

the term) like Peisistratus could or would dare so far to outrage the hereditary sympathies and traditions of his countrymen, as to superinduce innovations on these the consecrated and the common treasures of universal Hellas. Still less can we believe it possible that Athens or her tyrant could so far revolutionise the traditionary poetry of Greece, at a time, too, when that city possessed neither literary nor political ascendancy. The little said for the glory of Athens and her share in the war against Troy is a strong presumption against such a supposition, which is utterly ignored by the Alexandrine critics, who in no case allude to any such recension among their different manuscripts. How then could this have happened, had Peisistratus been the centre and origin of Homeric unity? Can we believe it possible that he gave those poems so much of their character without leaving in them a single vestige of the hand and the times which moulded them? And yet, it is in vain we seek in Homer a trace of the age of Peisistratus; we there find no allusion to coined money, to constitutional government, to changed religious sentiments, or to altered customs, as we might fairly expect, and even Wolf himself acknowledged the air of antiquity that invests them from beginning to end.

The voice of history is silent respecting such poetical attributes of Peisistratus. How can we believe that the glorious Iliad and Odyssey, the boast of the ancient world and the delight of our own, arose out of atoms not originally designed for the places they now occupy, at the bidding of the Athenian usurper and his colleagues? We wonder whether the time will ever come, when it shall be said and actually believed, that the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained* of John Milton bloomed forth into