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HOMER'S ILIAD — BOOKS I-VI-XXII AND XXIV

The Cambridge Literature Series.

EDITED BY

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The Cambridge Literature Series

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NUMBER 6

POPE

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOKS I., VI., XXII., AND XXIV.

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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οὐ πόλλ' ἀλλὰ πολύ

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INTRODUCTION.

I. POPE'S ILIAD.

1. INTRODUCTION.

Difficulties of translating Homer. — Whether a satisfactory translation of any great poem can be made, is a question which we need not long discuss. Probably it is just as easy to translate well a mediocre work, as it is for a good actor to impersonate a mediocre type of character; and just as difficult to translate a rare masterpiece, as it would be for the actor to assume convincingly the character of King David, Alexander, Charlemagne, or Michael Angelo. Success in such parts as the last, before a cultured audience, would demand of the actor not only consummate art, but also a nature nearly as great as that of the personage represented. Perhaps Marlowe, the Elizabethan dramatist, had the right genius to render Æschylus as pleasingly as Longfellow has rendered some German poems of merit; and perhaps Shakspere could have given us a fit version of Homer. All we can say is, that no such translations of supreme originals have ever been

made, and that it seems practically impossible to make them. If, as Coleridge has maintained, the meaning of great poetry is so inseparably fused with the shades of a language, and so permeated with the under-tones and side-suggestions which each word has acquired, that translation into phrases of even the same language will injure the sense and the feeling, we can realize how formidable is the task of rendering such poetry in a foreign tongue. If, again, as is often contended [see page xxxi], the Homeric poems are the result of ages of poetic endeavor, and represent the range not of one genius, but of many geniuses, the task becomes stupendous, and even a simple prose version may, as in the case of the English Bible, require the sympathetic coöperation of numerous translators. Certainly, the very best prose translation of the Iliad which we possess in English, that of Messrs. Lang, Leaf and Myers, abounds in faults; it smells distinctly of the lamp, is heavy and monotonous in rhythm, wordy in phraseology, and far more Hebraic than Greek in its many archaisms.

Even partial success is praiseworthy.—It is plain from all this, that any rendering of the Iliad, and especially a poetic one, no matter how good it may be when judged by ordinary standards, is sure to be poor when compared with the original; and that any true analysis of the translation will disparage more than it will praise, just as is the case when we compare Tennyson's *Maud* with Shakspere's *Hamlet*, or the talent of Wellington with the genius

of Napoleon. The two things are upon entirely different levels. But to be tried with any success at all by such a standard is in itself high honor. This we must never forget, even when our criticism is most severe.

Three notable translations. — Many English poets have tried to translate Homer. Three in particular have partly succeeded in some respects, though signally failing in others: Chapman [1557–1634], Pope [1688–1744], and Cowper [1731–1800].[1]

Thus Chapman secures an animated swiftness of movement, but not the easy, rapid, varied flowingness of Homer. At its worst Chapman's movement is a ponderous bear-trot; and at its best a resonant, clanking swiftness, aglow with fire. But even this broken or jarring rapidity, in place of the fluid one of Homer, is gained at the loss of plainness of idea, of simplicity in expression, and of nobleness of manner. His style is loose, tortuous, and archaic, and its ideas are often curious, fantastic, and irrational. But, condemn this version as we may, it is the one mature students like best, as young students do Pope's; and its earnestness and passion and the spirit of battle and of vigorous living that it expresses make it worthy of Keats's fine sonnet about it.

Cowper's chief merit is his faithfulness to the separate ideas of the original; his chief fault, a cumbrous, elaborated, self-retarding style — "a Milton without music."

Pope's edition, like its precursor, Chapman's, and its

1 Other meritorious translations of the Iliad are those by Lord Derby, Worsley and Conington, Bryant, and Way.

successor, Cowper's, has its peculiar virtues and failings. Before considering these in detail, let us examine the qualities both of himself and of his age, that he brought to his work.

2. POPE'S LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS.

Pope's personality.[1] — He was of dwarfish stature and so deformed (and, incidentally, so inquisitive) that he was likened to an interrogation point. His legs were thin and well bandaged against the cold, and his body was padded at different places to keep it upright. At table he required a high chair, like that of children, to bring him to the level of the other people. His features, delicate as if cut in ivory, were drawn and pinched, but his eyes were remarkable for their lustre and fire, and often for their tenderness. As he was also subject to constant moodiness, and sensitive to the least disturbance, outward or inward, his life became "one long disease," that required incessant care and nursing. His ailments, his religion, — the Catho-

[1] Alexander Pope was born in London, 1688. His father, who had become a convert to Catholicism, reared his children in the same faith. In his business as a linen draper, he realized a modest competence and retired to the country, within the borders of Windsor Forest, to enjoy it. There Pope spent his boyhood. On the death of his father, he removed to Twickenham, where he resided until his death in 1744. His chief works are: *Pastorals*, published in 1709; *Essay on Criticism*, 1711; *Pollio*, 1712; *Rape of the Lock*, 1714; *Homer's Iliad*, 1715–18; *Dunciad*, first form, 1728; *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington*, 1731; *On the Use of Riches*, 1732; *Essay on Man*, Part I., 1732; *Horace, Sat. 2. 1., imitated*, 1733; *Epistle to Lord Cobham*, 1733; *Epistle to Lord Arbuthnot*, 1735; *Horace, Epistle 1. 1., imitated*, 1737; *Dunciad*, altered and enlarged, 1742.

lic, then in disfavor,— and his astonishing precocity, kept him much in solitude, and fostered a passion for literature and for personal success which showed itself even in his childhood. Of himself, he says: "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." He was, in consequence, indulged, petted, praised, deferred to, and spoiled. Some of his temperamental defects ought to be ascribed to these physical ones. He was preposterously vain, peevish, and quarrelsome, with a venomous power to sting and cleverly insult his numerous cruel enemies that equals his unscrupulousness and passion for mean intrigue.

But there is another, and, perhaps, more representative, side to the man. In spite of his ill traits, he clung, at least outwardly, to his religion, was untiring in his pursuit of letters, showed a tender love for his mother, and was often capable of sustained self-denial and devotion towards his friends, who were many and notable, including Arbuthnot, Gay, Prior, Addison, and especially Swift. Bolingbroke said of him, that he never knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends; and Warburton: "He is as good a companion as a poet, and, what is more, appears to be as good a man." Now and then, as he philosophically contemplates his sufferings, a winning playfulness breaks through his general manner, and there is little doubt that a real tender-heartedness lay at the basis of his character. But, no matter what we may think of these seemingly juxtaposed characteristics of the man, one feeling overrides all others. "The most abiding

sentiment — when we look at him as a literary phenomenon — is admiration for the exquisite skill which enabled him to discharge a function, not of the highest kind, with a perfection rare in literature." (Stephen.)

Yet this man, with his puny and sickly body, secluded habits, and a temper alternately mean and kindly to sentimentalism, has, by a strange paradox, translated the healthy, vigorous, wide-ranging, and heroic poetry of Homer. Of course, he could not give us Homer, but he did give us one of the best of English poems.

The temper of his age. — The paradox is increased when we consider the age in which he lived, and whose best achievements in verse he represented. For Pope, like nearly every genius, was partly the product of the chief tendencies of his time and partly the creator of them. Scant justice will, therefore, be done his achievements, unless we realize the nature of the literary movements of the first half of the eighteenth century. The period which culminated in his verse and in the prose of Swift, Addison, and Fielding, was one of revolt against the absurd plots, strained fancies, and emotional extravagance of much of the literature of the preceding century. For lawlessness the eighteenth century writers aimed to substitute an orderly diction, probability in events, and truth to average human nature in character. Moreover, in the Elizabethan age, the whole range of character and passion, wholesome and morbid, seemed to have been finally expressed, and the appreciation for such things had long been sated. But

artistic activity, in spite of all that has been said about its utter exhaustion, was still keen, and irresistibly sought for something new and stimulating.

In poetry. — This it found, for a time, as regards poetry, not in substance, but in method and style; not in the things expressed so much as in the character of the expression. But the revolt was in itself extreme. Imagination was enslaved by a code of rules, and it consciously exemplified those rules rather than made good use of them. Daring imagery and passionate utterance and, indeed, enthusiasm of any kind, were rebuked as offences against taste and manners — for the age was the most artificial in its society and conventions ever known in England. A sober search for sober methods of composition drove out the higher imaginative impulses. Aristotle's precepts, or rather the dead precepts of French critics wrongly interpreting him, became authoritative, as did many other presumed devices of the ancient poets for attaining their presumed ends. The words calmness, reserve, order, arrangement, symmetry, proportion, etc., became catch-phrases; and deliberate imitation of the Greek, and especially the Latin poets, was more or less enjoined. Mediocre writers had, in consequence, a kind of critical receipt-book for making poetry, as a cook makes pies. The best poets, however, like Pope, Collins, Gray, and Thomson, were by no means as slavishly bound to these dead pseudo-classic prescriptions as it was once the custom to allege. Pope often violates them to give play

to somewhat romantic feelings and ideas; and, in his critical writings, he frequently qualifies the absoluteness of such formulas, notably when he questions their value for a supreme genius like Shakspere. In fact, it is hard to find more daring and convincing pleas for romanticism than were made by certain eighteenth century critics like George Farquhar and Leonard Welsted.

In prose.— Thus even in the heart of the pseudo-classic period, there are signs of a life only momentarily chilled; and it soon found its outlet, not in verse, but in a great creative prose literature, especially in the newly invented novel, where artificiality no more appears than in our present fiction. Though our chivalry, inspiration, and spirituality are unquestionably absent, their prose equals, and perhaps surpasses, ours in its effect of naturalness and reality, its robustness and practical insight into life.

Because this tendency toward real things, in place of romantic things, embodied the best vitality of the early eighteenth century writers in prose, poetry fell into the second place, and became, for a while, enamored with technical devices. The ill effect of this upon verse is seen in the single fact that scarcely any poem of the time has the fused unity of creative art, but only the artificial unity of a schematic arrangement that could easily have been altered without much damage.

Pope's literary characteristics.— It is, therefore, all the more creditable to Pope, that his actual works place him, not merely far at the head of the poets of his time, but

with, and perhaps above, the two or three most representative writers of the century. The chief qualities which won him this position are sensible thought, felicitous illustration, a concise diction, an animated, but not flexible or full-volumed verse-music, and a certain real imaginative fervor when dealing with the sentiments of society and the more superficial emotions and virtues. His most marked failings are lack of sympathy for the beauty of nature, and for the most noble and intense feelings, the inability to develop plot or create sustained characters, and, with certain notable exceptions, the substitution of brilliant fancy for imagination, and of perfection of form for vitality in subject-matter. Above all other passions rose his desire to attain perfection of form, "a sense of the beauty of literary composition as such." As a boy, he took his life's lesson from "knowing Walsh," who used to tell him "there was one way left of excelling; for although we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct." By correctness, Walsh meant a perfect and full suggestion of ideas by choice, terse, easily intelligible language. At this aim to present "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed," Pope labored night and day, and soon realized his instructor's advice. Nowhere is his power more evident than in his delineations of artificial social life, its transient manners and "modes" of feeling, and the actual men he found there. "When the poet engraves one of these figures, his compendious imagery, the sur-

prises of his juxtaposition, the sustained and multiplied antitheses, the terse texture of each line, the incessant shock from the play of his eloquence directed and concentrated continually upon one point, from these things the memory receives an impression which it never loses." (Taine.)

In consequence of this gift of stimulating expression, Pope can fascinate us by clever execution, even when dealing with a dull and meaningless subject; but, on the other hand, we can never forget him, his cleverness, or his diction in the thing expressed, and oftentimes we are oppressed by the forced effects, feverish brilliance, and general unrest of his style. All this is in absolute contrast to the clear, pure, calm style of Homer, where word and thought merge into one perfect effect, and which gives "the single, defined, measured idea, as it is, and by itself. That which is chaste chastens; there is a poised energy — a state half thrill, half tranquillity — which pure art gives, which no other can give; a pleasure justified as well as felt; an ennobled satisfaction at what ought to satisfy us, and must ennoble us." (Bagehot.)

3. THE TRANSLATION.

Such being the gifts of this extraordinary man, and such the spirit of his age, let us consider his good and ill success in rendering the chief characteristics of Homer.

Homeric characteristics. — Certain qualities, found conjoined in no other poetry, make the Homeric style as

unique as the Virgilian, Miltonic, Dantesque, or Shaksperean. Arnold mentions four of these qualities: "Homer is rapid in his movement; Homer is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and words; Homer is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought; and, finally, Homer is eminently noble in his manner." Other Homeric characteristics will be considered later [page xxviii]; but these four — swift movement, plain thought, plain expression, and nobleness of manner — will afford ample tests with which to try Pope's translation.

1. *Homer's swiftness of movement.* — "Homeric rapidity has two sources. The first and most essential is the quick movement of the poet's mind. His thoughts are direct; they are ever darting onward; and he does not retard their progress by details of a merely ornamental kind. 'Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles,' says Homer; and in his first verse he has announced his theme. . . . The other cause of Homeric rapidity is a joint result of language and meter. Greek has naturally a lighter and swifter movement than, for instance, Latin; and the Greek hexameter, though its rhythm varies so much in different hands, is always lighter and more rapid than the Latin hexameter." (Jebb.)

Pope's movement. — Although Pope has also a certain rapidity of movement, it is not the smooth, subtly-varied swiftness of Homer, but a jogging and rather monotonous

briskness. He impedes the progress of the action, even in his translation, by introducing reflective phrases, fanciful asides, and lingering appreciation of passages elaborated for their own sakes, to their detriment as humble parts of a swift narrative. His eye is not fixed clearly on the moving objects, but on the thoughts and feelings he lets them suggest. Thus, when Homer says simply: "the people were dying" from a plague sent by Apollo, Pope tells us:

> "Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
> And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead."

This tendency is so strongly marked in every quotation given below from Pope that it needs no further illustration here.

The English heroic couplet. — This difference in movement is quite as strongly indicated in the versification. For the long, smooth, richly-cadenced onward sweep of Homer, with changing pauses in which the verse music hovers and echoes itself, Pope substitutes a brisk forward tripping, with full and dead pauses at set intervals. The "solemn, ever-varied, resounding swell of the billow-like hexameter" is replaced by the English heroic couplet; that is, a pair of rhyming ten-syllabled verses. Each couplet, by reason of the cesural and end pauses, the rhetorical balance of its parts, and the antithesis or consonance of its thoughts, tends to be a unit complete in itself; and this separation from the body of a passage is

intensified by the rhyme. Melody such verse may have, but not harmony; for harmony results from the fusion of multiple and varying parts; and any long passage in heroic couplets breaks itself into separate bits, each much like the others.

In the following fine couplet:

> "True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,"

the two verses balance each other in sound and sense; each verse is divided by its cesural pause into two juxtaposed parts; the word "true" matches with "advantage dressed," as "wit" does with "nature"; and "oft" contrasts with "ne'er" and "thought" with "expressed." Such verse is rapid, clear, and to a degree, melodious; it is compact and pointed; it puts a page of meaning into two lines, and by choice phrases and calculated metrical devices makes a truism as vivid as if a new thing. In short, it is wonderful, but it is as unlike Homer as anything good can be. Each verse of the couplet trips forward to its rhyming end word, like a partner in a simple "square" dance, and is followed by the other verse, like the second partner; and the effect of the rhymes resembles that of the hand-clasp of the dancers. Or, to use another illustration not quite so fair to Pope, the full beat of each couplet is like the long swing, forwards and backwards, of a great pendulum, while a small clock is ticking off, staccato-like, minor intervals of time like those of metrical feet. The result is

a kind of regulated see-saw rhythm, not music of full volume flowing easily forward in changing cadences. Pope's music is (to press the point to unjust extremes) like the tap-tap of a drum, while Homer's has the long, smooth, resonant pulse and gradual sweep of a violin.

Its tame emotional effect. — Another fundamental difference between Pope's versification and that of Homer is based on the difference in emotional and musical effect between the written and the spoken word; that is, between the abstract word apt to be used in writing, and the concrete word apt to be used in daily talk. [Nearly every word of familiar speech, in addition to its direct expression of an intellectual concept, has gathered round itself strong suggestions from real life. Such expressions, for instance, as *home*, *brother*, *old*, *gentle*, *good*, *death*, *laughter*, *grumbling*, *drink and be merry*, *love one another*, *&c.*, have habitually and for ages been associated with the deeper emotions, the most important ideas, and the most vital deeds, and have taken an indefinite but potent coloring from them. Even their sounds and rhythms, which are usually full and strong, as those of the intellectual words are sinuous and subtle, have been formed by the utterance of many generations of speakers, and our memory surrounds them with an atmosphere suggestive of deeds and active living, like that it gathers about certain melodies that we have heard again and again in favorite places and with favorite friends. Images and emotions haunt such words, as they fly from bookish ones; they

have a deeper and more sensuous meaning, as these have a wider and more abstract one. This halo, adumbration, or undertone of the spoken word, hovers about and animates every phrase of Homer. To him, writing, for literary purposes at least, was unknown. In fact, until the very end of the classic period of Greece, a strong protest was felt "against the lifeless symbols of writing, the dead letter as opposed to the quickening and responsive energy of oral intercourse, where each sense and faculty — eye and ear and brain — are acting together in busy cooperation and rivalry, each eliciting, stimulating, and supplementing the other." (Butcher.)]

Pope's diction is as distinctly a bookish and literary one, as Homer's is a natural and spoken one.

Its tame musical effect. — One vital difference between the two styles — that in musical effect — can be easily verified by reading a few verses of Pope and then a stanza from an old English ballad (See page xlix.). The first, like all intellectual and very literary verse, seems enunciated — pronounced with the lips — rather than uttered with the deep, full tones evoked from throat and chest by the ballad music, which sings itself strong and clear. Homer's verse, like that of Shakspere at its best, seems pitched somewhere between the labial utterance of literary poetry and the half chant of the ballads. It has, to use Horace's phrase, a "deep-mouthed music," and one that, disdaining Pope's careful regularity of metre, seems often to move by the sound-volume of each verse rather than by

accurately syllabled divisions and precise feet. Responding, as it were, to the music of the passions, it appears to set the stresses, pauses, and cadences, rather than to conform to those set for it. In such poetry, "the rhythm of some modulating air seems to move them [the words] into their place without a struggle by the poet, and almost without his knowledge."

No known verse equals Homer's in elasticity, variety, and the natural correspondence of sense to sound, or surpasses it in exact adaptation of word to thought and in sustained musicalness. The English hexameter seems utterly incapable of making a near approach to the effects of the Greek. Hawtree's translation of the scene in which Helen, on the walls of Troy, looks on the plain below for her brothers, is as good as any we possess; yet, beautiful as it is, it lacks Homer's strength and range, and his deep cadence and wave-like roll, and it softens his sentiment into an elegiac grace as it sweetens his verse.

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,
Kastor fleet in the car, — Polydeukes brave with the cestus, —
Own dear brethren of mine, — one parent loved us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lakedaimon,
Or, though they came with the rest in the ships that bound through the waters,

Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of Heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?
So said she; — they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There in their own dear land, their Fatherland, Lakedaimon."

2. *Homer's plainness of thought.* — "Agamemnon says in Homer: 'There will be a day when sacred Ilios shall perish.' How does the Elizabethan, Chapman, render this?

'And such a stormy day shall come, in mind, I know,
When sacred Troy shall *shed her tow'rs, for tears of overthrow.*'

The addition of the epithet 'stormy' to the word 'day' might pass; but the thing by which Chapman violates plainness of thought, and is therefore un-Homeric, is in the idea of comparing Troy's towers, as they fall, to tears which Troy sheds at her own ruin. This is not a mere padding-out of the original; it is a new thought, of which the original has nothing: and moreover it is a fantastic thought — a conceit." (Jebb.)

Such phrases are as much of an anachronism to the spirit of the poem as the mention of Dutch cannon or a Spanish galleon would be historically. Pope, though he sins less than Chapman against the clear and natural thoughts of Homer, does so very often, especially in three ways: he obscures them, colors them picturesquely, and distorts them.

a. Plainness of thought violated through Pope's obscurity. — He obscures Homer by introducing trite and irrelevant ideas, as appears in his translation of the opening lines of the

Iliad: "Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son, the ruinous wrath that wrought on the Achaians woes innumerable, and hurled down to Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave their bodies to be a prey to dogs and all winged fowl." In his first verse, Pope ornaments and elaborates a simple thought implied by Homer; he calls Achilles' wrath the "spring" of disasters, and, worse than that, seems to play upon the various meanings of the word. In the second verse, he adds the needless adjective "heavenly," and calls the "Muse" "goddess." The third verse adds the epithet "gloomy," and impairs the visual image suggested by "Hades," by adding the abstract word "reign" (realm). The fourth verse expands the Homeric phrase, "strong souls of heroes" into "mighty chiefs untimely slain." The fifth verse changes and elaborates a graphic picture into trivialness; "limbs" takes the place of body, and the words "unburied" and "naked" are gratuitous and woefully artificial. For the sixth verse, Pope has been praised for an accuracy and concreteness surpassing Homer's. "Vultures," it is said, is more definite than "all winged birds;" and, moreover, every bird is not one of prey. But it is hard to believe that Homer meant more than that the bodies were there, a ready spoil for all birds that cared to prey upon them; and, in any case, since other birds besides vultures do feed upon the dead, Homer's expression is as true as Pope's, and far more wide-reaching in import. Again (to say nothing of Pope's feeble reduplication of idea in the words

"devouring" and "hungry,"), Homer, by the epithet "winged," adds an idea of flight absent in Pope. Finally, concreteness is as often a fault as a virtue. It frequently suppresses the emotional value of words, and makes the style harsh and jarring in effect and strained in idea, as in the prose of Charles Reade and of Taine, or in the verse of Kipling and of Pope himself.

Pope's rendering of the following passage from the eighth book, may well be kept in mind as typical of the extremes to which Pope sometimes carries his elaboration and ornament.

"But these with high hopes sate them all night along the highways of the battle, and their watchfires burned in multitude. Even as when in heaven the stars about the bright moon shine clear to see, when the air is windless, and all the peaks appear and the tall headlands and glades, and from heaven breaketh open the infinite air, and all stars are seen, and the shepherd's heart is glad; even in like multitude between the ships and the streams of Xanthos appeared the watchfires that the Trojans kindled in front of Ilios. A thousand fires burned in the plain, and by the side of each sate fifty in the gleam of blazing fire. And the horses champed white barley and spelt, and standing by their chariots waited for the throned Dawn."

This clear, swift description, full of natural beauty, Pope adapts, rather than translates, into a little masterpiece of fancy, as marvellous as it is artificial in its studied effects:

"The troops exulting sate in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

When Pope "prettifies" a simple, beautiful phrase like "the bright morn, clear to see" by such words as "the moon, refulgent lamp of night," his eye is certainly not on the object he ought to be describing, but on the irrelevant images from city life that object has somehow suggested, and on the balanced and orotund style he wants to

employ. We do not view a scene of nature, but artificial pictures imagined in the presence of nature.

b. Plainness of thought violated through Pope's picturesqueness. — The passage last quoted illustrates, also, Pope's fondness for coloring Homer's purity and clearness with picturesque effects. These are at times strong and impressive, like those of the Dutch painters; but usually they are merely dainty, artificial, and unmeaning, except as ornament, like those of tinted porcelain. This tendency crops out in single phrases on almost every page of Pope's *Iliad;* he is constantly speaking of "bright" arrows, "burning" and "silver" shafts, "shining" thrones, "dusky" air, "sable fumes," "curling spires," "dismal" glarings, "purple" shores, etc. A striking instance appears in the twentieth book of Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*, where rafters red with blood are spoken of as walls rubied round with sanguine drops.

This line from the *Iliad:*

"When multitudes fall dying before man-slaying Hector,"

is supposed to be translated by —

"When *flush'd* with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The *purpled* shore with mountains of the dead."

c. Pope also distorts the ideas and images of Homer by hyperbole. — The verses just quoted exemplify this. A like passage in the first book translates "the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus," by ——

"Where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heav'n and props the clouds."

Then in line 52 of the same book, he interpolates a peculiarly modern idea in the text; he calls Apollo —

"The God who darts around the world his rays."

3. *Homer's plainness of expression weakened by Pope.* — Involved in this lack of plainness in thought is that of plainness in expression.

"Sarpedon is exhorting Glaucus to fight against the Greeks: 'I would not urge thee,' he says, 'if men could live forever. But as it is, since ten thousand fates of death beset us always, — forward! Either we shall give glory to a foeman, or he to us.'

Pope translates: —

'But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease and death's inexorable doom,
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe.'

The last two verses are an expansion of the one Greek word, ἴομεν, — 'forward!' — and how the balanced rhetoric destroys its simple force." (Jebb.)

Periphrasis and alliterative and onomatopoetic effects are common on every page. A single instance will suffice to illustrate all three devices. When Homer says that Apollo "let an arrow fly," Pope translates: "and hissing fly the feathered fates below."

There are no curious and evasive thoughts in Homer, but had there been, they could have been expressed simply. An instance of a curious thought conveyed in a plain style is Lady Macbeth's scornful reply to her husband:

> "When you durst do it, then you were a man;
> And to be more than what you were, you would be so much more the man."

Again Homer's vigorous, dignified language, and especially his image-making epithets, are refined away into feebly conventional or platitudinous expressions like "feathered race" for "birds," "watery tribe" for "fish," and "fleecy care" for "lambs." Pope's *Messiah* exemplifies this false taste at its worst. This poem, which is in part an adaptation of certain prophecies of Isaiah, reads like "a sickly paraphrase, in which all the majesty of the original is dissipated. . . . 'The leopard,' says Isaiah, 'shall lie down with the kid, and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them;' Pope could not leave this exquisite picture undecorated, and with him, 'boys in flowery bands, the tiger lead.'" (Mark Pattison.)

But in spite of these drawbacks, Pope gives one compensation: he permits the reader to read swiftly. Even when his grammar and syntax are wrong, and his expression is too concentrated, elliptical, and involved, his general meaning usually flashes out clear. If he does not give rapidly a full meaning, he does give readily an obvious

one, and in animated verse. In this respect, he is the best of translators. Finally, most of these and his other defects, when his poem is judged as a translation, become real merits when it is viewed as a literary epic of the eighteenth century.

4. Homer's nobleness of manner. — The fourth characteristic of Homer, nobleness of manner, or the grand style, is thus defined by Arnold: "It arises . . . in poetry, when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or severity a serious subject." Milton and Wordsworth exemplify adequately the grand style in its severity, as Homer does perfectly its simplicity.

To use familiar words and simple thoughts, and yet, while avoiding a constrained manner, on the one hand, and a prosaic manner, on the other, to permeate both substance and style with a lofty expressiveness, is a task that has baffled all translators of Homer. Pope violates both Homer's ease and his dignity many times on every page, usually in trying to elevate simple thoughts by expressing them in sounding or glittering rhetoric; whereas Homer elevates his by the direct expressive use he makes of them when he is inspired by a noble intent. The end in him ennobles the means, and he never attracts our attention away from the end by undue emphasis upon the means. With the fewest possible words, and the greatest possible ease, and under the choicest circumstances, he expresses the highest conceptions, and never lets us admire him or his dexterous labors, when we should be delighted and up-

lifted by his meaning. Pope's failure, and the failure of all other Homeric translators, is, in view of these things, not surprising; a grand style is natural and sustained only in a grand character, though it is often achieved temporarily by lesser writers in their grandest moments. A truly great man can make such simple and sincere use of every word and idea, even the plainest, as will inevitably suffuse them with his own highest qualities; and the greater he is, and the more worthy he is of being admired for himself, the more he will make us forget himself, and live in the things he expresses. When deeply stirred, he will somehow put not only himself, but his best self, into the commonest words, as he does into the most trivial acts.

> "Whoever sweeps a room, as by God's laws,
> Makes that and the action fine."

See how Lincoln, in his speech at Gettysburg in 1863, adopting ideas that stump-speakers had repeated feebly over and over, and words that nearly every petty journalist uses daily, made both ideas and words worthy of the heroic battle-field, by expressing through them heartfelt gratitude, aspiration, and high resolve. On a previous occasion, Lincoln, by the same magic of a noble nature, transmuted strained and fanciful sentiments into deep, poetic utterance, and replaced a specious diction by homely words that touch our best emotions. Mr. Seward, his secretary of state, had suggested this passage as a fitting close for Lincoln's first inaugural address:

"I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords, which, proceeding from so many battle-fields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian spirit of the nation."

Lincoln carefully adapted the passage thus:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our natures."

This manner impossible to Pope. Such instances prove that a great style cannot be taught, any more than can a great character; that such a style does not flow merely from the fingers, but that it is as mysterious as the life it expresses. We have only to turn to a description of Pope's personality, to realize that such a pitch of grandeur as Homer's was impossible to him, and that he must have been wonderfully talented to simulate so well something that passed among his contemporaries for Homer's vitality and nobleness. This much he was able to do, because his style had always a lively intellectual suggestiveness and artificial rhetorical dignity; though seldom really noble,

it was never commonplace or ignoble. And, as we should expect from Pope's combativeness and power to hate, on the one hand, and his ready affectionateness on the other, we find that, in picturing debates or in describing certain obvious emotions, he often rises far above mere declamation and spurious feeling; although he never, perhaps, attains true imaginative intensity and sincerity. The quarrels of the Homeric heroes, their laments, and outbursts of sentiment, are, therefore, especially well presented. To do full justice to Pope's concentrated bitterness of feeling and, incidentally, to his subtle appreciation of eighteenth century manners, we should dwell upon his vivid, satiric portraits of some of his contemporaries, and upon his miniatures, bright as those seen from the wrong end of an opera-glass, of a be-wigged and be-powdered society, glorying in its gay lace coats, silk stockings, and red-heeled shoes, as well as in its decorous badinage. And the following exquisite passage from the *Unfortunate Lady*, shows how close an approach he can make to real pathos, without quite achieving it in deepest sincerity:

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show? . . .
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast."

Provisional summary. Pope thus replaces Homer's smooth swiftness by a jolting briskness; his plainness of thought, by obviousness of general meaning; his plainness of expression, by a concentrated and striking diction; and his nobility of manner by a spirited, if artificial, one.

Other Homeric features in Pope's translation. The effect of Pope's translation is heightened by other Homeric elements: the main outline of the story of the *Iliad*, the chief traits of its characters, and a general suggestion of its ideal subject-matter. Since Pope could not invent a natural plot, or create animated character, or think or feel profoundly, he appears to great advantage in his *Iliad*, where all the elements that he lacked are furnished him.

Additions characteristic of Pope. To the adaptation of the general substance of Homer to his own use, and to the substitution of certain qualities of his own style for corresponding ones of Homer, Pope adds many other of his rare qualities, — his delightful wit, sparkling fancy, incisive epigram, pleasing balance of both sense and sound, and certain technical devices in verse in which he has never been surpassed.

Final estimate. The result, taken just as it stands, apart from all reference to Homer, is one of the best poems in the English language. The opinion of Bentley, the great classical scholar, who was contemporary with Pope, still remains the truest ever given: "A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but not Homer." If, by "a pretty poem," Bentley meant a literary epic of superb ingenuity, bril-

liant fancy, brisk movement, and pleasing sentiment, he is more just than most subsequent critics; for he realized that Pope's *Iliad* is virtually not a translation, but a new thing, to be judged by its own standards. Pope, like Chapman, has retold in his own manner and in that of his age the story of Achilles and of Troy.

Returning to our illustration of the actor, we may say that Pope, in assaying the character of Homer, has rendered another and far different one. He has caught a very specious likeness to the original, and added splendid, if artificial, qualities of his own. The result is not a Homer in the high-heeled shoes, laced velvet coat, and flowing periwig of the eighteenth century, as has crudely been said, but a new being so unlike Homer as to suggest little resemblance. This character, though immeasurably inferior to Homer, is always true to itself, and always animated. Its very manners, however artificial, are a part of it, just as a society man's have become an instinctive part of him. The actor has signally failed to impersonate Homer; but he has given us a conception, which, though astonishingly untrue, is yet fascinating and living.

II. HOMER'S ILIAD.

INTRODUCTION.

Centuries before the year 1000 B.C., when Egypt had already begun to decline, a vigorous Aryan people invaded Greece, and conquered the half-barbaric peoples already

there. The invaders, who had no common racial name, but called themselves Achaeans, Argives, or Danaans, after their principal tribes or settlements, were in their turn subdued by a race of kindred blood, the Dorians; but not until long after these tribes had developed a civilization that, in spite of its primitiveness, gave birth to our best two epic poems — the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Definition of epic poetry. An epic poem is (1) a narrative of considerable length, which has (2) an elaborate plot, and expresses (3) a grand, stirring theme (4) in a peculiarly dignified verse, called heroic verse. This definition includes such poems as the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, and the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. [But these last are now called Literary Epics in contradistinction to poems like the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which are called Natural Epics. The difference between the two kinds has been well stated by Professors Kittredge and Greenough.

"Properly speaking . . . an epic consists of a body of immemorial tradition which has taken form in the minds and language of a people; and which, while the traditions were yet living and believed in, has been worked up in a single poem, or group of poems, whose antiquity and national character have made them, in some sense, sacred books. This is what the poems of Homer were to the Greeks, the Mahabharata and Ramayana to the Hindoos, and the Niebelungen to the Germans. Such epics usually contain some element of the supernatural. The gods may intervene to thwart or assist

the hero, or may otherwise take a share or manifest an interest in the action. Such divine actors are technically called the *machines* (or, collectively, the *machinery*) of the poem. . . . The *Æneid* is an epic in a very different sense. . . . Though it has the foundation of traditions and all the divine machinery of the true epic, yet the traditions are no longer living; the divine machinery is no longer a matter of belief. The traditions are dug up by antiquarian research. The machinery is manufactured, as it were, in a modern workshop. Many of the incidents are labored invention, while the whole is written with a definite purpose as a work of art."

That is, in the natural epic, myths of a religious character, and heroic tales accepted as more or less true by ages of tradition, seem to have been the raw material for the poet or poets to draw upon.

The natural epic has, in consequence, a spontaneity and life-likeness impossible to the invented plot and adopted myths of the literary epic.]

The Homeric question. How far the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are based on such traditional material, and how far they are the works of conscious art, is now a fiercely debated question. Until the end of the seventeenth century, however, few critics had seriously doubted that a poet named Homer had once lived, and had really composed the poems attributed to him. Pope, for instance, speaks of Homer as the author of the *Iliad* with quite as much assurance as we do of Shakspere as the author of *Lear*. But by the beginning of the present century, a great change in opinion had

taken place. Was there a Homer? Did one author, or many authors, compose the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*? Or was each poem wholly a folk-epic, gradually composed through centuries of time, and handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition? Had the *Iliad* an organic unity, or was it merely a loose compilation of many legends, romances, or ballads, relating to a real or supposed Trojan war? These and many similar questions were, and still are, discussed with so much violence, that Mr. Perry says the Trojan war is not yet ended.

Value of its literary results. As our task is not to inquire by whom or how the *Iliad* was composed, but to learn what that epic, taken just as it stands, expresses for us as a work of the imagination, we shall have little to do with the battle of the critics. Nevertheless, the controversy, though still undecided in many features, has confirmed certain views which are very helpful to our direct literary appreciation. These are, first, that the composer or composers of the *Iliad* worked with a singularly powerful and unifying imagination; second, that the style of such composer or composers is in some qualities (though by no means in all) like that of our best old traditional ballads, especially the heroic ballads; and third, that the emotions expressed are of a peculiarly direct and impassioned kind.

I. UNITY OF THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THE ILIAD.

To the unity of the main plot in the *Iliad* — the plot outlined in the following admirable summary — little objection has ever been made. The parts not only cohere, but are indispensable to each other; the whole is well proportioned, and the action moves forward swiftly — perhaps too swiftly.

"A hero (Achilles) injured by his general (Agamemnon), and animated with a noble resentment, retires to his tent, and for a season withdraws himself and his troops from the war. During this interval victory abandons the army which for nine years has been occupied in a great enterprise, upon the successful termination of which the honor of their country depends. The general, at length opening his eyes to the fault which he had committed, deputes the principal officers of his army to the incensed hero, with commission to make compensation for the injury, and to tender magnificent presents. The hero, according to the proud obstinacy of his character, persists in his animosity; the army is again defeated, and is on the verge of entire destruction. This inexorable man has a friend; this friend weeps before him, and asks for the hero's arms, and for permission to go to the war in his stead. The eloquence of friendship prevails more than the intercession of the ambassadors or the gifts of the general. He lends his armor to his friend, but commands him not to engage with the chief of the enemy's army,

because he reserves to himself the honor of that combat, and because he also fears for his friend's life. The prohibition is forgotten; the friend listens to nothing but his courage; his corpse is brought back to the hero, and the hero's arms become the prize of the conqueror. Then the hero, given up to the most lively despair, prepares to fight; he receives from a divinity new armor; is reconciled with his general; and, thirsting for glory and revenge, enacts prodigies of valor; recovers the victory; slays the enemy's chief; honors his friend with superb funeral rites; and exercises a cruel vengeance on the body of his destroyer; but finally, appeased by the tears and prayers of the father of the slain warrior, restores to the old man the corpse of his son, which he buries with due solemnities." — COLERIDGE'S *Adaptation of Bitaube's Summary*.

1. *The episodes.* Between the time of the withdrawal of Achilles and of the embassy to him, and again between the time of the embassy and of Patroclus's death, certain episodes, or incidental narratives, intervene, which apparently glorify other heroes than the chief one. These episodes, many writers contend, interrupt and mar the main story. The substance of the whole story, episodes and all, has been concisely stated by Professor Jebb (see p. 129).

The reply to the objection against the episodes is threefold: first, the plot demands most of them; second, they give a needed variety to the poem; and third, they add to the massiveness of its general effect.

The episodes complete the plot. To give occasion for the embassy and for Achilles' reappearance on the field, the poem has to reveal the Achaean army twice in deep distress. In the episodes, the Achaean chiefs, one by one, or by groups, in a sort of grand pageant of war, show superhuman valor and perform superhuman deeds, but all without avail. The Trojans gradually beat them back, until at last they are forced to take refuge behind their ships at the very margin of the sea. Again and again, sometimes in the bitter complaints of the chiefs themselves, the sullen withdrawal of Achilles is held to be the cause of these gathering disasters.

This kind of unity often appears in matter-of-fact works. Thus in Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln: a History*, many whole chapters scarcely mention Lincoln's name, but deal with persons and events relating to him only indirectly, though necessary to our knowledge of his age, and to his effect on that age. But if at intervals we lose sight of the gaunt figure and the grave, honest, kindly face, we can never forget them; we feel Lincoln's importance through his very absence, as we might that of a great statesman who should temporarily leave a room crowded with anxious public men, to decide alone some critical national question.

In a similar manner, the *Iliad* nearly always keeps us aware of Achilles through the results of his withdrawal. No matter how rounded and complete each episode may appear, and no matter how marvellous the exploits of

Diomed, Ajax, Ulysses, or Agamemnon may be, the reader is made to realize that had Achilles been in the field, the issue would have been far more decisively in favor of the Achaeans. When at last, just after a short and ominous lull in the war, he reappears, shouting at the dike or blazing in full panoply along the river-plain, much of the sublime effect is due to the contrast between his success and the ruinous failure of the others. His splendid career of victory is set in strong relief by their disasters.

The episodes add variety and massiveness of effect. Moreover, had the *Iliad* dealt only with the fortunes of Achilles, the story would have been too direct, monotonous, and bald; it would have lacked the intense interest aroused by contrasted and varied scenes and by dramatic suspense. As it is, we feel all the grim vastness of the war, its tumultuousness, its desperate struggle and strain, and the alternating exultation and despair of both armies. Even Books VI. and X., which are incorporated with the main action perhaps less successfully than the others, can hardly be dispensed with; they carry us within the lines of the enemy, and reveal the effect of the war there, — the effect not so much upon a whole people, as upon the personal fate of single heroes and upon that of their wives and children. Without such episodes the *Iliad* would lack its scenes of tenderest feeling. It has been well said of the minor writers of fiction that the fortunes of their heroes do not materially affect any one but themselves;

whereas the fortunes, for instance, of Scott's heroes involve those of a whole class, party, or nation. In a manner superior even to Scott's, the Homeric episodes enlarge the theatre of Achilles' action. His character thereby becomes so momentous as to seem almost colossal; his every deed affects both his own fate and the fates of two peoples. Hence the epic is rightly named the *Iliad* — poem about Ilium, — and not the *Achilliad*, — poem about Achilles.

2. *The character of Achilles: its ideality.* The essential characteristic of the hero whose personality dominates nearly all parts of the *Iliad* is ideality.

His outward form is ideal, — intensely suggestive of physical power and beauty. Throughout the poem, the epithets "golden-haired," "fleet-footed," "mighty," and "noble" are applied to him, not exclusively, but with peculiar appositeness and frequency. He is unquestionably the fleetest, bravest, and best warrior in the allied forces. As his warlike equipment must be in keeping with his character, and express that character, his troops, the Myrmidons, are the most fierce and daring in the army; his chariot-horses, Xanthos and Balios, are immortal; and his very arms, made by the god Hephaestos, transcend those of other heroes in efficacy and splendor. When Patroclus donned his comrade's armor to go forth to battle, "he took not the spear of the noble son of Aiakos (Achilles), heavy and huge and stalwart, that none other of the Achaians could wield, but Achilles alone

availed to wield it." Clad in these arms, Achilles confronts Hector; he

" Was fierce and mighty, his shield cast a sunlike radiance,
Helm nodded, and his four plumes shook, and when he raised his lance,
Up Hesperos rose among the evening stars."

CHAPMAN.

But his prowess is independent of arms. Tennyson's graphic, though somewhat over-picturesque translation of " Achilles over the Trench," shows how the unspeakably beautiful and the terrific coalesce in the Homeric hero. The dead body of Patroclus, Achilles' dearest friend, is being dragged to the Trojan lines to be dishonored; the Achaeans, exhausted and despairing, are giving way, when Achilles, unarmed, appears upon the trench. He shouts; and as he shouts, Pallas flashes a nimbus of golden fire around his head.

" And when the brazen cry of Æakides
Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts
Were troubled, and the full-maned horses whirl'd
The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unweariable fire
That always o'er the great Peleion's head
Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.
Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest died
Among their spears and chariots."

His temperament rivals his physical traits. He is a man of profound though not uncontrolled passions. So terrific and tragic, and yet so open and noble, is his wrath that it is made the heroic theme of the poem. Notable, and in the main just, as his anger is, it fades before the spell of his love for a dead comrade. That love causes him to be reconciled with his bitterest enemy, to sacrifice his own life, and to become for a brief time the most inexorably stern figure in literature. Then at the very end, the fierceness and excess of his avenging love is tempered by the still nobler emotion of compassion for an aged king — the father of the foe who slew Patroclus. Though hard-won, Achilles' victory over himself and over the violence of even his better passions is at last complete; and "there is a noble contrast between the strain" put upon him in this spiritual struggle, "and the masterful ease with which he prostrates every enemy."

His moral courage. He has more than the brilliancy of the warrior; more, too, than tempestuous passions; he is also an intrepid champion of the public good, with a burning zeal against high-handed oppression, chivalrous compassion, and such an absolute obedience to the gods that he conquers his fiercest impulses, even when he mistrusts his own power to check them. (Adapted from Jebb.) His fortitude in assuming the whole responsibility of the allies' complaint against Agamemnon, and his quick response to Athena's command to control himself, are, taken together, typical instances of all these traits, but especially

of his submission to duty and the gods. Truth he reveres in the same intense way: "Hateful to me even as the gates of Hell," he says, "is he that hideth one thing in his heart and uttereth another." Respect for his oath will not permit him to succor the Achaean army in its peril. His reply to the pleading Patroclus is, "No man may be angry of heart forever, yet truly I said I would not cease from mine oath until to mine own ships should come the war-cry and the battle." But he does all that he can do, and yet keep his oath inviolate. Though he must not venture forth himself, he sends his war-loving Myrmidons under the leadership of his fated comrade.

His social graces round and perfect the strong main outlines of his character. He is, for instance, a lover of music and of the arts of peace, and "a speaker of words" as well as "a doer of deeds." In his oratory are combined "the most fiery passion," "the keenest sarcasm," and "the utmost force of argument." (Jebb.) "I cannot think Achilles," says Gladstone, "in any way inferior to Demosthenes." Finally, his courtesy is gentle, tactful, sincere, notably to Priam and to Phoenix and the other members of the embassy from Agamemnon. When one of them, Ajax, churlishly calls him stubborn, manslaying, merciless, Achilles replies with a superb sweetness and dignity.

His friends, etc. So far we have had an ideal picture of the man by his appearance, dress, words, and acts. But, with supreme art, the *Iliad* ennobles his character in another and surer way: by the kind of parents and friends

he has, and by the regard in which others — even the gods — hold him. No man has a better mother, better comrades, or inspires or gives so great an affection.

Again, his tragic situation, and his sad but resolute acceptance of it, idealize him. "From the first we breathe the fresh, dark air of tragic passion and presage; and to the last the changing wind and flying sunlight are in keeping with the stormy promise of the dawn." (Swinburne.)

Achilles' early death is the burden of the *Iliad*. From his mother he had learned that he could choose between two fates, — between a long life without fame, and a swift-coming but glorious death. The spirit of his choice is summed up in one line:

"When I am dead, I shall lie low; let me now win high renown."

Yet again and again, and especially in the great scene when Priam comes to his tent at night, "he rises above [mere] . . . personal sorrow to the height of human pity, and draws a picture, never yet surpassed, of human destiny; of the 'lot the gods have spun for miserable men.'" (S. H. Butcher.) Not only does his fate, swift, sure, and tragic, result from his own acts of self-sacrifice, but his bearing, particularly at the last, is so kindly, dignified, and noble, that our sympathy, imbued with awe, goes out to him in full tide. He is worthy of the famous simile Æschylus applies to him — an eagle stricken to death by an arrow fledged with his own feather.

Summary. Achilles' character thus appears as a consummate fusion of all those elements the Achaeans believed most perfect. He is also the outcome of the Greek instinct for proportion and measure. Even his melancholy results, like that of the later Greeks, from a manly recognition of the limits set to human effort and the human lot. That his many-sided character, grand and intense in all its manifestations, is not perfect, is due to the fact that he is mortal (though even the gods had defects), and to the faults in the Greek ideal. His violence and excess were regarded less in their true nature, than as mighty forces under strong control. Indeed, his self-command seems marvellous even to us; "though always in danger it is never lost." Much as his occasional ferocity shocks and hurts us, we feel that it could have been checked had Achilles thought it wrong, instead of believing it more than just — exacted by his duty to the dead. Whatever his acts are, his animating motives seem to be the result of his sense of right; or, at least, of his overmastering love; and, at his worst, he reminds us rather of the barbarous, but stalwart and wholesome Teutons of a later time, than of the civilized but decadent peoples they conquered.

When his friend perishes, we see Achilles —

"rise in his noontide wrath, before which no life could stand. The frenzy of his grief makes him for a time cruel and implacable. He sweeps the field of battle like a monsoon. His revenge descends perfect, sudden, like a curse from heaven.

We now recognize the goddess-born. This is his avatar — the incarnate descent of his wrath. Had he moved to battle under the ordinary impulses of Ajax, Diomed, and the other heroes, we never could have sympathized or gone along with so withering a course. We should have viewed him as 'a scourge of God,' or fiend, born for the tears of wives and the maledictions of mothers. But the poet, before he would let him loose upon men, creates for him a sufficient, or at least palliating, motive. In the sternest of his acts we read only the anguish of his grief. This is surely the perfection of art." — DEQUINCEY.

"In Achilles, Homer summed up and fixed forever the ideal of the Greek character. He presented an imperishable picture of their national youthfulness, and of their ardent genius to the Greeks. The 'beautiful human heroism' of Achilles, his strong personality, his fierce passions controlled and tempered by divine wisdom, his intense friendship, and love that passed the love of women, above all, the splendor of his youthful life in death made perfect, hovered like a dream above the imagination of the Greeks, and insensibly determined their later development." — SYMONDS.

II. UNITY OF STYLE.

Characteristics of Homer's style. Quite as remarkable as the unity of plot is the unity of style, shown especially in the continuous presence of the four characteristics designated by Arnold: swift movement, plain thought, plain expression, and nobleness of manner (see page xi.). Arnold does not, however, indicate sufficiently two other characteristics of Homer, partly implied, perhaps, in these

four: the dramatic power and the sensuousness of Homer's style.

1. *Dramatic power.* Homer's movement is more than swift: it is also dramatic, revealing character and plot through natural incident. The story is advanced by a progressive series of scenes, in which the chief personages speak and act in a way so characteristic of themselves as indirectly to reveal their own natures. Since, moreover, each scene is grouped with a simple sculpturesque dignity, and develops, swiftly and directly, some dramatic 'moment' of the story, the appeal to our visual imagination and sympathies is at times so strong, that the incidents hardly appear to be narrated at all, but to be really enacted as in an actual drama. Of such scenes the first book is full.

2. *Homer's sensuousness.* A kindred element in the Homeric style is the peculiar charm it exercises over the senses. Though the final appeal is to the mind, it is through delight of the eye and the ear. To the imagination, the Homeric scenes appear almost as life-like as those of nature, but are more impressive, more clear-cut, and have an added lightness, brightness, or radiance. If, in most poetry — especially romantic poetry — the scenes appear to be bathed in a splendor not their own (as though they or their spectator were under a kind of enchantment), this is hardly true of Homeric poetry; there the delight-giving elements seem to belong to the scenes themselves, as their natural and abiding characteristics. No other

poetry, in consequence, except folk-poetry, is so natural and objective in its pictures — that is, with the appearance of existing in the outer world.

Homer's impersonalism. This effect is due in part to the poet's suppression of himself. "The harmonious laws of his mind," says Gladstone, "are everywhere visibly at work, but the *ego* — the mere personality — is nowhere to be traced." Imagine a house so well built that it made the spectator call it a substantial, commodious, beautiful dwelling, without suggesting one thought about the architect or his whims and mannerisms — the *Iliad* is like that house, and its author was like the architect.

[*Lack of figurativeness.* Moreover, Homeric scenes, like those of the best ballads, hardly appear to be figurative; that is, expressive of something over and above themselves as real outward scenes. Because of their direct life-likeness, they seem "really real," not fictitious; and impress us to some degree as do momentous scenes of history, like the Defence of Thermopylæ or the defeat of the Spanish Armada. No wonder, then, that the later Greeks regarded the Homeric poems as more or less authentic history.

This figurativeness must be carefully distinguished from impersonalism, or self-suppression. The following passage from Dante's *Inferno* will show that a poet, though wholly impersonal, may yet be strongly figurative:

"And the loathsome image of fraud came onward, and landed his head and his body, but drew not his tail upon

the bank. His face was the face of a just man (so benignant was its skin outwardly), and of a serpent all the trunk beside; he had two paws, hairy to the armpits; his back and breast and both his sides were painted with nooses and circles. . . . As sometimes boats lie on the shore so that they are partly in water and partly on the ground . . . so lay that worst of beasts upon the rim that closes in the sand with stone. In the void all his tail was quivering, twisting upwards its venomous fork, which, like a scorpion's, armed the point." (Norton's translation.)

Through this description of Geryon, an abstract or symbolic meaning, somewhat like that which underlies an allegory, is almost as manifest as the character himself; he is, as Dante says, a "type or image of Fraud" as well as Geryon.

The impression Homer gives of first-hand, external reality is stronger than this. Like Dante, he does not obtrude himself as an interpreter of his scenes; unlike Dante, he does not let even his scenes appear to be interpretations, but makes us find significances in them for ourselves, as when we realize that a friend, whom we care for simply for his own sake, is also a type of honor or courage. Such scenes do not take on a figurative meaning — do not seem typical — until we think twice, and then the typicalness seems more of a consequence than a first impression. Even the Homeric grotesques do not seem to be, at least at a first glance, personifications of any kind. They appear to be 'just themselves'; that is, as solidly objective

in their grand way as dwarfs, giants, clowns, and elephants are, in a small way, to children; or as the horse was to the Polynesians when, years ago, they called it a 'big pig,' and were half-scared, half-delighted by its 'funniness.' They are primarily matter-of-fact monsters, seen 'out yonder' in the white light of every day, as though "Something like apes that mow and chatter," were revealed to us on a colossal scale, as they roam about in a planetary forest.

All this does not mean that the Homeric scenes and characters are not typical (they are as profoundly so as Dante's), but simply that the expression of the typicalness is indirect, perhaps unconscious. We are interested in them first and foremost because they seem to be real objects and real persons. Though not at once apparent, however, our perception that universal types are imaged in individual things, comes as inevitably as it does when we reflect upon the most characteristic men and things of actual life.

The objective reality of Homer's world is also increased by the remarkable absence of all abstract, speculative, or metaphysical ideas. Even subjective imagery, or imagery founded on sensation and thought, is rare, and of the simplest and most familiar kind — from dreams, the quickness of thinking, and the like.]

Homeric epithets. So thorough is the Homeric appeal to the eye, that nearly every verse, and, indeed, nearly every phrase, tends to present to the imagination an emotion-

stirring picture. So vivid is this appeal, even in the epithets, that Gladstone says, they "stand in place of description." Such phrases as "man-slaying hands," "unfruitful sea," and "wide-streeted city," are as full of visual imagination as these from the old English ballads, — "ship that sails the sea," "white banes when they are bare," "were-wolf in the wood." Their cut-and-thrust directness, and naturalness of effect, are far greater than they are in the figurative language of similes and metaphors.

Sustained similes. Even the sustained similes of Homer surpass those of all other poetry in directness of imagery. They are very simple, being rather sustained descriptions or pictures, with one passing flash of likeness to something else, than true sustained similes. "When Homer compares A to B, he will often add details concerning B which have no bearing on the comparison. For instance, when the sea-god, Poseidon, soars into the air, — he is compared to a hawk, —

> 'That from a beetling brow of rock
> Launched in mid-air forth dashes *to pursue*
> *Some lesser bird along the plain below.*'

but Poseidon is not pursuing any one; the point of similitude is solely in the speed through the air." — JEBB.

Auditory effect of verse. Merged or fused with this appeal to the eye is the appeal to the ear through the varied and vital cadences of the Homeric verse, whereby sense and sound seem one. But on this point see page xv.

All these qualities make the highly ideal in the *Iliad* appeal to us with a convincing natural effect. The style of the poem is a medium of revelation as pellucid and unnoticed by us as is the clear glass of a window opening upon a fascinating scene. With practically no subjective shading, or coloring, or romantic dream-atmosphere (as even the *Odyssey* has), the heroic scenes of the *Iliad* stand out sharp and full, much as real things do in clear sunshine. The glamor and the glory of such scenes do not seem to result from enchantment, or from our peculiar mood or point of view, but to be part of the outward facts, and therefore capable of being perceived by any normal, wide-awake man.

Homeric style and the ballad style. So much has been said in recent years of the likeness and unlikeness between the style of Homer and that of the very best old traditional ballads, that it will be well to sum up here the results of that discussion, though we must never forget this fundamental distinction, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are complete epics, whereas the ballads are only isolated short poems. The ballad style, like the Homeric, has swiftness of movement, plainness of ideas, plainness of expression, dramatic vigor, and sensuous objectivity; but is less flexible in versification, less varied both in thought and in feeling, less mature and more emotional in the conception of life it expresses, and hence, less noble in its manner. Nobility of manner, however, though more crude than in Homer, is nevertheless present, and resembles that of

Homer, as a boy's ideals resemble those of his manhood. No matter how superior any passage from the *Iliad* may be to a ballad like *Sir Patrick Spence*, in range of ideas and emotions, in delicacy of insight, and in natural grace and modulation of verse-music, it is impossible for any poetry to surpass its half-epic, half-dramatic swiftness, or its simplicity and sensuous vividness, or a certain childlike nobility that is of its very essence. The ballad style, then, although it has many qualities similar to those of the Homeric style, is much more primitive, both in form and in substance.

III. THE EMOTIONS OF THE ILIAD.

Our realization of the vitality of the Homeric style is increased when we appreciate the nature of the emotions expressed by the poem. [These emotions are not, like those of most of our novels, either of sentiment or sentimentality. "Sentiment," says Lowell, "is intellectualized emotion; emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals of fancy — emotion ripened by a slow ferment of the mind. . . . But the sentimentalist insists on taking his emotions neat." That is, the man of sentiment both weakens and refines his emotions by suffusing them with fancies and thoughts; and the sentimentalist has a keen enjoyment of the factitious excess of his emotions. Obviously, the emotions expressed in the *Iliad* are too strong and natural in character to be thus defined; they are more like those expressed in the ballads spoken of above, which are so sur-

charged with natural feeling as almost to drown thought, and become laws unto themselves. Not that the ballad-emotions are irresponsible or unhealthy; any true man still experiences them in crises, when he is profoundly affected by actual good or bad fortune of himself or of others. Such emotions are caused by outward circumstances, not inward analysis or speculation, and are so overmastering in their pain or pleasure as to preclude all æsthetic dippings-in, or much rational balancing of pros and cons. They are downright emotions, like joy, grief, hate, fear, love, anger, and the like. Incipient, or in full glow, they are primarily unreflective, unæsthetic, simple, genuine, human, common to all men of blood and brain — in other words, elementary or universal feelings.

Now, although the emotions of the *Iliad* are far more refined, complex, and rational than the impetuous passions of the ballads, they are like them in intensity and in truth to human nature — but to a more highly developed type of human nature.] If sentiment and sentimentality appear at times, especially in the episodical books, yet even in such passages there is always something so genuinely impassioned that we may safely call the *Iliad* a direct expression of the first feelings of man: it is based on "the love of children, wife, and country; on the passion which outweighs all others, the love of glory." (Buckley.)

SUMMARY.

The *Iliad* in its story, its style, and its emotions, shows a striking, if not an absolute, unity. Whether the unity results from the genius of a single creator, or from that of a whole line of poets, or from that of an individual poet working over old traditional material, makes no particular difference. Though the poem may, perhaps, be a communal work, it has, nevertheless, a dignity as great as that which the very greatest artist could possibly give; its unity is then like that of the superb Gothic cathedrals, erected by many different architects, and through several generations. Or, to use an illustration quite as intelligible, the unity is like that of our own Constitution, in which the body of the text was drafted from the ideas of many men, and to which successive generations have added amendments. This kind of unity may not be so mechanically rigid down to the very last letter as that of self-conscious art, but it makes up in scope and vitality — in essential spirit. If it robs us of the petty idiosyncrasies of particular men, it enriches us with the best traits of a race. For, if in the cathedral, say, of Amiens, the parts built during various decades can easily be detected by minor differences in the materials and style; the distinctive laws of Gothic are all and everywhere obeyed with rare spontaneity; everywhere complexity is blended with orderliness, "liberty with self-restraint, audacity with prudence, science with emotion." And if,

in our Constitution, the language and ideas of the amendments may vary somewhat from those of the body of the text, yet every part is animated by the spirit of political equality and social liberty.

We may, therefore, abandon ourselves, without critical compunctions, to the noble tale of the *Iliad*. "Let us, at least, learn to say with Emerson, —

> 'Beauty into my senses stole,
> I yielded myself to the perfect whole.'

Even Wolf, the first great assailant of the single authorship of the *Iliad*, relates how he became indignant at his own doubts, as often as he gave himself up to the golden spell of the epic story, that sweeps on like a majestic river moving resistless to the sea" — W. C. LAWTON.

III. THE HOMERIC WORLD.

A brief consideration of the kind of country in which the Achæans lived, and of the influence it must have had upon their character, will aid our study of Homeric life.

The land. — Though small, the peninsula of Greece has a variety in climate and topography, and in its flora and fauna, that makes it one of the most favored regions in the world. Its coast-line, crumpled and indented by bays, inlets, and harbors, is of enormous length, and, con-

sequently, favorable to a hardy, sea-faring life. Within this border, lies a land of hills and mountains separated by varied streams. The climate, though in the main tropical, is cooled by sea- and mountain-breezes into a pleasant likeness of a temperate one. High hills and low pasture lands, snow and sunshine, the northern pine and the southern palm, wheat and the olive, the lemon and the vine — all appear in a sort of orderly confusion in any true picture of this wonderful little peninsula. Enclosing all is the sea, dotted eastward and southward by a multitude of small islands, "pleasant alike in their solitude and their society," which keep the mariner ever in sight of land, and prevent his feeling the desolation and dread of a barren ocean. Bathing land and sea is a mild atmosphere that at once softens and vivifies all colors, and sharpens all outlines with a magic that startles the traveller from our heavy northern climate, and justifies Euripides' description of the Athenians as —

> "Ever delicately marching
> Through most pellucid air."

Its influence on its inhabitants. — Although none of the natural features are so huge or so dangerous as to overawe the mind, or to do more than stimulate human effort, they formed for long ages a stubborn barrier for each Grecian state against invasion from both foreigners and neighbors. Early Greece, therefore, fostered as many diversities of secluded and self-supporting peoples as there

were diversities in natural conditions. No wonder that in such an inspiring environment, the Greeks became an impressionable, bold, energetic, healthy race, fond of the open air, of variety, and of clear-cut visions, whether of the eye or imagination, and with a profound love of freedom tempered by order.

The early Greeks. — Not until long after the Dorians (a hardy people from the mountains of Thrace) came to this favored region, did the Greeks receive the national name of Hellenes, or did their authentic history emerge from a mass of legends and myths. It was still later, when the Hellenic character showed itself in its marvellous fulness, vigor, and complexity. Any picture of the Homeric or legendary age must, therefore, be somewhat vague, and must also differ considerably from that of the historical period. Too much, nevertheless, has usually been said of these differences, and too little of the fundamental likeness between the two ages. However separated by time, and however differently composed as to tribes, we must never forget that the Homeric and post-Homeric peoples are of the same race; that both are Greek, just as the England before the Norman conquest, and the England of to-day, are both essentially Anglo-Saxon.

Basis of fact in the Homeric poems. — What life in the Homeric times was like, we can surmise with fulness only from the poems themselves. But we must be on our guard. Like all our best art, they are heightened and

glorified pictures of things as the poetic imagination desired to see them, rather than of things seen literally; pictures of ideals rather than of fact. Scholars agree, however, that the civilization revealed in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is too vivid and complete not to have been inspired by real life. This conclusion has been rendered more than probable by the recent researches of historians and archæologists, and by the excavations of Schliemann and others in Greece and Asia Minor. But however great or small the basis of fact in the poems, they certainly express, in spirit at least, how the Homeric peoples thought and acted. We may rest fairly content, then, with seeing the Homeric world with Homeric eyes; that is, through the medium of the poems.

Some Homeric ideas about the world, and some forms of Homeric society, are so different from our own, that the reader will be helped by the following summary.

Homeric geography. — The earth was conceived of as a huge disk, its surface crumpled by mountains and valleys, and its borders washed by the tides of Oceanus, a great, rapid-flowing river. Only a single region, the central one, which included the countries around the Ægean, was well known. All beyond was a region of mystery and fable, resembling the wonderland of our fairy tales, where the traveller encountered strange natural conditions and still stranger men and manners. In one region of this twilight land of the imagination were the Lotus Eaters, the taste of whose honeyed flowers made Odysseus' men long to remain,

forgetful of home and friends. Near by were the Cyclops, one-eyed, man-eating giants. Elsewhere were the Sirens, marvellous enchantresses, who lured mariners to death with sweet songs. And far off, in some region to the west, was the dread descent to the realm of Hades, the abode of the spectral dead. Within the known region, and on the west side of the Hellespont, lay the Achæan land, including most of the Peloponnesus; and, on the other side of the Hellespont, along the west border of Asia Minor, was Troy and its neighboring states.

Achæans vs. Trojans. — The Trojans are less disciplined, masculine, and moral than their foes; and their religion is less vital and more ceremonious, showing traces of Asiatic influences, especially in a tendency to nature-worship. The war waged between these slightly effeminate Trojans and the more virile Achæans, seems a forerunner of the stubborn conflict later, in which Asiatic civilization was for long ages pitted against European, and which is not yet wholly ended.

The Achæan state. — Diversities of character led to diversity of institutions; but as the differences are not decided enough to require detailed study, we may assume that a guarded description of an Achæan state will approximate in most respects to a description of a Trojan one. The best way, perhaps, to define the government of an Achæan state, is to call it a loose or limited monarchy, sanctioned by tradition and religion, and possessing marked aristocratic and some democratic elements.

The king. — In each state a class of nobles, or lords, of different ranks, ruled over the common people, and were in their turn subject to the king. The latter was simply a kind of head chief, or over-lord, who, although he was supposed to be descended from the gods, and thus ruled by divine and hereditary right, was oftentimes so little superior to the greater nobles in power as to seem hardly more than the first among equals. Certain privileges, however, marked him out distinctly from all other men; he was the leader of the whole people in war, the supreme judge in peace, and took the chief part in public sacrifices to the gods. He was also president of two bodies, which enhanced his nominal dignity, but strongly limited his real power. These were the Council, or Boulé, and the Assembly, or Agora.

The king does not seem to have been forced to submit measures before these two bodies, except when he judged it expedient. Practically, however, he appears to have been required to consult and conform to the wishes of his people, as expressed through these representative assemblies, or else run the hazard of being deposed as an unfit or wicked ruler. In cases of doubt, he assembled, first, the Council; and then, should he still be undecided, the Assembly.

The Council. — The Council was aristocratic in nature. It was composed of a select number of chiefs, called *gerontes*, or elders, whose duty it was to advise the king by an open discussion of such state questions as he submitted to them.

The Assembly. — The Agora was comparatively popular and democratic in character, comprising all the free men of the realm. Though its members could not, it is true, originate, or perhaps discuss, measures, they could express approval or disapproval of certain of them; and so, by public opinion, at least, influence the judgment of nobles and king. Still the commonalty, whether considered in peace or in war, was not held in much respect. Its quasi-voting power in the Boulé was not authoritative in any way, except as indicating what the people might think. As warriors they are seldom mentioned, and then usually with contempt.

Public rights. — Certain customs and traditions, or public rights, called *dikè* and *themis*, as binding as unwritten laws, also fixed the duties, and limited the privileges, of the king.

"The word *dikè* (justice) means 'a way pointed out,' and so 'the course which usage prescribes.' The word *themis*, again, means, 'what has been laid down'; i.e., first a decision in a particular case, 'a doom;' then the custom founded on former dooms. The plural '*themistes*' denotes a body of such precedents. The Homeric king is entrusted by Zeus with 'themistes' in the sense that he upholds these judicial precedents on which the rights of his people rest. A bad king is one who gives 'crooked judgments.'" — JEBB.

Family life. — The king was, moreover, bound to act in accord with the simple principles of right and wrong by which every Achæan was restrained. These appear most

strongly in the family life, which was patriarchal in character. Not only the ties between husband and wife, parent and child, but those between the most distant relatives, had a force and sacredness like those which bound together the early Scottish clans. The young were tenderly cared for, and the authority of the parent was revered. "The last adjuration of Hector to Achilles is in the name of his parents; and the line in which Priam beseeches the tremendous warrior to remember Peleus (his father), is one of the most famous in literature." (Gladstone.) Woman, especially as wife and mother, was honored with a simple dignity that is absent from later Greek life. Another family obligation was to treat suppliants and strangers, and even beggars, with heartfelt kindness.

But the sphere of such obligations did not extend far; the world did not, until ages later, include in its ideal the conception of the brotherhood of man, whether friend or alien.

"Themis, the custom established by dooms, acts as a restraining force within the largest circle of recognized relationships. But outside of that circle — when the Greek has to do with a mere alien — themis ceases to act, and we are in an age of violence. . . . [Yet] speaking generally, we may say that the Homeric Greeks appear as a gentle and generous race in a rude age. There is no trace of oriental vice or cruelty in its worst forms. Their sense of decency and propriety is remarkably fine — even in some points in which their descendants were less delicate. If the Homeric man breaks themis in any way, he feels that others will disapprove. This feeling is called

aidōs. Hence . . . *aidōs* has as many shades of meaning as there are ways in which themis can be broken : 'sense of honor,' 'shame,' 'reverence,' etc. And the feeling with which he himself regards a breach of themis by another person, is called *nemesis*, — righteous indignation." — JEBB.

Slavery. — Slavery appears, but is not severe, nor widely prevalent. The slave was regarded with a kindness and respect that is in marked contrast with the attitude of later times. He was even permitted to hold property of his own. This appears less strange when we learn that slaves were often persons of noble birth who had been taken prisoners in war, or kidnapped by pirates and merchants. But in spite of all palliations, the real degradation of slavery was fully recognized. "Zeus takes away the half of his manhood from a man, when the day of slavery overtakes him." (*Ody*. xvii. 322.)

Religion. — All civil duties had also a religious aspect and a religious sanction. Obligations to the state, to king, to family, and even to slaves, were also obligations to the gods, who kept strict watch and ward over men. Though these duties were due to the gods in general, or as some writers express it, to the divinity of the gods as a whole, each important deity had guardianship, either alone or in common with one or more of the others, over special duties. Thus to Zeus, Athena, and Apollo, considered as a group representing divine authority, all solemn oaths were addressed. Zeus had, however, particular charge of the rights of the stranger and the poor, as Athena

had of all household arts, and Apollo of the things pertaining to prophesy.

The gods. — The greater gods were fabled to dwell in Olympus, a mountain about one and a half miles high, its slopes covered with woods, caves, grottoes, etc. Its top, clad in eternal snow, was believed to rise above the clouds and to touch the skies. On the highest peak, in the pure air, or ether, and above the regions of snow, rain, and winds, Zeus had his throne and held his resplendent court, apart from men, yet near enough to aid or punish them. Olympus, the *Odyssey* tells us, "is the seat of the gods that standeth fast forever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain; but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days." (*Ody.* vi.)

The deities closely resemble colossal mortals of ideal form, awful because of their wisdom and superhuman or magical powers. But though mighty, wise, and, in the main, good, they are not all-powerful, all-knowing, nor yet wholly free from immorality.

Zeus. — Zeus appears to hold about the same position among the other gods as a mortal king does among his nobles. The whole Olympian court, including its government and its manners, is a realm in wonderland, which resembles on a grand scale that of an Achæan state; just as the kingdoms in our fairy-tales and romances are much like those of the real world, or as a child's picture of heaven is a glorified image of this earth.

The character of Zeus will exemplify the likeness and unlikeness of the Homeric divinities to men.

"In the conception of Zeus, we find the most varied assemblage of elements. He combines, more than any other deity, the human and theistic quality. . . . At one time he is the ideal Providence, upholding the whole order and frame of things; at another, he is the civil governor in the skies, curbing and controlling with a true political spirit the newly-compacted society of gods. . . . Here he often closely resembles Agamemnon; but by and by he will touch also upon Falstaff. We owe to him, by etymology, the word jovial; and it is truly descriptive of his character on his human side. As the very size and immeasurable waist of Falstaff have to do with the character of his mind, so largeness in all things is an unfailing characteristic of Zeus." [His laughter is at times rich, full, and human; at other times, sinister but grand — "a divine irony in the ordering of events." He views the warlike encounters of mortals, and even of the other gods, with the free and hearty enjoyment of a father at the naïve pranks of his children. "His soul laughed within him as he beheld the gods falling to in battle." At such times he himself seems naïve to modern readers; we cannot help smiling *at* him as well as *with* him.] . . . "Yet, behind the complex . . . machinery of the poem, there is still the presence and operation of an august personage, who has regard to piety wherever it is found; 'Even in their perishing, I care for them'; and who works . . . for the permanent ends of justice among men, which were signally wrought out by the punishment and fall of guilty Troy. . . . He loved Troy for its abundant sacrifices; but his higher character forbade his acting to avert its doom. . . .

In the *Iliad* mainly, and in the *Odyssey* entirely, his will is worked out by other divine agents, themselves exercising their personal freedom, but bringing about the purposes of a council higher and larger than their own. This council has its background . . . in pure deity, and for pure deity, Zeus is often a synonym in Homer." — GLADSTONE.

His partial likeness to an elemental deity. — Another and most impressive aspect of Zeus is his likeness, in some of his attributes, to a nature-deity; he is thought of, however vaguely and unconsciously, as god of the sky. Such caution is necessary in dealing with this characteristic, and the degree to which it is present, that a few illustrations of what nature-deities are, will be serviceable.

Primitive man easily imagines that a mood aroused in him by a stirring aspect of sky or earth is due to some spirit animating, dwelling in, or presiding over the scene. Even civilized man evinces the same tendency in a weakened degree when he speaks of the blustering wind, the angry fire, the stealthy cruelty of the sea, the glad meadows and fields, or the spirit of a place — say London — as working its will upon the inhabitants there. This tendency to animate nature is called animism, and is shown in a crude form in the adoration barbaric peoples pay to fire, water, the sun, moon, etc., as visible gods. A noble, imaginative development of this crude animism into anthropomorphism (where the animating spirit is conceived of as possessing a human form and human attributes), is found in our folk-lore and mythology. A few characters in our fairy-tales,

like the Snow King, water sprites, mountain giants, and desert spectres, appear to personify physical forces, or else to have characters so much in keeping with the scenes over which they preside as to seem incarnations of the spirit of such scenes. Thus, too, in Scandinavian legends, Ymir is, among other things, the frost giant, Thor the god of Thunder, and Frey the deity of fruitful rains and sunshine. Again, in such little real mythology as the Romans possessed, the naiads were goddesses of brooks and fountains, fauns the presiding spirits over fields and pastures, and Pan over woodlands, as well as the awakener of the sudden fright (Pan-ic) which seizes upon travellers astray in the forest or lonely places. In such creations as these, the old nature-attributes have become more or less spiritualized.

Now the Achæan religion, though not wholly a primitive one, seems to have been influenced by this last kind of nature-religion. But not to any very obvious degree, for the conscious belief that the gods embodied elemental forces had long been lost, if it ever existed. Unlike most of the Roman deities, the Homeric are too complex in character, and too much like human beings, to be thought of primarily as nature deities or personifications of anything whatever. A high form of anthropomorphism has practically transformed the animism. But it can hardly be denied that our impression of each one of the greater Olympian gods is pervaded by a vague feeling of awe, like that which we experience when deeply affected by a

sight of the heavens, the ocean, or a vast range of mountains. Round and through our conception of the highly human character of Zeus, plays the sublime idea that he is also god of the sky, and that all its changes, from the deep blue of its sunlit vault to the lightnings of a stormy day, express his powers and attributes. In the same manner we associate Poseidon with the sea, and Apollo with the beneficent or destructive effects of light. The student must not emphasize too much this element of the gods; he has only to turn to the passage quoted from Gladstone, to see how the human qualities smother the dim suggestions of nature-qualities.

The Underworld. — After his death, a man's spirit descended to the realm of Hades, which was a dim and joyless, but not terrible, reflex of earthly life.

"The underworld of Homer is a meagre and ill-furnished world, situated at the limits of the far west, in a region of perpetual twilight. The life of its inhabitants is a pale image of what they did on earth. Orion, a phantom-hunter, chases phantom beasts, — the ghosts of 'the very beasts that he himself had slain on the lonely hills.' Minos sits in judgment, and holds a spectral tribunal. There is an automatic mimicry of the activities of the upper world. The one reality is the reality of torment. A few great criminals, who have attempted to overpass the limits of existence, and encroach on the divine prerogatives, are visited with a punishment consisting in aimless effort or unsatisfied desire. Hades him-

self is the 'hated of the gods,' and the souls go down to him lamenting. His land is desolate of joy, tenanted by 'strengthless heads,' 'phantoms of men outworn.' 'Rather,' says Achilles, 'would I live above the ground as the hireling of another, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed.'" — BUTCHER.

Fate. — The authority of Zeus was supplemented by that of Fate, whether conceived of as a mysterious power, or as embodied in one or more spinners, which last conception is a slight approach toward the post-Homeric one of three sister-fates, each with a definite duty. Between the two authorities, the Homeric poems fix no exact limits, nor do they indicate clearly which power, if either, was superior. In fact, neither seems separate from the other, but they appear merged and coincident. The principal office of Fate appears in a passage from the last book of the *Iliad*, where that dark agency is personified as "forceful fate" that did "erst spin for Hector at his beginning," his death-doom. Fate determines the destiny of every man, and is of course able to predict that destiny. The awfulness of this prophetic power over life and death is enhanced by the stern impartiality of every decree.

The Erynnes. — The Erynnes were other fearful, supernatural powers. They were the avengers of wrong, alike among gods and men. "They punish all crimes against the family; especially they execute the curses of injured parents on children. They do not allow the aged or the poor to be injured with impunity. They bring retribution

for perjury. In a word, they are the sanctions of natural law." (Gladstone.)

Religious ceremonies. — In return for obedience to all these divine powers, and to the family and state as divine institutions, man received the favor of heaven. Partly included in this obedience, and partly the outward signs of it, were the ceremonies of religious worship. No priests were, however, necessary; for the priest in Homer is little more than a soothsayer. Prayer was offered directly to the gods by the individual himself, or more usually by the head of the family, tribe, or state. This simplicity accords well with the strong elementary feeling which was the essence of the Homeric religion, — "the feeling," says Professor Jebb, "that all men have need of the gods."

Fusion of religious and political elements. — We can realize, by this time, how inseparably fused were ideas of state, religion, and conduct. The gods had founded the state, and were its chief upholders. Every fundamental element in the social life was believed to be of divine origin, to possess a divine sanction, and to subject its violators to divine punishment. If we should regard our common law and our principal customs to be of religious origin, and our religious doctrines to be part of the law of the land, so that little or no differences could be discerned between them, we should make a close approach to the Hellenic way of viewing the state.

"The civilization based on these ideas and feelings was very unlike that of the later Greek world. The Homeric man already exhibits, indeed, the clear-cut Greek type of humanity: he has its essential qualities, mental and moral. But all his surroundings bespeak an age of transition. Crude contrasts abound. Luxuries and splendors of an eastern cast are mingled with the elements of squalid barbarism. Manners of the noblest chivalry and truest refinement are strangely crossed by traits of coarseness or ferocity. There are moments when the Homeric hero is almost a savage." — JEBB.

But it is the proportion of good over bad in any civilization that gives it worth. Judged by this standard, the Homeric civilization attains dignity. The Achæans revere law, yet love freedom; they delight in natural beauty and physical health, but not to the harm of the mind. They are practical and warlike, yet are animated by lofty ideals which lingering traits of barbarism do not wholly dim. All these characteristics, summed up in the one phrase — 'love of proportion and intellectual fearlessness,' make them the virile precursors of the most wonderful artistic race the world has ever known — the Greeks of classic times.

IV. SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Certain portions of Parts I. and II. of the Introduction were written primarily for teachers, and have been enclosed in brackets. They and the whole of Part III.

may be omitted from study, if the class is pressed for time.

The teacher should first of all say something of the nature and import of the *Iliad*, then give a concise summary of the story (see pp. xxxiii. and 129), and follow this by reading to the class from the prose translation, selections which, like those used by Symonds in his *Greek Poets*, second series, pp. 44–59, illustrate some leading idea of the poem. This fore-knowledge will stimulate, not dull, the student's interest; the *Iliad*, like every great poetic masterpiece, does not depend upon mystery of plot, but gains in power as the reader gains in knowledge of its subject-matter.

A just but sympathetic general criticism of Pope and his translation should be given as soon as the teacher judges it expedient, either before or after the actual study of the text is begun. Since the meaning of Pope's language is sufficiently plain, the pupil should be encouraged to read as rapidly as possible at first, and to put nearly his whole attention upon the development of the story, the nature of the characters, and the poetic suggestions. This will relieve the sing-song and end-stopped effect of the verse, and avoid the retarding technical analysis which dulls imaginative interest. Eventually, however, a serious study of Pope's characteristics, including his rhetorical artifices, should be made; such work is absolutely necessary to a true appreciation of his peculiar genius. It need

not continue long, for his qualities readily — perhaps too readily — impress the wide-awake student.

Occasional readings from Professor Gummere's selections from the Old English Ballads will be sure, because of their swift, simple, direct, and fresh pictures of heroic life, to kindle the right kind of liking for Homer.

V. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The following brief list, selected from the many helpful books about Pope and Homer, will probably prove adequate for merely practical work. Mark Pattison, *Alexander Pope*, a short sketch in Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. III. (Macmillan); Leslie Stephen, *Pope*, in the English Men of Letters series (Harpers); W. J. Courthope, *Life of Pope*, Vol. V. of Elwin's edition of Pope, 10 vols. (Murray); Lowell, *Pope*, in *My Study Windows* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); De Quincey, *Pope*, in *Biographical Essays* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); R. C. Jebb, *Introduction to Homer* (Ginn & Co.); *Primer of Greek Literature* (Macm.), and *Classical Greek Poetry* (Houghton, M. & Co.); Matthew Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*, First Series (Macm.); Walter Leaf, *Companion to the Iliad* (Macm.); S. H. Butcher, *Aspects of Greek Genius* (Macm.); J. A. Symonds, *Greek Poets* (Smith and Elder); W. C. Lawton, *Art and Humanity in Homer* (Macm.); Lang, Leaf, and Myers, *Translation of the Iliad* (Macm.);

G. H. Palmer's *Translation of the Odyssey* (Houghton, M. & Co.). Gladstone's *Homer* (Macm.); Mr. Lang's *Homer and the Epic* (Longmans), and J. P. Mahaffy's *Social Life in Greece* (Macm.) will, in spite of their many defects, also be suggestive.

POPE'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighboring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the

Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his rev'rend priest defied,
And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain

His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and, lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseïs to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove."
The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied:
"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;

Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace;
In daily labors of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then! to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping sire."
The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main;
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays:
"O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."
Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce, as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.

The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd:
"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet or some sacred sage
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more."
He said, and sate: when Calchas thus replied,
Calchas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,

That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew;
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:
"Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths invidious to the great reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."
To whom Pelides: "From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare:
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek, of all the num'rous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."
Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies:
"Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,

But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest.
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."
The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast, that boil'd with ire,
And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire.
"Augur accurs'd! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, forever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honor stain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd,
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace:
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.

Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valu'd, and so justly mine.
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain."
"Insatiate king!" (Achilles thus replies)
"Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs
Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."
Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,

Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own, be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires — it now remains
We launch a bark to plough the wat'ry plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend.
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
"O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd

With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me:
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main
And walls of rock secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy th' assembl'd nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day,
A prize as small, O tyrant, match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine!
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;

My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"
To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior, fly!
Thy aid we need not and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear;
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas heav'n that strength bestow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-liv'd friendship and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briseïs with the radiant eyes.

Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;
And hence to all our host it shall be known
That kings are subject to the gods alone."
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd;
His heart swell'd high, and labor'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confess'd,
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:
"Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."

"Forbear!" (the progeny of Jove replies)
"To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
Thy injur'd honor has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."
To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress;
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!

When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try;
Thine to look on and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer thro' the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee),
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around;
Then sternly silent sate. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd:
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man,
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
"What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch and the friends of Troy!
That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,

Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside.
Thee the first honors of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength and of a goddess born;
Him awful majesty exalts above
The pow'rs of earth and sceptred sons of Jove.
Let both unite with well-consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

This said, he ceas'd; the king of men replies
"Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control:
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey? ;
What king can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;
Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?"
Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:
"Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree:
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause.
The gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."
At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Meantime Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
The host to expiate next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations and with solemn pray'rs.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shores whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odors to the skies.
The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent" (he cries),
"Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:

Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
"With leave and honor enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above and men below!
But first and loudest to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Tho' prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrows and in pensive thought,
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung;
There, bath'd in tears of anguish and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:
"O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
Honor and fame at least the Thund'rer ow'd;
And ill he pays the promise of a god,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."
Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
"Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."
He, deeply sighing, said: "To tell my woe
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name,
Eëtion's realm, our conqu'ring army came,

With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize! was led
By vote selected to the gen'ral's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all; but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.
The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:
Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r.
A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the god relent;

But now he seized Briseïs' heav'nly charms,
And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast
That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ethereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove,
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
(Whom gods Briareüs, men Ægeon name);
Through wand'ring skies enormous stalk'd along,
Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.
Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropp'd the fetters, trembled and ador'd.
This, goddess, this to his rememb'rance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;

Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king.
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."
"Unhappy son!" (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
"Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
So short a space the light of heav'n to view!
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow, too!
Oh, might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son;
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods and all th' ethereal train
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;

Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove."
The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the deep she plung'd, from whence she rose,
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.
In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd;
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseïs last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where, at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:
"Hail, rev'rend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy god, who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound."
At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,

So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring;
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;
While thus, with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r:
"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."
So Chryses pray'd; Apollo heard his pray'r:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide;
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flame aspire;

The youths with instruments surround the fire.
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends;
The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong:
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoise the mast; indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
Then part, where, stretch'd along the winding bay,
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But, raging still, amidst his navy sate

The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind;
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.
Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove, first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
Leads the long order of ethereal pow'rs.
When, like the morning mist, in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thund'rer sate; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heav'n and props the clouds.
Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
"If e'er, O father of the gods!" she said,
"My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honor on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonor'd, too.
Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian race,

Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace."
Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.
"O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"
She said, and sighing thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:
"What hast thou ask'd? Ah! why should Jove engage
In foreign contests and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:
Witness the sacred honors of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows"—
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, the sanction of the god:

High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.
Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All but the god's imperious queen alone:
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.
"Say, artful manager of heav'n" (she cries),
"Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"
To this the Thund'rer: "Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind;
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know:
The first of gods above and men below;
But thou nor they shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul."

Full on the sire, the goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: "Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course:
But 'tis for Greece I fear; for late was seen
In close consult the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favor has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain."
Then thus the god: "Oh, restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide!
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd
Anxious to thee and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice; th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what *is* that *ought* to be,
Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;
Th' united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove."
The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.

The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interpos'd the architect divine:
"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ;
We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky:
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
If you submit, the Thund'rer stands appeas'd;
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd."
Thus Vulcan spoke; and, rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
"Goddess" (he cried), "be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:

Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast."
He said, and to her hand the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-armed queen receiv'd.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK VI.[1]

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

THE gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

[1] The four preceding books tell of the advance of the armies, the making of a truce, a duel between Menelaus and Paris, the perfidious breaking of the truce by the Trojans, and a portion of the first battle, in which the gods take part.

Now heav'n forsakes the fight; th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill the field:
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd streams, that bound the deathful plain,
On either side run purple to the main.
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke impress'd
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.
By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,

And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace):
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Astyalus by Polypœtes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke:
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,

For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:
"Oh, spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:
When fame shall tell that, not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain,
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold."
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart.
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: "O impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall,
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great."
The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth address'd,

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage:
"Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast:
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:
"Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,

Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread;
And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
If so the pow'r aton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might."
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,

And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears;
All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears:
Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.
Then thus, aloud: "Ye dauntless Dardans, hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war!
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
And rev'rend elders seek the gods in vain."
This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung;
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone),
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met; the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattl'd field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,

And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend,
Know, with immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight:
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove
With brandish'd steel from Lyssa's sacred grove;
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move
(Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above);
Depriv'd of sight, by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
A wretch accus'd, and hated by the gods!
I brave not heav'n; but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death."
"What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,"
Replied the chief, "can Tydeus' son enquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,

Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground :
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise :
So generations in their course decay ;
So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth :
"A city stands on Argos' utmost bound
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd) ;
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,
In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
Then called Ephyre : Glaucus was his son,
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
Lov'd for that valor which preserves mankind.
Then mighty Prœtus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
For him, Antea burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame :
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his scorn, the queen to Prœtus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :
Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate ;

But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bless'd by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honors due:
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd:
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
"This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted heav'n informing prodigies);
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew
(Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied;
And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side.
"Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;

There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
"At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honors of his ample reign.
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd
(Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove).
But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
The honor'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown;
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honors to my native land;

Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race."
He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart;
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
"Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
Œneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold;
Our ancient seat his honor'd presence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
The parting heroes mutual presents left:
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Œneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field;
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;

But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast."
Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind);
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought;
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-trees' consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs;
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodged: and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,

Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race).
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
"O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right."
"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts," the chief rejoin'd;
"Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise

Or offer heav'n's great sire polluted praise.
You, with your matrons, go, a spotless train!
And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."
This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,

With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted, and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:
"O awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!"
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vowed the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs.

Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The steely point with golden ringlet join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke:
"Thy hate to Troy is this the time to show
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe)?
Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire;
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,

Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."
"Brother, 'tis just," replied the beauteous youth,
"Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, O gen'rous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."
He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
"O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes deserve a sister's name!
Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day that show'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurs'd

Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song."
The chief replied: "This time forbids to rest:
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay:
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day some god, who hates our Trojan land,
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."
He said, and pass'd with sad-presaging heart,
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step; if to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court.
"Not to the court," replied th' attendant train,
"Nor, mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword:
She heard, and trembled for her distant lord:
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,

His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir
(Cilician Thebe great Eëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade):
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream:
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and, pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
"Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,

All I can ask of heav'n an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd;
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.
"By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see

My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!);
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread:
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:
"O thou whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame';
While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:
"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ring helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides:
His head now freed he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulder flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
"O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!
Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.
What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deed shall wipe the stain away.

Haste then, in all their glorious labors share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant thro' her seas returns."

BOOK XXII.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deïphobus; he stands the combat and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam

[1] The books between the sixth and twenty-first,— the last the most sublime, perhaps, in the poem, — deal with the disasters of the Greeks in war, their embassy to Achilles, and his refusal at first to aid them. At length, when the Trojans are already setting fire to the Greek camp, he permits Patroclus, clad in his (Achilles') armor, to lead the Myrmidons forth to battle. Patroclus, after a heroic onset, is slain, and Achilles, determined to avenge his friend, returns to the war in armor forged for him by Vulcan. The Trojans, defeated in the ensuing battle, retreat to their city, and close the gates. This they are enabled to do, because Achilles has been drawn away from the field of battle by Apollo, who has assumed the form of the Trojan Agenor.

and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labors of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied pow'rs,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector singly stay'd; chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The pow'r confess'd in all his glory burns),
"And what," he cries, "has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain?

Vain thy past labor, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."
The chief incens'd: "Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."
Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along:
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;

He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gate expects the war:
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
"Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore!
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne):
But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,

What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life: or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curs'd with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state
(Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!), must fall
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.

Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'twas well:
Well that they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigor, dies the best,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel: man, fated to be curs'd!"
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part:
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast;
Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but heav'n avert it!), shouldst thou bleed,
Nor must thy corse lie honor'd on the bier,

Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
"Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honor and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear;
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,

And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No — if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land),
With honorable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm, familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
To die or triumph, that determine heav'n!"
Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh:
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;

The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies);
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad
(A wider compass), smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground:
This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.

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.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might);
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife):
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed,
In grateful honor of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame),
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke;
"Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits and the tow'rs of Troy:

Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate and fierce Achilles close behind.
Consult, ye pow'rs ('tis worthy your debate),
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
(Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man?"
  Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"
  "Go then," return'd the sire, "without delay;
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way."
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
  As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes:
Sure of the vapor in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues:
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,

And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What god, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With fate itself so long to hold the course!
Phœbus it was: who, in his latest hour,
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r.
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honors of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
"O lov'd of Jove! this day our labors cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd;
While like Deïphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms, the same),
In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."
Then he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honor'd more!

Since you of all our num'rous race alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own."
Again the goddess: "Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine or my fate: I kill thee or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day:
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate,
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!):
To them I swear: if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,

No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due),
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight the mutual oath, I ask no more."
"Talk not of oaths," the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes,
"Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee;
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancor and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy:
"The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown
Or what must prove my fortune or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands; then, with a sigh:
"'Tis so — heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.

A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed:
Death and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succor from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!"
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at ev'ry step (Vulcanian frame!),
And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.

One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
"At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rights adorn'd,
For ever honor'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."

"No, wretch accurs'd!" relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
"Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No — to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."
He ceas'd: the fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
"Die thou the first! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee." He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold, with wond'ring eyes,
His manly beauty and superior size:
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace:
"How chang'd that Hector! who, like Jove, of late
Sent lightning on our fleets and scatter'd fate!"
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
"Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
See if already their deserted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies!

Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
'Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.'"
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
The nervous ankles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted thro' the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine and long-descending hair
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonor'd, in his native land!
Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
And cast far off the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate:
Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
"Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none),
And bow before the murd'rer of my son;
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father, too; a man like me;

One not exempt from age and misery
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me and all my race).
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last; thy loss (divinely brave!)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!"
Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears):
"Ah! why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!"
But not as yet the fatal news had spread

To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:
"Ah, follow me!" she cried; "what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,

And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."
She spoke; and, furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies thro' the dome (the maids her step pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes;
She faints, she falls; her breath, her color flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around, a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain:
"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes, we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Eëtion ow'd,

And why was all that tender care bestow'd ?
Would I had never been ! — O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband ! miserably lost !
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !
No more to smile upon his sire ! no friend
To help him now ! no father to defend !
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come !
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :
He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears ;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee ;
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread :
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, 'Begone ! thy father feasts not here ;'

The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn,
He who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And, when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sank soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must — ah! what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector! liest expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honor to the living, not the dead!"
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIV.[1]

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

THE gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while

[1] The preceding book tells of the funeral games in honor of Patroclus.

the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep;
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigor, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
All pass'd before him in rememb'rance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day;
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.

There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonor'd carcase lies.
But not deserted by the pitying skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And, ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene),
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
To heav'n assembl'd, thus Apollo spoke:
"Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!
And can ye still his cold remains pursue?

Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
The last sad honors of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride?
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy?
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this insatiate the commission giv'n
By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
Lo, how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God!"
"If equal honors by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes," Juno thus replies,
"If Thetis' son must no distinction know,

Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles, of your own ethereal race,
Springs from a goddess, by a man's embrace
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n
A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n):
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god
(Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the choir
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."
Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame:
"Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits nor their honors are the same.
But mine and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay
(The only honors men to gods can pay):
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave."

He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies;
Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid (the parted waves resound);
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So pass'd the goddess thro' the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main),
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddess of the painted bow:
"Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below;
'Tis Jove that calls." "And why," the dame replies,
"Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
Sad object as I am for heavn'ly sight!
Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty sire obey'd."
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she pac'd majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.
There in the light'ning's blaze the sire they found
And all the gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
(Minerva rising gave the mourner place),
Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:
"Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,
Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his sad vengeance on the sacred dead:

But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father Iris shall prepare
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honor asks or heart demands."
His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The goddess seats her by her pensive son;
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
"How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow,
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe,
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Soothes weary life, and softens human pain?
Oh snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r;
Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."
To whom Achilles: "Be the ransom giv'n,
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n."

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs:
"Haste, winged goddess, to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bathed in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire
(Sad scene of woe!), his face his wrapp'd attire
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread

A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam,
Whose shrieks and clamors fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
"Fear not, O father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:

His pious sons the king's commands obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay:
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
"Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe."
The hoary monarch thus: her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind;
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind,
Thro' Phrygia once and foreign regions known?
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face
(O heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage

Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No — pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents' woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death:
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right."
"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night,"
Replied unmov'd the venerable man:
"'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command:
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content: by the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,

And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!"
Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue;
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold;
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large, well-labor'd bowl had place
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace):
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
"What make ye here, officious crowds!" he cries;
"Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too: yourselves must fall;
The same stern god to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r, is gone!
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown;

I see the ruins of your smoking town!
Oh send me, gods, ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his num'rous line.
"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?"
The sons their father's wretched age revere,

Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd:
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And, close beneath, the gather'd ends were tied.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied;
The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl, that foam'd with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine),
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
"Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.

Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heav'n or thy soul inspire this bold design:
Pray to that god who, high on Ida's brow,
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead the way with heav'nly augury:
Let the strong sov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the god his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."
"'Tis just," said Priam, "to the sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?"
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine:
"O first and greatest! heav'n's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!

Let the strong sov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."
Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As, stooping dexter with resounding wings,
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts; Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls:
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.

Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes: "Thou, whose constant cares
Still succor mortals, and attend their pray'rs!
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd;
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main;
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king,
Their chariot stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:

"I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;
For much I fear destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall
(Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?"
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his color went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:
"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, so num'rous and so strong?
What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view,
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide?
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;
From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head:
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines."
"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,

Are true, my son!" the godlike sire rejoin'd:
"Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
My steps, and send thee guardian of my way.
Hail! and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind."
"Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide,"
The sacred messenger of heav'n replied:
"But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand,
Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land?
Or fly'st thou now? What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?"
The king, alarm'd: "Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died."
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied:
"You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you enquire too much.
Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embru'd:
I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
I saw, but help'd not; stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;

One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honor'd name,
Old, like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
Of sev'n his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls;
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls:
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."
"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train"
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
"Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?"
"O favor'd of the skies!" thus answer'd then
The pow'r that mediates between gods and men,
"Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead;
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found

O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound ;
Tho' many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead."
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied :
" Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love !
Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r ;
And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, O gen'rous youth ! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;
And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."
To whom the latent god ; " O king, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err :
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?
What from our master's int'rest thus we draw
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence ;
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, as far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey ;

Guard of thy life, and partner of thy vay·
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."
He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
Before th' inspiring god that urg'd them on
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state
(The work of soldiers), where the hero sate.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd of wond'rous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift 'ts mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,

And thus, reveal'd: "Hear, prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favors of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies:
The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave;
These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd

Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursu'd for murder flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise:
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
"Ah think, thou favor'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,

The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore — dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause, he fell!
For him thro' hostile camps I bent my way;
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear:
O, hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old;
Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sov'reign misery:
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"
  These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,

A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;
One universal solemn show'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:
"Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;

To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad unmix'd, is curs'd indeed:
Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r?
What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n,
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day;
No race succeeding to imperial sway:
An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun but hapless heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed

These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! mayst live to suffer more!"
To whom the king: "O favor'd of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more!
Thou, as thou mayst, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe mayst thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!"
"Move me no more," Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes,
"Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone;
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,

And shake the purpose of my soul no more."
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
Whom most he honor'd since he lost his friend;
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent:
Next, heap'd on high, the num'rous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead:
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age
Nor Jove's command should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:
"If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,

To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine."
He said, and, ent'ring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam sate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun:
"Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades:
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
These Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone);

The gods themselves, at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honors of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was heav'n's high will)
Thro' deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings:
There, high on Sipylus's shady brow,
She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known:
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd;
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."
He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,

The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke
(A solemn scene!); at length the father spoke:
"Permit me now, belov'd of Jove, to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel or our orders take),
Approaching sudden to our open tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honor'd person here,

The king of men the ransom might defer.
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd, what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector. For, so long we stay
Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey."
"If then thy will permit," the monarch said,
"To finish all due honors to the dead,
This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!"
"This thy request," replied the chief, "enjoy:
Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy."
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,

To pass the ramparts and the watch to blind.
The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head,
And, "Sleep'st thou, father?" (thus the vision said)
"Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."
Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes:
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier),
A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,

Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph and your common woe."
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains:
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates, they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair;
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:
"Forbear," he cried, "this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
The waves of people at this word divide;
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide:
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,

With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw:
And, "O my Hector! O my lord!" she cries,
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink, a smoking ruin, on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword,
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,

Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore;
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why received not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
"O thou, the best, the dearest of my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!"
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind!
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore
(Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!);
Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the auth'ress of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn: and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;

Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!"
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows,
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:
"Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre:
Twelve days nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honors to the dead."
He spoke; and at his word the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place

(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture and inwrought with gold.
Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

NOTES.

Iliad: poem about Ilios, or Ilion (Troy). Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, poem about Æneas; and Pope's own *Dunciad*, poem about dunces.

"The subject of the poem is one chapter of events in the ten years' siege of Troy by the Greeks. Paris (also called Alexander), son of Priam, king of Troy, had carried off Helen, the fairest of women, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. Helen had been wooed by many suitors, and her father, Tyndareus, had bound them all by an oath to join in avenging that man whom she should marry, if she were taken from him by force. So Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, called tógether these suitors and other chieftains, from all parts of Greece, and they sailed with many ships to besiege Troy. For ten years they besieged it in vain, though the Trojans dared not come out and fight pitched battles; for there was a hero in the Greek army so terrible that not even Hector, the greatest of the Trojan warriors, could stand before him. This hero was Achilles, whom the sea-goddess Thetis had borne to Peleus, king of Phthiotis, in Thessaly. But at last, in the tenth year of the siege, Achilles suffered a grievous affront from the king, Agamemnon, who took away from him his prize, the captive damsel Briseïs. Then Achilles was angry, and said that he would fight for the Greeks no more, and withdrew from the army to his tent by the seashore.

"This is the moment at which the *Iliad* begins, 'Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles.' The Wrath of Achilles — what it did, and how at last it was turned away — is the central subject of the *Iliad*. But this subject is so treated as to make a general picture of the whole siege during a few days of its tenth and last year, when Troy was about to fall. The first result of Achilles' refusing to fight was, that the Trojans now dared to come forth and give battle to the Greeks. The *Iliad* is in twenty-four books. The first fifteen of these are taken up with the story of the wavering strife; how victory leaned now this way, now that; how some Greek hero slew a Trojan hero, hand to hand, or a Trojan slew a Greek; how the gods and goddesses themselves took this or that side in the fray. But at last the Greeks are hard pressed. Then Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, pleads with him: 'O dreadful in thy prowess! What good will any one have of thee in days to come, unless thou turn away foul ruin from the Greeks?' Still Achilles will not fight. But he lends his armor to Patroclus, so that his friend may be taken for him, and allows him to lead forth his followers, the Myrmidons. Patroclus is slain by Hector. Then, at last, Achilles is roused. He rushes to the field, drives the Trojans within their walls, and slays Hector, the last hope of Troy, and drags his body, tied to his chariot, back to the ships. The *Iliad* ends with King Priam coming to ask the body of his slain son from Achilles. 'I have borne,' the old man says, 'what no one on earth has ever borne — to lift to my lips the hands of the man who has slain my son.' Achilles grants his prayer, and there is a truce while the people of Troy pay the last rites to Hector." — JEBB.

BOOK I.

The first book serves as a kind of introduction to the whole poem. It tells of the strife between Achilles and Agamemnon, and of the decree Zeus made in Achilles' behalf at the intercession of Thetis.

LINES 1–8. These lines are a sort of proem or prelude, like the overture to a symphony, stating 'in full' the theme of the poem, as the first word of the original, μῆνιν (wrath, lasting anger), states it 'in little.' Nearly all epics begin in this way. Cf. the beginning of the *Odyssey*, "The *man*, O muse, tell me about;" and of the *Æneid*, "*Arms* and *the man*, I sing."

2. **unnumber'd**: Elision was a characteristic feature of most poetry in Pope's time, and was common even in prose. **goddess**: the Muse, whose aid the poet invokes. Though Homer sometimes speaks of the Muses in the plural, the conception of them as nine, each with a special office, is post-Homeric. The *Odyssey* and most literary epics open with a similar invocation.

3. **reign**: realm. See Introd., p. xviii.

5. **unburied**: the souls of the dead were supposed to wander on this side Styx (a river flowing round the underworld) until their bodies received burial.

6. **vultures**: see Introd., p. xviii.

7. **Atrides**: patronymic for Agamemnon, son of Atreus. The termination *ides*, like the English *son* (John*son*), and the prefix *O'* in Irish and *Mac* in Scotch, signifies *son of*, as *is* does *daughter of*. Thus Achilles is called Pelides, son of Peleus; and Diomed, Tydides, son of Tydeus. Menelaus was, of course, also called Atrides.

strove: the strife, described below, which gave rise to "Achilles' wrath."

8. Note the heavy, 'clinching' effect of the Alexandrine which closes the proem.

The verse means that the consequences of Achilles' wrath fulfilled the will of Jove.

As Pope uses both the Latin and the Greek names of the gods, both forms are given here, the Greek name standing first: Cronos, Saturn; Zeus, Jupiter (Jove); Hades, Pluto; Poseidon, Neptune; Ares, Mars; Hephæstus, Vulcan; Phœbus Apollo, Apollo; Hermes, Mercury; Dionysus, Bacchus; Hera, Juno; Pallas-Athena, Minerva; Aphrodite, Venus; Artemis, Diana.

9. The poem here plunges at once into the midst of the story, past events being narrated incidentally. The *Odyssey* also begins in the thick of events, but reveals the past differently; the earlier adventures are told in direct sequence by the hero himself, who does not begin until Book IX. *Paradise Lost*, like Virgil's *Æneid*, follows this latter method of stimulating interest; and, in our time, it has become almost a professional trick of novelists. Its great danger lies in the tendency to emphasize the mere story, whether of mystery or adventure, at the expense of character and expression of life.

11. **Latona's son**: Apollo. Latona is the Latin for the Greek Leto.

13. **king of men**: a standing epithet for Agamemnon as commander-in-chief of the allied armies.

13. **his rev'rend priest**: Chryses, mentioned in l. 15.

16. In the *Iliad*, as in many great poems, the fatal beauty of woman is an important theme. Thus Helen caused the

war, and Chryseïs occasioned the plague and quarrel, as the seizure of Briseïs did the 'wrath.'

18. **awful ensigns**: awe-inspiring insignia, or emblems of office.

20. A variation from Homer, who says Chryses bore "the fillet of Apollo, the Far-darter, upon a golden sceptre." "The woollen fillet wound round a staff was at all periods of Greek history the mark of the suppliant. It is, perhaps, the same fillet which the priest usually wears on his head in sign of his divine office." — Leaf.

The 'laurel' mentioned by Pope was sacred to Apollo.

22. **brother kings**: Agamemnon and Menelaus.

23–30. A passage essentially Greek in its politic and practical spirit. In five lines of the original, Chryses artfully alludes to the Greeks as made up of kindred races, some monarchical, some democratic; he prays for their success in their common enterprise against Troy; then he names his petition and the ransom he will give; and finally bids them beware of the wrath of Apollo. He thus combines swiftly, into one strong effect, a tribute to the manifold power of the army, and an appeal to their interest, their religion, and their fears. A passage that exhibits well Homer's easy swiftness.

23. **vows**: to win back Helen for Menelaus.

28. **Chryseïs**: see l. 7.

30. **Phœbus**: 'the bright'; in Homer an epithet of Apollo, and occasionally a proper noun for him.

32. **the fair**: see Introd., p. xxiii.

34. Agamemnon here violates his duty, both to Apollo and to the army.

43. **labors of the loom**: weaving was a favorite occupation of Homeric women.

45. **Argos**: the chief city of the Peloponnesus; but here, as usual, it designates the whole country.

50. Why is Chryses' silence 'golden,' as regards dramatic expressiveness ?

Pope says of the original: "The melancholy flowing of the verse admirably expresses the condition of a mournful and deserted father."

52. An amplification of Homer's "Apollo, the Far-darter." Though Apollo was not identified with the sun until a later period, the beneficent and disastrous effects of light were ascribed to him; as were, on the one hand, cures and healing, and, on the other, plagues and deaths from sudden and invisible causes. As his weapons for producing ill results were his arrows, he is also the god of archery. Oracular power was naturally identified with these attributes, for the agent of such disasters must have fore-knowledge of them and many other things. With prophecy, song has always been identified; Apollo is, therefore, also the god of music. He is thus closely associated with (1) the effects of light, (2) pestilence (which often arises from drought, heat, and other effects of the sun's rays), (3) sudden death, (4) the healing arts, (5) archery, (6) soothsaying, and (7) music. Most of his powers are wide-reaching in effect, and work stealthily; hence, his epithets, Far-darter and Far-worker seem peculiarly appropriate.

53. **Smintheus**: literally, 'field-mouse'; a title applied to Apollo, perhaps to honor him as the destroyer of that pest of grain-fields.

54–6. Cilla and Chrysa were small towns near Troy. Tenedos was a neighboring island.

64, 67–68. Alliterative and onomatopoetic effects, of

which Pope is very fond. He here imitates the twang of the silver bow and the sound of the arrows. A similar attempt by Cowper resulted almost ludicrously,—

"Clang'd the cord
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow"

Cf. Shakespere's *Lear*, IV. vi. 20,

"The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes."

and Swinburne's, *Atalanta in Calydon*,—

"The lisp of leaves
And the ripple of rain."

The arrow and ornaments of the gods are usually of gold; but Apollo, as god of light, bears the white (silver) bow.

64. The original has an onomatopoetic effect, like that of the word 'shook,' in Milton's lines:

"Over them triumphant death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike."

65–6. "The moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations."

MILTON, *P. L.*, I. 596.

Homer has, in keeping with the mystery and stealth of one phase of Apollo's character, the words, "And he descended like the night." Elsewhere (Book XII. 462) Homer says, "Hector rushed in, like in countenance to swift night."

68. **feather'd fates**: arrows bringing the fate of death.

69. "It has frequently been observed," says Pope, "that most pestilences begin with animals."

71–2. "Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe."
MILTON, *P. L.*, I. 62.

Contrast the glory which —

"Circled Una's face
And made a sunshine in the shady place."
SPENSER.

72. **pyres**: the Greeks cremated their dead.

LESSING: "Wrathful with bow and quiver, Apollo descends from the Olympian towers. I not only see him, but hear him. At every step the arrows rattle on the shoulders of the angry god. He enters among the host like the night. Now he seats himself over against the ships, and with a terrible clang of the silver bow, sends his first shaft against the mules and dogs. Next he turns his contagious darts upon the warriors themselves, and unceasing blaze on every side the corpse-laden pyres. It is impossible to translate in any other language the musical painting heard in the poet's words."

74. **Juno**: the sister and wife of Zeus; she is an unscrupulous partisan of the Greeks.

75. In his very first act, Achilles appears as the champion of the public welfare.

council: the Agora, described in the Introd., p. lix.

82. Assonance, in place of rhyme, is frequent in Pope. It is not necessarily a fault, since it is often a pleasing variation to 'jigging rhymes.' Some of the seeminlgy bad rhymes of Pope are due to differences in pronunciation between our time and his. Thus 'tea' was pronounced 'tay,' and rhymed with 'obey.' Cf. note on l. 371.

88. **hecatomb:** literally, 'a sacrifice of a hundred oxen,' but applied generally to any great sacrifice of animals.

89. **aton'd:** reconciled. Note the original meaning, 'atone.'

92. Calchas was a warrior as well as a soothsayer. Divination is the special gift of Apollo, as song is of the Muses.

100. Calchas' appeal is honorable to Achilles in several ways; it recognizes him as a prominent warrior, a powerful upholder of public rights, and a man of his word. From the start, Achilles towers above Agamemnon in most respects, though we must always remember the extrinsic dignity Agamemnon has as 'king of men,' and his intrinsic merit as a politic commander.

102. Calchas knows that what he has to say will offend Agamemnon.

105–6. The original expresses naïvely, deep insight into the baser part of human nature. "A king is of more might when he is wroth with a meaner man; even though for the one day he swallow his anger, yet doth he still keep his displeasure thereafter in his breast, till he accomplish it."

110. Achilles may suspect the plague is due in some way to Agamemnon. At any rate, his oath binds him to uphold Calchas.

117. **blameless:** the word, in Homer, means simply faultless in externals, as in lineage, manners, personal appearance, etc.

124. **black-ey'd:** the original probably designates not color, but sparkling vivacity of look; hence, recent translators use such epithets as 'bright-eyed' or 'quick-glancing.'

130. Agamemnon here is certainly not the gracious and

dignified king, of Æschylus. In this book, however, we see him only at his worst, — sneering, taunting, arbitrary, selfish. But, like every Homeric hero, he has also his virtues. When disaster overtakes the army, he appears to especial advantage — a resourceful, courageous, kindly commander-in-chief. See particularly Book VI., which takes its name from him. His conduct towards Achilles, after the reconciliation, is almost as magnanimous as here it is mean. Note also his strong affection for Menelaus, his brother, who seems to rely on him. But, even if we should view him as not morally noble, he still is, like Macbeth, vastly significant. Homer and Shakspere both treat the children of their imagination — all but the very worst — with a large and sympathetic insight. Thus even Iago, whose satanic nature Shakspere certainly does not approve, is portrayed with sympathy of comprehension, if not with that of fellow-feeling. Agamemnon benefits by this large and human treatment. Like Macbeth, he becomes an important, if not a noble, type; and has about him the touch of nature that wins upon us, — that makes the whole world kin. Though perhaps a thorough and rapacious politician, and subdued to what he works in, he is also thoroughly human. Moreover, just as a weak character, like Richard II., becomes significant in a momentous situation, Agamemnon, who is not weak, and who operates as 'king-of-men' on a grand scale, appeals to our insight and imagination, when he does not to our better feelings. Cf. also Milton's Satan.

141. Chryseïs' captivity is a short one, and ends with the pleasant pictures of her homeward voyage and her restoration to her father's arms.

Homer is almost unrivalled in the brief but life-like

sketches of the characters who pass in and out of the story, and help to fill in its background.

143. **Clytæmnestra.** His wife. The audience would at once recall that she, with her paramour, murdered Agamemnon upon his return home, and that he was avenged by their son, Orestes. Several of the greatest tragedies of the classic period were based upon this story and the legends surrounding it.

150. Agamemnon has implied that the proceedings are prompted by personal spite against him. With the skilful duplicity of a politician, he assumes the air of injured innocence, and pleads the public welfare while actually violating it: "The public is wronging me, not I them." But he says no word about his notorious slight to the priest.

154. "Agamemnon's demand for a fresh prize of honor is not mere covetousness, though Achilles in his retort makes out that it is. . . . For it is clear throughout the *Iliad* that it is in the public gifts, which are the signs of preëminence, that the point of honor lies; to lose such a meed of honor is a disgrace as well as a material loss. . . . This should be kept in view throughout the *Iliad*." — Leaf.

155. Here Achilles begins to do wrong. But contrast the motives of the two men. Agamemnon, with ill intent, does ill; Achilles, with good intent, likewise does ill, through his impetuousness and pride. In the end he is punished and chastened for these faults, and when we take leave of him we see the 'depth' and not the 'tumult' of his soul.

170. A charge most hateful to the open-minded Achilles.

177–8. Ajax was the cousin of Achilles. Because of his vast stature and strength, and his warlike spirit, he was next to Achilles in might, the bravest in defence, as Diomed

was in attack. Ulysses was the wisest and most inventive of the chiefs, and the hero of the *Odyssey*. Agamemnon is indiscreet, to say the least, in needlessly asserting that he has arbitrary power over the best three men in the army.

185. *Black ships* is a standing phrase in Homer.

187. **Creta's king.** Idomeneus, one of the best and oldest of the Greek chiefs.

190. **A mean threat.** If Achilles should be forced to go on this distasteful errand, Agamemnon would be free to seize Briseïs. That Achilles understands the taunt, his next words show.

198. **form an ambush.** One of the most dangerous and honorable tests of a warrior's courage.

201. **Phthia.** The chief city of Thessaly, land of Achilles.

203. There is, perhaps, at least to a modern reader, a certain pathos in Achilles' description of far-away Phthia, like that in Dante's references, when on his 'long journey' through Hell and Purgatory to our world "beyond the mighty wave."

219. "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."
As You Like It, V. iv. 60.

221. This must not be looked upon as a wrongful desertion. Achilles, like the Christian crusaders, had the right, when outraged, to withdraw from a voluntary league. In fact, Homeric honor probably necessitated such withdrawal.

228. The unconscious irony of these words is evident in the light of subsequent events, especially Jove's decree in behalf of Achilles

For the duties and limitation of Homeric kingship, see Introd., p. lviii.

It will be well to remember here Achilles' unswerving piety to the gods.

232. Agamemnon now throws the whole blame for the quarrel on Achilles.

239. **Myrmidons.** The fierce, warlike subjects of Achilles. Note the accord of their character with his. See Introd., p. xxxvii.

240. Contrast with Banquo's —

> "Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear
> Your favors nor your hate."
>
> *Macbeth.*

246. Homer uses only her patronymic, which but adds to the casualness and naturalness of the beautiful silhouette he gives of her. In the sack of Troy, her husband and three brothers had been slain.

252. "As with the tide swelled up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way."
2 *Hen.* IV., II. iii. 63.

"And as he who unwills what he willed, and because of new thoughts changes his design . . . ; such I became on that dark hillside." — DANTE'S *Inferno*, II. 37.

261. Minerva (Athena) is in Homer the goddess of mental power and wisdom, of warlike prowess, and of skill in the arts of life. "As the anthropomorphic tracings are deepest upon the Zeus of Homer, so they are the least legible upon Athena. She is a goddess, not a god; but she has nothing of the sex except the gender, nothing of the woman except the form, sublimated and made awful with fire flashing from the eye. She is a true impersonation of the

logos, or reason; not of abstract intuitions, but of an operative understanding, which never errs in fitting means to ends."— GLADSTONE. She is a devoted patroness of the Greeks, more especially of Achilles in the *Iliad*, as of Odysseus (Ulysses) in the *Odyssey*. Here she opposes Achilles' reason to his passion. "Throughout the *Iliad*, Athena is herself [as it were] the will, or Menis, of Achilles. If he is to be calmed, it is she who calms him; if angered, it is she who inflames him. In the first quarrel with Atrides, where he stands at pause with the great sword half drawn, 'Athena came from heaven and stood beside him, and caught him by the yellow hair.' Another god would have stayed his hand upon the hilt, but Athena only lifts his hair."— RUSKIN.

265. **confess'd:** revealed. To become invisible was part of the magic power of the gods.

284. Win back your aid by the offer of gifts.

290. Cf. *Prov.* xv.; *John* ix. 31.

298–9. The original verse leaps with impetuous fierceness. The Homeric chiefs pretend to no false modesty, but 'speak right out' in plain words. Abusive epithets, like these Achilles surcharges with passion, Pope usually softens and conventionalizes for eighteenth century ears. Thus, when Homer likens Ajax's hardihood to that of an ass, Pope 'tactfully' calls the ass "The slow beast with heavy strength endued." Dante, like Homer, often dignifies mean subjects by the expressive use he makes of them; sometimes — like Homer perhaps — not without a touch of grave humor. Cf. *Purg.* xxvi. 34.

298. "But one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward."
Hamlet.

298. Insolent as a dog in bearing, but timid as a deer at heart.

The dog fares hard in the *Iliad;* he is, as among oriental nations, the personification of shamelessness. In the *Odyssey*, he is in higher favor. Argus, the old hunting dog, — the only being who recognizes his master after his twenty years' absence, — is famous. The horse, on the other hand, is almost deified in the *Iliad*, but appears to less advantage in the *Odyssey*. For the probable reasons, see Miss Alice Clerke's interesting and sympathetic *Homeric Studies.*

309. **sceptre:** not Achilles' own, but one the heralds hand to a recognized speaker in token that he 'holds the floor.'

Oaths by the sceptre as a symbol of power are frequent.

> "Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow."
>
> *Richard II.*, I. i. 118.

313. **temper'd steel:** axe.

315. **laws:** not in our sense, but sacred traditions. See Introd., p. lix.

324. The successive speeches of Achilles deepen in feeling and beauty of thought, and culminate, after the sudden descent of Athena from heaven, in the solemn forswearing of allegiance and its dread afterpause. There is a suggestion both of storm and of fleeting sunlight as the passions of the two chiefs gather and break, and are followed by Nestor's speech, persuasive and full of noble memories. Compare with this scene Milton's council in Hell, where the debates rise to a steep and austere grandeur, but one which lacks Homer's naturalness, variety, and repose.

330. **Pylos** was in the Peloponnesus.

331. **Nestor:** the venerable "clear-voiced orator." In the *Odyssey* he is said to have reigned over three generations of

men. Compare his efficient wisdom with the futile saws of Polonius in *Hamlet*.

332. "His tongue
Dropt manna."

Par. Lost, II. 112.

"His look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air."

Idem, II. 307.

345. Nestor, like all Homeric men, speaks frankly of his own merits.

347–350. **Pirithous**: king of the Lapithæ, a mountain folk of Thessaly. At his wedding-feast, one of the Centaurs (a wild tribe of men, later represented as half-man, half-horse), intoxicated with wine, carried off the bride, Hippodamia. In the famous war which followed, the Centaurs were beaten. It furnished subjects for many famous sculptures, notably those on the metopes of the south side of the Parthenon at Athens.

Dryas, *Ceneus*, and *Polyphemus* were Lapithae. The last must not be confused with Polyphemus, the one-eyed man-eating giant of the *Odyssey*. *Theseus*, the legendary hero of Athens, helped Pirithous against the Centaurs.

355–7. A triplet, or three rhyming lines, instead of the usual couplet, a pleasing variation which appears a number of times in the poem.

370. Nestor aptly points out to Agamemnon the wrong he is about to do, and to Achilles his fault of pride; at the same time he justly compliments both men. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, IV. iii. 131.

371. **join'd**: not a false rhyme; the word is still pronounced 'jined' colloquially in some parts of the United States.

379. "There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the world
That soon as yours, could win me."
Winter's Tale.

381. "Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus."
Julius Caesar, I. ii. 135.

390. "Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And bated it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think?"
Twelfth Night, III. i. 130.

392. The original: "Know that not by violence will I strive for the damsel's sake, neither with thee nor any other; ye gave and ye have taken away. But of all else that is mine beside my fleet black ship, thereof shalt thou not take anything or bear it away against my will."

It is hard to see how, under the circumstances, and judged by the standard of Homeric ethics, Achilles could be fairer than this subtle discrimination shows him to be, even in the excess of his rage.

395. Achilles refers also to Helen. Pope's idea, not Homer's.

402. Patroclus was so well known to Homeric auditors from old stories or songs, that he needed no further description here. The deep friendship between this gentle, brave, and chivalrous hero and Achilles is one of the most glorious things in literature. To avenge his comrade's death, met at the hands of Hector, Achilles ends his quarrel with Agamemnon and sacrifices his own life. Compare with this friendship that of Hamlet and Horatio, Damon and Pythias, Jonathan and David, or Orestes and Pylades.

404–8. This clear-cut picture in a few lines of the fleet ship speeding over the watery ways, together with that of

the rites of purification, and the brief one of the reverent approach of the heralds, begins the series of varied, and for the most part quiet, scenes, which make the second part of the book a fitting complement to the stormy first part.

406. Pope alters the idea somewhat; in Homer, Agamemnon "brought Chryseïs of the fair cheeks and set her therein (the ship)."

Compare Pope's description with the sunny, breezy one at the opening of Canto II. of Scott's *Marmion;* and contrast it with Cleopatra's voyage, *A. and C.*, II. ii. 192.

410. "The meaning is that the Achaeans washed in the sea, so that it might carry off the defilement, which were typical of their sin." Cf. *1 Sam.* vii. 6.

426–565. The scene shifts here, to give time for the voyage of the embassy to Chrysa.

432. **Decent confusion:** fitting hesitation.

434. Note the grave earnestness of Achilles' speech here as compared with his hasty passionateness in the Assembly.

435. Heralds had a special sanctity of person, and could travel where they pleased without molestation.

445. "Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall."
A. and C., I. i. 33.

450, Just the opposite of Dante's famous lines, *Purg.*, II. 11, 12.

453. Pope has amplified Homer: "And with them went the woman all unwilling." The leading away of Briseïs is the decisive point in the quarrel between the two chiefs. When she returns after their reconciliation, she finds Patroclus, the ideal of gentle heroism, dead in Achilles' tent, and

her instant lament over him expresses at once her womanly tenderness and his manly sympathy. She is one of those swift, sure, human sketches of character for which Homer, like Shakespere, is famous.

459. Homer's heroes, like Virgil's, give full play to natural feelings. The northern temper of mind is different. Contrast Achilles' weeping here, and especially his complete abandonment to grief at the death of Patroclus, with the silent but heart-breaking sorrow of Macduff. Cf. also the last speeches of Othello.

461. The doom refers to Achilles' choice. See Introd., p. xli. Achilles has already become "the type of triumphant youth . . . with sheer doom before his eyes." — Lang.

474. Note the simple, motherly tenderness of Thetis as she soothes her son, and his childlike responsiveness.

478. A small town in the Troad.

479. **Eëtion**: Andromache's father, slain by Achilles.

484. A repetition of what has gone before, but very effective. It gives a *résumé* of the crucial things in the disastrous quarrel, so that the auditor may not forget them. Its *naïveté* and gentle pathos are irresistible. "A man in suffering finds relief in rehearsing his ills, and this recital was followed by the sympathy of the poet's hearers." — Seymour.

508. That is, defrauds me of the prize allotted me by their votes.

515. "This strange legend of the binding of Zeus is not known from other sources, nor is it again mentioned in Homer. . . . Nor do we find elsewhere in Homer any such monstrous conception as that of a being with a hundred hands." — Leaf. The name Briareus (Heavyhanded) marks his strength and character.

518–9. Hera, Athena, Poseidon.

525. Poseidon is called "the earth shaker;" and all his sons, like himself, are strong and mighty. The original suggests the silent and grim satisfaction of Briareus as he sat down beside Zeus. Some critics think Briareus personifies the roar and might of the sea, as is suggested by his other name Aigaion, — Stormy.

531. "Clasping the knees and touching the chin is the recognized attitude of the Greek suppliant." — LEAF.

534. **copious death**: many dead bodies.

551. **Olympus**: Introd., p. lxii.

555. **warm limits**: Oceanus. See Introd., p. lvii.

557. The Æthiopians dwelt in two widely-distant tribes on the edge of the world's disk, — one to the southeast, one to the southwest. In return for their far-famed piety, the gods often honored them with visits.

560. **brazen dome**: the dome of Olympus as resplendent with burnished brass; lit., "palace of the bronze threshold." The palaces of the gods were the handiwork of Hephæstus Cf. "and the floor of the house he overlaid with gold, within and without," *1 Kings* vi. 30, of Solomon's temple Cf. also, Keats's description of the Olympian palaces in *Hyperion*, Book I.

565. Homer says: "he was vexed in spirit for the fair-girdled woman's sake, whom they had taken from him."

576. **dome**: house or temple; Latin, *domus*.

586ff. A sacrifice to the gods was also a banquet to them and the sacrificers. "Barley meal is scattered on the victim's head, that the gods may share in the fruits of the earth as well as in the meat. Slices from the thigh, as the best part, are wrapped in fat to make them burn, and thus ascend

in sweet savor to heaven. The sacrificers, after roasting the vitals, taste them as a symbolical sign that they are actually eating with the gods. When this religious act has been done, the rest of the victim is consumed as a merely human meal." — Leaf. Cf. the Æneid, I. 210ff.

609. Large five-tined forks on which the vitals (heart, liver, lungs) were roasted.

615–6. Heralds went about pouring a little wine into each cup, which the receiver at once poured upon the ground, as a libation to the gods. Then the cups were *crowned* (filled to the brim) for drinking. The custom of adorning the cups with flowers was of later date.

636. "He betook him neither to the assembly that is the hero's glory, neither to war, but consumed his heart in tarrying in his place, and yearned for the war-cry and the battle." Be sure to compare *Othello*, iii. 3, 347.

671. Pope's rendering of the epithet, "cloud-gatherer."

683–7. "Kronion spake and nodded his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head; and he made great Olympus quake."

"When a friend inquired of Phidias from what pattern he had formed his Olympian Jupiter, he is said to have answered by repeating these lines of the first *Iliad*, in which the poet represents the majesty of the god in the most sublime terms; thereby signifying that the genius of Homer had inspired him with it. Those who beheld this statue are said to have been so struck with it as to have asked whether Jupiter had descended from heaven to show himself to Phidias, or whether Phidias had been carried thither to contemplate the god."

"So was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd."
Paradise Lost, ii. 351.

684. Ambrosia and nectar were respectively the food and drink of the gods, and gave a divine beauty and vigor to those who partook of them.

698. Zeus' disquietude as husband is in delightful contrast to his sublimity as ruler.

712. Homer calls her, Hera "the ox-eyed queen," likening her eyes to those of an ox or heifer in respect to size, fulness, and majestic calm.

714. **Saturnius**: son of Saturn (Kronos), ruler of heaven before Zeus. See Keats's fine description of the fallen monarch at the beginning of *Hyperion*.

719. **consult**: consultation.

731. Pope's philosophy, expanded in his *Essay on Man*.

735. The gods are very human here, and hardly in the highest sense. Zeus is an angry husband, who answers his suspicious and 'nagging' wife with an arbitrary threat of force.

"This scene," says Mr. Leaf, "is typical of the spirit in which Homer treats the deities of Olympus. It is, to say the least, not reverent, and far removed from any conception of primitive piety. It is, indeed, one among many signs that the civilization of the heroic age was old and not young, — a civilization which was outgrowing the simple faith of its ancestors."

Mr. Leaf's explanation perhaps needs to be qualified. The conception the *Odyssey* gives us of the greater gods, especially Zeus, shows little decay in real religion. A

Homeric audience may have regarded the ways of the deities as past finding out, and believed that much was permitted to them that was not to men. Moreover, the petty wrangling of human creatures is hardly a subject for heroic humor; that of the gods is. Then, too, a touch of grimness elevates all; Zeus' threats, though naïve, are not wholly ludicrous. Finally, would the gods be complete and harmonious beings to a Greek, if they lacked the sense of humor? The passage probably affected its Homeric auditors with the mixed feelings of surprise, amusement, and awe that a child has when he hears, for the first time, a dignified father and mother quarrelling about some trivial thing.

753. **double bowl**: a bowl with a cup at each end, as in an hour-glass.

760–5.

> "Him the Almighty Power
> Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
> With hideous ruin and combustion down
> To bottomless perdition."
>
> Milton, *P. L.*, i. 44.

See also Milton's superb imitation of Homer's lines in *P. L.*, i. 740.

Zeus, to punish Hera for persecuting his son, Heracles (Hercules), fastened anvils to her feet, and hung her from the sky. Hephæstos, attempting to aid her, was kicked down from Olympus.

771. The laughable figure of the lame Vulcan as cupbearer, in place of the graceful Ganymede, distracts attention from the quarrel, and gives a cheerful character to the banquet.

775. The Muses sing alternately, one relieving the other. Cf. Milton, *Christmas Hymn*, 96.

The book, which opened in strife, ends in peace and with a vision of the

> "World of light and bliss, among
> The gods who live at ease."
>
> MILTON, *P. L.*, ii. 867.

BOOK VI.

5. Homer here names the Simois and the Xanthus (which "men call Scamander"). They joined each other in the Trojan plain before flowing into the sea.

9. **falchion**: the subject of *found* and *hew'd*.

12. **horsehair**: the plume of horsehair on his helmet.

14. Homer says, "and darkness shrouded his eyes."

17. **Arisbe**: a town near Troy.

22. A poor return in his hour of need for all his kindness. See Dante's famous eulogy of the hospitable Malaspina. *Purg.*, viii.

24. **servant**: for "the driver of his chariot." The position, like that of the medieval squire, is not one of servility, but of honor. The charioteer oftentimes fights as a champion.

The comments Homer is wont to make upon the dead stir us like the personal tributes to the fallen in a general's concise report of a battle, except that Homer mentions the beauty or former happiness of the dead as often as he does their valor.

25. Homer shows unconscious partiality for the Greeks when he describes personal encounters. In spite of all his tributes to the valor of the Trojans, we feel that he seldom

shows them 'in full swing.' Contrast the treatment of the enemy in the English and Scotch ballads.

28. **Naiad**: the fountain-nymph Abarbarea. On the tendency of the Greeks to give every grove, stream, woodland haunt, etc., its presiding deity, and to put man and nature in sympathetic accord, see Leigh Hunt's essay on *Ancient Mythology*.

37. **Teucer**: a renowned archer, son of Telamon, and step-brother of Ajax.

38. **Nestor's son**: Antilochus.

42. An instance of that circumstantiality and pleasing casualness which makes Homer's narrative seem real. On this point, see De Quincey, *Homer and the Homeridae*, pp. 158 ff.

46. The spear of Menelaus, king of Sparta.

49. **tamarisk**: not a tree, as Pope supposes, but a high shrub. Homer says the steeds broke the "car at the pole's foot," while "stumbling in a tamarisk's boughs."

59. **fame**: the Latin *fama*.

61. **told**: counted. Cf. to 'tell off' bricks, etc.

62. Homer says "bronze, gold, and smithied iron." Money being unknown, trade was carried on by barter.

64. **suspended**: in suspense.

70. An ironical reminder to Menelaus of what he has suffered from the race he is about to spare. Agamemnon's cruelty contrasts with Menelaus's compassion, which seems to be regarded as an amiable weakness. As Pope says, the Old Testament abounds in similar acts of barbarity.

74. A typical picture of war in primitive times.

85. **son of Mars**: a warrior.

88. 'To the victor belongs the spoil.'

91. **Helenus**: one of Priam's many sons.

93. **Æneas**: the bravest of the Trojan allies, and later the hero of Virgil's poem. It will be well to remember him by the Earl of Surrey's fine rendering of lines 431–4 of the *Æneid*.

> "Ye Trojan ashes! and last flames of mine!
> I call in witness, that at your last fall
> I fled no stroke of any Greekish sword,
> And if the fates would I had fallen in fight,
> That with my hand, I did deserve it well."

99. **efforts**: accent on the last syllable.

113. **mantle**: the Greek *peplos*, a large, full robe, falling in rich folds, worn over the common dress.

135. **Dardans**: descendants of Dardanus, the founder of the house of Priam and Æneas; hence a more inclusive term than Trojans.

145. Note the length of the shield. The chief defensive equipment of a Homeric warrior consisted of a shield, usually round; a helmet, surmounted by a plume; greaves made of soft metal; and the *mitra*, a girdle of metal or plated with metal. His offensive equipment included a spear, hurled from the hand like the later javelin, a sword, mainly used (it seems) for thrusting, and a war-chariot. This last was a two-wheeled car with space for driver and warrior. It had a high rim in front and at the sides, but was open at the back, and drawn by two and sometimes three horses.

146. The manner in which this episode is introduced is well illustrated by the following remarks of Mure, vol. i. p. 298: "The poet's method of introducing his episode also illustrates in a curious manner his tact in the dramatic department of his art. Where, for example, one or more heroes are despatched on some commission, to be executed

at a certain distance of time or space, the fulfilment of this task is not, as a general rule, immediately described. A certain interval is allowed them for reaching the appointed scene of action, which interval is dramatized, as it were, either by a temporary continuation of the previous narrative, or by fixing attention for a while on some new transaction, at the close of which the further account of the mission is resumed."

147. Quieter scenes now relieve those of carnage: first the parting of Diomed and Glaucus, illustrating the power of guest-friendship, and last, the meeting and parting of Hector and Andromache, illustrating the sanctity of the marriage tie. Paris flits to and fro, — he who had violated both these bonds; and, deeply as we sympathize with guilty Troy, he prevents our forgetting that she *is* guilty. Within these main digressions are several minor ones, and the whole forms a varied and delightful picture of the momentary peace that came with the lull in the war. On the scope, naturalness, and quiet pathos of such scenes, see Introduction, p. xxxvi.

148. Compare the two heroes of the splendid episode which follows. Homer's trait of sharply individualizing his characters is clearly indicated in the following quotation:

"Fresh, direct, and noble, the Homeric mode of presenting life has been singularly potent in tracing certain types of character which ever since have stood out clearly before the imagination of the world. Such, in the first place, are the heroes of the two epics — Achilles, the type of heroic might, violent in anger and in sorrow, capable also of chivalrous and tender compassion; Odysseus, the type of resourceful intelligence joined to heroic endurance, — one in

whom the power of Homer is seen even better, perhaps, than in Achilles, since the debased Odysseus of later Greek poetry never succeeded in effacing the nobler image of his Homeric original. Such, again, are the Homeric types of women, so remarkable for true and fine insight, — Andromache, the young wife and mother, who, in losing Hector, must lose all; Penelope, loyal, under hard trial, to her long-absent lord; the Helen of the *Iliad*, remorseful, clear-sighted, keenly sensitive to any kindness shown her at Troy; the Helen of the *Odyssey*, restored to honor in her home at Sparta; the maiden Nausicaa, so beautiful in the dawning promise of a noble womanhood, — perfect in her delicacy, her grace, and her generous courage. From Agamemnon to Thersites there is no prominent agent in the Homeric epic on whom Homer has not set the stamp of some quality which we can feel as distinctive. The divine types of character are marked as clearly, and in the same manner, as the human, — Zeus, the imperious but genial ruler of the Olympian family, — intolerant of competing might, but manageable through his affections or his appetites; Hera, his wife, who never loses sight of her great aim — the advancement of the Greek cause — but whose sometimes mutinous petulance is tempered by a feminine perception of the point at which her lord's character requires that she should take refuge in blandishments; Apollo, the minister of death, the prophet, active in upholding the decrees of his father Zeus, and never at discord with him; Athene, who, unlike her brother Apollo, is often opposed to the purposes of Zeus, — at once a mighty goddess of war, and the goddess who presides over art and industry." (JEBB.)

150. Single combats are frequent in warlike romances.

See those in Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*. For the mutual admiration of chivalrous foemen, see Scott's account of the meeting of Richard I. and Saladin in *The Talisman*.

160. See Diomed's splendid exploits against the gods in Book V.

161. **Lycurgus**: a Thracian king who excluded the worship of Dionysus (Bacchus) from his land, and drove the god himself into the sea. In punishment he was blinded, and soon after lost his life.

181. Cf. *Psalms* ciii. 14–16, and *Wisdom of the Son of Sirach* xiv. 18.

191. **Sisyphus**: son of Æolus, and founder of Ephyre (the later Corinth).

201. **Antea**: wife of Proteus.

210. **tablets**: the original reads, "having scratched many life-destroying symbols (*σήματα*, characters or signs), in a folded tablet." This passage has caused much discussion as to whether writing was known in Homeric times. Most commentators think it means no more than that certain picture-signs, suggesting murder, were scratched on the inner side of the tablet. If known, letters were probably regarded as a magic thing, and so could not have been much in use. The attitude of many savages toward writing is about the same. See also the lay belief in the Middle Ages that Latin had mysterious powers, and was good for conjuring the devil up or away.

214. After the Homeric host had shown full hospitality to a stranger-guest, then, and not before, he questioned him as to his name and errand.

219–24. The Chimera was a fabulous, fire-spouting mon-

ster, and is fully described in the text. This is the only instance in Homer of the mixed beings with which later Greek mythology teems. His Sirens and even his Centaurs are wholly human in form. This absence of distorted grotesques is a strong evidence of the complete sanity of the Homeric imagination. Contrast oriental mythology in this respect, with its worship of monster deities.

223. **expire**: breathe forth; the Latin sense.

226. **prodigies**: portents.

227. **Solymæan crew**: original inhabitants of Lycia, expelled by the Lycians.

229. **Amazons**: a fabled race of warrior women.

242. Homer names them, Isandros, Hippolochos, and Laodamia. Another instance of that circumstantiality which gives the *Iliad* an atmosphere of reality.

244. **Sarpedon**: son of Zeus, king of the Lycians, and a brave ally of the Trojans, killed by Patroclus.

247. Bellerophon evidently became mad. **Aleian field**, 'the field of wandering,' or, perhaps, 'field where no harvest grows.'

250. **Phoebe**: Artemis, Diana, twin-sister of Apollo. Like him she bears a bow, and is his counterpart in several respects, sending quiet death to women as he does to men. Later she is identified with the moon, as he with the sun.

251. That is, he was slain in battle.

256–60. Pope adapts here, and worthily, famous lines of the original.

262. To indicate his desire to cease hostilities.

264–88. These lines express the essence of the noble idea of guest-friendship.

274. **Tyrian dye**: royal purple; far more crimson than

blue. Pope expands, introducing Tyre and Tyrian purple, neither of which was known to Homer, who says simply, "Oineus gave a belt bright with purple." With him, purple is applied to anything opaque and dark-gleaming, without any distinct implication of color. His sense for colors in general, as Gladstone remarks, seems little developed. He seems to know them primarily as approximations to, or degrees of, black and white; but within his limits he makes astonishing poetic use of them, and his natural imagery has a vitality of color that surpasses any effect mere variety can give.

277–8. Refers to the fatal expedition of the "Seven against Thebes." See Æschylus' tragedy, based on the legend.

286. The hosts are, by a poetic convention, supposed to have stopped fighting in order to witness the meeting of the two heroes.

289 ff. Read Dante's noble description of his meeting with Sordello, followed by the terrible invective against Italy, where kindness to guests and kindred was no longer found. *Purg.*, VI. 58.

291. Pope reverses Homer's meaning, which seems to imply, half-humorously perhaps, that Glaucus' kindly feeling made him for the nonce foolishly generous.

295. The episode is now ended, and the narrative, broken off at l. 146, is resumed.

297. **Scæan:** the main gate of the city, looking toward the Grecian camp. To its tower, the Trojan women had come to watch the conflict.

298. **beech-tree:** oak-tree in Homer.

307. Priam, like other eastern princes, had several wives

and many sons. All (with two or three exceptions), lived together in patriarchal fashion, like the families described in *Genesis*.

322. Homer says merely, "honey-sweet wine."

329. Pope substitutes this little temperance-homily for Homer's words, "bring me no honey-hearted wine, my mother, lest thou cripple me of my courage, and I be forgetful of my might."

337. That is, it is unfit for him to make oblation with unwashed hands. Cf. *Exodus*, xxx. 20.

339. Sacrifices are offered in the *Iliad* much as in the *Old Testament*.

349. In Book III., Paris had been overcome in a duel with Menelaus, but had been snatched from the battle-field by Venus.

362–3. Sidon was an older city than Tyre (see n. l. 274), and its inhabitants were far-famed for luxurious merchandise. (See *1 Kings* v. 6; *Ezek.* xxvii.) According to Herodotus, Paris, in returning home from Sparta, was carried out of his course by storms.

367. Homer seldom indulges in pure description, but usually makes his descriptive details expressive accompaniments of some life-like, dramatic situation.

371. **Palladian dome**: A temple of Pallas (Minerva).

372. **Theano**: sister of Hecuba, and wife of Antenor, one of Priam's wisest friends.

375. These pious cries were intended as responses in a kind of liturgical service.

382. That is, 'never harnessed for work.'

394–401. Guess the character of Paris. Where ought he to be? Is he wholly foppish and selfish? See the closing lines of the book.

395. **ten cubits**: eleven in Homer. A cubit was, roughly, about one foot and a half. Xenophon speaks of a lance fifteen cubits in length. A Prussian Uhlan's lance is about ten feet long. Homer's circumstantial descriptions do much to visualize his scenes for us.

396. **ringlets**: meant to hold the head of the spear in place, and to prevent the shaft from splitting.

398–401. An excellent description of a dilettante warrior, but an amplification of Homer, who means that Paris is taking delight in caring for his weapons, as a hunter now does for his gun.

403. As they stand weaving at the loom.

406. Hector, unaware of Aphrodite's interference (see l. 349), supposes Paris has withdrawn from the field in anger at the manifest disapproval of his countrymen (Book III. 319 of the original).

409. **close**: secret; cf. closet.

424–5. Symonds writes, "Helen is one of those ideal creatures of the fancy, over which time, space, and circumstance, and moral probability, exert no sway. It would be impossible to conceive of her except as inviolably beautiful and young." She is in Homer, not so much the fatal and guilty siren of the later poets, as the embodiment of the ideal beauty of woman, with all its fascination, whether tragic or happy. Homer emphasizes only her more winning and womanly traits, and in the *Odyssey* restores her radiant as ever to Menelaus. In so doing, the poet chafes our modern morality. But it was both the glory and the fault of Greek genius to worship the beautiful so intensely as to endanger the good; though most of their great works of art exemplify Goethe's saying that beauty is higher than goodness, for it includes goodness.

427. Once before (in Book III.) Paris has made this self-same excuse. His sanguine, volatile, and vacillating character, in both its good and weak points, is somewhat like Tito's in George Eliot's novel.

436. Helen (in Book III.) has expressed the like self-abhorrence.

450 ff. Hector is represented as an unselfish patriot and husband, in contrast to Paris, whose thoughts are instinctively self-centred.

458. A true premonition. This is his last visit to Troy; he dies in battle a few days later.

467. **Astyanax**: the only son of Hector and Andromache. The name, which seems to mean 'prince,' or 'defender of the city,' was given to the child in honor of his father, Hector means 'prop,' or 'stay.'

491. Hector, after his failure to find his wife at home, is hurrying to the battle-field, when he meets her, and for the last time, by chance. "In the present episode," says Pope, . . . "Homer has assembled all that love, grief, and compassion could inspire." Pope himself appears to advantage in his rendering of the scene.

492. **the joyful fair**: it is to Pope's credit that in his *Homer*, he employs such expressions less often than in his own work.

526–33. One of the many incidental pictures that touch our quieter and better feelings, and give to the episode its sustained tenderness of spirit.

536. Homer has "amid their kine of shambling (swing-paced) gait."

539. Hippoplacia: more correctly Hyppoplacia, a name for Thebe, the birthplace of Andromache.

545. Pope has rendered well the beautiful original.

570. For the Greek conception of destiny, see Introd., p. lxvii.

583. Drawing water is an important duty of women and slaves in Oriental countries; cf. the *Old Testament* phrase, "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

589. According to later tradition, Andromache became the prize of Neoptolemus, Achilles' son.

591. Cf. Milton's "monumental oak." *Il Pensoroso*, 135.

602. Only two other passages of the *Iliad* mention kissing, and both refer merely to acts of suppliants.

606–7. Cf. Burns's *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*,

> "My son! my son! may kinder stars
> Upon thy fortune shine;
> And may those pleasures gild thy reign
> That ne'er would blink on mine."

Here, as throughout the scene, Hector's thoughts and prayers are for others, not himself. He had his human faults; but as father, husband, and patriot —

> "He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

626. Characteristic Greek and Oriental fatalism. Cf. Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubáiyát*.

> "The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
> But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes;
> And He that toss'd you down into the field,
> *He* knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!"

632. That is, drive away care by work: with the words of the original, Plutarch says Brutus sought to turn aside the anxious inquiries of Portia, when he was brooding over the plan to slay Cæsar.

648. *He* has no gloomy forebodings.

652. **wanton**: unrestrained, exuberant. The point of resemblance between Paris and the stallion is the gay spirits which come from youth, beauty, high feeding, at the expense of sober sense. Cf. 2 Henry IV., I. i. 9 ff.

665. Paris wants to apologize; he thinks Hector has stayed for him.

667–9. Hector steels his brother with well-meant praise.

676–9. Homer's ending is simple and strong: "But let us be going; all this will we make good hereafter, if Zeus ever vouchsafe us to set before the heavenly gods that are for everlasting the cup of deliverance in our halls, when we have chased out of Troyland the well-greaved Achaians."

Homer never ends a scene with that startling and sensational abruptness now so much in vogue, but prefers a quiet and restful close; and, while avoiding the over-detail which satiates, always suggests fully a picture which the fascinated imagination craves to go on remembering.

"Of all the *Iliad* this incomparable book attains the grandest heights of narrative and composition, of action and pathos. Nowhere else have we so perfect a gallery of types of human character; the two pairs, Hector and Paris, Helen and Andromache, in their truthfulness and contrast, form a group as subtly as they are broadly drawn; while, on the other hand, the 'battle vignettes' with which the book opens, and the culmination of the scenes of war in the meeting of Glaukos and Diomedes, set before us with unequalled vivacity the pride of life of an heroic age, the refinement of feeling which no fierceness of fight can

barbarize, in the most consummate manner of the 'great style.'" — Leaf.

This eulogy is, perhaps, a little too sweeping. Great as the sixth book is, it lacks the variety, dramatic vigor, and strong, direct feeling of the first book, and its art seems much more conscious, especially in the elaborated pathetic effects. But the likeness of its sentiment to that of our own literature makes it appeal to modern readers more readily than any other book.

BOOK XXII.

1. "In the swift action of this twenty-second book," says Professor Jebb, "we can recognize at least four general traits as preëminently Homeric. (1) The outlines of character are made distinct in deed, in dialogue, and in audible thought. (2) The divine and human agencies are interfused; the scene passes rapidly from earth to Olympus, and again to earth; the gods speak the same language as men, — noble, yet simple and direct; the gods are superhuman in might, — human in love, in hate, and in guile. (3) Each crisis of the narrative is marked by a powerful simile from nature. (4) The fiercest scenes of war are brought into relief against profoundly touching pictures of domestic love and sorrow."

3. "Getting off the mingled dust and sweat."
Chapman.

6. The Greeks probably held their shields above their heads, in the manner of the Roman testudo, as a protection

against missiles from the wall. Homer says merely, "Setting shields to shoulders."

37. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 706.

39. **Orion's dog**: Sirius, the brightest star in the constellation of the dog (Canis Major); so called because it preceeds Orion, named after the mighty hunter. It rose with the sun in midsummer, and was supposed to cause the evil effects of that season. Hence the Roman name *canicular* and our "dog-days." **weighs**: oppresses.

43. "With how much dreadful Pomp is Achilles here introduced? How noble, and in what bold colors hath he drawn the blazing of his Arms, the Rapidity of his Advance, the Terror of his Appearance, the Desolation around him; but, above all, the certain Death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a crowd of terrible Ideas in this one Simile! But immediately after this follows the moving Image of the two aged Parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their Son! This is succeeded again by the dreadful, gloomy picture of Hector, all on fire, obstinate, bent on Death, and expecting Achilles, admirably painted in the Simile of the Snake rolled up in his Den and collecting his Poisons. And indeed thro' the whole Book the wonderful Contrast and Opposition of the Moving and of the Terrible is perpetually kept, each heightening the other. I can't find words to express how so great Beauties affect me." — POPE.

45. **obtests**: entreats.

57. Cf. i. 6.

69. **his daughter**: Laothoë, one of Priam's wives. **Lelegia**: the land of the Leleges, on the coast of the Troad and neighboring islands.

71. The banks of the river Styx (lit. 'Hateful') in the underworld. By the Styx the gods swore their most solemn oaths. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* ii. 577.

"Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate."

97. Later traditions fulfil this foreboding.

99. Cf. Old Siward's remarks on his son's honorable death, *Macbeth*, V. viii. 43.

130. Coiled up near or upon his hole, is probably Homer's implication. If in his hole, the snake would probably remain there in safety, instead of coiling for attack.

132. Snakes are still popularly supposed to derive their poison from feeding on such herbs.

137. Homer says,

"Sore troubled, he spake to his great heart."

"These audible thoughts are usually in the nature of comments on the main point of the situation, and as such might have been made by a sympathetic bystander; they are comparable to the utterances of the Chorus in Greek tragedy." — Jebb. Cf. our convention of the soliloquy.

139. Hector's troubled thoughts at this fearful moment, bring his mind to a standstill, as rage did Achilles' in Book I.

140–1. When the frightened Trojans gave way at the shouting of Achilles over the trench, Polydamas advised withdrawal into Troy. Hector's opposite counsel prevailed.

140. In this soliloquy, Hector makes no mention of his concern for the welfare of others, partly because the poet has already caused him to do so fully in Book VI. But see Gladstone's summary of his character. "His courage is far from perfect, and there are in him veins of both vain-glory and rashness. But he is pious towards the gods, affection-

ate and beloved in his domestic relations, a laborious and unselfish patriot, laden with more responsibility than he well can bear. At the latest moment, driven to bay, he recovers a perfect manhood, and dies the hero's death." Probably, however, neither Homer nor his auditors thought of impeaching Hector's courage. See note on l. 180.

158. Helen and the treasure she carried with her to Troy.

167–70. See Professor Jebb's words: "Each crisis of the narrative is marked by a powerful simile from nature." Here the simile is of peaceful things, such as neither Hector nor Troy shall ever see again. Cf. Dante's unequalled power to suggest things terrible through the medium of things bright and beautiful. See his description of his first glimpse of the fraudulent counsellors tormented by fire :

"As the rustic who rests him on the hill in the season when . . . the fly yieldeth to the gnat [that is, in the summer twilight], sees many fireflies down in the valley, perhaps there where he makes his vintage and ploughs, — with as many flames all the eighth pit was resplendent." — *Hell*, xxvi. 25.

180. Hector's sudden flight is one of the most puzzling incidents of the *Iliad*. "In a saga or a *chanson de geste*, in an Arthurian romance, in a Border ballad, in whatever poem or tale answers in our Northern literature, however feebly, to Homer, this flight round the walls of Troy would be an absolute impossibility. Under the eyes of his father, his mother, his countrymen, Hector flies — the gallant Hector, 'a very perfect, gentle knight' — from the onset of a single foe. . . . But Homer's world, Homer's chivalry, Homer's

ideas of honor, were all unlike those of the Christian and Northern world." — Lang.

But we must not forget that Achilles, impelled by the most passionate desire for vengeance, equipped in the blazing armor forged by Hephæstus, and visibly favored in all ways by the gods, is an incarnation of might before which no man can stand. Heaven is warring, as it were, in his behalf, as Jehovah did for the Israelites. Remember how Achilles' mere shout set the whole Trojan army in flight. (See Introd., p. xxxviii.) Hector's panic is like that we experience in a nightmare, when the will is powerless. Deeply absorbed in his troubled thoughts, he looks up and beholds Achilles sweeping toward him, and before he can summon together his scattered faculties, the terrible vision fills his whole imagination.

189. **fore-right**: right to the fore, straight on.

194. Raised the dust as they sped along the road that ran round the city a short distance from the wall.

201. Homer, "broad, beautiful washing-troughs of stone."

241. **Tritonia**: Trito-born, a word of doubtful origin.

247. Scent the fawn.

257. The only simile in Homer taken from a dream.

271.

> "The Eternal— . . .
> Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales."
>
> Milton, *P. L.*, IV. 996.

276. Hector is doomed to die.

291. **Deïphobus**: Hector's favorite brother. Minerva comes to lure Hector within striking distance of Achilles.

294. This deception, and her return of Achilles' spear to that hero, shock our modern taste. But we must try, in

order to do the poet justice, to take the view of a Homeric audience, and to make the same allowances for its mistaken conceptions of right and wrong and divine justice, as we do for some of those of the *Old Testament* patriarchs. The gods are supposed to have righteous ends in mind, and may adopt any means whatsoever to fulfil them, — a dangerous belief, but one not confined to Homer. It is no shame to Achilles, but a great glory, to receive their aid; for his piety, ideality, and championship of the right cause merit their favor, as Troy and her champions do their vengeance. Achilles is like a man who, by his goodness and integrity, has won such powerful friends that he can easily and gracefully defeat any enemy. There is, besides, from other passages of the *Iliad*, no doubt but that he is a far more powerful warrior than Hector; therefore, the intent here must be so to enhance his natural prowess by the magic of divine favor working for justice, that everything must fall before it, as the walls of Jericho did before the trumpets of Joshua, or Goliath before the arm of David. This interpretation relieves Hector from all charges of cowardice; he flees, as it were, before divine vengeance visibly incarnate in man. Compare this scene with that at the close of Book XVI., where Hector strikes down Patroclus, after that hero had been dazed by the blow of Apollo, and wounded from behind by the spear thrust of Euphorbos.

336. Before Patroclus' death, Achilles preferred to spare lives rather than take them. See the prose version, Book XXI. 97, on this point, and for one of the most mournful and fatalistic passages in the *Iliad*.

344. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, ii. 22.

348. Xanthus, Achilles' immortal chariot-horse, had told

that hero his death was near at hand, and Thetis had previously said it was to follow close upon Hector's. "Stung as he is," says Mr. Symonds, "by remorse and by the sorrow for Patroclus, which does not unnerve him, but rather kindles his whole spirit to a flame, we are prepared to see him fierce even to cruelty. But when we know that in the midst of the carnage he is himself moving a dying man, when we remember that he is sending his slain foes like messengers before his face to Hades, when we keep the warning words of Thetis and Xanthus in our minds, then the grim frenzy of Achilles becomes dignified. The world is in a manner over for him, and he appears the incarnation of disdainful anger and revengeful love, the conscious scourge of God and instrument of destiny."

371. **resulting**: Latin *resultare*, to spring back.

391. **Jove's bird**: the eagle.

392. **truss**: to pounce upon and seize firmly.

395. **fourfold cone**: four-plated helm.

397. **Vulcanian frame**: framed or forged by Vulcan.

399. **Hesper**: the evening star.

405–6. Hector confronts his foe in Achilles' own armor, taken from the body of Patroclus, and Achilles probably knows its weak points. This coincidence, and the likeness between the death of Patroclus and that of Hector, can hardly be intended otherwise than as the working out of poetic justice.

436. **prevalence**: prevailing power.

437. "As surely as I can not eat thee myself, so surely the dogs shall eat thee," is Mr. Leaf's interpretation of Homer's words. Cf. Hamlet's cry:

"Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

452. According to later traditions, Achilles was slain by a poisoned arrow guided from Paris' bow by Apollo. The *Iliad* has no hint of the fable that Achilles was invulnerable except as to his heel; in fact, he is once wounded in the arm by Asteropaios. (See Book XXI.)

466–70. "The admiration expressed for the dead body is a thoroughly Greek touch. . . . On the other hand, the wounding of the helpless corpse strikes us as peculiarly brutal; but it was probably not done out of mere wantonness. In the first place, such mutilation would render the ghost harmless; and, in the second, each of the Greeks had a claim, for the sake of some kinsman slain by Hector, to a share in the blood revenge." — LEAF.

497. **nervous**: sinewy.

500. "One of the Scholiasts says that it was a Thessalian custom to drag the body of a murderer round the grave of his victim, so that Achilles here and in XXIV. 416 [508, Pope] follows his national tradition." — LEAF.

510. The Trojans have been watching the scene from the wall, the Greeks from the field, and the gods from Olympus. Homer gives us every point of view, and appeals to all emotions. Like Sophocles, "He saw life steadily and saw it whole."

610. The astrology is Pope's.

640. "The idea seems to be that by orphanage a child is shown to be no favorite of the gods, and may be insulted with impunity. This idea survives to the present day in Albania." — LEAF.

BOOK XXIV.

"The supreme beauty of the last book of the *Iliad*, and the divine pathos of the dying fall, in which the tale of strife and blood passes away, are above all words of praise. The meeting of Priam and Achilles, the kissing of the deadly hands, and the simplicity of infinite sadness over man's fate in Achilles' reply, mark the high tide of a great epoch of poetry. In them we feel that the whole range of suffering has been added to the unsurpassed presentment of action which, without this book, might seem to be the crowning glory of the *Iliad*."—Leaf.

25. **monument**: a funeral mound.

34. **Hermes** is the object of *will'd*. This is the first allusion to Hermes as a thievish god.

38–41. According to later tradition, Paris, acting as judge in a contest of beauty among Juno, Minerva, and Venus, awarded the prize (the apple of discord) to the last. See Bulfinch, p. 256; Galey, p. 285. Many of these post-Homeric legends, good as they are, mar the beauty and dignity of the poems, and care should be taken not to identify the two.

41, Cyprus, the Mediterranean island, where Venus was worshipped.

96. **azure queen**: Thetis. Both "azure" and "blue-haired" (112) are Pope's epithets.

99. **Iris**: Goddess of the rainbow, and messenger of Jupiter and his wife, as Mercury (Hermes) is of all Olympus "Although she is but a sketch, she is one of those sketches in which the touch of the incomparable master is as clearly

seen as in any work of the most complete development. Only the hand that drew Nausicaa (in the *Odyssey*) on earth, could have drawn Iris in the skies. She seems lighter than the air itself upon her golden wings; and the poet always employs the full resources of pure dactylic verse to signify the elastic bound with which she starts upon her missions. But with all her lightness, she plunges 'like lead' through the waters of the deep, because her swiftness is more essential to her even than her lightness. In full keeping with these, so to speak, physical qualities, is her ready, nimble mind, her incessant labor for some purpose of good, not of ill, and the total absence of every dark, or gross, or malicious feature from the really sweet delineation."—GLADSTONE.

103. Homer mentions the island of Samothrace, not Samos.

112. The Nereids.

122. **sable shade** means simply a dark-hued robe or veil.

146. Had Hermes stolen Hector's body, Achilles would have lost the glory of receiving a rich ransom for returning it.

249. **deathful**: probably the epithet is used in a double sense; his eye has glared death at many adversaries, and also beheld them slain.

273. **present**: visibly presenting herself.

285. **chargers**: large dishes (obs.). Cf. *Matt.* xiv. 8.

289. All these treasures seemed too little compared with getting his dead son back to Troy.

322. "Troilus," says Grote, "is only once named in the *Iliad* . . . ; but his youth, beauty, and untimely end, made him an object of great interest with subsequent poets."

Chaucer, Shakspere, and Dryden have used the story of Troilus, each decidedly in his own way.

331–340. Pope confuses certain details of the original, which is obscure, but his description is throughout consistent with itself.

333. **cabinet**: for Homer's 'wicker carriage,' in which the gifts were placed.

335. **box**: boxwood.

344. **Mysia**: for "the Mysians," a people near Troy.

345. Of the two cars, one was drawn by mules to convey the presents; the other by horses, for Priam and the herald.

359. **god**: Zeus.

375. Literally, "he stood in the midst of the court" (where the altar of Zeus was placed), "and prayed and poured forth wine."

384–93. Omens from the right (dexter) were of good presage. Cf. our word 'sinister.' "This is the only foreshadowing in Homer of the place which the eagle was to take in later mythology as the especial bird of Zeus" (Leaf).

390 **Percnos**: the black eagle.

417–20. Literally, "Straightway beneath his feet he bound on his fair sandals, golden, divine, that bore him over the wet sea and over the boundless land with the breathings of the wind."

417–26. Be sure to compare this passage with a similar one in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, V. 266 ff. Milton often adapts passages of Homer.

418. **incumbent**: resting on.

430. Homer says, "at the river," probably the Scamander.

431. Homer speaks of "the great barrow," or funeral

mound, of Ilus, the grandfather of Priam; whence the name Ilium.

457. **lines**: lineaments.

477. "Notice how delicately Hermes lets Priam see that he knows him" (Leaf).

529. **latent**: hidden, disguised.

552. Achilles' 'tent,' or 'hut,' seems much like an Achaean palace. "It has a hall, with forecourt, vestibule, and colonnades, and is at times spoken of as a house" (Leaf). See Jebb's *Introduction*, pp. 57–62.

572. **his son**: Neoptolemus, who after his father's death came to Troy and achieved great renown. See the *Odyssey*, Book XI., 466–540, — one of the supreme passages in Homer.

598 633. "The whole scene between Achilles and Priam, when the latter comes to the Greek camp for the purpose of redeeming the body of Hector, is at once the most profoundly skilful, and yet the simplest and most affecting passage in the *Iliad*. . . . Observe the exquisite taste of Priam in occupying the mind of Achilles, from the outset, with the image of his father; in gradually introducing the parallel of his own situation; and, lastly, mentioning Hector's name when he perceives that the hero is softened, and then only in such a manner as to flatter the pride of the conqueror. . . . The whole passage defies translation; for there is that about the Greek which has no name, but which is of so fine and ethereal a subtlety that it can only be felt in the original, and is lost in an attempt to transfuse it into another language." — H. N. COLERIDGE.

705. Literally: "Therefore now stir my heart no more amid my troubles, lest I leave not even thee in peace, old sire, within my hut, albeit thou art my suppliant, and lest I

transgress the commandment of Zeus." Achilles' grief is almost over-mastering, and Priam's repeated allusions to the father whom he will never see again are more than he can bear. He finds some relief apparently to the shock by sudden physical motion; for he "leapt like a lion through the door of the house," to busy himself in work. Mr. Leaf brings out another probable aspect of Achilles' sorrow: "This outburst on the part of Achilles shows the intense struggle through which he is passing. It is all he can do to control himself; and he feels that he will not be able to do so at all unless he is left to act in his own way, without being either hurried or doubted, as Priam's words would seem to imply."

717. Achilles' irritability may well be contrasted with Macbeth's nervousness (in Act V. sc. 3) as regards the characters of the two men: Achilles is "like a person in whom grief is hasty" (Dante); Macbeth is a criminal overwrought through the sleeplessness caused by remorse and fear. Contrast also the swift development in nobleness of the one hero with that in criminality of the other. Achilles is *ideal* in the two chief senses of the word, — typical and noble; Macbeth is, at the end, only typical, though profoundly so.

740–5. Mr. Symonds, with perhaps a slight touch of his characteristic exaggeration, says: "Fraternity in arms played for the Greek race the same part as the idealization of women for the knighthood of feudal Europe. . . . The Christian chivalry of mercy, forgiveness, gentleness, and long-suffering, which claims the title of charity in armor, was a post-Homeric ideal." But, he adds, there was a chivalry of friendship which mingled comradely love with mili-

tary and patriotic passion, and became "an enthusiastic habit of soul," "which spread through all the states of Hellas," and appeared, "during the last struggle of Hellenic freedom," "in the splendid heroism of the Three Hundred, who fell together face forward to the Macedonian lances at Chaeronea." "The fruit which friendship bore among the Greeks was courage in the face of danger, indifference to life when honor was at stake, patriotic ardor, the love of liberty, and lion-hearted rivalry in battle."

Achilles' prayer to Patroclus to forgive him for restoring the body of his slayer is the last and perfecting act of this most wonderful of friendships. The rest of the poem is devoted to the ransoming and burial of their common enemy. Cf. Dante, Inferno V., 65, "The great Achilles, who at the end fought with love."

745. **manes**: not Homer's word. Why?

757–779. Niobe, the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes, boasted herself superior, because of her many children, to Latona, — who had but two, Apollo and Diana, — and was punished as here described. "Achilles means, 'you may well eat, without appearing hard of heart; for even Niobe ate in her grief, and she is actually the type of faithful mourning, and chosen by the gods themselves to embody endless grief before men forever.'" — LEAF.

762. **Cynthia**: Diana, so-called because born on Mount Cynthus, in the island of Delos.

773. Like the pillar of salt of Lot's wife, Niobe's rock is still pointed out to the traveller. It is on Mount Sipylos, near Smyrna, in Lydia. "The figure thus alluded to is a sort of high relief against a background of natural rock. The shape is thrice the human height, and some two hun-

dred feet from the ground. A trickling spring is said to give the impression of falling tears." — W. C. Lawton.

775. **Acheloüs**: a river of Lydia.

776. **watr'y fairies** correspond to Homer's "water-nymphs."

805. **careful**: full of care. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, II. 302, —

> "Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat and public care;
> And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
> Majestic though in ruin."

832. **aspire**: rise.

870. **Cassandra**: daughter of Priam

898. **pomp**: the funeral procession.

900. **choir**: that is, the professional mourners.

942. Mr. Leaf interprets Hecuba's speech thus: "Though Achilles has dealt with thee so far more harshly than with my other sons, yet the gods have turned this very thing to thine honor; for they have kept thy body fresh, all outraged though it was."

962. "Helen is throughout the *Iliad* a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had connected her." — H. N. Coleridge.

Speaking of her lament over the body of Hector, Symonds says, "It would have been impossible to enhance more worthily than thus the spirit of courtesy and knightly kindness which was in Hector, — qualities, in truth, which, together with his loyalty to Andromache, endeared the champion of the Trojans to chivalry, and placed Hector

upon the list of worthies beside King Arthur and Godfrey of Bouillon."

988. "And here we part with Achilles, at the moment best calculated to exalt and purify our impression of his character. We had accompanied him through the effervescence, undulations, and final subsidence of his stormy passions. We now leave him in repose, and under the full influence of the more amiable affections; while our admiration of his great qualities is chastened by the reflection that, within a few short days, the mighty being in whom they were united was himself to be cut off suddenly in the full vigor of their exercise. . . . The frequent and touching allusions, interspersed throughout the *Iliad*, to the speedy termination of its hero's course, and the moral on the vanity of human life which they indicate, are among the finest evidences of the spirit of ethic unity by which the whole framework of the poem is united." — MURE.

1015–6. Literally translated the last line of the *Iliad* is, "Thus held they funeral for Hector, Tamer of Horses." Cowper, speaking of the simplicity and majesty of this ending, says, "It is like the exit of a great man out of company whom he has entertained magnificently; neither pompous nor familiar; not contemptuous, but without much ceremony."

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