nature of the soul, what it suffers, and how it acts after it is separated from the body.

Eustathius.

Ver. 584. To whom Persephone, &c.] Homer here gives the reason why Tiresias should be consulted, rather than any other ghost. This expression is fully explained, and the notion of
The rest are forms, of empty æther made;  
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.
Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sat; my tears bedew'd the bed;  
To hate the light and life my soul begun,  
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress,
And my tost limbs now wearied into rest.
How shall I tread (I cried) ah Circe! say,
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

the soul after death, which prevailed among the ancients, is set in a clear light, verse 92, and 124, of the xxiiid book of the Iliad, to which passages I refer the readers. But whence had Tiresias this privilege above the rest of the dead? Callimachus ascribes it to Minerva. Tully mentions this pre-eminence of Tiresias in his first book of Divination. Perhaps the whole fiction may arise from his great reputation among the ancients for prophecy; and in honour to his memory they might imagine that his soul after death retained the same superiority. Ovid in his Metamorphoses gives us a very jocular reason for the blindness and prophetick knowledge of Tiresias, from a matrimonial contest between Jupiter and Juno.

Ver. 591.] Ecclesiastes, i. 14. "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold! all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The translation here is inimitably fine. The reader will form a better judgment of it's excellence from a plain literal translation:

She said: my heart was shatter'd with her words,
Fix'd to the couch, I wept: nor longer wisht
My soul to live, and see the solar beam,
At length with tears and tossings sated, thus
In winged accents I bespake the queen.

Ver. 596.] It is impossible for any praise to transcend the merits of this glorious couplet, wrought by our matchless artist from the following verse of his author:

None yet by ship to Pluto's region went.
Thy fated road (the magick power replied)  
Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.  
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,  
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.  
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean’s utmost ends,  
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;

Now, for the sake of contrast, hear Ogilby:  
Does any to the devil go by sea?  
Some of my readers, I fear, will pronounce, that such a translator should have been sent there, either by land or sea. W.  
Ver. 602. Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean’s utmost ends, &c.]  
This whole scene is excellently imagined by the Poet, as Eustathius observes; the trees are all barren, the place is upon the shores where nothing grows; and all the rivers are of a melancholy signification, suitable to the ideas we have of those infernal regions. Ulysses arrives at this place, where he calls up the shades of the dead, in the space of one day; from whence we may conjecture, that he means a place that lies between Cumæ and Baiae, near the lake Avernus, in Italy; which, as Strabo remarks, is the scene of the Necromancy of Homer, according to the opinion of antiquity. He further adds, that there really are such rivers as Homer mentions, though not placed in their true situation, according to the liberty allowable to poetry. Others write, that the Cimmerii once inhabited Italy, and that the famous cave of Pausilipe was begun by them about the time of the Trojan wars: here they offered sacrifice to the Manes, which might give occasion to Homer’s fiction. The Grecians, who inhabited these places after the Cimmerians, converted these dark habitations into stoves, baths, &c.

Silius Italicus writes, that the Lucrine lake was anciently called Cocytus. It is also probable, that Acheron was the antient name of Avernus, because Acherusia, a large water near Cumæ, flows into it by concealed passages. Silius Italicus informs us, that Avernus was also called Styx. Here Hannibal offered sacrifice to the Manes, as it is recorded by Livy; and Tully affirms it from an ancient poet. This may seem to justify the observation that Acheron was once the name of Avernus, though the words are capable of a different interpretation.

If these remarks be true, it is probable that Homer does not neglect geography, as most commentators judge. Virgil de-
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods: 605
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed, 610
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:
Where the dark rock o'erhangs the' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy falchion, and on every side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide: 615
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er the' ingredients strew the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
And living water from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native shore; 621
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the Seer must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
625
These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;

scribes Æneas descending into hell by Avernus, after the ex-
ample of Homer. Milton places these rivers in hell, and beau-
tifully describes their natures, in his Paradise Lost.
Thus also agreeably to the idea of hell the offerings to the
infernal powers are all black, the Cimmerians lie in a land of
darkness; the heifer which Ulysses is to offer is barren, like that
in Virgil, to denote that the grave is unfruitful, that it devours
all things, that it is a place where all things are forgotten.
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from the infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe:
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the flay'd victims in the flame be cast,
And sacred vows, and mystick song, applied
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy falchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
'Till awful from the shades arise the Seer.
Let him, oracular, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.

So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The Morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddess with a radiant tunick drest
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes, of purest white, array
The nymph, that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.
Rise, rise my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

Ver. 650.] The latter clause is unauthorised by Homer. W.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd, Not much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd; The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul Born but to banquet and to drain the bowl. He, hot and careless, on a turret's height With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night: The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay, And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way; Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell, And snapp'd the spinal joint, and waked in hell.

The rest crowd round me with an eager look; I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke. Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er, Your hopes already touch your native shore: Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares, Far other journey first demands our cares; To tread the' uncomfortable paths beneath, The dreary realms of darkness and of death: To seek Tiresias' awful shade below, And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My sad companions heard in deep despair; Frantick they tore their manly growth of hair; To earth they fell; the tears began to rain; But tears in mortal miseries are vain. Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore; Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.

Ver. 669. This couplet is expanded from the subjoined verse of his author:
To them assembled in these words I spake. W.

Ver. 683.] What could induce him to forsake his author here? Sadly we far'd along the sea-beat shore; Still heav'd our hearts, and still our eyes ran o'er. W.
The ready victims at our bark we found, 685
The sable ewe, and ram, together bound.
For swift as thought, the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided, viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey? 689
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their way?

Ver. 685.] The following is a literal representation of the passage, to shew the luxuriancy of the translator:
Meanwhile had Circe to the vessel been
And bound the ram and sable ewe, with ease
Gliding by us, unseen. What eye shall ken
A God unwilling, here his path, or there? W.
THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

ULYSSES continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetick manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the antient Heroines, afterwards of the Heroes, and converses in particular with Agamennon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sysiphus, Hercules: till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THE antients called this book Νεκρομαντία, or Νεκρία, the book of Necromancy: because (says Eustathius) it contains an interview between Ulysses and the shades of the dead.

Virgil has not only borrowed the general design from Homer, but imitated many particular incidents: L'Abbé Fraguier in the Memoirs of Literature gives his judgment in favour of the Roman Poet, and justly observes, that the end and design of the journey is more important in Virgil than in Homer. Ulysses descends to consult Tiresias, Æneas his father. Ulysses takes a review of the shades of celebrated persons that preceded his times, or whom he knew at Troy, who have no relation to the story of the Odyssey: Æneas receives the history of his own posterity; his father instructs him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with honour; that is, to lay the foundations of the greatest empire in the world; and the Poet by a very happy address takes an opportunity to pay a noble compliment to his patron Augustus. In the Æneid there is a magnificent description of the descent and entrance into hell; and the diseases, cares and terrors that Æneas sees in his journey, are very happily imagined, as an introduction into the regions of death: whereas in Homer there is nothing so noble, we scarce are able to discover the place where the Poet lays his scene, or whether Ulysses continues below or above the ground. Instead of a descent into hell, it seems rather a conjuring up, or an evocation of the dead from hell; according to the words of Horace, who undoubtedly had this passage of Homer in his thoughts. Satira viii. lib. 1.

"— — — — — Scalpere terram
"Unguihus, et pullam divellere mordicus agnam
"Cæperunt: cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
"Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas."

But if it be understood of an evocation only, how shall we account for several visions and descriptions in the conclusion of this book? Ulysses sees Tantalus in the waters of hell, and Sisyphus rolling a stone up an infernal mountain; these Ulysses could not conjure up, and consequently must be supposed to have entered at least the borders of those infernal regions. In short, Fraguier is of opinion, that Virgil profited more by the Frogs of Aristophanes than by Homer: and Mr. Dryden pre-
fere the sixth book of the Æneid to the eleventh of the Odyssey, I think with very great reason.

I will take this opportunity briefly to mention the original of all these fictions of infernal rivers, judges, &c. spoken of by Homer, and repeated and enlarged by Virgil. They are of Egyptian extract, as Mr. Sandys (that faithful traveller, and judicious poet) observes, speaking of the mummies of Memphis, p. 134.

"These ceremonies performed, they laid the corpse in a boat, "to be wafted over Acherusia, a lake on the south of Memphis, "by one only person, whom they called Charon; which gave "Orpheus the invention of his infernal ferryman; an ill-favoured "slovenly fellow, as Virgil describes him, Æneid vi. About "this lake stood the shady temple of Hecate, with the ports of "Cocytus and Oblivion, separated by bars of brass, the original "of like fables. When landed on the other side, the bodies "were brought before certain judges; if convicted of an evil "life, they were deprived of burial; if otherwise, they were "suffered to be interred." This explication shows the foundation of those antient fables of Charon, Rhadamanthus, &c. and also that the Poets had a regard to truth in their inventions, and grounded even their fables upon some remarkable customs, which grew obscure and absurd only because the memory of the customs to which they allude is lost to posterity.

I will only add from Dacier, that this book is an evidence of the antiquity of the opinion of the soul's immortality. It is upon this that the most antient of all divinations was founded, I mean that which was performed by the evocation of the dead. There is a very remarkable instance of this in the holy Scriptures, in an age not very distant from that of Homer. Saul consults one of these infernal agents to call up Samuel, who appears, or some evil spirit in his form, and predicts his impending death and calamities. This is a pregnant instance of the antiquity of Necromancy, and that it was not of Homer's invention; it prevailed long before his days among the Chaldeans, and spread over all the oriental world. Æschylus has a tragedy intituled Perse, in which the shade of Darius is called up, like that of Samuel, and foretells queen Atossa all her misfortunes. Thus it appears that there was a foundation for what Homer writes: he only embellishes the opinions of antiquity with the ornaments of poetry.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

I must confess that Homer gives a miserable account of a future state; there is not a person described in happiness, unless perhaps it be Tiresias: the good and the bad seem all in the same condition: whereas Virgil has a hell for the wicked, and an Elysium for the just. Though perhaps it may be a vindication of Homer to say, that the notions of Virgil of a future state were different from those of Homer; according to whom hell might only be a receptacle for the vehicles of the dead, and that while they were in hell, their φῦν or spirit might be in heaven, as appears from what is said of the τυφών of Hercules in this xith book of the Odyssey.

P.
Now to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares opprest,
And solemn horror saddens every breast.
A freshening breeze the *magick power supplied,
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;
Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.

Now sunk the sun from his aërial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:

NOTES.

* Circe.

Ver. 5. Rather, as more faithfully,
Then weeping, pensive, stand—.
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,  
Where rocks control his waves with ever-during mounds.  
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,  
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;  

Ver. 14.] This line is interpolated by the translator. Thus?:  
without any extraneous sentiment:  
When lo! it's course our gliding vessel bore,  
Where the last waves of Ocean lash the shore.  

Ver. 15. There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,  
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells.]  
It is the opinion of many commentators, that Homer constantly  
in these voyages of Ulysses makes use of a fabulous geography;  
but perhaps the contrary opinion in many places may be true:  
in this passage, Ulysses in the space of one day sails from the  
island of Circe to the Cimmerians: now it is very evident from  
Herodotus and Strabo, that they inhabited the regions near the  
Bosphorus, and consequently Ulysses could not sail thither in  
the compass of a day; and therefore, says Strabo, the Poet re-  
moves not only the Cimmerians, but their climate and darkness,  
from the northern Bosphorus into Campania in Italy.  
But that there really were a people in Italy named Cimir-  
rians is evident from the testimony of many authors. So Lyco-  
phron plainly understands this passage, and relates these adven-  
tures as performed in Italy. He recapitulates all the voyages of  
Ulysses, and mentioning the descent into hell, and the Cimme-  
rians, he immediately describes the infernal rivers, and adds,  
(speaking of the Apennine) "From whence all the rivers, and  
*  all the fountains flow through the regions of Italy." And  
these lines of Tibullus,  
" Cimmerion etiam obscuras accessit ad arces,  " Quis nunquam candente dies apparuit ortu,  " Sive supra terras Phebus, seu curreret infra,"  
are understood by all interpreters to denote the Italian Cimme-  
rions who dwelt near Baia and the lake Avernus; and therefore  
Homer may be imagined not entirely to follow a fabulous geo-  
graphy. It is evident from Herodotus that these Cimmerians  
were anciently a powerful nation: for passing into Asia (says that  
author in his Clio) they possessed themselves of Sardis, in the
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Dis-bark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;
And hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
The dolesome passage to the infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.

Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring;

Time of Ardyes, the son of Gyges. If so, it is possible they
might make several settlements in different parts of the world,
and call those settlements by their original name, Cimmerians;
and consequently there might be Italian, as well as Scythian
Cimmerians.

Ver. 31. New wine, with honey-temper'd milk.]
The word in the original is, μέλισκαλός, which (as Eustathius observes) the ancients constantly understood to imply a mixture of honey and milk; but all writers who succeeded Homer as constantly used it to signify a composition of water mixed with honey. The Latin Poets have borrowed their magical rites from Homer.

This libation is made to all the departed shades; but to what purpose (objects Eustathius) should these rites be paid to the dead, when it is evident from the subsequent relation that they were ignorant of these ceremonies till they had tasted the libation? He answers from the ancients, that they were merely honorary to the regents of the dead, Pluto and Proserpina; and used to obtain their leave to have an interview with the shades in their dominions.
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, the' infernal Gods, 35
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn;
So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead.
Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;

Ver. 47. When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts.]}

We are informed by Eustathius, that the ancients rejected these six verses, for say they, these are not the shades of persons newly slain, but who have long been in these infernal regions; how then can their wounds be supposed still to be visible, especially through their armour, when the soul was separated from the body? Neither is this the proper place for their appearance, for the Poet immediately subjoins, that the ghost of Elpenor was the first that he encountered in these regions of darkness. But these objections will be easily answered by having recourse to the notions which the ancients entertained concerning the dead; we must remember that they imagined that the soul though freed from the body had still a vehicle, exactly resembling the body; as the figure in a mould retains the resemblance of the mould, when separated from it; the body is but as a case to this vehicle, and it is in this vehicle that the wounds are said to be visible; this was supposed to be less gross than the mortal body, and less subtle than the soul; so that whatever wounds the outward body received when living, were be-
Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestick port, a martial train:
These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.

lieved to affect this inward substance, and consequently might be visible after separation.

It is true that the Poet calls the ghost of Elpenor the first ghost, but this means the first whom he knew: Elpenor was not yet buried, and therefore was not yet received into the habitation of the dead, but wanders before the entrance of it. This is the reason why his shade is said to present itself the foremost: it comes not up from the realm of death, but descends towards it from the upper world.

But these shades of the warriors are said still to wear their armour in which they were slain, for the Poet adds that it was stained with blood: how is it possible for these ghosts, which are only a subtile substance, not a gross body, to wear the armour they wore in the other world? How was it conveyed to them in these infernal regions? All that occurs to me in answer to this objection is, that the Poet describes them suitably to the characters they bore in life; the warriors on earth are warriors in hell; and that he adds these circumstances only to denote the manner of their death, which was in battle, or by the sword. No doubt but Homer represents a future state according to the notions which his age entertained of it, and this sufficiently justifies him as a Poet, who is not obliged to write truths, but according to fame and common opinions.

But to prove these verses genuine, we have the authority of Virgil: he was too sensible of their beauty not to adorn his Poems with them. Georg. iv. 470. It must be confessed that the Roman poet omits the circumstance of the armour in his translation, as being perhaps contrary to the opinions prevailing in his age; but in the sixth book of the Æneis he describes his heroes with arms, horses, and infernal chariots; and in the story of Deiphobus we see his shade retain the wounds in hell, which he received at the time of his death in Troy.
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering thro' my blood;
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are cast,
And mutter'd vows, and mystick song applied
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

Now swift I wav'd my falchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
'Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.

There, wandering thro' the gloom I first survey'd,
New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow.

O say what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?

Ver. 62.] An animated line, suggested by the translator's fancy.

Ver. 67.] Thus his author, literally:
Him earth's broad bosom had not yet receiv'd;
His corse we left, urg'd on by other care,
In Circe's dome, unwept, and unentomb'd.

Ver. 73. How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail?

Eustathius is of opinion, that Ulysses speaks pleasantly to Elpenor, for were his words to be literally translated they would be, Elpenor, thou art come hither on foot, sooner than I in a ship. I suppose it is the worthless character of Elpenor that led that Critick into this opinion; but I should rather take the sentence to be spoken seriously, not only because such railleries are an
The ghost replied: To hell my doom I owe,
Demons accurst, dire ministers of woe!
My feet thro' wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height;
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to hell.
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heavenly powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend;
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave.
But if unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!

insult upon the unfortunate, and levities perhaps unworthy of epick poetry, but also from the general conduct of Ulysses, who at the sight of Elpenor burst into tears, and compassionates the fate of his friend. Is there any thing in this that looks like raillery? if there be, we must confess that Ulysses makes a very quick transition from sorrow to pleasantry. The other is a more noble sense, and therefore I have followed it, and it excellently paints the surprise of Ulysses at the unexpected sight of Elpenor, and expresses his wonder that the soul, the moment it leaves the body, should reach the receptacle of departed shades.

P. Ver. 83.] The translation here is very loose and unfaithful. Thus Fenton:

--- --- --- I beg by those indearing names
Of parent, wife, and son; though distant, dear
To your remembrance.

W.
A tomb along the watery margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To shew posterity Elpenor was.
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
   To whom with tears; These rites, oh mournful shade,
Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.
Still as I spoke the phantom seem’d to moan,
Tear followed tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter’d empty sounds.
   There as the wonderous visions I survey’d,
All pale ascends my royal mother’s shade:
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow;
Yet as I shook my falchion o’er the blood,
Regardless of her son the parent stood.

Ver. 96.] Or thus exactly, with the rhymes of Ogilby:
Full on the summit fix my favourite oar,
   Oft, with my comrades, plied from shore to shore. W.

Ver. 100.] Our translator misrepresents his original here,
when all his predecessors are unexceptionable in this respect. I shall give a literal version:
   Thus we discoursing sat in accents sad:
I, here, with falchion brandish’d o’er the blood;
   There, the loquacious phantom of my mate. W.

Ver. 110.] This is very strange: rather thus:
Tho’ griev’d, regardless of her wish I stood,
Nor gave her honour’d ghost to taste the blood:
   Still o’er the gory pool I flash’d my blade,
’Till the hoar seer should raise his awful shade. W.
When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
Awful he trod! majestick was his look!
And from his holy lips these accents broke.

Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheath thy poniard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates.

Ver. 114.] This line is interpolated by the translator. W.
Ver. 120. But sheath thy poniard. — —] The terror which
the shades of the departed express at the sight of the sword of
Ulysses has been frequently censured as absurd and ridiculous:
Risum cui non moveat, says Scaliger, cum ensen ait et vulnera
metuesse? What have the dead to fear from a sword, who are
beyond the power of it, by being reduced to an incorporeal
shadow? But this description is consistent with the notions of
the ancients concerning the dead. I have already remarked,
that the shades retained a vehicle, which resembled the body,
and was liable to pain as well as the corporeal substance; if not,
to what purpose are the Furies described with iron scourges, or
the vulture tearing the liver of Tityus?

Virgil ascribes the like fears to the shades in the Æneis; for
the Sibyl thus commands Æneas;

"Tuque invade viam, vaginâque eripe ferrum."
And the shades of the Greeks are there said to fly at the sight
of his arms.

"At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnonique phalanges,
Ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu."

Tiresias is here described consistently with the character be-
fore given him by the Poet, I mean with a pre-eminence above
the other shades; for (as Eustathius observes) he knows Ulysses
before he tastes the ingredients; a privilege not claimed by
any other of the infernal inhabitants. Elpenor indeed did the
same, but for another reason; because he was not yet buried,
While yet he spoke, the prophet I obey'd,  
And in the scabbard plunged the glittering blade:  
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then exprest  
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast.  
Weary of light, Ulysses here explores  
A prosperous voyage to his native shores;  
But know—by me unerring fates disclose  
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes;  
I see! I see! thy bark by Neptune tost,  
For injur'd Cyclops, and his eye-ball lost!  
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,  
If heaven thou please; and how to please attend!  
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,  
Graze numerous herds along the verdant shores;  
Tho' hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,  
The herds are sacred to the God of day,  
Who all surveys with his extensive eye  
Above, below, on earth and in the sky!  
Rob not the God, and so propitious gales  
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:  
But if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves  
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!  
The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!  
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!  

nor entered the regions of the dead, and therefore his soul was  
yet intire.  

Ver. 145. Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!] The Poet  
conducts this interview with admirable judgment. The whole  
design of Ulysses is to engage the Phæacians in his favour, in  
order to his transportation to his own country: how does he  
bring this about? By shewing that it was decreed by the Gods  
that he should be conducted thither by strangers; so that the  
Phæacians immediately conclude, that they are the people des-  
tined by heaven to conduct him home; to give this the greater
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end.
New foes arise, domestick ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.
But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold
The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from sea explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,

weight, he puts the speech into the mouth of the prophet
Tiresias, and exalts his character in an extraordinary manner,
to strengthen the credit of the prediction; by this method
likewise the Poet interweaves his episode into the texture and
essence of the poem, he makes this journey into hell contrib-
ute to the restoration of his hero, and unites the subordinate
parts very happily with the main action.

Ver. 152. That done, a people far from sea explore,
Who ne'er knew salt.—

It is certain that Tiresias speaks very obscurely, after the man-
ner of the oracles; but the ancients generally understood this
people to be the Epirots. Thus Pausanias in his Atticks.

"The Epirots even so lately as after the taking of Troy,
"were ignorant of the sea, and the use of salt, as Homer tes-
tifies in his Odyssey:"

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar.

So that they who were ignorant of the sea, were likewise igno-
rant of the use of salt, according to Homer: whence it may be
conjectured, that the Poet knew of no salt but what was made
of sea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the sea
was, that they should not know an oar, but call it a corn-van.
Eustathius tells us the reason of this command given to Ulysses,
to search out a people ignorant of the sea: it was in honour of
Neptune, to make his name regarded by a nation which was
entirely a stranger to that Deity; and this injunction was
laid by way of atonement for the violence offered to his son
Polyphemus.

Ver. 153.] Or thus, more exactly:

They salt no food, they hear no billows roar.
Or saw gay vessel stem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main! 15
Bear on thy back an oar: with strange amaze
A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A threefold offering to his altar bring;
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-king.
But home return'd, to each ethereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays: 165
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death:

Ver. 165.] The six concluding verses of this address are
much amplified from the following portion of his author:
—— — — then from the sea thy death awaits;
An easy death! to slay with gentle hand
Thine age in comfort spent, thy people round,
All happy! These, the words of truth, I speak. W.

Ver. 167. When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death.] The death of Ulysses is related variously, but the following
account is chiefly credited: Ulysses had a son by Circe named
Telegonus, who being grown to years of maturity, sailed to
Ithaca in search of his father; where seizing some sheep for the
use of his attendants, the shepherds put themselves into a pos-
ture to rescue them; Ulysses being advertised of it, went with
his son Telemachus to repel Telegonus, who in defending
himself wounded Ulysses, not knowing him to be his father.
Thus Oppian, Hyginus, and Dictys relate the story. Many
Poets have brought this upon the stage, and Aristotle criti-
cizing upon one of these tragedies gives us the title of it, which
was, Ulysses wounded. But if Ulysses thus died, how can
Neptune be said to point the shaft with death? We are in-
formed that the spear with which Telegonus gave the wound,
was pointed with the bone of a sea turtle; so that literally his
death came from the sea, or ἵππος; and Neptune being the God
To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!

Unerring truths, oh man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare,
What heaven ordains, the wise with courage bear.

But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?

Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, oh sacred seer, reveal!

Nor this, replies the seer, will I conceal.

Of the ocean, his death may without violence be ascribed to that Deity. It is true, some Criticks read ἰξελος as one word, and then it will signify that Ulysses should escape the dangers of the sea, and die upon the continent far from it; but the former sense is most consonant to the tenor of the Poem, through which Neptune is constantly represented as an enemy to Ulysses.

I will only add the reason why Ulysses is enjoined to offer a bull, a ram, and a boar to Neptune: the bull represents the roaring of the sea in storms: the ram the milder appearance of it when in tranquillity: the boar was used by the ancients as an emblem of fecundity, to represent the fruitfulness of the ocean. This particular sacrifice of three animals was called ῥηφίλα. Eustathius.

For this beautiful turn our translator is indebted to his co-adjutor Fenton:

At length, when Neptune points the dart of death,
Without a pang you'll die.

Ver. 178.] This bears no resemblance to his author, who may be better seen in Ogilby, unadorned as he is, but not contemptible:

These Heaven decrees, and ever-fixed Fate.
But say, blest prophet, and the truth relate;
I see my mother's shade, who not her son
Will speak to, nor so much as look upon:
Know; to the spectres, that thy beverage taste,

The scenes of life recur, and actions past;
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

The phantom Prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight
To the black palace of eternal Night.

Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.
Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks.

Com'st thou my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The dolesome realms of darkness and of death:

Com'st thou alive from pure, ethereal day?

Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
There the wide sea with all his billows raves!

Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her towers)
Com'st thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores?

Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride, beheld?

Source of my life, I cried, from earth I fly

To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,
To learn my doom: for tost from woe to woe,

In every land Ulysses finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores;
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her towers.

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say, what distemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,
Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze?

Silent she sits by sacred blood: ah, how
May she, poor shadow! her dear offspring know?
BOOK XI.

HOMER's ODYSSEY. 417

Say, if my sire, good old Laertes, lives? 210
If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?
Say, by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say, if my spouse maintains her royal trust,
Tho' tempted chaste, and obstinately just?
Or if no more her absent lord she wails,
But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?

Thus 1, and thus the parent-shade returns.
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:
Whether the night descends, or day prevails,
Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails.
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
And shares the banquet in superior state,
Graced with such honours as become the great.

Thy sire in solitude foments his care:
The court is joyless, for thou art not there!

Ver. 224. And shares the banquet in superior state, &c.] This passage is fully explained by Eustathius: he tells us, that it was an ancient custom to invite kings and legislators to all public feasts; this was to do them honour: and the chief seat was always reserved for the chief magistrate. Without this observation, the lines are unintelligible. It is evident that the words are not spoken of sacrifices or feasts made to the Gods, but social entertainments, for they are general, πάντες καλίνω, "all the people of the realm invite Telemachus to their feasts." And this seems to have been a right due to the chief magistrate, for ἀλεξόνισσ implies it, which word Eustathius explains by ἐν λύγγες τείνεται; "such an honour as ought not to be neglected," or

Graced with such honours as become the great.
It gives a very happy image of those ages of the world, when we observe such an intercourse between the king and the subject: the idea of power carries no terror in it, but the ruler himself makes a part of the public joy.
No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
No rich embroidery shines to grace his bed:
Even when keen winter freezes in the skies,
Rank’d with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies:
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
The garb of woe and habit of distress.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours scattering on the ground;
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!
For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
For thee thro’ hell’s eternal dungeons stray:
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow;
No dire disease bereav’d me of my breath;
Thou, thou my son, wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspir’d,
For thee I liv’d, for absent thee expir’d.

Twice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Twice thro’ my arms she slipt like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.
Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs replied.
Fly’st thou, loved shade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!

Ver. 248. Twice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice through my arms — — ]
This passage plainly shews that the vehicles of the departed
were believed by the ancients to be of an aerial substance, and
retain nothing of corporeal grossness.
Virgil has borrowed these verses.
Is it, ye powers that smile at human harms!
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's queen an empty image sent,
That wretched I might even my joys lament?

O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoin'd,
Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
These the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impassive soul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream, to these infernal skies.
But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day;
To thy chaste bride the wonderous story tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.

Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's empress brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;
Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

Ver. 267.] The soul impassive from the realms of day,
Like a fleet dream, to darkness wings her way.
But haste to light: there to thy bride relate
The wonderous visions of the infernal state.

All the rest in our Poet's version is unauthorised amplification,
from Virgil rather than Homer.

W.
Tyro began: whom great Salmineus bred;  
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.  
For fair Enipeus's, as from fruitful urns  
He pours his watery store, the virgin burns;

Ver. 281. *Tyro — — whom great Salmineus bred.*] Virgil gives a very different character of Salmineus from this of Homer: he describes him as an impious person who presumed to imitate the thunder of Jupiter, whereas Homer stiles him blameless, or ἀμφότερος; an argument, says Eustathius, that the preceding story is a fable invented since the days of Homer. This may perhaps be true, and we may naturally conclude it to be true from his silence of it, but not from the epithet ἀμφότερος; for in the first book of the Odyssey, Jupiter gives the same appellation to Αἴγυπτος, even while he condemns him of murder and adultery. Eustathius adds, that Salmineus was a great proficient in mechanicks, and inventor of a vessel called ἄραιστος, which imitated thunder by rolling stones in it, which gave occasion to the fictions of the Poets.

Ver. 283. *For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns  
He pours his watery store, the virgin burns.*]

There are no fables in the Poets that seem more bold than these concerning the commerce between women and river Gods; but Eustathius gives us a probable solution: I will translate him literally. It was customary for young virgins to resort frequently to rivers to bathe in them; and the ancients have very well explained these fables about the intercourse between them and the water Gods: *Receive my virginity, O Scamander!* says a lady; but it is very apparent who this Scamander was: her lover Cimon lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuse for female frailty, in ages of credulity: for such imaginary intercourse between the fair sex and deities was not only believed, but esteemed honourable. No doubt the ladies were frequently deceived; their lovers personated the deities, and they took a Cimon to their arms in the disguise of a Scamander.

It is uncertain where this Enipeus flows: Strabo (says Eustathius) imagines it to be a river of Peloponnesus, that disembogues its waters into the Alpheus; for the Thessalian river is Eniseus, and not Enipeus: this rises from mount Othrys, and receives into it the Epidanus. The former seems to be the river intended by Homer, for it takes its source from a village called
Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride, And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide. 
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves, The monarch of the deep beholds and loves; 
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms, The amorous God descends into her arms:
Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws, And high in air the liquid mountain rose; 
Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves The pleasing transport, and completes his loves. 
Then softly sighing, he the fair addrest, And as he spoke, her tender hand he prest. 
Hail happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn, Two brother heroes shall from thee be born; Thy early care the future worthies claim, To point them to the arduous paths of fame; 
But in thy breast the' important truth conceal, Nor dare the secret of a God reveal; 
For know, thou Neptune view'st! and at my nod Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God. 
He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain, 
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.

Salmone; and what strengthens this conjecture is the neighbourhood of the ocean (or Neptune in this fable) to that river. Lucian has made this story of Enipeus the subject of one of his dialogues. 

This image is not from Homer, but from Fenton: Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn Rolls a delicious flood. 

Ver. 302.] This verse is wholly interpolated by the translator.
Now in the time's full process forth she brings Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings! 310 O'er proud Iolcos Pelias stretch'd his reign, And god-like Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain: Then fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æson bred: From the same fountain Amythaon rose, 315 Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.

There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms, Who blest the' Almighty Thunderer in her arms: Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came, Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name; 320

Ver. 319. Hence sprung Amphion — — | The fable of Thebes built by the power of musick is not mentioned by Homer, and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. Homer relates many circumstances in these short histories differently from his successors; Epicastrus is called Jocasta, and the tragedians have entirely varied the story of Oedipus: they tell us he tore out his eyes, that he was driven from Thebes, and being conducted by his daughter Antigone, arrived at Athens, where entering the temple of the Furies, he died in the midst of a furious storm, and was carried by it into hell; whereas Homer directly affirms, that he continued to reign in Thebes after all his calamities.

It is not easy to give a reason why the mother, and not the father, is said to send the Furies to torment Oedipus, especially because he was the murderer of his father Laius: Eustathius answers, that it was by accident that he slew Laius; but upon the discovery of his wickedness in marrying his mother Jocasta, he used her with more barbarity and rigour than was necessary, and therefore she pursues him with her vengeance. The story of Oedipus is this: Laius being informed by the oracle, that he should be slain by his son, caused Oedipus immediately to be exposed by his shepherds to wild beasts; but the shepherds preserved him, and gave him education: when he came to years of maturity he went towards Thebes in search of his father, but meeting Laius by the way, and a quarrel arising,
Tho' bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air,
And here thro' seven wide portals rush'd the war.

There with soft step the fair Alemena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the thundering God;
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and sour with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, the' incestuous Theban queen;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Tho' father's blood imbrued his murderous hands:
The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore the' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.

And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus sought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He swayed the sceptre with imperial state.

he slew him ignorantly, and married Jocasta his mother. This
is the subject of two tragedies in Sophocles.  
P.

Ver. 344.] For this line, which is eminently beautiful and
poetical, we are indebted to the taste of our translator only. W.

Ver. 345. Great in Orchomenos — — ] This is a very con-
siderable city lying between Bceotia and Phocis, upon the river
Cephisus: Homer calls it the Minyan Orchomenos, because the-
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.

Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn,
The sire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphyclus, detain’d in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!

This dares a seer, but nought the seer prevails,
In beauty’s cause illustriously he fails;

Minyans an ancient people inhabited it: it was the colony of these Minyans that sailed to Ioleos, and gave name to the Argonauts. Eustathius.

Ver. 348. — Periclimenus the bold.] The reason why Homer gives this epithet to Periclimenus may be learned from Hesiod: Neptune gave him the power to change himself into all shapes, but he was slain by Hercules: Periclimenus assaulted that hero in the shape of a bee, or fly, who discovering him in that disguise, by the means of Pallas, slew him with his club. This is the person of whom Ovid speaks, but adds that he was slain in the shape of an eagle by Hercules.

Ver. 357. This dares a seer, &c.] This story is related with great obscurity, but we learn from the xvth book that the name of this prophet was Melampus. Iphyclus was the son of Deioneus, and uncle to Tyro; he had seized upon the goods of Tyro the mother of Neleus, among which were many beautiful oxen: these Neleus demands, but is unjustly denied by Iphyclus; Neleus had a daughter named Pero, a great beauty, who was courted by all the neighbouring princes, but the father refuses her unless to the man who recovers these oxen from Iphyclus: Bias was in love with Pero, and persuades his brother Melampus, a prophet, to undertake the recovery; he attempts it, but being vanquished, is thrown into prison; but at last set at liberty, for telling Iphyclus, who was childless, how to procure issue. Iphyclus upon this gave him the oxen for a reward.
Book XI. Homer's Odyssey.

Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons and coercive chains;
The foe at last, from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetick knowledge, to fulfill
The steadfast purpose of the' Almighty will.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the explanation of this story in Eustathius, which I will lay before the reader for his entertainment. Melampus after he was made a prisoner, was trusted to the care of a man and a woman; the man used him with mercy, and the woman with cruelty: one day he heard a low noise, and a family of worms in conference. (He understood the language of all the animal creation, beasts and reptiles.) These worms were discoursing how they had eaten through a great beam that lay over the head of Melampus: he immediately provides for his own safety, feigns a sickness, and begs to be carried into the fresh air: the woman and the man immediately comply with this request; at which instant the beam falling, kills the woman: an account of this is forthwith carried to Iphyclus, who sending for Melampus, asks who he is? He tells him, a prophet, and that he came for the oxen of Neleus: Iphyclus commands him to declare how he may have an heir? Melampus kills an ox, and calls all the birds of the air to feast on it; they all appear except the vulture; he proposes the case to them, but they give no satisfactory answer; at last the vulture appears, and gives Melampus a full information: upon this Iphyclus obtains a child, and Melampus the oxen of Neleus. P.

Ver. 364. The steadfast purpose of the' Almighty will.] These words seem to come in without any connexion with the story, and consequently unnecessarily; but Homer speaks of it concisely, as an adventure well known in his times, and therefore not wanting a further explication: but Apollodorus relates the whole at large, lib. 1. The reason why these words are inserted is, to inform us that there were ancient prophecies concerning Iphyclus, that it was decreed by Jupiter he should have no children till he had recourse to a prophet, who explaining these prophecies to him, should shew him how to obtain that blessing: in this sense the will of Jupiter may be said to be fulfilled. P.
With graceful port advancing now I spied
Leda the fair, the god-like Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray:
And Castor glorious on the' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they visit this ethereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above
Reign the twin-gods, the favourite sons of Jove.

There Iphimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the monarch of the boundless main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants strong;
The earth o'erburth'en'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height:
The wonderous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,

Ver. 372. And live alternate, and alternate die.] Castor and
Pollux are called Διώξεις, or the sons of Jupiter; but what
could give occasion to this fiction, of their living and dying al-
ternately? Eustathius informs us that it is a physical allegory:
they represent the two hemispheres of the world; the one of
which is continually enlightened by the sun, and consequently
the other is then in darkness: and these being successively
illuminated according to the order of the day and night, one of
these sons of Jupiter may be said to revive when one part of
the world rises into day, and the other to die, when it descends into
darkness. What makes this allegory the more probable is, that
Jupiter denotes, in many allegories of Homer, the air, or the
upper regions of it.

Ver. 377.] Thus his author:
Two sons she bare, but transient was their date!
Fam'd Ephialtes, Otus like the Gods.
Them foodful earth, o'er all in size and grace
Preeminent, except Orion, nurst.

P.

W.
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,  
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.  
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,  
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies;  
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;  
On Ossa, Pelion nodds with all his wood:  
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,  
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.  
But ere the harvest of the beard began  
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,  
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they sound,  
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.  
There mournful Phaedra with sad Procris moves,  
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;  
And near them walk'd with solemn pace and slow,  
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;  
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,  
She Theseus lov'd; from Crete with Theseus fled;  
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,  
And towards his Athens bears the lovely prize;  

Ver. 387. — — On Olympus tottering Ossa stood, &c.] Strabo takes notice of the judgment of Homer, in placing the mountains in this order; they all stand in Macedonia; Olympus is the largest, and therefore he makes it the basis upon which Ossa stands, that being the next to Olympus in magnitude, and Pelion being the least is placed above Ossa, and thus they rise pyramidically. Virgil follows a different regulation.  

Homer says, Pelion leaf-waving.  

Ver. 395.] These two couplets are wrought with elegant ingenuity from the following unadorned sentence of his author:  

Phaedra and Procris there I also saw,  
And beauteous Ariadne.  

Ver. 402. And towards his Athens bears the lovely prize.] Homer justifies Theseus from any crime with relation to Ariadne, he is guilty of no infidelity as succeeding Poets affirm; she died
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.

There Clymenè, and Mera I behold,
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court or yonder on the waves;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.

He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
'Till rising up, Aretè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:

What wonderous man heaven sends us in our guest!
Thro' all his woes the hero shines confest;
His comely port, his ample frame express
A manly air, majestick in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure,—then in bounty share;

suddenly in Dia, or Naxos (an island lying between Thera and Crete); Diana slew her at the instigation of Bacchus, who accused her to that Goddess, for profaning her temple by too free an intercourse with Theseus; this Homer calls μακρυν διανέας. Clymene was a daughter of Mynias, Mæra of Prætus and Antæa, who having made a vow to Diana of perpetual virginity, broke it; and therefore fell by that Goddess. Phædra was wife to Theseus, and fell in love with her son Hippolytus. Eriphyle was the daughter of Talilus and Lysimache, wife of the prophet Amphiarus; who being bribed with a collar of gold by Polynices, obliged her husband to go to the war of Thebes, though she knew he was decreed to fall before that city: she was slain by her son Alemæon. Eustathius.
To worth in misery, a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay;
For since kind heaven with wealth our realm has blest,
Give it to heaven, by aiding the distrest.

Then sage Echeneus, whose grave, reverend brow
The hand of Time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous acts; our part is to obey.

While life informs these limbs, (the king replied)
Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal guest detain,
'Till the sun flames along the' ethereal plain:
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores:
Tread you my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory, as the first in place.

To whom the prince: This night with joy I stay,
O monarch great in virtue as in sway!
If thou the circling year my stay controul,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores:
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!

Ver. 427.] This sentiment is not from Homer, but from Solomon, Prov. xix. 17. "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." W.

Ver. 448.] Thus his author:
More reverend then to all men shall I be,
And dear, who see me come from Ilion home. W.
O king! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
Thro' veins (he cried) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
Thy words like musick every breast controul,
Steal thro' the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
Nor better could the muse record thy woes.

But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host?
The god-like leaders who in battle slain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly prest the plain?
And lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount the' ethereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
'Till in the vault of heaven the stars decay,
And the sky reddens with the rising day.

O worthy of the power the Gods assign'd,
(Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to hear of murther and of blood;
Of god-like heroes who uninjur'd stood
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.

Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black hall
The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call.

When lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain
By stern Ægysthus, a majestick train,
And high above the rest, Atrides prest the plain.

He quaff'd the gore: and straight his soldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty shade.

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind;
At last with tears—O what relentless doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?

The ghost returns: O chief of human kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms,
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.

Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides died,
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride;
Even in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest;
Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murther ends,
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my friends:
Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
In duel met her, on the listed ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.
Even in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every soul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is died,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies!
Then tho' pale death froze cold in every vein,
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
Nor did my traitress wife these eye-lids close,
Or decently in death my limbs compose.

Ver. 512.] Thus more literally, and, perhaps, better:
Their rage incessant slaughter'd all my friends. W.

Ver. 519.] This couplet is not accurate, nor equal to the
merit of the preceding, which are poetical. Homer's meaning
may be thus exhibited:
This dreadful scene with horrors yet unknown
Thine eye had view'd. W.
O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
And such was mine! who basely plunged her sword
Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hoped, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
Delusive hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjur'd sex, and blacken all the race!
And should posterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.

O injur'd shade, I cried, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand,
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.
Warn'd by my ills beware, the shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe:
When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms
She shone unrivall'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;

Ver. 541. — — What mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!]
Ulysses here means Aëropè the wife of Atreus, and mother of
Agamemnon, who being corrupted by Thyestes, involved the
whole family in the utmost calamities. Eustathius. P.
The following attempt is literal:
Ye Gods! sure thundering Jove to Atreus' race
Shews hate peculiar; such their women's schemes
Of old! In numbers we for Helen fell:
Thy wife for shee far distant wrought this plot. W.
But now the years a numerous train have ran; 555
The blooming' boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The sire shall bless his son, the son his sire:
But my Orestes never met these eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies: 560
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Even to thy queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
For since of womankind so few are just,
Think all are false, nor even the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port, 565
In rich Orchomenos, or Sparta's court?
Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of night.

Then I: Thy suit is vain, nor can I say
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day; 570
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies.
Truth I revere: for Wisdom never lies.

Ver. 565. But say, resides my son — — ] Eustathius gives us the reason why Agamemnon mentions Pyle, Sparta, and Orchomenos, as places where Orestes might make his residence: Sparta was under the dominion of his brother Menelaüs: Pyle, of his old friend and faithful counsellor Nestor; and Orchomenos was a city of great strength, and therefore of great security. We may evidently gather from this passage what notion the ancients had concerning a future state: namely, that persons after death were entirely strangers to the affairs of this world; for Orestes his son had slain his murderer Aegysthus, and reigned in peaceable possession of his dominions; when Agamemnon is ignorant of the whole transaction, and desires Ulysses to give him information.

Ver. 572. ] Very poor indeed! Take a verbal translation of the speech:

Atrides! why this question? Live or dead,
To me unknown; nor good is random speech.
Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
'Till side by side along the dreary coast
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the * Pylian stray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.

Thro' the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
'Gainst with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?
To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:
For still distrest I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.
But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes,

* Antilochus.

Ver. 577. I shall presume to present the reader with a more accurate translation of this speech, though the difficulty be en-
creased by reading the execution of another artist.
Thus we in mutual converse pensive stood,
While stream'd our eyes the sympathetic flood:
His stately shade Pelides then uprear'd;
With him his friend, and Nestor's son, appear'd;
Great Ajax too, of all the Grecian name
In manly grace unpeer'd, but by Achilles' fame.
Me the fleet warrior's shade that instant knew;
And from his lips, with sighs, these accents flew.
HOMER's ODYSSEY. BOOK XI.

Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom, 595
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
Rather I chuse laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead. 600

Ver. 599. A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead.]

Nothing sure can give us a more disadvantageous image of a future state, than this speech which Homer puts into the mouth of so great a hero as Achilles. If the Poet intended to shew the vanity of that destructive glory which is purchased by the sword, and read a lecture to all the disturbers of mankind, whom we absurdly honour as heroes, it must be allowed he has done it effectually: if this was not his design, the remark of Plato 3 Repub. is not without a foundation; he there proscribes this whole passage as dangerous to morals, and blames the Poet for making Achilles say he prefers misery and servitude to all the honours which the dead are capable of enjoying. For what, says he, can make death more terrible to young persons? And will it not dispose them to suffer all calamities to avoid it, deter them from exposing themselves to danger, even in defence of their country, and teach them to be cowards and slaves? Lucian was of Plato's opinion, for he mentions this passage, and ridicules it in his Dialogues. Dacier gives a different turn to it, and endeavours to shew that there is no danger of such consequences, as Plato draws from it: "Achilles, adds she, speaks "directly contrary to his declared sentiments and actions, and "therefore there is no danger he should persuade mankind to "prefer servitude before death, when he himself died, rather "than not revenge his friend Patroclus. Such words, which are "contradicted both by the sentiments and actions of him that "speaks, have on the contrary a very good effect." But I cannot come into her opinion; I will let Achilles answer for himself out of Lucian; "In the other world I was ignorant, says "he, of the state of the dead, I had not experienced the difference between the two states, when I preferred a little empty "glory to life."

This is an answer to what Dacier advances, for Achilles speaks
But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his god-like father’s deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns
Great in his Phthia, and his throne maintains;
Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands?
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent urn!
This arm that thunder’d o’er the Phrygian plain,
And swell’d the ground with mountains of the slain,
Should vindicate my injur’d father’s fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.

Illustrious shade, (I cried) of Peleus’ fates
No circumstance the voice of Fame relates:
But hear with pleas’d attention the renown,
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
With me from Scyros to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
When Greece assembled all her hundred states
To ripen counsels, and decide debates,
Heavens! how he charm’d us with a flow of sense,
And won the heart with manly eloquence!
He first was seen of all the peers to rise,
The third in wisdom where they all were wise;

with experience, and yet prefers misery and life before glory and
death. I know not how to vindicate Homer, unless it be a vin-
dication to say, that he wrote according to the opinions that
anciently prevailed in the world; or that like Hercules, while
the vehicle of Achilles is in this state of horror, his soul may
be in heaven; especially since he received divine honours after
death, as well as Hercules. Tull. Nat. Deor. 3. Astypalaea Achil-
lem sanctissimè colit, qui si Deus est, et Orpheus, &c. P.
But when to try the fortune of the day,
Host mov'd toward host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he strode, and stern delight; 630
Heaps strewed on heaps beneath his falchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform the ground.
The time would fail should I in order tell
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell:
How, lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain,
And round him bled his bold Ceteæan train.

Ver. 635. How, lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain.] It must
be owned that this passage is very intricate: Strabo himself
complains of its obscurity: the Poet (says that author) rather
proposes an anigma, than a clear history: for who are these
Ceteæans, and what are these presents of women? And adds,
that the grammarians darken, instead of clearing the obscurity.
But it is no difficulty to solve these objections from Eustathius.

It is evident from Strabo himself, that Eurypylus reigned near
the river Caicus, over the Mysians, and Pliny confines it to
Teuthranes; this agrees with what Ovid writes, Metam. ii. And
Virgil shews us that Caicus was a river of Mysia, Georg. iv.

But what relation has Caicus to the Ceteæans? Hesychius
informs us, that they are a people of Mysia, so called from the
river Cetium, which runs through their country. This river
discharges itself into the Caicus, and consequently the Ceteæans
were Mysians, over whom Eurypylus reigned.

But how are we to explain the second objection, or των ἀνώτ
μην ἀντίτου? Some (says Eustathius) understand the expression
as applied to Neoptolemus, and not Eurypylus; namely, Eurypylus
and his soldiers fell by means of the gifts of women; that is,
Neoptolemus was led to the war by the promise of having
Hermione in marriage, the daughter of Menelaus, which promise
occasioned the death of Eurypylus, by bringing Neoptolemus
to the siege of Troy. Others understand it to be spoken
of a golden vine, sent by Priam to his sister Astyoche the
mother of Eurypylus, to induce her to persuade her son to under-
take this expedition to Troy, where he was slain by the son of
Achilles; this vine was said to be given to Tros the father of
To Troy, no hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb,
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour the imprison'd war:
Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his cheek, or sallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering spear.
And when the Gods our arms with conquest crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks smoked upon the ground,

Priam by Jupiter, as a recompence for his carrying away his son Ganymede to be his cup-bearer; but this is too much a fable to be followed. Others more probably assert, that Priam had promised one of his daughters to Eurypylus, to engage his assistance in the war; and this agrees very well with Homer's manner of writing in many places of the Iliad; and there is a great resemblance between Eurypylus in the Odyssey and Othryoneus in the Iliad, lib. xiii. 461.

Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.

Spondanus cites a passage from Dictys, lib. iv. that very well explains these difficulties: Inter quae tam leta, (nimirum mortem Achillis, &c.) Priamo supernavit nuncius Eurypylum Telephilium ex Mysia adventare, quem rex multis ante illectum præmiss, ad postremum oblatione Cassandrae confirmauerat, addiderat eliam auream vitem, et ob id per populos memorabilem. P.

Ver. 637.] This couplet wants nothing but fidelity alas! to make it delicately beautiful. Thus his author:
In form exact, and comeliness, and grace,
Excelled alone by Memnon's heavenly face.
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

Thus great in glory, from the din of war
Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar;
Tho' spears in iron tempests rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.

While yet I spoke, the shade with transport glow'd,
Rose in his majesty and nobler trod;
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd the illustrious shades.

Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.

Alone, apart, in discontented mood

A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
For ever sad, with proud disdain he pined,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans judged the cause.

Ver. 664.] Or with more fidelity:
All wailing, eager all to tell their woes.

Ver. 669.] Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judged the cause.

There are two particulars which want explication in these verses: how did Thetis give the law to the contest between Ajax and Ulysses? and how could the Trojans be made judges to determine between two Grecian heroes? Thetis the mother of Achilles was a Goddess, and out of honour to her, the chiefs of the Grecian army proposed the arms of her son as a reward to the most worthy; and poetry, to give a magnificence to the story, introduces the Goddess as acting in person what is done upon her account. Thetis may properly be said to be desirous that the memory of her son should be honoured; and Homer to express this desire poetically, tells us it was the act of that Goddess, to propose the arms of Achilles as a reward to the most worthy of the Grecian heroes.
O why was I victorious in the strife;
O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldiers pride,
Our second hope to great Achilles died!
Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce refrain
And tender sorrow thrills in every vein;
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost
With accents mild the' inexorable ghost.

Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
Even after death? Relent, great shade, relent!
Perish those arms which by the Gods' decree
Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;
And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states;
Not more, when great Achilles prest the ground,
And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.

The second difficulty is fully explained by Eustathius: Agamemnon finding it an invidious affair to give the preference to any one of the Grecian heroes, and being willing to avoid the reproach of partiality, commanded the Trojan prisoners to be brought before the whole army, and asked from which of the two heroes, Ajax or Ulysses, they had received the greater detriment; they immediately replied from Ulysses; thus the Trojans adjudged the cause. The Poet adds, that this was done by Minerva; that is, the affair was conducted with wisdom, the result of which in poetry is usually ascribed to the Goddess of it; and no doubt but the Goddess of wisdom must always prefer wisdom to mere valour, or an Ulysses to an Ajax. This decision is related in a very different manner by other Poets; in particular, by Ovid in his Metamorphoses; but Lucian in his Dialogues agrees with Homer in every point very circumstantially; and consequently, with some obscurity; but what I have here said fully explains that dialogue of Lucian, as well as this passage of Homer.

Ver. 675.] This is enormously paraphrastical, to dilate into four lines a single verse of his author:
Him then with soothing words I thus bespake.
O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controll,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

Touch'd at his sour retreat, thro' deepest night,
Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursued his flight,
And forced the stubborn spectre to reply;

But wonderous visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
Thro' the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.

Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge Orion of portentous size,
Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies;
A ponderous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;

Ver. 703. — — **Orion of portentous size,**
  **Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies.**]
The diversion of this infernal hunter may seem extraordinary in
pursuing the shades of beasts; but it was the opinion of the an-
cients, that the same passions to which men were subject on
earth continued with them in the other world; and their shades
were liable to be affected in the same manner as their bodies:
thus we frequently see them shedding tears, and Sisyphus sweats
in rolling the stone up the mountain.

P.

Ver. 709. **There Tityus — —** ] It is needless to mention that
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
The' immortal liver grows, and gives the' immortal feast.
For as o'er Panopé's enamell'd plains
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love the' audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell re-

Even in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves;
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,

Virgil has adorned his descent into hell with most of these fables borrowed from Homer; it is equally unnecessary to relate what antiquity says of these fabled persons, and their histories; but the moral of them all is observed by Eustathius, and fully explained by Lucretius. I will only add the reason from Eustathius, why Tityus was fabled to be the son of the earth; it was from his being immersed in worldly cares, and from his centering all his affections upon the earth, as if he had sprung from it. Spondanus gives us another reason; Elara being pregnant by Jupiter, he to avoid the jealousy of Juno concealed her in a cavern of the earth, where Tityus being born, is fabled to be the son of the earth: he adds, that the fiction of his covering nine acres, arose from that space of ground which was enclosed for his place of burial. Perhaps the story of Tantalus was invented solely to paint the nature of a covetous person, who starves amidst plenty, like Tantalus in the midst of water. Thus Horace applies it, Satyr. i. v, 70.
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantick mould,
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.

Ver. 743. — *Hercules, a shadowy form.*] This is the passage formerly referred to in these annotations, to prove that Hercules was in heaven, while his shade was in the infernal regions; a full evidence of the partition of the human composition into three parts: the body is buried in the earth; the image or *eidos* descends into the regions of the departed; and the soul, or the divine part of man, is received into heaven: thus the body of Hercules was consumed in the flames, his image is in hell, and his soul in heaven. There is a beautiful moral couched in the fable of his being married to Hebe, or youth, after death: to imply that a perpetual youth, or a reputation which never grows old, is the reward of those heroes, who like Hercules employ their courage for the good of human-kind.

P.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
And clang their pinions with terrifick sound;
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
The’ aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wonderous zone is roll’d,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold:
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar,
There War and Havock and Destruction stood,
And vengeful Murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn’d the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advance’d with awful look,
And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke.
O exercis’d in grief! by arts refin’d!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Even I, who from the Lord of thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confin’d,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg’d the three-mouth’d dog to upper day;
Even hell I conquer’d, through the friendly aid
Of Maia’s offspring and the martial Maid.
Thus he, nor deign’d for our reply to stay,
But turning stalk’d with giant strides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,

Ver. 764.] Homer says,
— — — — — beneath the solar rays. W.
Ver. 773.] Homer says only,
He spake, and went to Pluto’s dome again. W.
Resolv'd I stand! and haply had survey'd
The god-like Theseus, and Pirithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell;

Ver. 777. — — And haply had survey'd
The god-like Theseus — —

Plutarch in his life of Theseus informs us, that this verse has been thought not genuine; but added to the Odyssey in honour of the Athenians by Pisistratus.

The Poet shews us that he had still a noble fund of invention, and had it in his power to open new scenes of wonder and entertainment; but that this infernal episode might not be too long, he shifts the scene: the invention of the Gorgon, which terrifies him from a longer abode in these realms of darkness, gives a probable reason for his immediate return. Eustathius informs us from Athenæus, that Alexander the Midian writes in his History of Animals, that there really was a creature in Libyia, which the Nomades called a gorgon: it resembled a wild ram, or as some affirm a calf; whose breath was of such a poisonous nature, as to kill all that approached it: in the same region the catoblepton is found, a creature like a bull, whose eyes are so fixed in the head as chiefly to look downward; Pliny calls it catoblepas, lib. viii. cap. 21. which is likewise supposed to kill with its eyes: the gorgon (proceeds Athenæus) has its hair hanging over its eyes down from the forehead, of such thickness that it scarce is able to remove it, to guide itself from danger; but it kills not by its breath, but with emanations darted from its eyes: the beast was well known in the time of Marius, for certain of his soldiers seeing it, mistook it for a wild sheep, and pursued to take it; but the hair being removed by the motion of its flying, it slew all upon whom it looked: at length the Nomades, who knew the nature of the beast, destroyed it with darts at a distance, and carried it to the general Marius. Howsoever little truth there be in this story, it is a sufficient ground for poetical fictions, and all the fables that are ascribed to the gorgon.

Ver. 779.] The ten following verses are excellent, but dilated from four only of the original:
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds
Stun my scared ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Lest Gorgon rising from the infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.

But tribes, meanwhile, innumeros of ghosts
Swarm with dread shrieks: then me pale horror seiz'd,
Lest from her realm grim Proserpine should send
Against me, the dire monster's gorgon head.

Ver. 792.] This line is interpolated by the translator. Chapman is full and accurate.
Where boorded, set, and lancht, th' ocean wave,
Our oecs and forewinds, speedie passage gave.
THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE SIRENS, SCyllA, AND CHARYBDIS

HE relates, how after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the streight of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

WE are now drawing to a conclusion of the episodic narration of the Odyssey; it may therefore not be unentertaining to speak something concerning the nature of it, before we dismiss it.

There are two ways of relating past subjects: the one, simply and methodically by a plain rehearsal, and this is the province of history: the other artificially, where the author makes no appearance in person, but introduces speakers, and this is the practice of epick poetry. By this method the Poet brings upon the stage those very persons who performed the action he represents: he makes them speak and act over again the words and actions they spoke or performed before, and in some sort transports his auditors to the time when, and the places where, the action was done. This method is of great use; it prevents the Poet from delivering his story in a plain simple way like a historian, it makes the auditors witnesses of it, and the action discovers itself. Thus for instance, it is not Homer, but Ulysses who speaks; the Poet is withdrawn, and the hero whose story we hear is as it were raised from the grave, and relates it in person to the audience. Aristotle observes, that the epick poem ought to be dramatick, that is active; Homer (says that author) ought to be especially commended for being the only Poet who knew exactly what to do; he speaks little himself, but introduces some of his persons, a man or a woman, a God or a Goddess; and this renders his poem active or dramatick. Narration is the very soul that animates the poem, it gives an opportunity to the Poet to adorn it with different episodes; it has, as it were, the whole world for its stage, and gives him liberty to search through the creation for incidents or adventures for the employment of his heroes. Thus for instance, he was at liberty to ascribe the several dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, of Polypheme and Antipathes, to Ulysses, though that Hero had been as unacquainted with those dangers, as Æneas was in reality with Dido; the choice of the episodes being not essential, but arbitrary.

In short, it is from this episodic narration that the Poet could at all find room to place these episodes in the Odyssey. Aristotle,
I confess, has set no precise limits to the time of the action, but the Criticks in general confine it to one campaign; at least, they affirm this to be the most perfect duration, according to the model of the Iliad and Odyssey. Now this episodick narration gives the Poet an opportunity to relate all that is contained in four books without breaking in upon the time of the action; for all that we read between the eighth book and the thirteenth, comprehends only the space of one evening; namely, the evening of the thirty-third day. The Poet inserts all the adventures that happened to Ulysses in almost ten years from his departure from Troy, into the compass of one evening by way of narration, and so maintains the unity both of the time and action.

I speak not of the narration in general: concerning which the curious may consult Bossu, or Dryden’s preface to the translation of the Æneis.
THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
'Till from the waves the Ææan hills arise,
Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;

NOTES.

Ver. 3. Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels — — ]

This passage is full of obscurity: for how is it possible to suppose this island of Circe to be the residence of the Morning; that is, for the day to rise immediately upon it, when it is known to lie in a western situation? Some have imagined that this is spoken solely with respect to Ulysses, who returning from the shades, might properly say that he arrived at the place where the day resides, that is, to a place enlightened by the sun. Others understand it comparatively, with respect to the Cimmerians, or rather to the realms of death, which Homer places in the west; with regard to these, Ææa may be said to lie in the east, or in the poetical language, to be the residence of the Morning. Besides, the Circæan promontory is of an extraordinary altitude, and consequently the beams at sun-rising may fall upon it; nay, it is said
Here Phoebus rising in the ethereal way,
Thro' heaven's bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our halsers on the land,
At once descend, and press the desert sand;
There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we paid
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.

to be illustrated by the sun even by night. Others have conjectured, that what is here said implies no more than that Ulysses landed upon the eastern parts of the island; and lastly, others not improbably refer the whole to the word ocean in the former line, and then the whole passage will be clear, and agree with the fable of the sun's rising and setting in the ocean. This is what Eustathius remarks, who adds, that the ancients understood χερόι not to signify dances, but χερόι, the regions of the morning. I have translated it in the former sense, according to the consent of most interpreters; and I am persuaded it is used to denote the pleasure and gaiety which the sun restores to the whole creation, when dispelling the melancholy darkness, he restores light and gladness to the earth; which is imaged to us by the playing or dancing of the first beams of the sun; or rather of Aurora, who properly may be said to dance, being a Goddess. Dacier renders χεροί, dances; but judges that Homer here follows a fabulous geography, and that as he transported the Cimmerians with all their darkness from the Bosphorus to Campania; so likewise he now removes Æaea with all its light from Colchis into Italy; and therefore the Poet gives the properties and situation to the island of Circe, which are only true of the eastern Colchis.

Ver. 9.] Thus his author:
There wait the morn, and lose our cares in sleep. W.

Ver. 12.] This line corresponds to the following distich of his author:
I sent my comrades then to Circe's dome
To fetch the carcasse of Elpenor dead. W.
Around we stand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.

Meantime the *Goddess our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: a train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the *power of magick stands,
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands.

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass thro' hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
And when the Morn unveils her saffron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid way;
Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,
'Till Phoebus downward plunged his burning ray:

* Circe.

Ver. 39.] The preceding speech is well done. Here our translator is licentious, as a literal translation of the portion of his original, corresponding to the eight next verses, will evince:
Her words at once persuade our easy minds.
Thus, to the close of light, the live-long day
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state;
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wonderous visions, and the laws of Hell.
Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.
O Prince attend! some favouring power be kind,
And print the' important story on thy mind!
Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.

We sat, in plenteous viands and rich wine
Indulging. When Sol set, and darkness came,
By the ship's halsers my associates slept;
Me by the hand she took, my crew apart,
And made me sit; convert, and question'd full
Of every circumstance. I told her all.

Ver. 51. Next, where the Sirens dwell — — ] The Criticks
have greatly laboured to explain what was the foundation of this
fiction of the Sirens. We are told by some, that the Sirens were
queens of certain small islands, named Sirenusæ, that lie near
Capreae in Italy, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of Mi-
nerva, upon the top of which that Goddess had a temple, as
some affirm, built by Ulysses, according to this verse of Seneca,
Epist. lxxvii. :

"Alta procellos speculatur vertice Pallas."
Here, there was a renowned academy in the reign of the Sirens,
famous for eloquence and the liberal sciences, which gave occa-
sion for the invention of this fable of the sweetness of the voice,
and attracting songs of the Sirens. But why then are they fa-
bled to be destroyers, and painted in such dreadful colours? We
are told that at last the students abused their knowledge, to
the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and sub-
version of government; that is, in the language of poetry, they
were feigned to be transformed into monsters, and with their
musick to have enticed passengers to their ruin, who there con-
Unblest the man, whom musick wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring; or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.

Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to the' enchanting sound.

sumed their patrimonies, and poisoned their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now called Massa. In the days of Homer the Sirens were fabled to be two only in number, as appears from his speaking of them in the dual; their names (adds Eustathius) were Thelxiepea, and Aglaophemè. Other writers, in particular Lycophron, mention three Sirens, Ligea, Parthenope, and Leucosia. Some are of opinion (continues the same author) that they were "singing women and harlots," who by the sweetness of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain bay contracted within winding streights and broken cliffs, which by the singing of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony, that allures the passenger to approach, who is immediately thrown against the rocks, and swallowed up by the violent eddies.

But others understand the whole passage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent moral, to shew that if we suffer ourselves to be too much allured by the pleasures of an idle life, the end will be destruction: thus Horace moralizes it;

"Vitanda est improba Siren"
"Desidia"

But the fable may be applied to all pleasures in general, which if too eagerly pursued betray the uncautious into ruin; while wise men, like Ulysses, making use of their reason, stop their ears against their insinuations.
If mad with transport, freedom thou demand, 63
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage thro' the tide. 70

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;

Ver. 71. *High o'er the main two rocks* — ] There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of Scylla and Charybdis; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the reader, what is truth and what fiction.

Thucydides, lib. iv. thus describes it. "This streight is the "sea that flows between Rhegium and Messenè, where at the "narrowest distance, Sicily is divided from the Continent; and "this is that part of the sea which Ulysses is said to have passed, "and it is called Charybdis; this sea, by reason of the streights, "and the eoncourse of the Tyrrenhe and Sicilian seas break-"ing violently into it, and there raising great commotions, is "with good reason called *χαριβδος*, or destructive." Charybdis, "stands on the coast of Sicily; Scylla on the coast of Italy.

Mr. Sandys examined these rocks and seas with a particular view to the descriptions of the Poets: speaking of Charybdis, he writes, "When the winds begin to ruffle, especially from the "south, it forthwith runs round with violent eddies, so that "many vessels miscarry by it. The stream through the streight "runs toward the Ionian, and part of it sets into the haven, "which turning about, and meeting with other streams, makes "so violent an encounter that ships are glad to prevent the "danger by coming to an anchor. Scylla, adds he, is seated in "the midst of a bay, upon the neck of a narrow mountain, "which thrusts itself into the sea, having at the uppermost end "a steep high rock, so celebrated by the Poets, and hyperbo-"lically described by Homer as inaccessible. The fables are "indeed well fitted to the place, there being divers little sharp "rocks at the foot of the greater; these are the dogs that are "said to bark there, the waters by their repercussion from them "make a noise like the barking of dogs; and the reason why "Scylla is said to devour the fishes, as Homer expresses it,
Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratick by the Gods above.

When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food,
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way.

"The reason of this is, because these rocks are frequented by
lamprons, and greater fishes, that devour the bodies of the
drowned. But Scylla is now without danger, the current
not setting upon it; and I much wonder at the proverb,
"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,"
"when they stand twelve miles distant: I rather conjecture,
adds he, that there has been more than one Charybdis, occa-
"sioned by the recoiling streams: as there is one between the
"south end of this bay of Scylla and the opposite point of
"Sicily; there the waves justling make a violent eddy, which
"when the winds are rough, more than threaten destruction to
"ships, as I have heard from the Scyllians, when seeking per-
haps to avoid the then more impetuous turning, they have
"been driven by weather upon the not far distant Scylla."

Strabo (as Eustathius remarks) speaking of the Leontines,
says, that they were an unhospitable people, Cyclopeans, and
Laestrigons: and adds, that Scylla and Charybdis were inhabited
by robbers and murderers. From the terrible situation of those
rocks, and the murders and depredations of the robbers, these
fictions might arise: they might murder six of the companions
of Ulysses, and throw them into the sea from Scylla, which may
be expressed in their being said to be swallowed up by that
monster.

Bochart judges that the names of Scylla and Charybdis are
of Phœnician extract, the one derived from Sool, which signi-
fies loss and ruin, the other from Chorobdam, which implies the
abyss of destruction.

It is highly probable that these rocks were more dangerous
formerly than at these times, the violence of the waters may not
only have enlarged their channel by time, but by throwing up
banks and sands have diverted their course from bearing upon
these rocks with the same violence as anciently; add to this,
that men by art may have contributed to render these seas more
safe, being places of great resort and navigation. Besides, the
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to the' ethereal king;

unskillfulness of the ancients in sea affairs, and the smallness and form of their vessels, might render those seas very dangerous to them, which are safe to modern navigators.

Ver. 72.] Thus, literally:

Green Amphitrite's billows dash below.

Ver. 74. Hence nam'd Erratick — — ] It will reconcile the reader in some measure to the boldness of these fictions, if he considers that Homer, to render his poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the Symplegades, to the description of Scylla and Charybdis; such a fiction of the justling of these rocks could not be shocking to the ears of the ancients, who had before heard of the same property in the Symplegades.

The whole fable is perhaps grounded upon appearance; navigators looking upon these rocks at a distance, might in different views, according to the position of the ship, sometimes see them in a direct line, and then they would appear to join, and after they had passed a little further they might look upon them obliquely, and then they would be discovered to be at some distance; and this might give occasion to the fable of their meeting and recoiling alternately. Strabo agrees, that Homer borrowed his description of Scylla and Charybdis from the Symplegades; Homer (says he) describes these, like the Cyanean rocks; he continually lays the foundation of his fables upon some well known history: thus he reigns these rocks to be full of dangers and horrors, according to the relations of the Cyanean, which from their justling are called Symplegades.

Ver. 75. — — No dove of swiftest wing,

That bears ambrosia to the' ethereal king.]

What might give Homer this notion, might be what is related of the Symplegades. Phineus being asked by Jason if he could pass those rocks with safety, he desires to know how swift the vessel was; Jason answers, as swift as a dove; Then, said Phineus, send a dove between the rocks, and if she escapes, you may pass in safety: Jason complies, and the pigeon in her passage lost only her tail, that hero immediately set sail, and escapes with the loss only of his rudder: this story being reported of the Symplegades, might give Homer the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis. You may find in Eustathius several far-fetched notions upon this pas-
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarcely the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Even she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glows with the' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Tho' borne by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.

sage, but I shall pass them over in silence. Longinus blames it, and I have ventured in the translation to omit that particular which occasioned his censure.

Ver. 78.] We may consult exactness, and make up the deficiency of the translation, by the following substitution:
The dire rocks meet, and graze her as she flies:
One in her room the sovereign Sire supplies.

Ver. 97.] This pleasing couplet represents one line of Homer, which may be thus exhibited:

Smooth is the rock, as polish'd round with art.
Full in the center of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorred by man and Gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrifick heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;

Ver. 102.] It is not easy to discover what our translator meant by this. Mr. Cowper, with whom Chapman and Ogilby agree, has rendered thus:

Pass it, renown'd Ulysses! but aloof
So far, that a keen arrow, smarly sent
Forth from thy bark, should fail to reach the cave.
Very mistakingly, in my opinion. Hobbes is right, but low, as usual:

The mouth o' the' cave is more above your bark
Than the youngest man can shoot to with a bow:

And Dacier: "Et cette caverne est si haute, que le plus habile
" archer passant près de-là sur son vaisseau, ne pourrait pousser
" sa fléche jusqu' à son sommet."

The passage is beyond measure plain and unembarrassed. W.

Ver. 104. And the dire passage down to hell descends.] Homer means by hell, the regions of death, and uses it to teach us that there is no passing by this rock without destruction, or in Homer's words it is a sure passage into the kingdom of death, Enstatthius.

Ver. 109.] For this couplet Homer says only,

Her voice is like that of a whelp new-born. W.
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey;
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.
Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous strait;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her guls the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves.

Ver. 118. *The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food.*] Polybius (as Strabo remarks) contends, that Homer in all his fictions alludes to the customs of antiquity: for instance, Scylla was a famous fishery for taking such fishes as Homer mentions: this was the manner of taking the sea-dog: several small boats went out each with only two men in it, the one rowed, the other stood with his instrument ready to strike the fish; all the boats had one speculator in common, to give notice when the fish approached, which usually swam with more than half the body above water; Ulysses is this speculator, who stands armed with his spear; and it is probable, adds Polybius, that Homer thought Ulysses really visited Scylla, since he ascribes to Scylla that manner of fishing which is really practised by the Scyllians.

*P.*

**Vol. I.**
Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine, my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong!
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold,
Even with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.
From her foul womb Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,

Ver. 143.] The following paragraph is but moderately executed. As a specimen of its fidelity, the subjoined lines of the original correspond to this and the next couplet of the version:

I spake, and thus replied the nymph divine:
Wretch! are the feats of war, and labour, still
Thy care: nor yield'st thou to the' immortal Gods?
The purport of which sentiment is very different from the complexion of our Poet's translation.

Ver. 156. — — Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful pest — — ]
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee thro’ the tumult of the floods. 159

Thence to Trinacria’s shore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!
Seven herds, seven flocks enrich the sacred plains,
Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains;
The wonderous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay. 165
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;

It is not evident who this Crataeis is whom the Poet makes the mother of Scylla: Eustathius informs us that it is Hecate, a Goddess very properly recommended by Circe; she, like Circe, being the president over sorceries and enchantments. But why should she be said to be the mother of Scylla? Dacier imagines that Homer speaks enigmatically, and intends to teach us that these monsters are merely the creation or offspring of magic, or poetry.

Ver. 161. Where graze thy herds — — ] This fiction concerning the immortal herds of Apollo, is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in ancient times whole herds of cattle were consecrated to the Gods, and were therefore sacred and inviolable: these being always of a fixed number, neither more nor less than at the first consecration, the Poet feigns that they never bred or increased: and being constantly supplied upon any vacancy, they were failed to be immortal, or never to decay; (for the same cause one of the most famous legions of antiquity was called immortal.) Eustathius informs us, that they were labouring oxen employed in tillage, and it was esteemed a particular profanation to destroy a labouring ox: it was criminal to eat of it, nay it was forbid to be offered even in sacrifices to the Gods; and a crime punishable with death by the laws of Solon. So that the moral intended by Homer in this fable of the violation of the herds of Apollo is, that in our utmost necessity we ought not to offend the Gods. As to the flocks of sheep, Herodotus informs us, that in Apollonia along the Ionian gulf, flocks of sheep were consecrated to that Deity, and were therefore inviolable. P.
Lampetìè fair, and Phaethusa young,
From Phæbus and the bright Næra sprung:
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up sprung a brisker breeze; with freshening gales
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars: at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose.
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!
In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.

Ver. 194.] Thus his author, accurately:
First, of the Sirens' song the' enchanting powers
She bade me shun, and mead adorn'd with flowers. W.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, be added band to band.

While yet I speak the winged galley flies,
And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.

Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply;
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
The' aërial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.

Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
Celestial musick warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song.

Oh stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.

Ver. 224.] Thus his author:
'Till now none sail'd this way, but stopt to hear
Our honied accents warble in his ear;
HOMER’s ODYSSEY.  BOOK XII.

Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
We know whate’er the kings of mighty name
Achiev’d at Ilion in the field of Fame;
Whate’er beneath the sun’s bright journey lies.  230
O stay and learn new wisdom from the wise!
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o’er the main:
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
’Till dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen’d ear unlock’d, the chains unbound.
Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;  240
Thunder’d the deeps, the smoking billows roll’d!
Tumultuous waves embroil’d the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen’d, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough’d the dreadful wave,
Fear seiz’d the mighty, and unnerv’d the brave;  245
Each dropp’d his oar: but swift from man to man
With look serene I turn’d, and thus began.

But felt his soul with pleasing raptures thrill’d;
But found his mind with stores of knowledge fill’d.  W.

Ver. 240.] Thus, literally:
That isle we leave; and soon a smoke appears,
And swelling surge: loud sounds invade our ears.
They dropt their oars; such horror seiz’d each man!
Deep humming noises o’er the waters ran.
Her course no more the lagging vessel held;
The lagging vessel no long oar impell’d.
Swift thro’ the decks I past; each fainting breast
I cheer’d, and thus in soothing words address.  W.
BOOK XII. HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.
Learn courage hence! and in my care confide;
Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.
If from you justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants, he grants it to your care:
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey!
Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry waves
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand;

Ver. 253.] The purport of a sentiment, here suppressed by our translator, may be thus exhibited:
These dangers too, like dangers tried before,
Will soothe remember'd, and alarm no more. W.

Ver. 264.] Thus Hobbes, with a fidelity unknown to our translator:
This said, my fellows speedily obey'd;
Of the monster Scylla not a word I told,
Lest they should throw away their oars, dismay'd,
And for their shelter run into the hold. W.
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
'Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now thro' the rocks, appal'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desperate way;
Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze:

Eternal mists obscure the' aerial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main:
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thundering sound;
Deep, wonderous deep, below appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;
I turn, and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.

292.] Thus literally:
Straight o'er our cheeks a livid horror spread;
We view appal'd, and instant ruin dread.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood,
The silent fisher casts the insidious food,
With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky:
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd,
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!
Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
The hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glittering mountains rise to view.
There, sacred to the radiant God of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train.
Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
The words of Circe and the Theban shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears opprest, I thus begun.

Ver. 308.] Thus exactly:
In all the seas I searcht, the toils I bore,
These eyes ne'er viewed so dire a scene before!
The next couplet has occurred elsewhere in nearly the same terms, and may be expunged, as a mere superfluous interpolation of our inaccurate translator.

Ver. 314.] To Sol's bright isle — — ] This isle is evidently Sicily; for he has already informed us, that these herds were on Trinacria, (so anciently called from the three promontories of Lilybaeum, Pelorus, and Pachynus).
O friends! oh ever exercis’d in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear!
To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey’d:
Some mighty woe relentless heaven forebodes:
Fly these dire regions, and revere the Gods!
While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran
Thro' every breast, and spread from man to man,
'Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began.
O cruel thou! some Fury sure has steel’d
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr’d, we sink from woes to woes;
And cruel, envious thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore?
And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;

Ver. 333.] Thus, literally:
   Untamed thy strength, thy limbs no labour feel;
   Chief unsubmitting! with a frame of steel!

Ver. 336.] More truly:
   Repast thou envious, and a short repose.

Ver. 341.] Or thus, with greater fidelity:
   How oft by night fierce-wrecking winds arise.

But a literal version of the original, correspondent to these three couplets, will best point out the deviation of our Poet.
By night fierce winds, the bane of ships, arise:
And who shall escape destruction, if should burst,
With sudden gust tempestuous, or the South,
Or blustering West? winds, fatal to the bark;
Winds, that disdain their sovereign lord's controul!
Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the watery way,
Tho' Gods descend from heaven's aërial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:
Then while the Night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way.
A sudden joy in every bosom rose;
So will'd some demon, minister of woes!
To whom with grief—O swift to be undone!
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear;
Attest the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:
Content, an innocent repast display,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.
Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies;
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor ceas'd the tears, 'till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.
Now far the Night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:

Ver. 367.] I shall give a plain faithful version of this passage, to verse 381, to help the reader's judgment of the fidelity of our translator.

The night now waned apace, the stars declin'd,
When Jove against us rous'd a furious wind
Of blast tempestuous: sable horror shrouds
All earth and sea; the heavens, a night of clouds.
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies; 370
The moon, the stars, the bright ethereal host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it raged; when morning rose, to land 375
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.
There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
Thus careful I address the listening train. 380
O friends be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures! if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light, 385
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeasur'd height.
And now the Moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low thro' the grove, or range the flowery plain: 390
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming haunt the watery way.
'Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieged us round.

Her light when morn with rosy fingers gave,
We moor'd our vessel in a sheltering cave:
Nymphs, a fair quire! the beauteous grot possess.
I call my comrades, and these words address.

All beyond this is common-placed interpolation, and nothing more.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray’d, 395
From the loud storms to find a silvan shade;
Then o’er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven, and Heaven’s immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again. 400
Then o’er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said.

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then to’ implore the powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove?
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And if the Gods ordain a safe return,
To Phoebus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.

Ver. 395.] The translation here is strangely rambling; a
censure due to numberless other passages. The subjoined
attempt is verbally faithful:

I through the island walkt apart, to pray
The Gods, if some the method would disclose
Of our return. When from my friends remote,
With washen hands, where shelter from the wind
I found, to all the’ Olympian Gods I pray’d:
They on mine eye lids pour’d delicious sleep. W.

Ver. 407.] Two verses of his author are here very feebly and
injudiciously expanded into as many couplets: otherwise the
preceding verses of this speech are excellent. Thus?
Come, seize these heifers of the Sun; and kill
To all the Gods, who sway the’ Olympian hill. W.

Ver. 411.] It is to be lamented, that the latter part of this
speech wants accuracy, and the concluding distich, elegance.
I shall attempt a substitution, exactly conformable to the words
of the original:
But should the powers that o'er mankind preside,
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!
Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey.
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supplied.

With prayer they now address the ethereal train,
Slay the selected beeves, and flay the slain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from every part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offered, and the entrails drest,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.
'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain:
Back to the bark I speed along the main.
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus, obtesting Heaven, I mourn'd aloud.

O Sire of men and Gods, immortal Jove!
Oh all ye blissful powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes!

With rich and numerous gifts adorn'd, a dome
Shall rise to Phœbus at our native home.
But, if his wrath should whelm us in the wave,
And all the assenting Gods refuse to save,
The choaking flood shall sooner stop my breath,
Than barren famine and a lingering death.
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!
Mean time Lampetie mounts the aerial way,
And kindles into rage the God of day:
Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and thou whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the withen brand!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When thro' the ports of heaven I pour the day,
Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of heaven to shades below!
To whom the thundering Power! O source of day,
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams thro' heaven's bright portals rise,
The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash tho' offenders in the whelming tide.
To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.
Mean time from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.
Now Heaven gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.

Ver. 439. The whole sense of his author may be more clearly comprised in a single couplet, thus:
A cruel sleep ye sent me, to my bane:
My lawless crew have dared this deed profane!
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite the' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with storms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:
The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends:
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forkly lightnings flash from pole to pole;

Ver. 469.] Thus, with fidelity:
When the seventh morning Jove Saturnian gave,
Hush'd was the tempest's roar, and smooth the wave. W.

Ver. 483.] Thus his author:
— — — then at the vessel's stern
The pilot's head it smote, and instant crush'd
The bones together squeeze'd: he o'er the sides
Fell, like a diver: life forsook his bones. W.

Ver. 485.] All this paragraph is executed in a very inferior style; and Chapman has a much better notion of his original:
Together, all this time, Jove's thunder chid,
And through and through the ship his lightning glid:
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames;
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,
Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow; 490
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphurous odours rose, and smouldering smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;
And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies. 495
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in twain;
Again impetuous drove the furious blast,
Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, 500
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
Now sunk the West, and now a southern breeze,
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves, 505
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and, at the dawn of day,
Fast by the rocks beheld the desperate way:
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides. 510

Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld
With nasty sulphur, and her men were killd:
Tumbl'd to sea, like sea-mews swamme about,
And there the date of their returne was out. W.

Ver. 496.] His author says,
_I thro' the ship was passing, 'till the main_.— W.

Ver. 504.] Chapman is correct:
— — — — — and then arose
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes. W.
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig tree seized, and clung around;
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade;
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
What-time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast, and stills the wordy war,

Ver. 513.] This couplet is spun from two words of his author,
thus fully exhibited in Ogilby:
And bat-like clung.

Ver. 519. What-time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast — — ]
This passage has been egregiously misunderstood by Monsieur
Perrault. Ulysses being carried (says that author) on his mast
towards Charybdis, leaps from it, and clings like a bat round a
fig-tree, waiting till the return of the mast from the gulf's of it;
and adds, that when he saw it, he was as glad as a judge when he
rises from his seat to go to dinner, after having tried several
causes. But Boileau fully vindicates Homer in his reflections
on Longinus: before the use of dials or clocks, the ancients dis-
tinguished the day by some remarkable offices or stated employ-
ment: as from the dining of the labourer,
— — What time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal.

Iliad xi. ver. 119. See the Annotations; so here from the rising
of the judges; and both denote the mid-day or noon-tide hour.
Thus it is used by Hippocrates, who speaking of a person wounded
with a javelin in the liver, says he died a little before the break-
ing up of the assembly, or before the judge rises from his tribu-
nal; or as some understand it, a little before the finishing of the
market: there is a parallel expression in Xenophon. This rising
of the judge Perrault mistakes for a comparison, to express the
joy which Ulysses conceived at the sight of the return of his
mast; than which nothing can be more distant from Homer's
sentiment,
Charybdis, rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I dropp’d amidst the flashing main:
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar’d with labouring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass’d by Scylla’s dire abodes:
So Jove decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods)
Then nine long days I plough’d the calmer seas,
Heaved by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet the Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There in Calypso’s ever-fragrant bowers
Refresh’d I lay, and joy beguiled the hours.

From this description we may precisely learn the time that passed while Ulysses clung round the fig-tree.
— — — At the dawn of day,
Fast by the rocks I plough’d the desperate way.
So that at morning he leaped from his float, and about noon recovered it: now Eustathius affirms, that in the space of twenty-four hours there are three tides, and dividing that time into three parts, Ulysses will appear to have remained upon the rock eight hours. The exact time when the judge rose from his tribunal is not apparent: Boileau supposes it to be about three o’clock in the afternoon, Dacier about two; but the time was certain among the ancients, and is only dubious to us, as we are ignorant of the hour of the day when the judge entered his tribunal, and when he left it.

P. Ver. 527.] Thus, with all fidelity:
Unseen by Scylla, or my ruin then
Were sure: so will’d the sire of Gods and men!

W. Ver. 533.] His author thus, to a word:
— — — — — — Calypso there,
Fair-tress’d, inhabits; dreadful, vocal God!
Who loved and entertain’d me.
My following fates to thee, oh king, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.

 Enough. In misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

END OF VOL. I.