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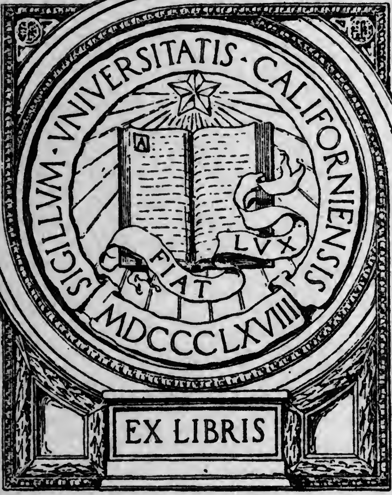

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THE RISE OF THE GREEK EPIC

BEING A COURSE OF LECTURES DELIVERED
AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BY

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PREFACE

THESE lectures were written in response to an invitation from Harvard University to deliver the Gardiner Lane Course for 1907. Only some half of them were actually so delivered. The subject had been so long forming itself in my mind, and I was also so anxious not to allow any mere lack of pains to prove me unworthy of the honour thus offered me, that I soon found my material completely outrunning the bounds of the proposed course. I print the whole book; but I must confess that those parts of it which were spoken at Harvard have, if it is not egotistical to say so, a special place in my affections, through their association with the constant and most considerate kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lane and of many others who became in varying degrees my *xenoi* in America.

The book touches on some subjects where, feeling more than usually conscious of the insecurity of my own knowledge, I have not scrupled to take advantage of the learning of my friends. On several points of archaeology and primitive history I have sought counsel from Prof. J. L. Myres; on points of Old French from Miss Pope of Somerville College; on Semitic matters, from my colleague Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, whose vast stores have stood always most generously open to me. In a more general way I am conscious of help received from Mr. J. W. Mackail and Mr. T. C. Snow, and above all from Miss J. E. Harrison, who read the Lectures in MS. and called my attention to much recent foreign literature which I should otherwise have neglected. The debt which I owe to her *Prolegomena*, also, will be visible on many of the ensuing pages.

In subjects such as these the conclusions reached by any writer can often be neither certain nor precise. Yet they may none the less be interesting and even valuable. If our evidence is incomplete, that is no reason for not using it as far as it goes. I have tried throughout the book never to think about making a debating case, or taking up the positions most easy to defend; but always to set out honestly and with much reflection what really seems to me to be most like the truth. I feel, indeed, that I ought perhaps to have stated my evidence much more fully and systematically. My excuse is that the lectures were originally written almost without books of reference, and that when I went over them to verify my statements and cite my authorities, I hesitated to load the book with references which might be unnecessary, and which in any case were rather in the nature of afterthoughts.

As regards the Homeric Question, which forms in one way or another an important element in my subject, I have long felt that the recent reaction against advanced views has been largely due, not indeed to lack of knowledge, but to inadequate understanding of what the 'advanced' critics really mean. A good part of my present work has therefore lain in thinking out with rather more imaginative effort many of the common phrases and hypotheses of Homeric criticism. My own views are not, of course, identical with those of any other writer. Among English scholars I agree most closely with Dr. Leaf, and may almost say that I accept his work as a basis. For the rest, I follow generally in the main tradition of Wolff, Lachmann, Kirchhoff, Wilamowitz. But the more I read, the more conscious I am of good work being done on all sides in the investigation of Greek religion and early history, and of the astonishing advance which those subjects have made within my own memory. The advance still continues. Archaeologists are throwing shafts of light even across that Dark Age of which I speak so much in Lectures II and III. My own little book, heaven knows! indulges in no dream of making a final statement of the truth on any part of its field. It is only an attempt to puzzle out a little more of the meaning of a certain remote age of the world, whose beauty and whose power of inspiration seem to shine the more wonderful the more resolutely we set ourselves to understand it.

GILBERT MURRAY.

New College, Oxford,
Sept. 1907.

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I

GREECE AND THE PROGRESS OF MAN

THESE lectures form the first part of an attempt to study the growth of Greek poetry from a particular point of view, namely, as a force and the embodiment of a force making for the progress of the human race. By progress I understand some gradual ennobling and enriching of the content of life; or, if you will excuse more theological language,

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ERRATUM

In the note on p. 12, second line from the bottom, *for* Cos *read* Rhodes. See Mayer in Roscher's Lexicon, '*Kronos*,' vol. ii. p. 1509. The authorities quoted by him, however, do not fully bear out his description of the ritual.

[*Murray: Rise of the Greek Epic.*]

'Does he make life a better thing?' We all know with what rigid and passionate Puritanism this view is asserted by Plato. But Plato can never be taken as representing the average man. There is better evidence of ordinary feeling in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes.[1] 'On what grounds should a poet be admired?' says Aeschylus, and Euripides answers —'For his skill, his good counsel, and because we make men better in their cities'. Amid all the many cross-currents

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[1] v. 1008, 1035, and the whole scene: cf. also Isocr. iv. § 159, and elsewhere.

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I

GREECE AND THE PROGRESS OF MAN

These lectures form the first part of an attempt to study the growth of Greek poetry from a particular point of view, namely, as a force and the embodiment of a force making for the progress of the human race. By progress I understand some gradual ennobling and enriching of the content of life; or, if you will excuse more theological language, some movement towards the attainment of that 'chief end of man', which is, according to the magnificent definition of the document known in Scotland as the 'Shorter Catechism', 'to glorify God and enjoy him for ever'.

This conception of all the arts, even poetry, as being so many forms or parts of the service of man, may strike a hearer at first as somewhat modern and removed from ancient habits of thought. But I think the truth is just the opposite. The idea of service to the community was more deeply rooted in the Greeks than in us. And as soon as they began to reflect about literature at all—which they did very early—the main question they asked about each writer was almost always upon these lines: 'Does he help to make better men?' 'Does he make life a better thing?' We all know with what rigid and passionate Puritanism this view is asserted by Plato. But Plato can never be taken as representing the average man. There is better evidence of ordinary feeling in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes.[1] 'On what grounds should a poet be admired?' says Aeschylus, and Euripides answers —'For his skill, his good counsel, and because we make men better in their cities'. Amid all the many cross-currents of criticism illustrated in the *Frogs*, there is no protest against this judging of poetry by its fruits. The principle is accepted by all parties.

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[1] v. 1008, 1035, and the whole scene: cf. also Isocr. iv. § 159, and elsewhere.

Among later writers the idea of the service of man, or the bettering of human life, has become habitual and familiar. Diodorus begins his history by a reference to the long chain of historians who 'have aspired by their own labours to benefit our common life'.[1] Polybius speaks of history as the most obvious help towards 'the correcting of life'.

Thucydides, as we all remember, will be content if his work, whether interesting or uninteresting to an audience, is judged to be useful. Denys of Halicarnassus sums up the praises of the Athenians by saying, in the very language of an old Delphian decree, that they 'made gentle the life of the world'.

Theologians and philosophers, especially those of the more rationalist schools, carry the conception further. The traditional Gods are explained as being so many great men of past ages who have in their various ways served humanity. 'That which benefits human life is God,' said Prodicus in the fifth century B.C. And in later times the view is always widely current, a common meeting ground for Euhemerist, Stoic, and Epicurean. The history taught in schools largely consisted, if we may generalize from our extant Scholiasts, in lists of these benefactors of mankind:

> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.[2]

It is the very language and spirit of Positivism. The modern artist or admirer of art is apt to be offended by it. Not,

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[1] Diod. i. 1 *τοῖς ἰδίοις πόνοις ὠφελῆσαι τὸν κοινὸν βίον ἐφιλοτιμήθησαν.* Cf. Polyb. i. 1 *τίς ἑτοιμοτέρα διόρθωσις τοῖς ἀνθρώποις*; Thuc. i. 22; Dion. Hal. *de Thucyd.* p. 919 *'Αθηναῖοι . . . οἱ τὸν κοινὸν βίον ἐξημερώσαντες.* Herodotus, as one might expect, has more of the mere artist about him: he writes, *ὡς μήτε τὰ γενόμενα ἐξ ἀνθρώπων τῷ χρόνῳ ἐξίτηλα γένηται, μήτε ἔργα μεγάλα τε καὶ θωυμαστά, τὰ μὲν Ἕλλησι, τὰ δὲ βαρβάροισι ἀποδεχθέντα, ἀκλεᾶ γένηται* (i. 1). For the decree of the Delphic Amphictyons, see at end of this lecture.

[2] Vergil, *Aen.* vi. 663. Cf. Lucr. v, all the latter part. I suspect that this view of human history was largely inspired by the great work of Dicaearchus, *Βίος 'Ελλάδος.* He was an immediate disciple of Aristotle; the *Life of Hellas* was a history of Greek civilization. Fragments in *F. H. G.* ii.

I think, justly. In a Greek society the artist was treated frankly as a friend and fellow worker. In a modern society he is a distinguished alien, approached with a mixture of adulation and mistrust.

I must take for granted many fundamental theses. That man has progressed, for one thing, and that the direction in which Western civilization has moved is on the whole a good one. I think that few of us seriously deny these propositions; and those who do would not be moved by my arguments.

Now we find it generally admitted that the seeds of Western civilization are mostly to be found in Greece and not elsewhere. Yet it is curious how seldom Greek Literature is regarded from this point of view, as an embodiment of the progressive spirit, an expression of the struggle of the human soul towards freedom and ennoblement.

We have had in abundance the classical point of view. The Greeks have been the Classics, the masters in art and letters, models of a finished and more or less unapproachable perfection in form. Or rather, to put it more accurately, the Greeks round about the fifth century B.C., and the Romans of the centuries just before and after the Christian era, have been peculiarly the Classics, and other writers have been admitted to various degrees of classic dignity in proportion as they approached to the two great periods.

Now I should like, if time permitted, to trace this conception to its origin. Unreal as it sometimes sounds, it has its base in mere fact. The Greeks and Romans of those two periods did, for some reason or other, produce in most departments of thought better work than any of the generations that succeeded them for some thousand years or so; and what is more, the generations of the decadence had the extreme good sense to see it. As regards literature, the point is too obvious to need illustration. Let us take a quite different field, the science of medicine. If a man wished to learn medicine in the later ages of the Roman or Byzantine empires, and right on to the Renaissance, to whom did he go for his knowledge? He went, as far as I can make out, to various handbooks and epitomes of the works of two ancient doctors; of Galen, a Greek who practised in Rome in the year 160 A.D., and of Hippocrates, a Greek who practised in Cos and Athens in the fifth century B.C. And Galen's own work largely takes the form of a commentary on Hippocrates.

There is an interesting MS. extant of a treatise on Dislocations by one Apollonius of Citium in Cyprus. The MS. was written in Constantinople about the year 950 A.D., and it begins with a paean of joy over the discovery of the works of this ancient surgeon, with his accurate drawings to show how the various dislocations should be set. The text was written out. The illustrations were carefully copied. Where the old drawings were blurred or damaged the copies were left incomplete, lest some mistake should be made.[1] Why? Because this ancient surgeon, living about 150 B.C., knew how to set dislocated limbs a great deal better than people who lived a thousand years after him. It was a piece of good fortune to them to rediscover his work. And his writing, again, takes the form of a commentary on the fifth-century Hippocrates. Hippocrates' own writing does not look back. It is consciously progressive and original.

That is what the Classics once were. I will not attempt to trace the stages through which their empire has waned and their power to help us dwindled away. What they now possess is a limited but a most interesting domain. I will express it in this way. There seems to be in human effort a part that is progressive and transient, and another which is stationary or eternal. In some things we find that a very third-rate person who happens to have been born in 1860 can teach us far more than a great genius or a great reformer who was born in 1760. About electricity, for instance, or steamships. In the other sphere it is the quality of the man or his work which tells. And it tells almost unaffected by distance: what was once beautiful is still beautiful; what was once great of soul is still great. And if Shakespeare was born nearly 400 years ago, and St. Paul 1900 and Aeschylus 2000 odd, those facts do not seem to make any noteworthy difference in the value of their work. This distinction is, I think, implied in the current phrase which says that the ancient Greeks are still classics in point of style.

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[1] See Schöne's introduction to his large edition (Teubner, 1896), where this point is proved.

Now, in the narrow sense of style, any such view as this would be almost grotesque. No modern historian could possibly model his style on the strange contorted language of Thucydides; no playwright could copy Aeschylus. Aeschylus and Thucydides were men of extraordinary genius who irresistibly bent the Greek language to their will. They are not, in any literal sense, models of normal style. If, however, we understand 'style' broadly enough, so that style means the same as 'form', and 'form' includes 'spirit', then, I think, the principle is true. The classical books are in general the books which have possessed for mankind such vitality of interest that they are still read and enjoyed at a time when all the other books written within ten centuries of them have long since been dead. There must be something peculiar about a book of which the world feels after two thousand years that it has not yet had enough. One would like to know what it is that produces this permanent and not transient quality of interest. And it is partly for that that we study the Classics. In some few ways one can know. Form or spirit in some sense lives longer than matter; austerity perhaps lives longer than sweetness; what is simple and serious lives longer than what is merely clever. Much more remains unanalysable, or can only be found by study of the books themselves. But there are qualities that make things live; and that which lives becomes classical.

Yet I think that this kernel of truth is involved in much error. It is probable that these models of style, as they were read both in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, were often bad models rather than good. The accident was imitated, not the essence. And the influence of the most living and original of all literatures produced the corruptness of Classicism, a style almost certainly very vicious, inasmuch as it lacked freedom and lived by ready-made ornamentation. I mean a style which was largely inspired by Ovid and which ran riot during the Renaissance; a style in which people called the sun 'Phoebus' or 'the orb of day', and were proud of knowing stories of a complicated mythology which was not accessible to 'the vulgar'. There are traces of something like classicism in Greek poetry, I admit. They are the first signs of its decay. The classicist spirit is just so far related to the living spirit of Greek poetry, that it is a ranker form of the same poison by which Greek poetry died.

That sort of eighteenth-century or Renaissance classicism is perhaps dead, or no longer an active danger to the understanding of Greek. But there are other classicisms which threaten us still. Scholars in talking of the classics have allowed the object of their study to become confused with the medium through which they approach it. It is as though a man could not think of the stars except in terms of telescopes, or of mountains and sea except in terms of railway journeys and hotels. Nearly all of us approach the classics through an atmosphere of education, with its concomitants of dictionary and grammar, its unnatural calm, its extreme emphasis upon dutifulness and industry, and the subtle degradation of spirit produced by its system of examinations.

Some indeed take another path. From Winckelmann onwards there have been many critics who felt, for obvious reasons, that they could understand a Greek statue more easily than a Greek poem. Hence comes another sort of classicism, a tendency to explain the poems by the statues. A false road; partly because the immense majority of extant statues are not Classical Greek, but Graeco-Roman, and marked with the taint of the decadence: partly because, in the essence of things, poems are made of quick words, and statues of stone, things that are not alike and never have been.

The fact seems to be that the understanding of Greek poetry needs first a good deal of hard linguistic study, and then, since every one who likes poetry must have in himself some germs of a poet, a poet's readiness of imaginative sympathy. As things are, the poetical minds are often repelled by the grammatical drudgery: and the grammarians at the end of their labours are apt to find that their little spring of poetry has dried up.

> The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom:
> And all best things are thus confused to ill.

As to all these dogmas about what is Classical, I think we should be on our guard. Classical and modern; classical and romantic; classical and Christian; there are no doubt some real differences corresponding to these phrases, but I would urge respectfully upon any student who loves poetry, that he should approach his ancient poets quite simply and take what they have to give him, not start off by expecting them to be 'classical' or 'statuesque' or 'pre-Christian' or anything else. The more you understand them, the less of these differences you will feel. And for a simple reason: that the differences lie largely in the accident of our own remoteness. We stand very far off, and have to strain our eyes. For us the comparison of ancient and modern is so largely a comparison of something half-seen at a distance with something which we know intimately. We are apt to see only the large outlines; we are apt to miss the little lights and shades, the quick vibrations of emotion that existed to a Greek in some particular word or phrase, and therefore we think they are not there. We mentally translate the words into a sort of dictionary language, never very apt indeed, but, we hope, at least dignified; removed alike from subtlety and from littleness because it is emptied of most of its meaning; serene and unemotional because we have not the knowledge or the sympathy to catch, across this gulf of years, the peculiar thrill of what was once a 'wingèd word' flying from soul to soul. It is perhaps in this depart-ment that the most pressing work of pure scholarship remains to be done.

That conception of the Greeks as Classic, then, has a basis of truth. It is only apt to be misstated, and so to darken counsel. There is, however, a peculiar modification of it—which is almost the direct opposite of the truth; a conception of Hellenism as representing some easy-going half-animal form of life, untroubled by conscience or ideals or duties, and the Greeks as a gay unconscious hedonistic race, possessing the somewhat superficial merits of extreme good looks and a mythically fine climate. There is no reason to suppose the ancient Greeks miraculously handsome, any more than to suppose that there is no dirty weather in the Aegean. This view has so little of the semblance of truth about it, that one wonders how it can have arisen. There are of course the causes mentioned above, the presence of the Graeco-Roman statues and the special difficulties of understanding the finer sides of the Greek language. But this particular conception of the Greeks as 'Pagans' comes, I think, largely from the mere need of an antithesis to Christianity on its ascetic side. Christian apologists, anxious to associate all the highest things in the world with their own religion, have proceeded to make the Greek a sort of type of what the natural man would be without Christianity. And they have been met half-way by the rebels of their own flock, intellectual people of an artistic, a revolutionary, or a pleasure-loving temperament, who have turned against the narrowness or conventionality of their Christian surroundings, and then accepted, as a rough embodiment of their own rebellious ideals, some imaginary Pagan Greek.

That would explain why this odd ideal of the Pagan Man should be abroad at all. But why should the Greeks be chosen as representing him? Partly for their mere eminence. They are the chief representatives of high civilization outside modern Christendom. Partly, I think, from a disproportionate attention sometimes bestowed on particular parts of

Greek literature. But largely for a reason peculiar to their own case, which I believe to be very influential. We shall meet with it often during these lectures. It is that we, living in an age when certain great strides in human progress seem to be securely made and to need no more thinking about, look back upon these early pioneers of progress with some lack of historical sympathy, and attribute to the Greek spirit itself a number of primitive habits which it was not quite strong enough to conquer or else had not the leisure to grapple with.

Anthropologists have shown us what this Pagan Man really is. From the West Coast of Africa to the Pacific Isles in many varying shapes he meets us, still with the old gaiety, the old crowns of flowers, the night-long dances, the phallus-bearing processions, the untroubled vices. We feel, no doubt, a charm in his simple and instinctive life, in the quick laughter and equally quick tears, the directness of action, the unhesitating response of sympathy. We must all of us have wished from time to time that our friends were more like Polynesians; especially those of us who live in University towns. And I think, in a certain limited sense, the Greeks probably were so. But in the main, as all classical literature shows, the Greek and the Pagan are direct opposites. That instinctive Pagan has a strangely weak hold on life. He is all beset with terror and blind cruelty and helplessness. The Pagan Man is really the unregenerate human animal, and Hellenism is a collective name for the very forces which, at the time under discussion, strove for his regeneration. Yet, historically, one of the most characteristic things about Hellenism is that, though itself the opposite of savagery, it had savagery always near it. The peculiar and essential value of Greek civilization lies not so much in the great height which it ultimately attained, as in the wonderful spiritual effort by which it reached and sustained that height. The pre-Hellenic Aegean societies were in some ways highly developed, in others a mere welter of savagery. But the rise of Greece began from something a little worse than the average

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level of barbaric Aegean societies. It began, as I hope to show in the second of these lectures, in the dark age which resulted when even these societies, such as they were, fell into chaos.

Allowing for indefinite differences of detail, there seems to be a certain primitive effortless level of human life, much the same all the world over, below which society would cease to be; a kind of world-wide swamp above which a few nations have built what seem like permanent and well-weathered dwellings. Others make transient refuges which sink back into the slough. *La nostalgie de la boue*—'home-sickness for the mud'—is a strong emotion in the human race. One sees it often in individual life. One can think of many instances in history: Hellenic kingdoms like that of the Seleucidae in Syria; many provinces in the decline of the Roman empire; the west of Asia under the rule of the Turks; the rush of reaction in ancient Egypt after the religious reform of Amen-Hotep; or, again, the many efforts after higher religion in India, and the regular falling back of each reformation into the same primitive slough.

Now, as Greek civilization rose from the swampy level of the neighbouring peoples, especially the various pre-Semitic races just behind the Aegean coasts, it could not shake itself clean all at once. Remnants of savagery lingered on in obscure parts of life, expurgated as a rule and made comparatively innocent, but still bearing the mark of their origin. Such remnants, as a matter of fact, tend to receive undue attention. The Greeks themselves are puzzled at a strange practice. Herodotus says that the explanation of it is sacred, and better not mentioned. Pausanias describes it with an antiquarian's zest. Plutarch has a comforting theory of its real allegorical meaning. Our own friends the anthropologists, to whom all true Hellenists owe so much, naturally revel in such things. They search antiquity eagerly for traces of primitive man, for totems, cannibalism, human sacrifice, and the like. The traces which they discover are of the greatest value. But I think they have often mistaken the reverberation of an extinct barbarity for the actual barbarity itself.

What strikes one most in Greek society is not so much any bad things that were actually done. Of course there were bad things, and always have been in all societies. It is rather the frightful proximity of worse things still. Practices that to us seem like the scarce credible stories of a remote past were to the fifth-century Athenian possibilities and even dangers. The jungle grew thick and close all around them, and the barrier between seemed very weak, very impalpable.

You will notice in the ordinary language of ancient writers a characteristic which throws light on this aspect of Greek life. Non-Hellenic nations are nearly always spoken of by their tribes or races—'Ethnê'—Pelasgians, Macedonians, Phoenicians; the Greeks are spoken of by their cities, or, what comes to the same thing, by their islands—Milesians, Phocaeans, Eretrians, Athenians. On the mainland it is the Polis or circuit wall that forms the essential boundary of the nation; in the case of the islands, Samos, Naxos, Aegina, it is the equivalent wall of sea. Every Greek community is like a garrison of civilization amid wide hordes of barbarians; a picked body of men, of whom each individual has in some sense to live up to a higher standard than can be expected of the common human animal. As the shield is the typical weapon of the Greek warrior, so the wall is the typical mark of Greek civilization. It is one of the facts that most need remembering in order to understand the greatnesses and the flaws of Hellenism, that it was represented everywhere by a handful of men holding an outpost, men who wrought their wonderful day's work in political and moral wisdom, in speculation, in beauty of outward form and inward imagining, with an ear ever open to the sternest of life's calls, and the hated spear and shield never far out of reach. No wonder that the task was too hard for them! As a matter of fact, Greek civilization itself was never for a long enough time well policed and organized, its remoter villages were never thoroughly enough educated, to make it secure, even in its central places, against some sudden blind resurgence of the savage.

Take, for instance, the case of Human Sacrifice. The memory of a time when human beings had been deliberately slaughtered as a way of pleasing God runs through the literature of the fifth century as of something far-off, romantic, horrible. We may compare it to our own memories of the burning of heretics and witches, deeds which we know to have been done quite lately, by men very like ourselves, and yet deeds which we can scarcely conceive as psychologically possible to any sane being. In just the same way, to the earliest of the great Athenians, Aeschylus, the sacrifice of Iphigenia is something monstrous, beyond understanding.[1] The man who did it must have been mad. To Euripides such acts are generally connected with a study of the worst possibilities of a savage mob, or of scheming kings led by malignant and half-insane priests. In an interesting fourth-century document, the dialogue called 'Minos', which is attributed to Plato, human sacrifice is treated as the extreme of what is 'to us unlawful', and yet, the speaker insists, it was at one time and among certain people 'the law'; and there are rumours still, he adds, of strange sacrifices in the secret places of Arcadian hills![2] It is the tone in which we might remind ourselves, for instance, that even in the last decade or so women have been tortured as witches in the Abruzzi or in Ireland. The writer himself, and the society which he addresses, feel themselves entirely remote from such practices.

And yet how close to them on all sides this abomination pressed, closer indeed than they knew! It is not only that it continued throughout all antiquity to be practised in times of great crises by all the barbarians of the Mediterranean coasts. It is not only that we find Hippônax describing the ritual slaying of the *pharmakoi* at Ephesus, a grotesque and possibly a somewhat cruel business which clearly was a sort of mock human sacrifice. Hippônax was a satirist of the sixth century B.C., with a liking for horrors, and Ephesus was a partially barbarian town. But we find the thing creeping closer than that. In a well-known passage of the *Frogs* Aristophanes ends up a passage of comic abuse of certain persons much admired by his opponents, by saying that, 'in the old days, people would have thought twice before using them as *pharmakoi*'—'Scarecrows,' shall we say? or 'Guy-Fawkeses?' The word means literally 'human medicines', or 'scapegoats'. Late and careless writers speak as if these *pharmakoi* were actually sacrificed. But fortunately we happen to have a fragment of an ancient third-century historian, Ister, who explains what this odd business really amounted to. Two persons, one for the men of the city, one for the women, were led out as though to execution. They wore necklaces, one of white figs, the other of black. They seem to have been solemnly presented with cake and figs, and then scourged and pelted out of the city—treated, in fact, very like the Lion and the Unicorn. I hasten to add that the scourging was done with little twigs and *skillai*, a flower very like a bluebell, and the pelting with similar ineffective objects. The victims are said to have been volunteers, and chosen for their ugliness; and various smaller details in the ceremony are meant to be grotesque and absurd. At the end, the *pharmakoi* were supposed to be dead and their ashes were thrown into the sea. The ceremony was an 'imitation', says Ister, of a stoning to death.[1]

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[1] Αἰσχρόμητις τάλαινα παρακοπὰ πρωτοπήμων, Aesch. *Ag.* 222. But the whole passage should be read.

[2] p. 315 b. He refers also to the descendants of Athamas as practising a similar sacrifice. But there he is misinformed or, more likely, straining his point in the argument. In the Athamas ritual the victim escaped. See texts in Roscher's Lexicon. Compare the Pelops-Oenomaus ritual in Rhodes ~~Cos~~; in which the sacrificing priest pursued the victim with a spear, but was first blindfolded and had to run hand in hand with two small children.

When did it become an imitation? When was it, as it must originally have been, a real stoning to death? We cannot say. The Human Medicine is the relic of a very ancient, very widespread, pre-Hellenic barbarity, which the Greeks have not swept altogether away, but have allowed to live on with its teeth drawn.

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[1] See Appendix A, on the Pharmakoi. The word seemed in Greek to be the masc. of *φάρμακον*, 'medicine'; but it was probably a foreign word. Hence the *ᾱ* in Ionic, as in *Δᾱρεῖος* and other foreign words. In Attic the *α* is short by analogy from *φάρμακον*.

But the abomination creeps closer still. There is a story about Themistocles told by Plutarch on the authority of one Phanias of Lesbos. Phanias wrote some 200 years after the alleged incident, and some of the other stories he tells do not command credence: for instance, the statement that once in the Chersonnese fish came down in the rain.[1] Still the story, as he tells it, is not incredible. And it exactly illustrates the points which I wish to convey. 'When Themistocles as admiral was making the chief sacrifice beside his flag-ship' —this was in the last crisis of the Persian invasion, just before the battle of Salamis—'there were brought up to him three prisoners, men of great beauty, gorgeously arrayed and adorned with gold. When Euphrantides the prophet'—there is sure to be a prophet in such a business!—'saw them, since the holy fire at that moment burst into a great and brilliant flame, and there was a significant sneeze on the right; the prophet clutched Themistocles by the right hand and commanded him to dedicate the young men and sacrifice them all, crying on the name of Dionŷsus Omêstes (the Devourer). "Do this," he said, "and there is deliverance and victory for Hellas." Themistocles was horrified at the prophet's strange and monstrous demand. But, as so often happens in great crises and times of suffering, the multitude, putting all their hopes in something irrational rather than in reason, shrieked to the god with one voice, dragged the prisoners to the altar, and, as the prophet commanded, compelled the whole sacrifice to take place.' It is not said that Themistocles performed the act. (Plut. *Them.* xiii.)

Now the evidence for the story is weak. Themistocles is both the shadiest and the most maligned of great Greek statesmen. The whole story may be an outrageous slander invented by his enemies after his ostracism. But that scarcely alters its historical significance. It was, apparently, a story actually told. It must have been, if not true, at least possible—not beyond the bounds of credibility to excited persons. As a matter of fact, it is just on occasions like this that human sacrifices have most tended to occur: in a disorganized army or a rabble full of fear, egged on by some fanatical priest or prophet. There were bloody doings in Rome when the fear of Hannibal was strong, judicial murders of vestal virgins, buryings alive of 'Gallus et Galla, Graecus et Graeca' in the Forum Boarium. (Livy, xxii. 57.) There was a great burning of Jews, we may remember, after the earthquake at Lisbon. Perhaps the most tragic case, however, was the outbreak of human sacrifice at Jerusalem in the seventh century, inspired by the imminent terror of Assyria. Jews who had been taught to believe that Yahweh was their only refuge, saw, or seemed to see, with despair that their sacrifices were availing nothing. They must give him more: give him anything in the world, if only he will avert the horror of an Assyrian conquest, with its pyramids of heads and its prisoners flayed alive. Looking about them, these unhappy devotees saw the human sacrifices of Tyre and Sidon, and knew that there was still one thing which they might offer. No wonder Yahweh did not hear them, when they were giving less than the heathen gave! So began the burnings of children at the *tophet* in the vale of Hinnom. Of course the practice was denounced by the prophets, and comparatively soon ceased. The point to observe is that in Greece, and it would seem in Greece alone throughout classical times, we find no parallel to this kind of thing. A desperate attempt was made by the superstitious party to force a crime of the sort upon Pelopidas, in the terrible moments before the battle of Leuctra.[1] But it failed. Human sacrifice was barbaric, not Greek. If the Themistocles story is true, that one bloody outburst of superstitious fear stands alone. There were other occasions on which all the conditions for such a deed seem to have been present. Think of Xenophon's Ten Thousand after Cunaxa: think of Nicias's army after the last battle before Syracuse. All the conditions for the thing are there; but not the thing. The very idea is incongruous to one's conceptions of Nicias or Xenophon.—That is Hellenism.

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[1] I find that I was wrong to doubt Phanias's word here. There had been a waterspout at sea.

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[1] See Appendix A. The case in Philostratus, *Vit. Apol.* iv. 10, where the thaumaturge Apollonius of Tyana, being at Ephesus during a plague, recognized a certain deformed beggar as being a demon of pestilence, and set the crowd to stone him to death, was a horrid act on the part of an unauthorized mob, not a deliberate human sacrifice approved by the law. But the Asiatic cities were terribly infected with barbarism by the time of Nero. The incident has elements of the *pharmakos* rite in it.

Human sacrifice, then, is one of the barbarities which Hellenism successfully overcame. It was either abolished entirely or else, as in the case of the *pharmakoi* at Athens, reduced to some harmless ceremonial which satisfied religious conservatism without inflicting much harm on human beings.

But there were other strongholds of the primitive beast in man which even Athens was not powerful enough to conquer. To take three points: we find among the Greeks the institution of slavery, fixed and unshaken; women in a markedly subject condition as compared with our own times, though far removed again from the seclusion of the East; and lastly, proceeding partly from the institution of slavery, partly from certain forms of military organization, some startling phenomena of what we should call unchastity in the relations of the sexes. And then we imagine that these things are characteristically Greek! They are just the reverse. They are the remnants of that primaeval slime from which Hellenism was trying to make mankind clean.

The Greeks are not characteristically slave-holders. All the world held slaves, and had always done so. The Greeks are characteristically the first human beings who felt a doubt or scruple about slavery; who were troubled in mind by it, who thought, wrote, schemed, in the face—as far as we can judge—of absolutely overmastering social needs, to be rid of it, some two thousand years before it was abolished in Europe. I do not refer specially to the efforts of isolated reformers. The Cynics, we know, condemned slavery root and branch. The Stoics and certain religious organizations from the fourth century onward refused to recognize its existence, and professed to count all men free. Euripides was troubled by it, and can scarcely get the subject off his mind. The sophist Alcidamas seems to have made a preaching tour round the Peloponnese to induce all states to combine in a general emancipation; and, curiously enough, was not murdered. But the tone of the non-reforming writers is equally interesting as evidence. Homer, though of course no thought of doing without slaves ever crosses his horizon, speaks always of slaves with a half-puzzled tenderness. Slavery is to him a terrible thing that may happen to any man, and will 'take away half of his manhood'. The heroes are as courteous to the slaves, Eumaeus and Eurycleia, as to one another. Plato, bred in an anti-democratic circle and generally in protest against the ideals of the great sophists of the fifth century, does not care to denounce slavery. In his ideal *Republic* he abolishes it silently by merely constructing a state without slaves. In the *Laws*, written in his old age, when the cloud of reaction had settled darkly upon his mind, he accepts it as an existing fact and makes elaborate regulations for the protection both of slave and of master. The attitude of his opponents, the sentimental democrats, can perhaps be deduced from the beginning of his dialogue, *Euthyphro, or On Piety*. The man who gives his name to that dialogue is satirized as a type of the pious and ultra-superstitious Athenian democrat. When Socrates meets him, Euthyphro is going to Athens to prosecute his own father for homicide, because the said father has caused, though not intentionally, the death of a slave who had killed another. Euthyphro has been apparently on the best of terms with his father; he admits that he had great provocation, and that the slave probably deserved to die. But he will not allow a slave to be murdered any more than another man: and, what is more, though he expects to be laughed at and thought 'mad', he is confident, if he can once get a hearing, of winning his case.[1] The father, I should remark in passing, would not be put to death.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that our principal representative of ancient Greece upon this question should be Aristotle. Aristotle is, like Plato, somewhat anti-democratic; and, unlike Plato, devoted to common sense. It is his common sense, perhaps, that obscures his vision most. He saw that in the existing state of society slavery was a necessary institution. Its abolition would have meant anarchy, perhaps famine. And Aristotle does his best to show that the necessary institution is also just and 'according to nature'. It is the same line that was adopted by the fathers of the early Christian Church.[2] Some men are born to obey, others to rule. Put down a dozen Greeks in a barbarous country: in a few months you will find the Greeks giving orders and the natives obeying them. But his arguments do not matter so much. The important thing is that he found it necessary to argue. Slavery could not, to a thoughtful Greek, simply rank as an accepted thing. No doubt Aristotle had a solid majority behind him: a majority composed of plain men who had no intention of seeing their business hampered by philosophers, and doubtless of those same obscurantists who afterwards prosecuted him for impiety: not a majority of philosophers nor idealist democrats. The two most influential schools, Cynics and Stoics, stood on the other side. The popular writers of the New Comedy[3] appealed to the public with sentimental denunciations of the unnatural thing.

I do not in the least wish to deny that the slave-trade assumed enormous importance in Greece. The slave-trade in later antiquity was largely in the hands of the maritime

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[1] Observe how Euthyphro extracts a high moral lesson from the most revolting myths of Hesiod: 'wrong-doing must be punished, however high the offender. Zeus did not spare even his own father.'

[2] Cf. Susemihl and Hicks, *Ar. Politics*, p. 24, n. 4.

[3] Cf. Anaxandrides, fr. 4, Philemon, fr. 94 (Kock): especially how God

ἐλευθέρους ἐπόησε πάντας τῇ φύσει,
δούλους δὲ μετεπόησεν ἡ πλεονεξία.

('covetousness transformed them into slaves').

Greek cities, just as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was in the hands of England, and for the same reason: because the slave-trade went with the general carrying trade. Polybius counts among the first necessaries of a life for a large town 'cattle and slaves'.[1] Wheat is mentioned as secondary. And it stands to reason that, wherever one set of men have had absolute power over another, there must have been cases of extreme cruelty. One should remember, however, that Athens, the most Greek part of Greece, was remarkable for her gentleness to the slave population. It was part of her democratic ideal. Her friends praise her, her critics and enemies ridicule her, for making her slaves indistinguishable from free men.[2] That is something. But I think the main point which distinguishes Greece from other ancient communities, here as elsewhere, is not something actually achieved, but something seen and sought for. In Greece alone men's consciences were troubled by slavery, and right down through the centuries of the decadence, when the industrial slave-system ruled everywhere, her philosophers never entirely ceased protesting against what must have seemed an accepted and inevitable wrong.

The Greeks were not characteristically subjectors of women. They are the first nation that realized and protested against the subjection of women. I speak, of course, of nations in some state of social complexity. For in primitive agricultural communities the women who worked in the fields were in most ways as free as men. On this question, again, I should not lay stress on the evidence of the isolated reformer. We all know how Plato in the *Republic* preached the complete emancipation of women from all artificial restrictions whatever.

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[1] iv. 38 Πρὸς μὲν τὰς ἀναγκαίας τοῦ βίου χρείας τά τε θρέμματα καὶ τὸ τῶν εἰς τὰς δουλείας ἀγομένων σωμάτων πλῆθος—odious language, certainly.

[2] For instance, [Xen.] *Respub. Athen.* i. 10 ff. (hostile); Dem. *Phil.* iii. 3 (friendly); Plato, *Rep.* 563 B (satirical on the licence and self-confidence of slaves, male and female, in a democratic state). On the torture of slave witnesses, see Appendix B.

But some time before Plato other philosophers,[1] and well-known philosophers, must have advocated the same ideas, because we find all the regular 'Woman's Right' conceptions ridiculed in Aristophanes, considerably before the *Republic* can have been published. And there is this to observe, unless my impressions deceive me: Aristophanes, a strong conservative writing broad comedy for the public, seems quite to understand the ideas that he is handling. He treats them as funny, as offering material for scurrilous jokes, but not in the least as things unheard of or incomprehensible. He understands his opponents better than, for instance, Mary Wolstonecraft was understood by the writers of the *Anti-Jacobin.* Before Aristophanes, again, there was Euripides, arguing the woman's case with as much persistency and more than as much insight and eloquence as that of the slave. Euripides was a genius too extraordinary to be useful as evidence of what his average contemporaries thought; except, indeed, of what they must have thought after he had spoken. But consider for a moment the whole magnificent file of heroines in Greek tragedy, both for good and for evil, Clytemnestra, Antigone, Alcestis, Polyxena, Jocasta, even Phaedra and Medea: think of the amazing beauty of the Daughters of Ocean in the *Prometheus*, and of the Trojan Women in the play that bears their name. They are all of them free women, free in thought and in spirit, treated with as much respect as any of the male characters, and with far greater minuteness and sympathy. I doubt if there has ever, in the history of the world, been a period, not even excepting the Elizabethan age and the nineteenth century, when such a gallery of heroic women has been represented in drama. And such characters cannot surely have sprung out of a society in which no free women existed.[1]

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[1] I strongly suspect, Protagoras. In Diog. Laert. iii. 37 and 57 a statement is quoted from Aristoxenus and Favorinus (no doubt using Aristoxenus) to the effect that 'almost the whole of the *Republic*' was taken from Protagoras's *Antilogica.* Aristoxenus is a good authority. If this is at all true, the *Lysistrata* (B.C. 411), and perhaps the *Ecclesiazusae* (B.C. 392 or 389?), must have been aimed at ideas of Protagoras, as the later *Gynaecocratiae* of Amphis and Alexis were aimed at those of the *Republic.* Cf. Plato, *Rep.* v. p. 457 b.

The third point is hard to discuss fully, but the explanation of it is very similar. A great deal of ancient unchastity comes directly from the institution of slavery: for female slavery was, in large part, another—and perhaps on the whole a worse—form of the custom of prostitution. A great deal, again, was a mere relic from the animalism of pre-Hellenic peoples. As for the myths, their immorality arises mostly from some very simple misunderstandings. Every little valley community was apt to count its descent from some local ancestress and the tribal god, a being who was often imagined in shapes not human, as an eagle, a swan, or a river-bull. A time came when these various local gods were gradually merged in the great Achaean master-god, Zeus. The process was a thoroughly good and progressive one; but it had an unexpected result upon Zeus's reputation. It provided him with a collection of human consorts, and of strange disguises, which caused much veil-drawing on the part of the religiously-minded and much open laughter among the profane. The same sort of explanation applies to those few elements in Greek myths or ritual which strike one as cruel. They are nearly all of them little hard deposits of ancient barbarity left in the outer strata of Hellenism. Take the Marsyas story. The Greeks, when they penetrated to the town of Celaenae, deep in the heart of Further Phrygia, found a local tradition how a native god had flayed alive the native hero or king, Marsyas. The origin of the myth is not certain. Dr. Frazer takes Marsyas for one of his primitive vegetation-kings, who were slain periodically as the harvest is slain, and their skins or some similar relic sometimes preserved till the next year.[1] It may, again, be a remembrance of some Assyrian conquest; for the Assyrians when they conquered a place often expressed their satisfaction by flaying their prisoners alive. However that may be, the guides who showed the Greeks round Celaenae, wishing to call their god by some name which would be intelligible, had called him Apollo. Most barbarian gods were either Apollo or Heracles. So the hideous story takes its place on the remote outskirts of Greek myth, a thing that was perhaps never believed, and would no doubt have been forgotten had not the academic sculptors of the fourth century made use of the mythical 'flayed man' to illustrate the distribution of the human muscles. It is the same with a dozen other cases. At Apamea, quite close to Celaenae, the Asiatic population kept up a very ancient rite of sacrificing divers beasts by burning them alive. The Syro-Greek Lucian describes the business as something curiously barbarous and uncanny.[2] These things are in no sense characteristically Greek. They are remnants of the state of things which the highest Greek civilization up to the end of the fifth century B.C., a small white-hot centre of spiritual life in a world of effortless barbarism, tried to transform and perished in the attempt.[3]

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[1] Attic Law, in many respects primitive, is markedly so with regard to women. A woman was always under the tutelage of the head of her family, who would as a rule be her father, or, on his death, her eldest brother. She thus had a constant protector against any maltreatment by her husband. The guardian could annul the marriage and take her home. She also had her own property. On the other hand, a bad guardian could torment a woman almost as much as a bad husband can now: e.g. he could get money from the husband by threatening to annul the marriage. The father could transfer his right of guardianship to the husband, then the wife was under her husband's 'coverture', as now. When he died, the wife either fell under the coverture of the next head of her husband's family, or could be left by will to some person of her husband's—and in practice no doubt her own—choice. A great deal of the Attic treatment of women strikes one as exaggeratedly romantic. They were to be 'rulers of the hearth'. They blushed at the sight of a strange male. To lose his wife's esteem was the greatest blow that could befall an honourable man. (The man in question risked losing it by being caught hiding under a bed to escape the tax-gatherer.—Dem. *Androt.* 53.) Epicharmus the poet was actually fined, in Syracuse, for making a broad joke in the presence of his wife. One is reminded of the Attic vases in which men are freely caricatured or treated realistically, but women always idealized. Family life must have been extremely correct, to judge by the rarity of cases or mentions of adultery in our rather plentiful law-court literature.

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[1] *Attis, Adonis, and Osiris*, chap. v.

[2] *De Dea Syria*, 49. The same occurred at Patrae in Achaia. Cf. Paus. vii. 18, 11.

[3] I will not discuss a third view, the Greek as a Levantine. Many very

It is then from this point of view that I wish to discuss certain parts of Greek poetry: as a manifestation of the spirit of upward striving in man, which we roughly describe as Progress. But here a further question suggests itself. I feel that many among my hearers, especially perhaps among those who care most for art and for poetry, will protest against regarding poetry from this point of view at all. Science, they will say, progresses: but poetry does not. When we call a poem immortal, we mean that it is never superseded: and that implies that poetry itself does not progress.

This doctrine, when rigidly held, is apt, I think, to neglect the very complex nature of most of the concrete works of poetry. One may gladly admit that the essential and undefinable quality that we call poetry, the quality of being poetical, is one of the eternal things in life. There is something in Homer and the Book of Job which cannot be superseded, any more than the beauty of a spring morning or the sea or a mother's love for a child can be superseded. But, after all, this essential spirit has always to clothe itself in a body of some sort, and that body is made up of elements which admit of progress and decay. All the intellectual elements of poetry are progressive. Wider fields of knowledge may constantly be thrown open to the poet. Beauty may be discovered in fresh places. There may be increased delicacy, or at least increased minuteness, of observation. There is, most important of all, a possibility of change in the emotions

good writers make use of this conception, but I think that, if pressed, it is misleading. The much-abused modern Levantine owes his general bad name to habits which come chiefly from historical causes. He is shifty, servile, cowardly, because for centuries he has been held in subjection by somewhat ferocious and markedly unintellectual aliens. He has had to live by dodging. The ancient Greek was himself a ruler, and had on the whole the virtues and vices of rulers. The race elements are not the same either. The Levantine, mixed as he is, is not largely influenced by fair-haired conquering Northerners. Even the geographical conditions, though physically not much changed, are psychologically different. What is now petty huckstering in obsolete sailing boats was then the work of great adventurers and leaders of men. So that its moral effect on the sea-folk was different. (I should add that, as far as my personal knowledge goes, I do not agree with the ordinary wholesale condemnation of the Levantines.

which form the raw material of poetry. Wordsworth was not, perhaps, so great a poet as the Deutero-Isaiah, yet Wordsworth would not have howled for joy that 'The mountains should be molten with the blood of Edom'. And, still more certainly, the Deutero-Isaiah would have been utterly incapable of taking any interest in the subjects of most of Wordsworth's poems. Poetry, in this way, can both be taken as evidence of the comparative progress of a society, and can also form a force in its progress. Indeed, the best poetry provides sometimes the strongest, because the most subtle and unsuspected, force; and the most delicate, because the most living and unconscious, evidence. The conscious moralist often seems rather stupid and arbitrary—he is certainly an unpopular character—and the conscious legislator perhaps worse. The poet has over both of them the immense advantage that he is not trying to say what he believes to be good for other people, or what he believes that they believe to be good for them, but is simply expressing what he himself loves most.

But what I am most concerned with now is a rather different point. I want to suggest, first, that the mere interest in human progress in general is a possible source of poetical inspiration, a source quite as real and quite as poetical as any other. And secondly, that this particular source of inspiration is rather particularly strong in Greek poetry.

Many critics speak as if for a poet to be interested in progress was a sort of disgrace or a confession of prosiness. I disagree; I think human progress may be just as much a true inspiration to a poet as the lust of the eye or the pride of life. Of course it is not so to all poets: there is very little of it in the final stages of Homer, little in Pindar and Sophocles, just as there is little in Shakespeare or Chaucer. On the other hand, it is the very breath of life to Aeschylus, Euripides, and Plato, as it is to Shelley or Tolstoy.

Let me explain more exactly what I mean.

You may remember the last work of Condorcet, written by him in hiding when condemned to the guillotine. He first intended to write an answer to his false accusers and a justification of his political career. And then, in the face of death, that discussion somehow seemed to him less important: and he preferred to work upon the subject which he felt to be the greatest in the whole world, *Le Progrès de l'Esprit Humain*, The Progress of the Human Spirit. It is much the same subject, ultimately, as that of the enormous work projected by the late Lord Acton—a history of Human Freedom. An interest in this subject implies, I think, at the outset an intense feeling of the value, for good and ill, of being alive. Here we are, you and I and the millions of men and animals about us, the innumerable atoms that make our bodies blown, as it were, by mysterious processes somehow together, so that there has happened just now for every one of us the wonder of wonders, a thing the like of which never has been nor shall be: we have come to life; and here we stand with our senses, our keen intellects, our infinite desires, our nerves quivering to the touch of joy and pain, beacons of brief fire, it would seem, burning between two unexplored eternities: what are we to make of the wonder while it is still ours?

There is here, first, an interest in human life as a whole, and secondly, a desire to make it a better thing than it is. That is, we shall find two main marks of this spirit: First, what is properly called realism; though the word is so constantly misused that we had better avoid it. I mean, a permanent interest in life itself, and an aversion to unreality or make-believe. (This is not inconsistent with an appreciation of the artistic value of convention. We shall have opportunities of considering that point in detail.) Secondly, a keen feeling of the values of things, that some things are good and others bad, some delightful, others horrible; and a power of appreciating, like a sensitive instrument, the various degrees of attraction and repulsion, joy and pain.

Here we run upon one of the great antitheses of life, and one which, it seems to me, is largely solved by the progressive, or I may say, by the Hellenic spirit; the antithesis between asceticism or Puritanism on the one hand, and the full artistic appreciation of life on the other. In real life and in literature these two spirits fight a good deal. But both, of course, are parts of one truth. If life is to be enriched and ennobled, you must first of all have an appreciation of life. A man who refuses to feel and enjoy life destroys it at its very heart. On the other hand, any strict Puritan can always point to an immense amount of wreckage produced by great appreciation of the joys of life, and also to a large amount of good safe living produced by the principles of avoiding pleasure, dulling the desires, and habitually pouring cold water into your own and other people's soup, 'to take the Devil out of it'. There is plenty of opportunity for dispute here in real life. In speculation there seems to me to be none. The truth simply is that in order to get at one desirable end you have to sacrifice another. The artistic side of man insists upon the need of understanding and appreciating all good and desirable things: the ascetic side insists on the need of a power to resist, a power even to despise and ignore, every one of them, lest they should hinder the world in the attainment of something better.

The combination of these two, the appreciation of good things and the power to refuse them, is characteristic of the spirit of progress. I think most scholars will admit that it is also eminently characteristic of Greek civilization. The enjoyment and appreciation of life is too deeply writ on all Greek poetry to need any illustration, though one might refer to the curious power and importance in Greek life of two words, Κάλλος and Σοφία, Beauty and Wisdom; to the intensity of feeling which makes 'Ελπίς, Hope, or Τόλμα, the Love of Daring, into powers of temptation and terror rather than joy; to the constant allegorizing and transfiguration of those two gods of passion, Dionysus and Erôs.[1] But the principle of asceticism was at least equally strong. Whether we look to precept or to practice, the impression is the same.

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[1] These points are excellently brought out in Cornford's *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, chaps. ix, xii, xiii.

In practice a respectable ancient Greek allowed himself some indulgences which a respectable modern would refuse: but for the most part his life was, by our standards, extraordinarily severe and frugal. To take one instance. Hippocrates, the great fifth-century physician,[1] says in one passage that many doctors object to their patients having more than one meal in the twenty-four hours: but for his own part, he thinks that, though to most healthy people it makes no difference whether they have two meals or one, still some slow digesters cannot stand more than one, while other delicate persons are positively the better for two! Our healthy persons have four; and our invalids fall not far short of a dozen. All the great schools of philosophy, again, were in various degrees ascetic. The general admiration felt by the ancients for every form of frugality and hardihood strikes one as altogether extreme. The praises of Sparta show us how severity of life, coupled with courage, sufficed in the popular judgement to cover a multitude of sins. Yet Greek asceticism is never like Eastern asceticism. The East took its asceticism in orgies, as it were; in horrors of self-mutilation, bodily and mental, which are as repellent in their way as the corresponding tempests of rage or of sensuality. Greek asceticism, though sometimes mystical, was never insane. It was nearly always related to some reasonable end, and sought the strengthening of body and mind, not their mortification.

One cannot but think, in this connexion, of that special virtue which the early Greeks are always praising, and failure in which is so regretfully condemned, the elusive word which we feebly translate by 'Temperance', *Sôphrosynê.* The meaning of *sôphrosynê* can only be seen by observation of its usage—a point we cannot go into here. It is closely related to that old Greek rule of Μηδὲν ἄγαν, *Nothing too much,* which seems to us now rather commonplace, but has in its time stayed so many blind lusts and triumphant vengeances. It is something like Temperance, Gentleness, Mercy; sometimes Innocence, never mere Caution: a tempering of dominant emotions by gentler thought. But its derivation is interesting. The adjective *σώφρων* or *σαόφρων* is the correlative of *ὀλοόφρων*, a word applied in early poetry to wizards and dangerous people. *'Ολοόφρων* means 'with destructive thoughts', *σώφρων* means 'with saving thoughts'. Plutarch,[1] writing when the force of the word was dead, actually used this paraphrase to express the same idea. There is a way of thinking which destroys and a way which saves. The man or woman who is *sôphrôn* walks among the beauties and perils of the world, feeling the love, joy, anger, and the rest; and through all he has that in his mind which saves.—Whom does it save? Not him only, but, as we should say, the whole situation. It saves the imminent evil from coming to be.

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[1] *De Vet. Med.* 10 = p. 593, *μονοσιτέειν* and *ἀριστῆν* are the alternatives.

It is then in this light that I wish to consider certain parts of Greek poetry: as embodying the spirit of progress,[2] that is, of both feeling the value and wonder of life, and being desirous to make it a better thing: and further, with that purpose in view, as combining a spirit of intense enjoyment with a tempering wisdom, going into seas of experience steered by Sôphrosynê.

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[1] *De Tranquillitate*, 474 D *νοῦν σωτήρια φρονοῦντα.*

[2] Cf. for this point of view the remarkable language of a Delphic Inscription of the second century B.C., in *Bulletin de Corr. Hellénique*, 1900, p. 96, conferring honours on certain Athenians: *"Εδοξε τοῖς 'Αμφικτύοσιν· ἐπειδὴ γεγονέναι καὶ συνειλέχθαι τεχνιτῶν σύνοδον παρ' 'Αθηναίοις συμβέβηκε πρῶτον, ὧν ὁ δῆμος ἁπάντων τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἀγαθῶν ἀρχηγὸς κατασταθείς, ἐγ μὲν τοῦ θηριώδους βίου μετήγαγεν τοὺς ἀνθρώπους εἰς ἡμερότητα, παραίτιος δ' ἐγενήθη τῆς πρὸς ἀλλήλους κοινωνίας, εἰσαγαγὼν τὴν τῶν μυστηρίων παράδοσιν καὶ διὰ τούτων παραγγείλας τοῖς ἅπασιν ὅτι μέγιστον ἀγαθόν ἐστιν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἡ πρὸς ἑαυτοὺς χρῆσίς τε καὶ πίστις, ἔτι δὲ τῶν δοθέντων ὑπὸ τῶν θεῶν περὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων νόμων καὶ τῆς παιδείας . . .* 'Decreed by the Amphictyons of Delphi: Whereas it was in Athens that a union of the craftsmen of Dionysus (i. e. tragic actors and poets) first arose and was gathered together; and whereas the People of Athens, the established leader in all human advance, first won mankind from the life of wild beasts to gentleness; and, by introducing the Mysteries and thereby proclaiming to the world that the greatest good for mankind is a spirit of help and trust toward one another, hath been part maker of the co-operation of men with men, and of the laws given by the gods for the treatment of men and of education . . .'

II

THE MIGRATIONS: THE POLIS

If we regard Greece as the cradle of European civilization, we cannot help some feeling of surprise at its comparative lack of antiquity. True, we have evidence of a civilization existing in Crete and the Islands of the Aegean as far back as the end of the Stone Age. But, for one thing, our knowledge of this civilization is scanty and conjectural, inasmuch as it depends upon our interpretation of the stones, not upon literature: and, what is more important, it is emphatically not the civilization that we call Greek. I do not mean only or especially that the builders of the earliest Cretan palaces were, as far as we can judge, of different race and language from the Greeks. I mean that this civilization, so far as we know it, has few or none of the special marks that we associate with Hellenism. But of that hereafter. In any case there lies between the prehistoric palaces of Crete, Troy, or Mycenae, and the civilization which we know as Greek, a Dark Age covering at least several centuries. It is in this Dark Age that we must really look for the beginnings of Greece.

In literature and in archaeology alike we are met with the same gap. There is a far-off island of knowledge, or apparent knowledge; then darkness; then the beginnings of continuous history. At Troy there are the remains of no less than six cities one above the other. There was a great city there in 2000 B.C., the second of the series. Even in the second city there was discovered a fragment of white nephrite, a rare stone not found anywhere nearer than China, and testifying to the distances which trade could travel by slow and unconscious routes in early times. That city was destroyed by war and fire; and others followed. The greatest of all was the sixth city, which we may roughly identify with the Troy of Greek legend. Of this city we can see the wide circuit, the well-built stone walls, the terraces, the gates, and the flanking towers. We have opened the treasure houses and tombs, and have seen the great golden ornaments and imports from the East. Then we see the marks of flame on the walls: and afterwards what? One struggling attempt at a seventh city; a few potsherds to mark the passage of some generations of miserable villages; and eventually the signs of the Greek town of New Ilion, many hundreds of years later and well within the scope of continuous history.

It is the same in Crete. City upon city from prehistoric times onward flourishing and destroyed; palace upon palace, beginning with the first building of Cnossos, in a peculiar non-Hellenic architecture; proceeding to those vast and intricate foundations in which Mr. Evans finds a palace, a citadel, and a royal city round about, the growth and accumulation of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. The ornamentation of the walls is there, telling of the rise and decay of a whole system of decorative art: fragments of early religion, the Bull-God or Minotaur seated upon his throne; the 'horns of consecration' bristling everywhere; the goddess, Πότνια θηρῶν, Queen of Wild Beasts, now bearing a dove upon her head, now twined with serpents; sometimes in human shape, sometimes a mere stone pillar erect between her rampant lions: sometimes a monstrous fetish. There is the God of the Battle-Axe, that Labrandeus from whose name the fable of the labyrinth seems to have arisen[1]: a being who often wears no shape at all, but exists simply in his emblems, scores of which remain driven into the rock of the Dictaean cave, ancient bronze axes overcrusted with a stalactite growth of stone, testifying to a worship forgotten and uncomprehended. There are porcelains reminding one

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[1] See, however, on the Labyrinth, Lecture V below, p. 127, note, and especially Burrows, *The Discoveries in Crete*, pp. 107–32. He connects *λαβύρινθος* with *λαύρα* and *Λαύρειον*. (So, I believe, did Wiedemann.) The catastrophe which I am specially considering is, of course, that of 'Late Minoan III'.

Some of it is. very fine – then

of Babylon, ornaments from Egypt, marks of a luxurious king's court, a gaming table inlaid with gold and coloured marbles, women acrobats, bull-fights, or perhaps, if we look close, something more barbaric than bull-fights—boys and girls thrown for the 'Bull of Minos' to gore: then flame on the walls and evidences of calamity, a feeble pulsing of life outside the ruined palaces, and afterwards silence. Centuries later a new Crete emerges, a Dorian island, rigid, self-centred, uninfluential, in the full light of Greek history.

It is the same with the cities of the Argive plain, Mycenae and Tiryns. They possessed less importance, and were inhabited for a less vast stretch of history, than the cities of Cnossos and Troy.[1] But the treasures yielded to the excavator, especially in Mycenae, are very great in proportion to the importance of the town, and the historical problem is simpler. We all know the Mycenaean remains: the Lion Gates, the earlier shaft graves, and the later vaulted graves; the remains of mummified kings; the skeletons in masks of gold, with their weapons, their drinking bowls, and sometimes the ashes of burnt sacrifice lying beside them. And in the end, as in Troy and Cnossos, the marks of flame upon the walls, traces of a dwindling population still hovering about the old town, and quickly degenerating in the arts of civilized life; and then a long silence.

Such is the evidence of the stones. And that of literature corresponds with it. There is an extraordinary wealth of tradition about what we may call the Heroic Age. Agamemnon king of Mycenae and Argos, Priam king of Troy, and the kings surrounding them, Achilles, Aias, Odysseus, Hector, Paris, these are all familiar household words throughout later history. They are among the best-known names of the world. But how suddenly that full tradition lapses into silence! The Epic Saga—I mean the whole body of tradition which is represented in Epic poetry—the Epic Saga can tell us about the deaths of Hector, of Paris, of Priam; in its later forms it can give us all the details of the last destruction of Troy. Then no more; except a few dim hints, for instance, about the descendants of Aeneas.

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[1] Under Tiryns an earlier city has recently been discovered. See W. Dörpfeld, *Athen. Mitth.* 1907.

It is more strange in the case of Mycenae and Sparta. Agamemnon goes home in the full blaze of legend: he is murdered by Aegisthus and Clytemnestra, and avenged by his son Orestes: so far we have witnesses by the score. But then? What happened to Mycenae after the death of Aegisthus? No one seems to know. There seems to be no Mycenae any more. What happened in Sparta after Menelaus and Helen had taken their departure to the islands of the blest? There is no record, no memory.

In Crete there is less tradition altogether. One great name, Minos, forms the centre of all Cretan legends. Minos is never quite flesh and blood, like the Homeric heroes, Agamemnon or Achilles. He is almost like that more than shadowy personage, Creon, whose name means 'ruler' and who appears in all the myths of the mainland whenever a mere 'ruler', and nothing more, is wanted. We meet Minos in many different generations, in many different characters. He is the just judge of the Underworld, the son of Zeus, or, still more august, not the son but the 'gossip' or familiar friend of Zeus.[1] Again, he is the bloody tyrant of the Theseus myth, who gives seven youths and seven maidens to his man-slaying Bull. He is the boaster of the Bacchylides poem: he is the mere royal father or equally royal husband of the Cretan heroines—Pasiphaê, Ariadnê, Phaedra.

After Minos, what is there? Idomeneus in the *Iliad*, a secondary figure regarded with much respect, and of course alive, since he is treated by a poet who makes everything alive. But even Idomeneus and his squire Meriones have begun to be shadowy, and after them there is nothing.[1]

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[1] *Διὸς μεγάλου ὀαριστής*, T 179: cf. Plato, *Minos* 319 D. See below, Lecture V, p. 127. I suspect that Minos was a name like 'Pharaoh' or 'Caesar', given to all Cretan kings of a certain type, and, further, that the king was held to be the personification or incarnation of the Bull-God. As to the evidence for a Minos existing at different dates, Prof. Burrows remarks that the Parian Marble puts Minos in the fifteenth century B.C. and also in the thirteenth, and that Diodorus (iv. 60) and Plutarch (*Vit. Thes.* 20) tell a similar story.

In Thebes, as in Troy, the tradition is more intelligible because it explicitly leads up to a catastrophe. Many problems require to be cleared up about the Theban traditions, even after Bethe's work upon the subject. The pre-historic remains, as we said above, are not prominent or remarkable, chiefly, no doubt, because the place was never left for a long time deserted. It is with Thebes as with Argos, with Athens, with the many sites of towns on the coast of Asia Minor and the Riviera. Continuous occupation has destroyed gradually and surely the remains of every successive period. But the Theban traditions, as preserved in literature, are particularly rich, and they lead up clearly to our Dark Age or Period of Ignorance. There is first a strange race, Cadmeans, the people of Cadmus, 'the Eastern Man,'[2] in possession of the city. The tradition is clearly not of their making, for they are credited with all the crimes and pollutions in the calendar: especially sexual crimes, which people always impute to their enemies and not to themselves. Three generations of the Cadmeans, Laius, Oedipus, and the sons of Oedipus, between them commit pretty well all the crimes that can be committed inside a family. Unnatural affections, child murder, father murder, incest, a great deal of hereditary cursing, a double fratricide, and a violation of the sanctity of dead bodies—when one reads such a list of charges brought against any tribe or people, either in ancient or in modern times, one can hardly help concluding that somebody wanted to annex their land.[3] And this was doubtless the case. The saga gives us full details up to the quarrel of Eteocles and Polynices and the Expedition of the Seven Greek Champions. The seven were defeated: so far we hear all at length. Then much more briefly, with much less reality, we are told that their sons made another expedition and took Thebes. That is, the citadel of the Cadmeans eventually fell, and nothing more is said or known.

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[1] Cf. Hdt. vii. 171. Crete had formerly been 'emptied' by an expedition of Minos to Sicily. Then 'in the third generation after the death of Minos came the Trojan wars, . . . After the return from Troy there came famine and pest slaying both man and beast, and Crete was made empty a second time. Then came the present Cretans'—i. e. the Dorian tribes—'and inhabited it, together with the survivors.'

[2] Heb. קדם *qedem*, the east. Greek tradition calls them 'Phoenicians'; but it is not clear what that term exactly denotes. See, after Beloch and Bérard, Burrows, *op. cit.*, p. 141 f.

[3] There is also extant a simpler version, before the self-defensive slanders

It is the same wherever we turn our eyes in the vast field of Greek legend. The 'heroes' who fought at Thebes and Troy are known; their sons are just known by name or perhaps a little more: Diomedes, Aias, Odysseus, Calchas, Nestor, how fully the tradition describes their doings, and how silent it becomes after their deaths!

Let us consider these destroyed cities a little closer. We can perhaps make out both the kind of civilization on which their greatness rested, and also the causes of their fall. For observe this: though we can see in some cases from the evidence of the stones that these cities came at last to a violent end, it is by no means clear that it was any definite shock of war which really destroyed the Aegean civilization. There is no tradition at all that the realm of Minos was sacked in war[1]: no real tradition of the sack of Mycenae. And even in the cases of Troy and Thebes, the testimony is suspicious. The Epos must say that Troy eventually was taken, but the Epos knows that Achilles did not take it, but failed and was slain. A son of Achilles, a mere replica of Achilles, has been invented to come afterwards and take it. Of course the *Iliad* as it now stands implies the future fall of the city, but it need not have done so in an earlier form. Nor need

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had been developed, in which the heroes are slain at Thebes simply *μήλων ἕνεκ' Οἰδιπόδαο* (Hes. *Erga*, 162), in an honest cattle raid.

[1] Mr. J. L. Myres reminds me of Plutarch's story of 'Tauros the sea-captain', who was the real lover of Pasiphae, and the sea-fight off Cnossos. This is possibly a very faint echo of a real tradition (*Vit. Thes.* xix and preceding capp.). There would be no great siege in any case, since Cnossos and Phaestus were open unfortified cities; their fall would follow quickly on the destruction of the Minoan fleet. Dr. Evans actually doubts whether the sack of Cnossos was the work of a foreign army at all (*B. S. A.* xi. p. 14).

the *Odyssey*. The disastrous returns of the Greek heroes and the fall of the house of Agamemnon point rather to an unsuccessful expedition than to a great conquest. And how does it happen, one may ask, that so many Greek lays were based on the subject of 'Wraths', or quarrels between leading chiefs, between Agamemnon and Achilles, Odysseus and Agamemnon, Odysseus and Aias, Achilles and Odysseus? Does it not look—I take the suggestion from Prof. Bury—as if there was need of an excuse for some great failure? At any rate the actual tale of the Sack of Troy, though immensely influential in later literature, does not seem to be recorded in any very early form of the saga. And even incidents which have a special air of verisimilitude about them, like the stratagem of the Wooden Horse,[1] may represent only a brilliant afterthought of what ought to have been done. I lay no stress on this point, except to suggest that it is curious, if the war really ended in success, that the great national poem in its early forms should not tell of the success, but only of disastrous 'Returns', together with an incident which is well calculated to excuse failure.

Exactly the same thing is the case with the Theban tradition. A great expedition against Thebes is well known to the Epos, that of the Seven Chieftains, led by the far-famed Adrastus. That expedition, we are told, was defeated and all the seven slain. 'Only,' the story adds, 'Thebes did fall in the end. *Some people who came afterwards* took it.' The names of these later comers are not very certain. They are only the 'Ekgonoi' or 'Epigonoi',[2] the 'men-born-after', more shadowy even than Pyrrhus-Neoptolemus, son of Achilles. The general result seems to me to suggest that, in the first place, the Epic tradition of the Greeks knew of certain heroic expeditions against Thebes and Troy, but knew also of their defeat; and secondly, this tradition had much later to be combined with the fact that in reality Troy and Cadmean Thebes had ceased to be. Can we see anything in the historical conditions which makes such an hypothesis probable?

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[1] I suggest that it may refer to a siege tower of the Assyrian type. *The Trojan Women*, p. 86.

[2] Ἔκγονοι, Eur. *Suppliants*, 1224. Ἐπίγονοι is of course the usual name.

I suggest, to put it briefly, that these great fortress-cities depended for their greatness entirely upon commerce, and that during the period of persistent barbarian invasions this commerce was destroyed. They resisted successfully the direct shock of war; but were gradually undermined by poverty. All of them, as a matter of fact, are situated at the junctions of important trade routes. Crete, for instance, a rough and mountainous island, credited by Strabo with 'some fruitful glens', is geographically, in Dr. Evans's phrase (*J.H.S.* xiv), 'the stepping-stone of continents,' lying in the mid route between west and east,[1] between south and north. The lines from Phoenicia and the great Babylonian *hinterland*, from Egypt, from Libya, all tended to join at Crete on the way to the West, the Northern Aegean, or the Black Sea.[2] Some centralizing power then must have arisen in the island, and the maritime trade of such harbours as Kydonia, Itanos, Hierapytna, served to support the great central city of Cnossos. Thebes, again, as Strabo explains, commanded the roads between three seas, the Northern Aegean, the Southern Aegean, and the Corinthian Gulf.

But let us consider the point more in detail in two cases where it is not so easily seen.

Mycenae, as M. Victor Bérard has well explained, is what is called in Turkish a *Dervendji*; that is, a castle built at a juncture of mountain passes for the purpose of levying taxes on all traffic that goes through. There is the rich plain of Argos opening southward to the sea. At the north of it are mountains; beyond them the plain of Corinth and Sikyon opening on the Corinthian Gulf. Among these mountains, at the north-east corner of the Argive valley, with no sea near, and no arable land anywhere about it, stands this isolated castle of Mycenae, thickly walled and armed to the teeth. It is hard to see how such a place could live, and why it needed such military preparations, until we observe that it forms the meeting-point of a very ancient system of artificial roads, cut and built of stone, and leading from the Argive plain to the Corinthian, from the southern sea to the northern. If Mycenae stood alone, she formed a sort of robber stronghold, which lived by levying blackmail on all the trade that passed. But almost certainly she did not stand alone. In Homer Agamemnon is king of Corinth as well as of Mycenae and Argos. That is to say, Agamemnon's main work was to keep open a safe trade route between the northern and the southern seas. He had a port on the south, a port on the north, a strong fortress in the middle of the route, and he had also cut solid roads through the mountains for traffic to pass. They were not wide roads. Not wide enough for a carriage, only for a mule. And therefore, in case traffic should be pressed, he made two of them, road one road perhaps for northward traffic and one for southward. He would also, as a matter of fact, command the traffic eastward and westward, from the isthmus of Corinth to Elis and Messenia.

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[1] See also Hogarth's address to the Royal Geographical Society, 1906. A road running north and south has since been discovered.

[2] p. 400, from Ephorus. See also Bérard, *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée*, i. 225 f. Compare, for what follows, pp. 11 f. (Mycenae) and 79 f. (Troy).

M. Bérard's explanation of Troy is even more instructive. It has to be modified by the observed fact that Troy does not show great affinities with the islands, and does show affinities with its own *hinterland*. But I still consider it, in itself, true. Six cities were built on that particular site, and six destroyed. There must have been some rare attraction about the place, and some special reason for destroying the cities built there. Greek legend, in speaking of the destruction of Troy by Agamemnon, always remembered that it had been destroyed before, though it ran all the previous expeditions into one—when old Telamon rose from his rest in Salamis, and gave himself to Heracles

For the wrecking of one land only,
Of Ilion, Ilion only,
Most hated of lands.[1]

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[1] Eur. *Troades*, 806 (sentiment of the whole passage, rather than any definite words): cf. 1241 Τροία τε πόλεων ἔκκριτον μισουμένη.

Now we know that there was a vast body of trade always passing up the Hellespont, joining all Mediterranean civilization with that of the Black Sea. Obviously a city commanding this trade would grow rich: but Troy does not seem at first sight to be in the right position for commanding it. The older city, Dardania, had lain higher up on Mount Ida, the *Iliad* tells us (Υ 218), in safe retirement. But as the Trojans grew stronger, or as they discovered a more tempting source of wealth, they ventured nearer the sea. Yet even so Troy lies some miles inland on the slopes of a hill commanding only a narrow swampy plain with sea at each end of it. In modern times such a position is not of much worth. But in the conditions of ancient seafaring it was priceless.

Down the Bosphorus and the Hellespont there blows an almost incessant wind and there flows an extraordinarily strong current. If you bathe in the sultry heat down below Tenedos, near Mytilene, you may find yourself suddenly in swift and almost icy water sweeping straight from Russia. This current is at its strongest just off Cape Sigeum, the promontory in front of Troy. At the present time small steamers have some trouble in passing there, and sailing ships can be seen waiting by the score under the lee of Tenedos, till by utilizing stray puffs of favourable wind they can tack round that difficult cape, and proceed by hugging the eastern shore. In ancient times, when boats were small and voyages short, they simply did not attempt to go round the Cape. They disembarked their cargo at the southern end of the narrow swampy plain, carried it across on mules or asses, and embarked it again on the other side. And those mules passed right under the walls of Priam and Laomedon, and paid taxes as they passed. Priam's misfortunes were so great that tradition is kind to him. But the perjuries and extortions of Laomedon ring loud in legend. Was it simply because the toll at the Hellespont was too oppressive to be tolerated, that all maritime Greece felt involved in the oppression, and volunteered to destroy the blackmailing citadel again and again? Or was it, more simply still, that the position was so valuable that one band after another of northern warriors, Thracians, Dardans, Tröes, Teukri, Phrygians, Achaeans, fought for the possession?

There are many problems still waiting solution about these fortified centres of exchange, if I may so call them. How far did they form a uniform empire or federation? Was Mycenae normally an outpost of Crete or an enemy of Crete? What relation did either of them bear towards Troy, or towards the prevailing powers in Asia? Of what race or races were their kings? How far was there a conscious difference between the 'Minoan' or Island race with its sea-coast settlements and the less advanced masses of Anatolian or 'Hittite' peoples of the hinterlands? In any case it is, I think, perfectly clear that this Aegean civilization was not what we call Greek. Its language was not Greek. Its art, though we can recognize in it many of the elements that went to the making of Greek Art, was in itself not Greek. As a matter of fact there were no Greeks in the world in those days, any more than there were, let us say, Englishmen before the Angles came into Britain, or Frenchmen before the Franks invaded Gaul. The Greek people was a compound of which the necessary constituents had not yet come together.

We must recognize, however, that the existence of such rich and important centres, dependent entirely upon sea-borne commerce, argues both a wide trade and a considerably high and stable civilization. We must not forget that piece of white nephrite which came to Troy all the way from China. And we must by no means regard the masters of these cities as mere robber chieftains or levyers of blackmail. Commerce dies if it is too badly treated; and Aegean commerce lived and flourished for an extremely long time.

These empires, if we may call them by so large a name, were broken up by migrations or invasions from the north. In early times, so Thucydides tells us, all Hellas was in a state of migration. We hear of all sorts of migrant tribes;

of Hellenes, Achaioi, and Pelasgoi; of Carians and Leleges; of Minyae; of the sons of Deucalion, Ion, Pelops, Danaus, and the rest. Most of all we hear of the great migration of the Dorians,[1] somewhere about 1000 B.C. It is the habit of Greek tradition to remember chiefly the last of a series of events. It remembers the last migration, as it collected the last of the lyric poets, the last tragedies, the last form of the Epos. And modern research shows us that there were many successive waves of migration from the north and north-west.

We know a fair amount about these immigrants. They were of Aryan speech; and the Greek that we know is really their language. They seem to have been, to a preponderant extent, tall and fair, brachycephalic, warlike, uncivilized. They worshipped Zeus. They used, in the later streams of invasion at any rate, iron weapons, and round metal shields, and fastened their cloaks with 'fibulae' or safety-pins. The description of the Thracians given by Herodotus in his fifth book would probably have been true some six centuries earlier of all these invading Northerners. Professor Ridgeway, who has helped so greatly our understanding of the two elements in early Greek life, has rather unfortunately over-simplified his statement of the case by speaking as if there were one homogeneous invading race, and one homogeneous race of aboriginals. He operates with 'Achaeans' from the north, and aboriginal 'Pelasgians'. The terminology is convenient, but perhaps dangerously convenient, since neither part of the antithesis is really simple.

First, for the Pelasgians.[2] The Pelasgi seem to have been a definite set of tribes, with northern affinities, whom we find first in places like Dodona, the Hellespont, and Pelasgiôtis, then, as they move under pressure from above, in various parts of Greece; in Crete, in Argos, in Attica, especially and permanently in the islands of Lemnos and Imbros, where two inscriptions in a non-Greek language have been discovered, and still await interpretation. They called their citadels 'Larisa'. From their towers, or 'Tyrseis', they sometimes had the name Tyrseni. But whether they had any connexion with that maritime people in Western Italy who were called by themselves Rasna, by others Tursci or Etrusci, by the Greeks themselves 'Tyrseni', that is a point on which I venture no opinion.[1] Clearly the name of this particular tribe is not strictly suitable for denoting the pre-Hellenic races in general. The Pelasgi were probably at one time the most formidable enemies of the aboriginal races. Yet the convention may as well stand, until we can find a better. It seems that the Pelasgi were, at some very early time, before the arrival of the 'Achaeans' upon the scene, a very dominant or conspicuous people. And the name Pelasgian was in antiquity, as well as in modern times, applied freely as a general term to denote the whole pre-Achaean period and the races then inhabiting Greece.[2]

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[1] *Δῶρον* = 'hand', as in Hesiod's *δεκάδωρος*, Homer's *ἑκκαιδεκάδωρος*. The Lambda (λ) which served as the sign on the Spartan shields is not likely to have been originally a letter of the alphabet; perhaps it was a picture of a hand in profile pointing downwards with the thumb sticking out. Some of the pictograms for 'hand' are like that. I suspect that the Dorians were the 'Tribe of the Hand', and that *δῶρον*, 'gift', is a thing 'handed' or a *buona mano*.

[2] On the Pelasgians see especially Myres in *J.H.S.* xxvii, who traces the ancient 'Pelasgian theory' to Ephorus. Pelasgians are mentioned at Dodona, Π 233 (apparently), Hes. fr. 225 (K), and Hdt.: Pelasgiotis, B 681 ff. (apparently), and later writers: Hellespont, see Myres on B 840 ff.: Hdt.

This is a perfectly normal phenomenon in the history of race-names.[3] All Europeans to the Saracens used to be 'Franks'; all Greeks to the Asiatics were 'sons of Yawan'; just as in Italy they were 'Graeci' from the name of a certain

i. 57, ii. 51. Lemnos in Homer (Α 594, θ 294) is occupied by Hephaistos' people, the Sinties.

[1] I quote, however, a note of Professor Burrows (*Crete*, p. 109): 'Professor Conway informs me that there is little doubt on the matter, as will be shown by Professor Skutsch's forthcoming article "Etruskische Sprache" in Pauly-Wissowa, and by the inclusion of the inscription in the *Corpus Inscr. Etruscarum*. See, too, Conway's own article in the forthcoming new edition of the *Encycl. Brit.*'

[2] Thucydides says as much, i. 3.

[3] 'Again, though both Wessex and Mercia were bigger than the kingdom of the Angles, and England was unified under the headship of Wessex, yet the country as a whole took its name from the province which lay nearest the countries opposite.' J. W. M.

Epirot tribe which was much in touch with South Italy; in Greece itself they were 'Hellenes' from the name of a dominant tribe in South Thessaly. It is safe to use Pelasgian in the two senses if we carefully avoid confusing them.

The little that we can make out about the race affinities of the real aborigines is based chiefly on the names of the places which they inhabited. All over Greece we find the towns, mountains, rivers, and, curiously enough, the flowers, called by non-Greek names. Names like Larisa, Corinthos, Zakynthos, Hyakinthos, Olympos, Arisbe, Narkissos, are no more Greek than Connecticut and Poughkeepsie or Alabama are English, or Morbihan and Landes are French. And an examination of these non-Greek place-names, as carried out with great ability by Kretschmer and Fick, leads to a result which is on general grounds satisfactory. There is a great system of place-names in a language still unknown to us, which reaches across the mainland of Greece, the islands of the Aegean, and practically the whole immense peninsula of Asia Minor: a language which is clearly not Semitic, and in the opinion of most scholars not Aryan either, and which must therefore have belonged to that pre-Semitic population of Asia Minor, of which the most distinguished group is the Hittite.[1] Anthropologists and measurers of

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[1] So Fick and Kretschmer. Conway, however, argues that this language was Indo-European. (*B. S. A.*, viii. pp. 125 ff., x. pp. 115 ff.) He starts from the three short inscriptions found at Praesus, a town said to be 'Eteocretan', in the east of the island. They are comparatively late, saec. vi to iv, in Greek letters, but in an unknown language which bears affinities to Venetic and Osco-Umbrian. Conway takes this language as = Eteocretan and Eteocretan as = Minoan. For an historical criticism of this view see Burrows, *Crete*, pp. 151 ff.

It is rash to decide till we know more of the Hittite language, which may now soon occur. H. Winckler's excavations during the summer of 1906 at Boghaz-Koï in Cappadocia have resulted in: (1) a proof that Boghaz-Koï was the capital of the Hittite kingdom; (2) the discovery of the state archives, consisting of many large complete tablets and over 2,000 fragmentary ones—correspondence from Hittite vassals and from Egypt. They are mostly of the same date as the Tel-el-Amarna letters, and contain the Assyro-Babylonian version of the treaty between Ramses II and the Hittite king, Chetaser. The writing is cuneiform, but the language Hittite. As Babylonian ideograms and determinatives are freely used, decipherment skulls tell us that there were in the Aegean lands before any Northerners arrived on the scene two distinct races—a dark long-headed Aegean race with littoral habits, never going far from the sea; and another dark short-skulled Armenoid race, inhabiting the highlands on both sides. How far these races were conscious of their respective unities, how far the ruling Minoans were racially distinct from the surrounding peoples, are questions which we need not at present face. The Aegean world was certainly divided into many little tribes and communities, which no doubt fought and hated one another as gladly as so many Celtic clans. But the remains show that, generally speaking, they were homogeneous in culture. And we shall, with this apology, speak of them in future under one name as pre-Hellenic or Aegean.[1]

And opposed to these aboriginal or quasi-aboriginal races stand the invaders from the north, Professor Ridgeway's 'Achaeans'. The case is exactly similar. The Achaeans formed one of the many immigrant tribes; but the name spread beyond the bounds of the tribe and was used by the Aegean peoples to denote the northern races in general. In Homer it seems to include all the warriors, of whatever blood, who have fallen under the lead of the northern chieftains. But we should not forget that there were many branches of the invasion. From the forests of Central Europe, guided by the valleys and mountain passes towards Dodona and towards Thessaly, came divers Achaeans and Hellenes; more to the east came tribes of the same blood, afterwards

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is hoped for. (It is to be remembered that Jensen, *Hittiter und Armenier* (1898), took Hittite to be an Indo-European language and the prototype of Armenian.) See the note in O. Weber, *Die Literatur der Babylonier und Assyrier* (Ergänzungsband ii of *Der Alte Orient*), p. 275. I owe the above information to Miss J. E. Harrison. Burrows cites *Or. Litteraturz.* Dec. 15, 1906.

[1] The question of Semitic and Egyptian influence or settlement among these aborigines can be left aside: no whole nation came in from the south or east as there did from the north.

called Macedonian and Thracian.[1] One of these Thracian tribes, the Bhryges, crossed into Asia, like the Cimmerii and the Gauls after them, and drove a wedge of northern and Indo-Germanic population into the midst of the native 'Hittites'. If any one is inclined to over-simplify his conception of these racial movements, he might find a useful warning in a study of Phrygia, or of one part of Phrygia, the Troad. If we take the various invaders of the Troad in early Greek times, we find first the 'Phryges' or 'Bryges': their name seems to have kept the old Indo-Germanic *bh* which the Greeks could not pronounce. Also the Troes or Trojans; also a branch of the Paiones, who gave their name to a part of Northern Macedonia; further, some northern neighbours of the Paiones, the Dardanoi, led by a royal tribe called Aeneadae; some of their southern neighbours, the Mygdones; a tribe which disappeared early, called Phorkyntes or Berekyntes; some Thracians, not further specified, from the Chersonnese; and lastly the Trares. Those are the northern invaders only. The races already settled in the land seem to have included a main body of Leleges, a race generally known as aboriginal further south, in Caria; some Pelasgi, who had probably come from Thrace; Gergithes and Teucri, the latter being perhaps a royal tribe; and, if we are to believe the *Iliad*, Lycians and Cilicians as well. And how many other tribes may there have been, whose names are not preserved to us? That is the sort of complex of races which existed in one small piece of territory.

And meantime, further to the west of Greece, came the pressure of other and more barbarous peoples, called by the general name of Illyrians, who eventually occupied the regions of Albania and Epirus, and resisted Greek civilization till long after classical times.

But, to get rid of these names and come closer to reality,

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[1] O. Hoffmann, *Die Makedonen, ihre Sprache und ihr Volksthum* (1906), confirms Kretschmer's results. The language is a dialect of Greek, akin to Thessalian, but influenced by 'non-Greek' Phrygo-Thracian and Illyrian. The chief mark is, of course, Mac. $\beta\ \gamma\ \delta$ for Greek $\phi\ \chi\ \theta$. The eastern wing of the Migrations seems to have been the earlier.

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what are we to conceive these invasions to have been like? Very different, I think, in different circumstances. It is almost a rule in history, that before any definite invasion of a new territory there is a long period of peaceful penetration. The whole process of the northern migrations must cover a period of many centuries. In the beginnings it is not an army that comes to invade. It is some adventurers or traders who come and settle: some mercenaries who are invited in. Or again, it is a few families who move a little further up a mountain, or a little on the other side of a pass, breaking up new land where it happens to be unoccupied. For a great part of the process, on the mainland at least, these may have been the normal modes of advance: on the one hand, a gradual increase of northern soldiers and northern officers in the armies of the Aegean powers; on the other, a slight change in the possession of farms and pasture grounds, in which the stronger race steadily got more and the weaker less. But violence certainly came in, and in the later stages the very extreme of violence. While there was room for both races there was perhaps little or no fighting. But a time always came when there was no room. Of that later.

One thing seems clear. While the great masses of the various northern peoples were steadily pushing downwards on the mainland, small bodies of chiefs or adventurers seem to have gone forth into the Aegean region to carve out for themselves little empires or lives of romance. They were 'invited in', as Thucydides puts it (i. 3), as allies or mercenaries or *condottieri* in the various cities. And, like other *condottieri*, they had a way of marrying native princesses and occupying vacant thrones.[1] It is just what the Normans did in their time. About the year 1035 Robert Guiscard set out from Normandy, so Gibbon tells us, as a pilgrim, with only one companion. He went south, and ended by becoming King of Calabria. 'Under his command the peasants of Calabria assumed the character and the name of Normans.' Just so Agamemnon's followers assumed the character and the name of Achaeans.[1] In the eleventh and twelfth centuries A.D. you could find little bands of the Northmen established at various points of the Mediterranean, as kings and nobles among an inferior population. Just so it seems to have been in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C. with these other invading Northmen.

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[1] As we shall see later, there is ground for suspecting that descent in these communities went by the female side, so that to marry the queen or princess was the normal way of becoming a king. So Xuthus = Creusa, Oedipus = Jocasta, Pelops = Hippodameia, Menelaus and Agamemnon = the daughters of the native king Tyndareus, &c. Cf. the numerous instances in Frazer, *Kingship*, chap. viii.

The great citadel of Troy had a northern king, a Phrygian. Similarly in all the other centres of Aegean power we seem to find Northmen ruling. Minos indeed was aboriginal, and even divine: but the tradition makes him first into a 'friend', then into a son, of the Achaean Zeus[2]; and Idomeneus, the Cretan chief of the *Iliad*, is clearly counted among the Achaeans. Mycenae and Corinth are under the Achaean Agamemnon. He is the very type and king of the Achaeans: but it is interesting to notice that his family tree is derived from Phrygia.[3] If this is right, Agamemnon belonged to those same Northmen who had come eastward by way of Thrace to occupy Troy: and when he led an army against Priam he fought in a specially close sense against his own kindred.

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[1] Gibbon, cap. lvi. There is a good account of these sons of Tancred in Demolins, *Comment la Route crée le Type Social*, ii. pp. 313 ff. Just so with the Dorians: Halicarnassus was founded by 'Ionians from Trozên' with Dorian leaders. It counts as Dorian. Hdt. vii. 99: Strabo, p. 653, &c. So, too, Tarentum: Τάραντα δὲ ἀπῴκισαν μὲν Λακεδαιμόνιοι (Perioikoi and Parthenioi) οἰκιστὴς δὲ ἐγένετο Σπαρτιάτης Φάλανθος, Paus. x. 10. 6. The dialect is Achaean = Perioikian, but the colony is called 'Dorian'. So the 'Spartan' army at Thermopylae, 300 Spartans in 5,000 odd, besides Helots. Meister, *Dorer und Achäer*, p. 22 ff.

[2] See above, p. 32.

[3] Pelops is nearly always a Phrygian (Soph. *Ajax*, 1292; Hdt. vii. 8 and 11; Bacchylides, vii. 53, &c.). Pindar says a Lydian (*Ol.* i. 24, ix, 9). Afterwards the ideas are confused, and he is merely Asiatic. (So Thuc. i. 9.) Observe that his alleged ancestor, Tantalus, was not originally a son of Zeus, but an ὀαριστής like Minos; i.e. not an Achaean, but a native prince, and Agamemnon's descent from him a fiction (Eur. *Or.* 9; Pind. *Ol.* i. 43, &c.). Tantalus also appears as the first husband of Clytemnestra, slain by Agamemnon (Eur. *Iph. Aul.* 1150). His being non-Achaean explains why Zeus sends him to Tartaros with Sisyphus, Salmoneus, Tityos, Ixion. (See J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, pp. 336 ff.) Hence I do not press the connexion of Tantalus with Ilus, as meaning that the Pelopidae actually came from Troy.

The later Greek imagination liked to think of Troy as an Asiatic city, and to make the Trojan War a type of the age-long struggle of West and East, Aryan and Semite. There are symptoms of this tendency even in the later parts of the *Iliad* (P 88, X 48). But it is clear in the earliest records that the Trojan chiefs are of the same race as the Achaeans. There is no difference of language. The difference of language comes in between the Trojans and their own allies, the 'Carians with barbarous tongue' and the various peoples in whom 'there was not one language nor one voice'.[1] Their mode of fighting is exactly the same as that of the Achaeans. Their gods are the same. Nay, if we examine carefully into that question the result is rather curious. According to Homer the three typically Achaean gods are the trinity, Zeus, Apollo, and Athena.[2] And this trinity in the Homeric poems must have been originally on the side of Troy! Apollo fights openly for the Trojans. Zeus is constantly protecting them, putting off their evil day, and rebuking their enemies. Athena indeed appears in our present *Iliad* as the enemy of Troy. Yet it is to her that the Trojans especially pray. She is the patroness of their city, she the regular Achaean 'City-holder': and it is when the Palladion, or image of the protecting Athena, is stolen away, that Troy eventually can be taken. In Euripides' *Trojan Women*, one may add, the treachery of Athena in turning against her own city is one of the main notes of the drama.

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[1] B 867, Δ 437.

[2] The trinity does not occur outside Homer, and seems possibly to represent some federation of Achaean tribes. Zeus is the most Achaean of gods; Apollo has acquired many aboriginal characteristics, but is also characteristically Northern. (Thracian? See J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, p. 463; and for an opposite view, Wilamowitz in *Hermes*, 1903, p. 575.) Athena, if she has pre-Hellenic antecedents, appears as a thorough daughter of Zeus. The parallel between Zeus in Greece and Othin in Scandinavia is very striking: invading gods accepted as supreme by the native populations and imperfectly assimilated to the old system of gods. See Chadwick, *Cult of Othin*.

One great city, as we saw above, did not accept Achaean rulers. In Thebes the Cadmeans, whoever they may have been, held out to the end. The war of The Seven has a different look from the ordinary wars of one Achaean band against another. The Minyai in Orchomenos were destroyed more easily. Thebes seems to have remained like an island in the flood of Achaean invaders. She had them to the north of her in Thessaly and Phthia, to the west in Phocis and Aetolia, to the east (probably) in Euboea, to the south-west in Argos. And, if we are to believe tradition, it was from this farthest southern point that they turned, determined to tolerate no more the great fortress of the alien race.

But in the main, if we try to conceive the Aegean in, say, the thirteenth century B.C., we must think of the ancient seats of power as generally standing, but at each palace a northern chief established as king with a band of northern followers about him. Their power was based partly on sheer plunder, partly on the taxes yielded by a constantly decreasing trade. It was an unstable condition. Some northern Agamemnon might sit at Mycenae, a northern Idomeneus at Cnossos. They might have imbibed a fair amount of civilization. They were perhaps good rulers. No one could doubt their valour. But too many of their own kinsmen were prowling the adjacent world. It was only by memory that they knew the

> Riches that Ilion held, the wallèd and beautiful city,
> Of old in the passing of peace, ere came the sons of Achaia.

Fewer and fewer caravans of laden mules plodded up the stone ways of the Argive mountains. Fewer and fewer fleets of trading boats came to pay toll in the harbours of Southern Crete.

In this state of weak equilibrium there came further shocks from the north-west. Other tribes pressed down on the mainland, through Thessaly down to Aetolia, over from Aetolia to Boeotia, to the north of the Peloponnese, to Elis: by sea came the most dangerous of all enemies, hordes of dispossessed men, who must plunder and slay, or else die. It was possibly with some view of saving his dynasty and consolidating the various bodies of chiefs who would otherwise be troubling him, that the Agamemnon of the time gathered his expedition of 'all Achaeans' against Troy, and won—if he did win it—his more than Pyrrhic victory. Troy indeed fell, but all Achaean Greece fell with it. A storm, says the tradition, scattered the returning kings over the face of the deep. Some came home to die, some were lost, some settled in strange lands. But for certain their glory was gone, their palaces shaken, and the names of their sons are blotted out from the page of history. Those old northern chiefs had among them a peculiar title of honour, πτολίπορθος, 'Sacker of Cities'. And well did they deserve the name. At first, though they sacked a city, they could in a way rebuild it or have it rebuilt. They assimilated enough of Aegean civilization at least to live in the castles of those whom they conquered. But the same thing occurred here as in Rome afterwards. As the ruder hordes and the vaster numbers pressed down; as the pre-Greek races had sunk in numbers and in discouragement; there came at last tribes who could destroy but not build nor even keep, 'sackers-of-cities' who burned and shattered, and then could make no more of their conquest than to live huddled in war-parties among the ruins.

One must probably conceive two different processes of migration, by land and by sea respectively. By land, a whole tribe or nation tended to push on, carrying with it its women, its normal possessions, its flocks and herds. Though even on land there were many varieties in the intensity of the struggle. In Boeotia, for instance, the conquering race, pushing over from the west, seems to have settled without much massacre and without any formal enslavement of the resident population. One result of this comparative clemency was a subsequent harshness. The oligarchies in Boeotia continued through several centuries peculiarly severe and illiberal. The subject race had been admitted to something so nearly approaching equality, that it needed—in the judgement of its masters—continual thrashing. In most of Thessaly, in Argos, Corinth, Sparta, the natives were reduced to varying degrees of slavery. They became, like the Gibeonites, hewers of wood and drawers of water: like the Messenians,[1] they 'walked as asses walk, weighed down with heavy burdens'. In Attica the invaders seem to have been few and weak. They merely merged with the old population. One cannot even discern a definite ruling class. It is a fact worth noting by those who study questions of race, that among both the Greeks and the Hebrews the most prominent and characteristic part of the nation was also the part most largely mixed with the race of the despised aborigines. The tribe of Judah had the largest Canaanite element.[2] As for the Athenians, they always claim to be children of the soil, and Herodotus actually goes so far as to describe them as 'not Greek but Pelasgian'.

But what of the migrations by sea? The centre of Greece is really not Athens nor Sparta nor any state of the mainland. The real centre is the Aegean; and the migrations by sea are both more characteristic and for after history, I venture to suggest, more important. When a tribe moved by land it took most of its belongings with it. When it had to cross the sea a possession must needs be very precious indeed before it could be allowed room in those small boats. Of course there are cases where a deliberate invasion is planned, as the Saxons, for instance, planned their invasion of Britain. The fighting men go first and secure a foothold; the rest of the nation can follow when things are safe. In historical times, when the Athenians left Attica before the advance of the Persian army, they took their wives and even their herds across the narrow waters to Salamis and Aegina. When the Phocaeans deserted their city and fled to the west, they seem to have begun by taking their womankind at least as far as Chios, where they might hope to find a breathing place.[1] But these were more organized or at least less helpless peoples; the movement was well thought out beforehand, and there was friendly land near. In the earlier migrations of the Dark Age a tribe, or mass of people, seldom took to the sea till driven by the fear of death. That was no time to think of taking women or herds. You might desire greatly to take your young wife—or your old wife, for that matter; but you would scarcely dare to make such a proposal to the hungry fighters about you. You might wish to take your little boy. But would the rest of us, think you, choose to be encumbered with another consumer of bread who could never help in a fight, who might delay us in charging or flying, might cry from the pain of hunger or fatigue and betray us all? No, leave him on the beach, and come! Put some mark on him. Probably some one will make him a slave, and then, with good luck, you may some day knock up against him and pay his ransom.

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[1] Tyrtaeus 6.

[2] See e.g. Driver on Gen. xxxviii; Cheyne also remarks on Edomite and North Arabian elements in Judah, *Enc. Bibl.* s. v.

When we are off on the sea, what is the prospect before us? We have some provisions, though no water. Instead, we take guides who know where there are springs near the sea-shore in divers islands and unfrequented promontories. We can move by night and hide in caves during the day. The guide probably knows places where cattle may, with some risk, be raided. Better still, he knows of some villages that have been lately attacked by other pirates, where the men are still weak with their wounds. Not all their flocks have been killed. We might well take the rest. If we stay at sea, we die of thirst. If we are seen landing, we are for certain massacred by any human beings who find us. Piracy on the high seas will not keep us alive. In the good old days, when the Northmen first came, pirates could live like fighting-cocks and be buried like princes. But the business has been spoiled. There are too many men like ourselves, and too few ships with anything on them to steal. If we go back to our old home, the invaders have by this time got our women as slaves, and will either kill us or sell us in foreign countries. Is there anywhere an island to seize? There are many little desert rocks all studded over the Aegean, where doubtless we have rested often enough when the constrained position of sitting everlastingly at the oars has been too much for us; rested and starved, and some of us gone mad with thirst under that hot sun. A waterless rock will be no use. Can we seize some inhabited island? Alone we are too weak; but what if we combined with some other outlaws? There are some outcast Carians in like plight with ourselves in one of the desert caves near. In our normal life we would not touch a Carian. Their weapons are no gentleman's weapons. Their voices make one sick. And their hair . . . ! But what does it matter now? . . . And with them are some Leleges, who worship birds; some unknown savages from the eastern side, dark-bearded hook-nosed creatures answering to babyish names like 'Atta' and 'Babba' and 'Duda'; and—good omen!—some of our old enemies from near home, the tribe that we were always fighting with and had learned to hate in our cradles. A pleasure to meet them again! One can understand their speech. We swear an oath that makes us brothers. We cut one another's arms, pour the blood into a bowl and drink some all round. We swear by our gods: to make things pleasanter, we swear by one another's gods, so far as we can make out their outlandish names. And then forth to attack our island.

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[1] Hdt. i. 165. Cf. the career of Dionysius of Phocaea as a pirate, vi. 17; of the Samians, vi. 22 ff.

After due fighting it is ours. The men who held it yesterday are slain. Some few have got away in boats, and may some day come back to worry us; but not just yet, not for a good long time. There is water to drink: there is bread and curded milk and onions. There is flesh of sheep or goats. There is wine, or, at the worst, some coarser liquor of honey or grain, which will at least intoxicate. One needs that, after such a day . . . No more thirst, no more hunger, no more of the cramped galley benches, no more terror of the changes of wind and sea. The dead men are lying all about us. We will fling them into the sea to-morrow. The women are suitably tied up and guarded. The old one who kept shrieking curses has been spiked with a lance and tossed over the cliff. The wailing and sobbing of the rest will stop in a day or two: if it torments you, you can easily move a few paces away out of the sound. If it still rings in your ears, drink two more cups and you will not mind it. The stars are above us, and the protecting sea round us, we have got water and food and roofs over our heads. And we wrought it all by our own wisdom and courage and the manifest help of Zeus and Apollo. What good men we are, and valiant and pious; and our gods—what short work they make of other men's gods!

There is no trait in the above suggestion that is not drawn from a real case. I have been imagining the case of a quite small island. More often not a whole island was at stake, but only a promontory or a foothold. Nor do we, of course, ever hear the whole complications of a conquest. It is always simplified in the tradition.

In Chios, for instance, we hear that there were first Carians, to whom a settlement of Abantes from Euboea had joined themselves. Then came an invasion of refugees from Crete—surely not of pure Cretan blood—who gradually grew and mostly drove out the Carians and Abantes. From Strabo[1] we hear, significantly enough, of a quite different founder of Chios, a man called Egertios, who brought with him 'a mixed multitude' (*σύμμεικτον πλῆθος*). It afterwards counted as one of the chief Ionian cities. In Erythrae there are Cretans, Lycians, and that mixed Graeco-barbaric race called Pamphylians. Later an addition of population from all the Ionian cities. It was rather different at Colophon and Ephesus on the mainland. In both cases there was an ancient pre-Hellenic oracle or temple in the neighbourhood. In Colophon there came Greeks from Crete, from

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[1] xiv. p. 633. The main sources for these colonization traditions, outside the epos, are Strabo and Paus. vii.

Boeotia, from the west of the Peloponnese: if we may believe the epic tradition, there were fragments of many other tribes as well. They forced a settlement somehow on the land; living perhaps, as Wilamowitz suggests, in 'Blockhuts' on the shore, fighting for a permanent foothold in the barbarian city. In Colophon they are accepted as a ruling caste, and get possession even of the oracle. In Ephesus they are weaker; they have a position rather as clients of the great temple, and 'Diana of the Ephesians' remains at heart barbaric till she can break out into confessed monstrosity in the Roman period. Round another sanctuary, the little rock of Delos, there grows up a peculiar federation of people from divers parts of the Aegean, a league whose business it is to meet at Delos for certain festivals, to pay proper dues to the holy place and to keep it sacred. They were called 'Iawones', Iônes, and the name spread gradually to a large part of the Greek people.[1]

Nearly everywhere on the mainland and in the isles there are, as we have said, old place-names in a language not Greek, but earlier than Greek. But there are exceptions. In Cos we know of an invasion from Crete. And there all the place-names are Greek. What does that mean? Is it that in this particular island, large and fertile as it is, if the Greek invaders wanted to ask the name of a mountain or a river, there was no single native voice—not even a woman spared for a concubine—to answer them, so that they had to name all the places anew? I see no other plausible explanation. Different was the end in Lemnos. If tradition is to be believed—and, in the one large point where it can be tested, the tradition is confirmed by history—there was once done in

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[1] For all this paragraph see Wilamowitz's illuminating lecture *Die Ionische Wanderung* (*Sitzungsber. Berlin. Akad.* 1906, iv). As to Ephesus, the 'multimammia' form of Artemis is of course barbaric, and belongs to the regular Anatolian mother-goddess. It is most remarkable that the recent excavations at Ephesus have unearthed nearly fifty figurines of the goddess, 'ranging from the eighth to the fourth centuries B.C.,' in none of which is there 'any approximation to the "multimammia" type rendered familiar by statuettes of the Roman period'. Hogarth, in *Times* of Nov. 2, 1906.

Lemnos that act of vengeance for which one's unregenerate instinct thirsts in thinking over the bloody and relentless tale of these conquests. The men of Lemnos were duly slain. The women were duly enslaved as concubines. But they were trusted too soon: either they nursed the memory of their wrongs longer than other women, or in some way they had an opportunity denied to others. At any rate the native women rose and murdered their invaders, and the island was never completely possessed by the Greeks during all the classical period. It was a hard task for an island in that position to keep itself un-Hellenized. But somehow Pelasgians gathered there. Later on, when a part of the population showed some tincture of Greek manners and claimed descent from the Argonauts, it was expelled. When the children born of some captured Greek women began to show their Greek blood, they were murdered and their mothers with them. The 'deeds of Lemnos' ring with an ominous sound in early Greek proverb, the extreme of horror, no other deed like them.[1]

This is the sort of picture that we can recover of the so-called Dark Age. It is a time, as Diodorus says, of 'constant war-paths and uprootings of peoples'[2]; a chaos in which an old civilization is shattered into fragments, its laws set at naught, and that intricate web of normal expectation which forms the very essence of human society torn so often and so utterly by continued disappointment that at last there ceases to be any normal expectation at all. For the fugitive settlers on the shores that were afterwards Ionia, and for parts too of Doris and Aeolis, there were no tribal gods or tribal obligations left, because there were no tribes. There were no old laws, because there was no one to administer or even to remember them: only such compulsions as the strongest power of the moment chose to enforce. Household and family life had disappeared, and all its innumerable ties with it. A man was now not living with a wife of his own race, but with a dangerous strange woman, of alien language and alien gods, a woman whose husband or father he had perhaps murdered—or, at best, whom he had bought as a slave from the murderer. The old Aryan husbandman, as we shall see hereafter, had lived with his herds in a sort of familiar connexion. He slew 'his brother the ox' only under special stress or for definite religious reasons, and he expected his women to weep when the slaying was performed. But now he had left his own herds far away. They had been devoured by enemies. And he lived on the beasts of strangers whom he robbed or held in servitude. He had left the graves of his fathers, the kindly ghosts of his own blood, who took food from his hand and loved him. He was surrounded by the graves of alien dead, strange ghosts whose names he knew not and who were beyond his power to control, whom he tried his best to placate with fear and aversion. One only concrete thing existed for him to make henceforth the centre of his allegiance, to supply the place of his old family hearth, his gods, his tribal customs and sanctities. It was a circuit wall of stones, a *Polis*; the wall which he and his fellows, men of diverse tongues and worships united by a tremendous need, had built up to be the one barrier between themselves and a world of enemies. Inside the wall he could take breath. He could become for a time a man again, instead of a terrified beast. The wall was built, Aristotle tells us, that men might live, but its inner cause was that men might live well. It was a ship in a great sea, says a character in Sophocles (*Ant.* 191), whose straight sailing is the first condition of all faith or friendship between man and man. The Polis became a sort of Mother-Goddess, binding together all who lived within its circuit and superseding all more personal worships. When this begins we have the germ of historical Greece.

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[1] Hdt. vi. 138. The story fits in with known historical facts; yet perhaps it is not safe to trust it. It has too much the look of a myth built upon a religious cult of some kind. First the women of Lemnos kill the men; then the men kill the women (and children); thirdly, when the Minyans of Lemnos are in prison in Sparta, their wives change clothes with them and save them (Hdt. iv. 146).

[2] *Πυκναὶ στρατεῖαι καὶ μεταναστάσεις.* Cf. of course all through this discussion the 'Archaeologia' of Thucydides i. Also see Appendix C, on the List of Thalassocrats.

This religion of the Polis was, I think, in the later ages of Greece, the best, and is to us the most helpful, of ancient religions. It has this in common with the others, that it implies in each citizen the willing sacrifice of himself to something greater than himself. It has also to the full their passionate narrowness. But it differs from all the others in many things. It has its roots in knowledge and real human need, not in ignorance and terror. Its rules of conduct are based not on obedience to imaginary beings, but on serving mankind; not on observance of taboos, but on doing good.

’Αρετὰ πολύμοχθε γένει βροτείῳ, says Aristotle in the first line of his one curious outbreak into poetry, ‘*Aretê* much laboured for by the race of man.’ It is one of the common burdens of early Greek poetry, of Pindar, Hesiod, Phokylides, Simonides, this thirst of men for *Aretê*, the word that we translate ‘Virtue’. It is more, of course, than our Virtue; more even than the Roman *Virtus*. It is ‘goodness’ in all the senses in which objects can be called good, the quality of a good sword, a good horse, a good servant, or a good ruler. The religion of the Polis did essentially make men strive to be more of worth, to be ‘good men’. Think for a moment of the judgements passed upon his characters by the Deuteronomic compiler of the Book of Kings. A sweeping judgement is passed for good or evil on almost every king; and on what is it based? First, on the question whether the king followed exactly the precepts and taboos ascribed to the deity worshipped by the writer; and secondly, whether he duly prevented even that deity being worshipped anywhere except at the writer's own temple. Great rulers like Jeroboam II or even like Omri, who is treated by the Assyrians as the very founder of Israel, are passed over with scarcely more than the mere statement that they ‘did evil in the sight of Yahweh’.

Now the Jews who wrote under the influence of Deuteronomy represent a religion extraordinarily noble and enlightened.

Compared with the immense majority of ancient religions it stands upon a mountain top. Yet contrast with these distorted judgements of the Deuteronomist those passed by Plato in the *Gorgias* on the great democratic statesmen of Athens. Plato was perhaps the most theologically-minded of the great Greek writers; he writes in the *Gorgias* with great bitterness; and I think his judgements extremely prejudiced. Yet from beginning to end he bases his indictments of the various statesmen on one question only, their service to their fellow men. Have they made Athens better and happier? It looks as if they had; but he denies it. 'They have filled the city with docks and arsenals and tributes and such trash, instead of Sôphrosynê and righteousness.'

It is the difference between a soul in bondage and a free soul. But to reach that freedom the Greeks had to pass first through fire and then through a great darkness. That is the subject which we will consider in detail in the next of these lectures.

III

CHAOS: AIDÔS AND NEMESIS

I WISH in the present lecture to consider in detail some of those sanctions of tribal custom and religion which were exposed to change or destruction in the anarchy of the great Migrations: and then, in the apparent wreck of all, to study the seed of regeneration which seems to have been left.

I do not know that we can begin better than by following a curious by-path of the decline of tribal religion, the history of 'our brother, the ox'. Not that it is specially characteristic of Greece. It occurred over most of Europe and Asia. But it is one of a multitude of changes that must have befallen with some intensity and sharpness of outline in the Dark Age of Greece.

Professor Robertson Smith has shown with great skill the position of the domestic animals in the early agricultural tribes, both Aryan and Semitic. The tribe or kindred was the whole moral world to its members. Things outside the tribe were things with which no reasonable man concerned himself. So far as they forced themselves on the tribesmen's attention, they were bad, unclean, hostile. And the tribe consisted of what? Of certain human beings, certain gods—one or more—and certain flocks of animals. The thing that made them one was, according to Dr. Robertson Smith's most suggestive explanation, that sacred thing in which Life itself is, the common blood running in the veins of all. It was in the flocks as much as in the men. Nay, sometimes rather more; since the god himself was often in some sense an ox, a sheep, or a camel. If we are, say, the Sons of Moab, then our God Chemosh is the god of Moab and our cattle are the flocks of Moab. They have shared our food and we have drunk of their milk. The common blood runs in us all.

It would actually seem, from the evidence, that certain early agricultural folk never used their domestic animals for ordinary food. They would not so shed the tribal blood. They killed wild animals, or, if chance offered, the cattle of strangers. Their own animals were not killed except for the definite purpose of sacrifice.

Now, if anything went wrong with the tribe for any unknown cause, if the harvest was bad, the cattle sick, the water scarce, the neighbouring tribes overbearing, the cause was usually sought in the attitude of mind of the god. Chemosh was angry with his people, or had forgotten them. His feeling for his kindred was becoming faint. It must be renewed. And the regular and almost universal method of renewing it was to take some of the living blood of the tribe, take it especially while warm and living and full of its miraculous force, and share it between the god and the people. You went where the god lived, or you called him to come to a particular pit or stone or heap of stones—an altar—and there, after due solemnities, you shed the sacred blood for him to drink. Feeding the god caused no great difficulty. It was easy to pour the blood into the pit or upon the altar: and that rite always remained. There was more awkwardness, and consequently more variety of usage, about providing for the tribesmen themselves. For men began early to shrink from consuming raw flesh and blood, and devised other ways of appropriating the virtues of the miraculous liquid.

Of course we must not suppose that this was the only origin of sacrifice. The mere calling of the god to share your feast was another and a simpler one. But it is enough for our present purpose that this form of rite existed. As you spared the ox in ordinary life because he was your brother and fellow labourer, so you slaughtered him on a great occasion for the same reason. Had he not been your brother, the sacrifice would have lacked half its power. If we consult the collections of anthropologists, we shall find many various ways in which this feeling of brotherhood with the domestic animal is expressed. The Todas of South India, for instance —that tribe to whom anthropologists owe so much—sacrifice a buffalo once a year only. When the victim falls, men, women, and children group themselves round its head, and fondle, caress, and kiss its face, and then give way to wailing and lamentation. In other cases you beg the animal's forgiveness before slaying it, and explain to it the dire necessity of the case, or the high honour you are really conferring upon it. Or you arrange that it shall seem to desire to die. You make an elaborate apparatus for self-deception, so that the beast may seem to ask you to let it die for the tribe.[1] You even arrange that it shall kill itself. I do not think any clear distinction can be drawn here between the practices of different races. The early Aryan peoples seem to have had this conception, and therefore probably the Achaeans had it. Whereas, on the other hand, the clearest instances surviving in Greece in historical times evidently belong to the strata of more primitive peoples. The word applied to this slaughter of the domestic, the familiar and friendly, animal, is regularly φόνος, the legal word for 'murder'. And the *locus classicus* on the subject is of course Theophrastus'[2] description of the Athenian festival called Bouphonia, or Ox-murder, which consisted chiefly in an elaborate ritual for ridding the various actors in the ceremony from the guilt of the murder of their friend. The slayer flies for his life. Every one concerned in the ceremony is tried for murder. Those who drew water for the sharpening of the weapons are tried first: but they only drew the water, they did not sharpen the axe and knife. The sharpeners are next accused, and produce the men to whom they gave the weapons after they were sharpened. These produce another man, who struck the victim down with the axe: he another, who cut its throat. This last man accuses the knife, which is solemnly pronounced guilty and thrown into the sea. And besides all this, it has been arranged that the ox shall have gone up to the altar of his own free will and eaten of the sacrificial grains, thereby showing that he wished to be slain. Further still, the dead ox is quickly stuffed, set on his feet, and yoked to a plough as if he had never been killed at all; it had all been a bad dream.

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[1] R. Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, p. 309.

[2] Cf. J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, p. 111, note 1, and authorities there cited. There is a similar φόνος of a bear practised to-day in Saghalien.

Now what, in its ultimate element of human feeling, does this mean? When you have stripped off the hocus-pocus, the theological make-believe of getting rid of pollution by a number of dodges which can deceive no one, there remains at the back a seed of simple human feeling that the act of slaying your old kinsman and fellow worker is rather horrible: the feeling that any honest man has about the killing of a pet lamb for food. It was a thing, so Greek tradition tells us, that man in the golden age did not do.[1]

The Bouphonia took place in Attica, where there was, practically speaking, no violent migration, and where a large element of the old population mingled gradually and peacefully with a small element of the new. One finds traces of the same spirit in the epics of the mainland. Hesiod, in this respect representing a stationary society which had either recovered from the violence of the Migrations or had preserved throughout them much of the peaceful agricultural tradition, always speaks of the ox as a sort of kinsman and partner. 'A house, an ox, and a woman' (*Erga*, 405) are what man needs for the facing of the world. Hesiod (*Erga*, 436 ff.) likes his ox to be nine years old: his ploughman to be forty, and not stinted of his due dinner of bread. You know one another's ways by that time, and feel comfortable together. Clearly a nine-year-old ox is not kept for eating. Notice again how Hesiod speaks (*Erga*, 452) of keeping the oxen indoors and well fed in the cold weather; of the east winds (*Erga*, 504) in the month of Lenaion, 'evil days, they just skin the ox, all of them'; of the cold dawn, how 'it puts yokes on many oxen' (*Erga*, 580). During the winter storms, too, you and your little girls can sit inside by the fire and keep warm, but the wind blows through the ox's hide, it cannot be kept out, and through the fell of the shaggiest goat. But not the sheep. Their wool is too thick, and they do not mind. Do you observe the sentiment of it all? How the ox is a friend, a member of the family.

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[1] *R. Smith, Religion of Semites*, p. 304, and Plat. *Laws*, 782 C *'Ορφικοί τινες βίοι*. Plutarch in his brilliant essays *περὶ Σαρκοφαγίας* takes just the opposite view: the savage can be excused for flesh-eating, the civilized man not. I suspect that his source was Dicaearchus's great book *βίος* Ἑλλάδος.

The name they kept for him tells the same story. You will remember the regular phrase in the older poetry εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς, the two epithets of rather dim and unrealized meaning that are habitually applied to cattle. Εἰλίποδες, 'rolling the feet,' is an antithesis to the word applied to horses, ἀερσίποδες, 'lifting the feet.' A horse steps high, a cow's foot makes a more horizontal curve. And what of the other word ἕλικες? The Greeks understood it as 'curly-horned', the opposite of βοῶν ὀρθοκραιράων, 'straight-horned cattle.' There were the two breeds in early Greece. But do you notice this about the two adjectives: that they both belong to the class of familiar names or nicknames applied to well-known animals—names like 'puss' and 'bunny'? Hesiod, our earliest farm-yard poet, is full of such names: he has a nickname even for the ant and the snail and the octopus, 'wise-wit' (778) and 'housecarrier' and 'no-bones' respectively.—The hare is πτώξ, 'trembler,' and the goat μηκάς, 'bleater,' the hog, rather less politely, is σίαλος, 'grease.'[1] And this explains a little difficulty. Ἕλικες means 'curly', or 'crumpled'; and Dr. Leaf, in his invaluable commentary to the *Iliad*, objects that it is scarcely possible language to speak of a 'crumpled cow' when you mean a cow with crumpled horns. True, if the word were still a simple adjective with no special connotations. But it is not: it is a name, almost a pet-name. When Hesiod's forty-year-old ploughman came down as usual rather before dawn and met his nine-year-old cow, I suppose he addressed her as *Helix*; he said, in fact, 'Good morning, Crumple.'

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[1] Unless indeed σίαλος merely meant (1) hog, (2) hog's grease. Sheep seem to have no nickname.—In general cf. 530 ff., where 'the horned and hornless wood-sleepers' in a snowstorm go with their tails between their legs, like a lame man bent over his stick. It is the same spirit. There is intimacy with animals in general, even the snake in the new fragments is 'No-hair,' ἄτριχος. (*Berl. Klassikertexte*, V. 1, p. 36); but with the ox there is much more. v. 559 f. I do not understand.

And when for some grave occasion this ox had to be—what shall we say?—'murdered' is the old Greek word—it was a solemn occasion. Take a case where the feeling is already less keen, the sacrifice at Nestor's house at Pylos in the third book of the *Odyssey* (415–50). Nestor is, of course, a Homeric hero, but he is now back at home, under the normal influences of home life. The occasion is a special one. There has been a visible appearance of Pallas Athena, and it is necessary to honour her, or renew the tribal bond with her, in an extraordinary way. 'Let some one go to the field,' says Nestor, 'for an ox; and the ox-herd is to come with him. And bring also the goldsmith Laerkes, to put gold on the horns of the ox. And everybody wait here.' Then follows a solemn description of all the apparatus and the details: the goldsmith's tools and work: the purification of every person present to receive what may be called the sacrament of the kindred blood: the suitable sacrificial vessels placed so that it may not be spilt upon the ground—where it might pollute the earth or even cry for vengeance: the man appointed to strike, and the man appointed to cut the throat. Then, as the bull is struck, 'the daughters and the daughters-in-law and the august wife of Nestor all wailed aloud.' Exactly, you see, as the Todas wail.

Contrast with this timid, religious, almost tender slaying of the ox, the habitual sacrifices of the *Iliad*—and of those parts of the *Odyssey* where the sacrificer is not in his own land. Compared with Nestor's sacrifice, they seem like the massacres of a slaughter-house, followed by the gorging of pirates. The heroes make merry, 'Slaughtering sheep beyond number and crook-horned swing-footed oxen.' They 'sit all day long even to the setting sun feasting on measureless ox-flesh and sweet strong wine'. The sacrificial terms are there, but are somehow shortened and made brutal. The only people in the *Odyssey* who behave like that are, first, the wicked suitors, who devour Odysseus' flocks; and secondly, Odysseus' own men when they are acting as pirates, and slaughtering the herds of the Cicones. These exceptions give us the clue. The heroes of the *Iliad* have crossed the sea, and are no longer dealing with their own kindred. The oxen they slaughter in droves are only strangers' oxen, not their own familiar herds. They kill them as light-heartedly as they would kill the strangers themselves. They think no more of the ox as an individual. The distinction of their hecatombs lies only in the general largeness and expensiveness of the whole proceeding.

It may be objected to my method here, that the difference in question is merely that between peace and war, and is not specially connected with the Migrations. My whole answer to that will come gradually. But it is at least the difference between peace and a prolonged and disorganized state of war in which ordinary wont and use has been forgotten. And that was just the state produced by the Migrations. Of course Homer's picture is in a dozen ways idealized and removed from history. Yet in the main, the chiefs of the *Iliad*, adventurers who have forced a landing on a foreign shore and live in huts on the beach, year out, year in, supporting themselves by plunder and decimated by pestilences, never quite strong enough to capture the native city, nor weak enough to be finally driven into the sea, are exactly in the normal position of these outcasts of the Migrations. In their minds, as Achilles expresses it, ληισταὶ μὲν γάρ τε βόες—'cattle can be got in raids'. But let us consider the other influences that held these men before the Migrations, and see what became of them afterwards.

First, then, their definite gods.[1] The Achaeans, at least, must have been organized in tribes, or federations of tribes, and a tribe must naturally have a tribal god. The two clearest gods of the Northerners are Zeus and Apollo; next to them Athena. Athena and Apollo, however, have changed their characters greatly in different places by taking on the cult or the personality of divers local objects of worship. And even Zeus suffered some modification when, for purposes of theological harmony, he was transformed into the unrecognized and long-lost son of his conquered enemy, 'Pelasgian' Cronos. Let us leave all these details aside for the present and consider what would happen to a migrant Achaean with regard to his tribal god. The business of that god was, of course, to fight for and protect his tribe. His character, and his attributes, so far as he had any, were, for the most part, simply the character and attributes of the tribe. That is, to the tribe themselves he had no noticeable character: he was just what a reasonable god naturally would be. If they used bows, so presumably did he: but they did not think the matter worth mentioning. If they were characteristically bards, smiths, seafarers, spearmen, mine-workers, naturally their god presided over all they did. Thus to a stranger coming across the tribe the god would produce a definite impression: he would be a smith, a ruler of the sea, a spearman, a god of mines, a singer. That is perhaps how, when a federation of tribes was made, there arose departmental gods, with special attributes and almost always special geographical homes: a Lemnian Hephaistos, an Athenian Pallas, an Argive Hera, a Cyprian or Cytherean Aphrodite.

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[1] Some types of pastoral and agricultural gods and divine kings might be treated here, but the same argument can easily be applied to them. See pp. 126 and 181 ff. below, Lectures V and VIII.

Now as long as the tribe remained whole, the god of course was with them. He had his definite dwelling-places: the Pytho or Patara, the Bethel or Mamre, where he could be counted upon to appear. Even when the tribe moved, he, in a slow and reluctant way, moved with them. He was present wherever the tribe was, though on great occasions it might be safer that the chiefs should send embassies back to him, to make sacrifice at some Dodona, some Sinai, some Carmel, where he had for certain been present to their fathers.

But in these sea-migrations the tribe was never whole. The chieftains can still call on their Achaean Zeus, and he hears or rejects their call: but there is a feeling that he is not present as he once was. He has to be called by his old names, with a feeling of the distance that lies between: 'Zeus,' prays Achilles at Troy, 'Lord, thou of Dodona,[1] thou Pelasgian, dwelling far away.' The titles—whatever 'Pelasgian' may mean—serve the purpose of showing that you really know who he is and belong to him. Our old Achaean Zeus seated on his throne at Dodona, why should he listen to the crying of strange men in Asia? 'There be very many things between, shadows of mountains and noises of the sea.' But each of these words will attract his attention. It is as if Achilles said, 'Zeus, thou who art my own lord, who hast spoken to my fathers at Dodona.'

Zeus did, in a way, move from mountain to mountain, just as the Muses did. The Muses were first at home in Pieria and Olympus, and then moved south to Helicon and Parnassus, doubtless accompanying their worshippers. Zeus was actually established on Mount Ida in front of Troy when Achilles prayed to him as Dodonaean. He had come there with his Phrygians long since. But the Zeus of Mount Ida was the god of Troy, and surely could not accept the prayer of Troy's enemies. There is a painful embarrassment. Zeus of Dodona is opposed to Zeus of Ida. The tribe is divided against itself.[2]

Even in the *Iliad*, amid all its poetical refurbishment of life, there remain these unconscious marks of the breaking up of the Achaeans. But it is clear from those cases which we considered of the various Ionian colonies, that the real Greek settlements of the migration consisted of the most miscellaneous gatherings from various tribes, together, I should imagine, with a leaven of broken men, whose tribal belongings were forgotten. Now among such a *σύμμεικτον πλῆθος*—such a 'mixed multitude' as Strabo phrases it—the influence of the definite tribal gods would be reduced almost to nothing. The common 'Wall' has to supersede them. Partly perhaps from some innate tendency of the mind, but largely also from the force of circumstances, there is a diametric opposition in this matter between Greeks and Jews. The Jews seem to have found their kinsmen in Moab worshipping a tribal god, Chemosh, according to rites practically identical with their own. They, or at least the sacerdotal party which prevailed among them, immediately regarded Chemosh as an enemy and a devil, and where they observed some small difference in the ritual, they magnified it and regarded it with loathing. The ordinary Greeks would have said: 'The Moabites call Zeus Chemosh, though some say he is Heracles rather than Zeus.'

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[1] *Ζεῦ ἄνα, Δωδωναῖε, Πελασγικέ*, Π 233. Zenodotus, *Φηγωναῖε*: evidently a good and ancient variant: 'thou of the Oak Tree.'

[2] Cf. above, Lecture II, p. 47, about Athena and Apollo.

Now when gods are fused or renamed like this, they must needs become less living and definite. For one thing, the taboos or sacred practices change. In Greece itself some people who would have died rather than eat a mouse seem to have mingled with others who felt the same about lizards. Their gods were both identified with Apollo.[1] When an avoider of mice found his friend eating mice freely near Apollo's temple and meeting with no condign punishment, he must naturally have been filled with religious anger. For a generation or so the anger may have remained, latent or visible. But eventually, it would seem, a time came when both parties ate what they liked, and both, on the other hand, paid an easy toll to their gods by joining in solemn sacrifices of the taboo animals on suitable days. The religion had come into conflict with the common conveniences of life, and been beaten.

A tribal god, as we have seen, could move. As long as any fair number of his tribe could keep together, he was present among them. But other objects of worship were not movable. Among the pre-Greek populations the most prevailing and important worship was that of the dead. All

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[1] Apollo Smintheus (A 39): cf. Isaiah lxvi. 17, and the original form of Sauroctonos.

Asia Minor is still strewn with the graves of innumerable worthies, whom the course of history has turned into Mahometan Walis or Christian Saints. The old races called them 'Heroes'. They were much the same as the Roman Lares, ghosts of dead friends and ancestors, duly laid in the earth and worshipped with a few simple ceremonies and small regular offerings of food and drink.[1] Good scholars have written of this worship as if it consisted entirely in the fear and placation of dangerous ghosts. In later writers, like Plutarch, there is evidence that points in this direction. But originally and normally it is clear that this was not the spirit of ancestor-worship. The ghost of the friend who loved you, loves you still, unless you in some way starve or injure him. The dangerous ghost is the ghost of a strange kin. This conception certainly affected the whole of Greece, and was perhaps the strongest religious bond regulating private life. Both Aegean and Northerner were bound to their tombs by a thousand delicate and powerful ties.

But the men of the Migrations had left their fathers' graves behind them. The ghosts whom they ought to have fed and cared for were waiting in the old lands helpless, with parched lips, staring through the dark earth that lay above them.[2] And in the new lands where now they trod, they were surrounded by strange graves where lay not their own fathers, but the fathers of the men they had wronged and slain, ghosts who hated them. All later Greece was full of these unknown graves. They devised many ceremonies to appease the ghosts. For one thing they were honestly frightened. For another they knew that their own dead were lying in the same condition, and they vaguely trusted that perhaps at home also the strangers were doing well by them. But it is a timid uncertain honour that they give. They may at any time be bearing some particular pollution which specially kindles the dead man's rage. They know not his name, and cannot call him. He is only the Hero, one of the sainted dead, the εὔφρονες, the χρηστοί.[1]

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[1] Babrius (second century A.D.?) says definitely (fab. 63) that the gods are the cause of good, the heroes of evil. Similarly, the still later Salustius says that god causes good, and the daemon evil. This becomes the normal sense of δαίμων in post-Christian writing. But contrast Hesiod, *Erga*, 123 ff., where the Heroes are blessed guardian angels, δαίμονες ἐσθλοί. The account in Paus. vi. 9. 8 of the mad Cleomedes of Astypalaea illustrates the sinister kind of hero. But perhaps the best commentary on the whole conception is the Oedipus Coloneus: Oedipus lies in the grave charged full of curses and blessings. Cf. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, p. 9, pp. 326 ff.

[2] Cf. for instance, Eur. *Tro.* 1283.

One thing indeed they could contrive, in rare cases, by the help of their best *arêtêres*, the medicine-men and makers of charms. They could call the soul of their own dead hero from his grave and keep it following their ships to the new settlement, there to enter into an empty tomb which they had made for it. In this way Phrixus, who had died in Colchis at the farther end of the Black Sea, was brought back to Thessaly. In this way Melanippus was brought from his ancient grave in Thebes to Sikyon, in the hope that his presence would cause his old enemy Adrastus to move to a new grave further away. Achilles seems to have changed his grave several times, from Phthia to Skyros, from Skyros to Troy, from Troy to the happy island of Leuce. But there were difficulties in this process. A people flying from a conquering foe could never carry it out. And perhaps the practice itself was not very old. It seems to have needed the help of a doctrine about the soul rather less concrete and material than that of the old Aegean races, a doctrine that was wafted to them by contact with the Northerners. And one doubts whether, when all was done, the ritual always carried conviction.

Very often the tomb of the dead hero had oracular powers.

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[1] As to these nameless or unknown 'heroes' the clearest evidence is Diog. Laert. i. 10. 3, 'one finds even now κατὰ τοὺς δήμους τῶν Ἀθηναίων βωμοὺς ἀνωνύμους.' Perhaps also the frequent anonymous inscriptions—Ἱκέσιος ἥρωι ἀνέθηκε, ἥρωι ὁ ὅρος, &c. For particular cases cf. Paus. iii. 13. 7 (ἥρως τις), x. 33. 6 (δυνάστης ἀνήρ): in x. 4. 10 the unknown person has become 'either Xanthippus or Phocus'. So i. 35. 7, 'he is not really Geryon, but only Hyllus!' vi. 6. 7 ff. he is evil, hostile, and nameless, and is at last driven out. Cf. also i. 43. 3 (Aisymnion at Megara), i. 34. 3, v. 15. 12 (generalizing the dead).

His children in their perplexities could draw upon the wisdom of their great ancestor, as the Persians in Aeschylus' tragedy seek counsel from their dead Darius. Probably these oracles formed the greatest engine of divine authority in most of the pre-Hellenic tribes. And, as far as one can make out, an oracle never moved. When a change of population took place, either it was forgotten, as happened often and often; or else it was for some reason spared or partly annexed by the new possessors of the land. Priests of the old race were often left in charge, and the old worshippers, when a time of safety came, could make pilgrimages back to it. Nearly all the oracles of Greece were taken over on terms by the incoming Northmen. The holy place ἐν Δελφοῖς, among the Delphians, which had once belonged in joint ownership to an Earth-Mother and an underworld serpent, typical of some departed hero, passed over, with or without battle, to the Northern prophet, Apollo. Apollo took the oracle of the Abantes at Abae: that of the Carian clan of the Branchidae among the barbarians in the neighbourhood of Miletus. On the other hand, for some reason or other he left the Lebadean hero, Trophônios, in peace, and the dead man continued to give oracular dreams in the old cave according to the old rites. But our present concern is with the men of the Migrations. Whatever happened, they were cut off from their dead. To those fugitive Abantes, for instance, who helped to settle Chios, it mattered little whether their deserted oracle at Abae still spoke or was silent for ever. They at any rate had no guidance from it.

Nay: there was something worse. At times like these of the Migrations it was best not to bury your dead, unless indeed you could be sure of defending their graves. For you have all of you now done, and are doing, things which must make men hate you as your fathers and grandfathers were never hated in their ordinary intertribal wars. You are taking from men everything that they live by, their land, homes, wives, cattle, gods, and the graves of their fathers.

And the beaten remnant of those you have wronged, unable to requite in due kind your many murders, are skulking round by night, as you well know, homeless and mad with rage, to do you any chance harm they can. They may catch some wounded men, some women, or children. They may sometimes carry off some dead from the field of battle. At the worst they can dig up some of your fallen comrades from their graves. And then will be repeated the well-known orgy of helpless pitiful revenge, the lust of unhappy hate trying in a hundred ways to find its peace. For however magnificent you may be, you conquering races, you cannot make men broken-hearted with entire impunity.

There is hardly anything in Greek antiquity which is so surrounded with intense feeling as this matter of the mutilation or dishonouring of the dead. Throughout all poetry, through the Epos, tragedy, and the historians, it rings, a hushed and vibrating note, telling of something scarce to be spoken, a thing which to see makes men mad. Scholars are apt to apologize for this earnestness as a peculiarity of ancient feeling which we have a difficulty in understanding. But I fancy that every one who has come across the reality feels much the same as a Greek did; English soldiers who find their dead comrades mutilated in wars with savages, or the combatants on both sides in the sempiternal strife in the south-east of Europe, where Christian and Moslem still are apt to dishonour infidel corpses.

There was one perfect way of saving your dead from all outrage. You could burn them into their ultimate dust.[1] The practice was the less painful to the feelings of the survivors, inasmuch as the Northerners, who were now influential among them, had used it in their old homes, in the forest country from which they came. For cremation, like the other Homeric custom of roasting meat, is a practice which demands abundance of wood. But in Greece the other system seems generally to have held its own. Even at Mycenae, where there were Northerners in possession, the dead are buried, not burned. And Greek language about the other life is on the whole far more affected by the conceptions dependent on burial. The dead are always *χθόνιοι*, 'people of the earth'; their realm is below. The ghosts are not thought of as so much *κνίση*, or vapour of burnt flesh. And the practice of cremation might well have been forgotten entirely had not this special time of unrest revived it. The grave was no longer safe. And men burned their comrades to save them from dogs, birds, and enemies. Sometimes we find that instead of burning, they buried them in peculiarly sacred places, or in unknown and secret graves, for the same reason:

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[1] Cf. 1 Sam. xxxi. 12, where the men of Jabesh-gilead burn the bodies of Saul and his son, to save them from further outrage by the Philistines. (Burning seems to have been strongly against Israelite feeling; many commentators emend the text.) In Scandinavia there is some evidence to show that cremation came in with the cult of Othin. Othin's dead were burned and their souls went off to Valhall. In the older belief they were buried or 'howe-laid', and stayed, souls and all, in the howe, and 'exercised a beneficent influence on the fortunes of the family', or defended the grave when it was broken into. This is curiously similar to the condition in Greece. See Chadwick, *Cult of Othin*, p. 58.

> Lest angry men
> Should find their bones and cast them out again
> To evil.[1]

There was another form of worship which might have been expected to persist, or at least quickly to recover itself. Throughout the region that we are concerned with, from Western Greece to the heart of Asia Minor, it seems as if every little community in pre-Hellenic times had worshipped a certain almost uniform type of goddess.[2] A *Korê* or Maiden we generally name her, taking the Greek word, but the Korê passes through the stages of Mother and sometimes of Bride as well: the mother earth, the virgin corn, the tribe's own land wedded and made fruitful. As we meet the full-flown deities of classical Greece, the 'Athenaia Korê' has become the virgin Pallas Athena; the Argive Korê is Hera, the wife of Zeus; others are merged in Artemis or Aphrodite. Others, especially all over Asia Minor, remain throughout the centuries nameless and uncharactered, mere forms of the Earth-Mother, mothers of fruit or mothers of wild beasts, worshipped with ecstasy in seasons of death and new birth, or of bereavement and reunion.[1] Now, one set of agricultural people driven over seas and taking refuge in the land of another, would, as far as one can guess, generally find themselves in the midst of the worship of another Korê so close to their own that they could at once accept her. Yet one must remember, first, that the fugitives were as a rule cut off for some time from agriculture: and secondly, that every Korê was apt to have certain secret rites and perhaps a secret name to which the strangers would not be admitted. As a matter of fact, there is something to be deduced from the geographical names which remained in vogue for the various Korai. To take one instance. If names like Paphia, Cypris, Cytherea, Erycina, &c. persist throughout antiquity, it clearly means that even when a certain set of Korai were definitely merged under the name of Aphrodite, still Our Lady of Paphos was felt to be different from Our Lady of Cythera or of Eryx. It is worth while remembering that even at the present day in Spain the people of two neighbouring villages will insult and throw stones at one another's Madonna. There was perhaps not much moral guidance to be had from the Corn Maiden or her mother: but such as there was must have been rudely broken and destroyed for the generations of the flight by sea.

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[1] Eur. *Med.* 1380.

[2] See J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, pp. 257–322, 'The making of a Goddess': W. M. Ramsay, *Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia*, i. 87 ff.: Hastings, *Dictionary of the Bible*, extra vol., p. 135 f.: Frazer *Attis, &c.*, chap. iii, and *Golden Bough*: and A. Evans in *J. H. S.* xxi. pp. 170–80, and *B. S. A.* ix. p. 85 f.

In one respect this antique worship of the Korê was bound up, if we may believe some of the ablest of modern investigators, with the influences of daily domestic life. We must distinguish two forms of the family in early Greece, which corresponded roughly, though not exactly, with a division of races.[2] The Achaeans had, as is abundantly proved, the regular Aryan institution of marriage and patriarchal rule. Monogamy was fixed: the woman was, within limits, the property of her husband. Relationship was counted through the male side, and the son succeeded to his father's estate. If a woman attempted to bear a child to any man but her special master, she was apt to be burned alive, or torn asunder by horses. Monogamy was the rule, enforced on the woman and admired in the man.

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[1] The Homeric Hymn to the 'Mother of Gods' is fairly typical.

[2] Cf. the Auge (Heracles) and Aithra (Theseus) stories, and above, p. 45, note.

But among the pre-Hellenic races it was different. House property belonged to the woman and descended from mother to daughter. The father did not count—at least not primarily—in the reckoning of relationship. He did count for something, since exogamy, not endogamy, was the rule. The sons went off to foreign villages to serve and marry the women in possession of the land there. Their sisters, we have reason to believe, generally provided them with dowries.

Now, whichever of the two systems may have the more glaring defects, it is probable that both of them led to a sort of ordered and regular life, which one may call domestic; a life regulated by bonds of daily duties and affections. In the case of patriarchal marriage the case is clear. No one will dispute its powerful effect in the ordering of conduct. Some people may doubt the presence of any similar power in the 'matriarchal' or 'matrilinear' system. But I think that they will be wrong. Certainly the matriarchal tribes of the present day seem to possess a highly ordered and affectionate home life.[1]

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Of course, at the time we are considering, both these systems were parts of a rough state of society, in which the weaker part of the human race is not likely to have had a very satisfactory life of it. But it is important to remember, when we glibly speak of the higher conception of morals and the purer family life of the patriarchal Aryans, that after all the relation of mother to child is probably, even to our ideas, the deepest, most influential, and, if I may use such a word, the most holy of human relationships. And this relation was not only preserved by the older system, but was preserved in a clearer and more authoritative form. The influence of the patriarchate on religion is, of course, overpoweringly great. Protestant and Mahometan countries are entirely dominated by it. Yet if one tries to think for a moment of the vast volume of prayer that is steaming to heaven at any one hour from all the corners of the world, or, shall we say, of Christendom, I wonder if he will find any more intense, more human, more likely to achieve its end, than the supplication which rises from all parts of Southern and Eastern Europe, to that most ancient and many-named Madonna, who has sat throned upon her rocks and been a mother of many erring children from thousands of years before the coming of Christianity. And further, if a man, who believes somehow in the reality and ultimate worth of some religion of gentleness or unselfishness, looks through the waste of nature to find support for his faith, it is probably in the phenomena of motherhood that he will find it first and most strikingly. Every living animal preys upon every other: true: yet a mother partridge will fight a dog to save her chickens, and a tigress die in defence of her cubs. The religious system connected with the matriarchal household, based on the relation of mother to child and no other, must be counted, I think, among the great civilizing and elevating influences of mankind.

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[1] See especially Tylor in *The Nineteenth Century*, July, 1896: A. B. Cook, *Classical Review*, xx. 7 ('Who was the wife of Zeus?'): Farnell, in *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft*, 1904, vii (severely critical): Frazer, *Kingship*, Lecture VIII.

And, though this point is perhaps taking us too long, I would ask you also to consider the extreme beauty of those fragments or elements of the Greek saga in which the young hero is befriended and counselled by a mother or a guardian goddess. Think of Heracles and Athena, Odysseus and Athena, Perseus and Athena, Jason and Hera, Achilles and Thetis. Achilles, we are duly informed, was the son of Peleus. Peleus in himself is a great saga-figure; and it is a fine story how he caught and won his sea-goddess, how she bore his son, and how, being divine, in the end she could not dwell with him, but went back to her blue caverns under the sea. Yet how little, as a rule, Peleus matters to his son! When Achilles is in grief it is to his mother Thetis that he prays, his mother Thetis that helps him. And few beings even in the *Iliad* have the magic of that sea-spirit, so unearthly and yet so tender.[1]

No. Do not let us condemn too carelessly the home of the pre-Hellenic peoples which knew of mothers and children, but not much of husbands. Both forms of home must have acted as powerful moral influences in man's life before the time of the migrations by sea, and both equally were destroyed at that time, and their divers ties and tendernesses battered out of existence. 'As for this trouble about Briseis,' says Agamemnon to the envoys, 'tell Achilles that I will give him seven Lesbian women down, and I promise him that, when we take Troy, he can pick out twenty Trojan women—any twenty excluding Helen.' And Briseis herself has not a proper name. The word Briseis is only an adjective derived from the town of Brisa or Brêsa in Lesbos. She is 'the girl from Brêsa'.

So much for the respect of woman which forms a part of the tradition of both forms of home. And what of the father? It is interesting, though not strange, how keenly this question of the treatment of fathers is felt. It was the same in the early Aryan household, and throughout historical Greece. It is the same, I should imagine, in all societies except those in which people, like the rich at the present day, live on incomes derived from accumulated stores of wealth and are consequently far removed from the groundwork of human needs. In all poor or precarious societies there is an assumption that the children owe the parents a definite debt for their food and rearing. The parents fed and protected the child when he was helpless. Now that the old man cannot fight, the son must fight for him: when he cannot work, the son must support him. Yet when men are flying or fighting for their lives, when every weak hand or slow foot brings danger to the whole party, there must have been many old men left by their sons to save themselves as best they might. The conscience of the Greek Saga was stirred on the point. Not without purpose does it tell us how Aeneas in the very flames of Troy, when every delay might mean death, would not move without 'father Anchises', and, when Anchises' strength failed, faced all the dangers of flight amid armed enemies with the old man upon his back. That is what the saga calls 'piety'! It is the other side of Hesiod's complaint, how the men of those days, the generations that came just after the Trojan War, cursed and deserted their old parents.

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[1] There is the same beauty in the Thetis of Euripides' *Andromache*.

For there is a passage in Hesiod which reads almost as if it were a direct description of this period of the Migrations, the time when all the old sanctions which guided life have been broken by the stress of a too great trouble. The passage comes with an effect of interruption in the midst of the story of the Four Ages of Man, the Golden, Silver, Bronzen, and Iron. Four they must of course have been: but as the poem now stands, there comes a curious break after the Bronzen Men. They are followed by the Heroes who fought at Thebes and Troy, and they by the Iron race. This looks as if the Heroes were a mere interpolation, and with the Iron Men we returned to the original story. But the description of the Iron Men is in a style different from that of the two earlier races. The Iron Men are not creatures of mere idyllic badness. Through the dimness of the half-childish story, through the formality of the stiffly poeticized language, one feels something of the grit of real life. And it is a life very like that which we have just been analysing; the homeless, godless struggle of the last migration. And it is ascribed to just the same point of history, the Dark Age which followed *μετὰ τὰ Τρωικά*, after the fall of Thebes, Troy, and Mycenae (*Erga*, 156 ff.).[1]

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[1] It is almost impossible to date the subject-matter of a given part of the *Erga*. As we have them, they represent early material, Boeotian, Phocian, and other, in a late Ionized form. See on this point Lectures IV and V below. The story of the Four Ages is probably of dateless antiquity;

But when the Earth had covered away this race also, then Zeus son of Cronos made yet a fourth upon the land, more righteous and valiant: the divine generation of the Heroes, which are called half-gods of early times over the boundless world. Bad war and awful battle slew them all; some at Seven-Gated Thebes, the land of the Cadmeans, died battling about the flocks of Oedipus: and some War took in ships over the great gulf of the sea to Troy-land for the sake of fair-haired Helen. Where verily the end of death clouded them round.

And father Zeus, son of Cronos, gave them a life and familiar places far away from men, settling them at the ends of the world, far from the immortals, and Cronos is king among them. And there they live with hearts untormented, in the Islands of the Blessed, beside deep eddying ocean, happy Heroes, and the mother of corn bears to them thrice in the year her honey-sweet harvests.

Then the Fifth Men—would that I had never been among them, but either had died before or been born after! For now is a race of iron. And never by day shall they have rest from labour and anguish, nor by night from the spoiler. The gods shall fill them with hard cares . . . The father no more kind to his children, nor the children to their father, nor the guest true to the host that shelters him, nor comrade to comrade: the brother no more dear to his brother, as in the old days. Parents shall grow old quickly and be despised, and will turn on their children with a noise of bitter words. Woe upon them: and they hear no more the voice of their gods! They will pay not back to their parents in old age the guerdon of their feeding in childhood. Their righteousness in their fists! And a man shall sack his brother's walled city.

There shall no more joy be taken in the faithful man nor the righteous nor the good: they shall honour rather the doer of evils and violence. . . . There shall be a spirit

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the addition of the Heroes and the re-shaping of the Iron Men may possibly have been originally made in Ionia and afterwards taken over into the poetry of the mainland. But the passing of the Arnaioi, Minyai, Lapithai, fragments of Thracians and Phrygians, &c. through Boeotia would produce equally well the condition here described; and it is simplest to suppose that the whole passage, re-shaping and all, is Boeotian or Phocian. The Dark Age affected the whole of Greece.

> of striving among miserable men, a spirit ugly-voiced, glad of evil, with hateful eyes.

A spirit of striving, I have called it: the Greek is ζῆλος, envy, competition, the struggle for life. But observe that the end is not yet; though all normal sanctions have failed, the men of the Fifth Age have still something to lose:

> Then at the last, up to Olympus from the wide-wayed earth, the beautiful faces hidden in white raiment, away to the tribe of the immortals, forsaking man, shall depart *Aidôs* and *Nemesis*.

How shall we attempt to translate the beautiful words? 'Ruth,' perhaps, and 'Indignation'. But let that pass for the moment. The time which the prophet feared never came. Those two goddesses never quite fled. They stayed with man in his loneliest and worst hour, and provided, if I read the history aright, the most vital force in the shaping of later Greek ethics and poetry. A full understanding of the word *Aidôs* would take one very far towards the understanding of all the hopes and creations of the Greek poets.

Αἰδώς is usually translated 'Shame' or 'Sense of Honour', and Νέμεσις, by an awkward though correct phrase, 'Righteous Indignation.' The great characteristic of both these principles, as of Honour generally, is that they only come into operation when a man is free: when there is no compulsion. If you take people such as these of the Fifth Age, who have broken away from all their old sanctions, and select among them some strong and turbulent chief who fears no one, you will first think that such a man is free to do whatever enters his head. And then, as a matter of fact, you find that amid his lawlessness there will crop up some possible action which somehow makes him feel uncomfortable. If he has done it, he 'rues' the deed and is haunted by it. If he has not done it, he refrains from doing it. And this, not because any one forces him, nor yet because any particular result will accrue to him afterwards. But simply because he feels aidôs. No one can tell where the exact point of honour will arise. When Achilles fought against Eëtion's city, 'he sacked all the happy city of the Cilician men, high-gated Thêbê, and slew Eëtion: but he spoiled him not of his armour. He had *aidôs* in his heart for that; but he burned him there as he lay in his rich-wrought armour, and heaped a mound above him. And all around him there grew elm-trees, planted by the Mountain Spirits, daughters of Aegis-bearing Zeus.'[1] That is aidôs pure and clean, and the latter lines ring with the peculiar tenderness of it. Achilles had nothing to gain, nothing to lose. Nobody would have said a word if he had taken Eëtion's richly-wrought armour. It would have been quite the natural thing to do. But he happened to feel aidôs about it.

Aidôs is what you feel about an act of your own: Nemesis is what you feel for the act of another. Or, most often, it is what you imagine that others will feel about you. If you feel disposed to run away in battle, think of the *νέμεσις ἀνθρώπων*! People will put that act to your account. When the elders of Troy look upon Helen, 'Well,' they say, 'if men fight and die for such a woman as that, *οὐ νέμεσις*: none can blame them' (Γ 156). Helen herself when she is expected—of course by a goddess: no human being would be so shameless—to go to Paris and let him make love to her immediately after he has emerged with doubtful honour from his battle with Menelaus, refuses roundly: 'I will not go: *νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη*—it would be a thing to feel nemesis at' (Γ 410). When Achilles is justly angered with Agamemnon, at first none can blame him (I 523): but if he persists after Agamemnon has sued for forgiveness, then there will be nemesis: people will be indignant. He will know he is doing wrong. (Observe, of course, that Nemesis does not mean Retribution.)

Let us follow this spirit of Nemesis for a moment, and then return afterwards to her still more interesting companion. In the above instances the nemesis, the blame or righteous indignation, has been that of definite witnesses or associates. There are people who have seen your act, and know. But suppose no one sees. The act, as you know well, remains νεμεσητόν—a thing to feel nemesis about: only there is no one there to feel it. Yet, if you yourself dislike what you have done and feel aidôs for it, you inevitably are conscious that somebody or something dislikes or disapproves of you. You do not look at the sun and the earth with peace and friendliness. Now, to an early Greek, the earth, water, and air were full of living eyes: of *theoi*, of *daimones*, of *kêres*. One early poet[1] says emphatically that the air is so crowded full of them that there is no room to put in the spike of an ear of corn without touching one. Hesiod and Homer count them by myriads. There is no escape from them. And it is they who have seen you and dislike you for the thing which you have done!

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[1] Z 417. The word used is *σέβας*, not *αἰδώς*: but in this connexion it comes to the same.

The word *Nemesis* very soon passes away from the sphere of definite human blame. Coarser and more concrete words are used for that: ὀνείδεα, ψόγοι. Nemesis is the haunting impalpable blame of the Earth and Sun, the Air, the Gods, the Dead. Observe, it is not the direct anger of the injured person: it is the blame of the third person who saw.

Now let us be clear about one point. You will sometimes find writers who ought to know better expressing themselves about these matters in a misleading way. They say, or imply, that when a Greek spared an enemy, he did not do it from mercifulness or honour as we understand the words, but because it was a part of his religion that Zeus would have a grudge against him and punish him if he did otherwise. This may be true of a given superstitious individual. But as regards the race it is putting the effect for the cause. It was the emotion of the race that first created the religious belief. If the early Greeks believed that Zeus hated the man who wronged a suppliant, that belief was not based on any observed behaviour on the part of Zeus. It was merely that they themselves hated the man who did so, and felt that their god must hate him.

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[1] Bergk. fr. adesp. 2, reading ἀθέρι, as is shown to be right by the quotation in Aeneas of Gaza (p. 399 E).—See J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, p. 170, note.

There are, then, certain actions which cause the feelings of aidôs and nemesis, of shame or ruth when a man thinks of doing them himself, of righteous indignation when he sees them done by others. Let us notice more closely what these actions generally are. How far, for instance, do they coincide with the objects of our own, or the mediaeval, feeling of 'honour'? First and most obvious, there are the actions that imply cowardice: they bring the simplest and crudest shame: 'Aidôs, O ye Argives, will ye not stand?' 'Put in your hearts aidôs and nemesis, . . . I would not rail against one that was a weakling, for holding back in battle: but you are chieftains! . . . I have nemesis against you in my heart' (N 120 ff.).

Secondly, actions that imply falseness: lying and perjury. I doubt if the word ever occurs in this sense in Homer, but that is because questions of false swearing never arise among Homeric heroes. The false stories told by Odysseus in the *Odyssey* are merely ruses of war. The treason of Pandaros is something which that hero might have felt shame for had he lived. The poet himself seems a little ashamed of mentioning such behaviour on the part of a hero, even a hostile hero, and arranges as usual to lay the real guilt upon a god. Homeric heroes do not need the aidôs which prevents or 'rues' falseness. But it is common enough in Hesiod and Theognis and in tragedy.

Thirdly, actions that imply what we may loosely term impudence or lack of reverence. The cases are few: Helen's words above quoted are in point. So no doubt would be the boldness of Niobê in boasting herself against the goddess Leto (Ω 602 ff.), or the impudence of Thersites in the second book of the *Iliad*.

All these might be included as objects of any current conception of 'Honour': but there is a fourth sense, by far the most widespread and significant, which reaches a good deal beyond the ordinary mediaeval ideal. It is the horror of cruelty or treachery towards the helpless. Any sympathetic reader of early Greek poetry will have noticed the importance, almost the sanctity, attached to three classes of human beings: strangers, suppliants, and old people. What is there in common between the three? Nothing, I think, but their helplessness. Realize what a stranger is, in a primitive society. He is a man with no home, no friends, no one to protect him from injury, no one to avenge him afterwards. He has not even his own sanctuaries to shelter him, or his own tribal god. And again, a suppliant: a suppliant is any man or woman who formally casts away all means of self-defence and throws himself upon your mercy. That is the essential thing; though of course, when he could, the helpless man tried to influence your feelings in divers other ways. He associated himself with something that you held sacred. He sat on the steps of an altar: he touched some sacred object: he lay on your door-step and threatened to starve unless you took him in; he contrived with his hand to touch your face or your beard. But those are all accessories. The essential is confessed helplessness. And all their literature shows what horror the early Greeks felt at the notion of definitely and formally rejecting a prayer made by the helpless, a horror sometimes amounting to what we should call moral weakness. They expressed this generally in theological language. 'The stranger and the suppliant come from Zeus.' 'Zeus is the watcher of stranger and suppliant' (ι 270); 'The very Thunderer follows the *αἰδοῖος ἱκέτης*' (η 164, 181); his own titles are Ἱκετήσιος and Ξείνιος.[1]

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And thirdly, old people. Here there enters in, no doubt, some element of the patriarchal sanctity of a father; but I think that the helplessness of age is again the main reason for an old man or woman being *αἰδοῖος*. That explains why they are, like beggars, strangers, suppliants, especially under the guardianship of the gods, and in particular of Zeus. It explains why the older they are the more is their claim on

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[1] On Ζεὺς Ἀφίκτωρ, see Lecture X, p. 247.

Aidôs: why the blind are classed with them.[1] It may be objected that, if helplessness is the criterion, children also would be *αἰδοῖοι*. The answer is interesting. Ordinary children are not specially *αἰδοῖοι*, or charged with sanctity, because they have their grown-up relations to protect them. But orphan children are.

There are some five deadly sins, says Hesiod in the *Erga*, of which you cannot say that one is worse than another. They are all beyond the pale (*Erga*, 327 ff.):

> It is all as one thing—the man who does evil to a suppliant and to a stranger; the man who goeth into his brother's bed; the man who in heartlessness sins against orphan children; the man who reviles his old father on the bitter threshold of age, laying hold of him with hurting words: with that man Zeus himself is wroth.

These sins consist of four offences against the helpless and one breach of a fundamental family *taboo*. All adultery was a most grave offence. But if this particular form of it is chosen as the worst, that is the doing of Aidôs. Your brother trusts you, and is often at your mercy. That is what makes him sacred.

For apart from any question of wrong acts done to them, there are certain classes of people more *αἰδοῖοι*, objects of aidôs, than others. There are people in whose presence a man feels shame, self-consciousness, awe, a sense keener than usual of the importance of behaving well. And what sort of people chiefly excite this aidôs? Of course there are kings, elders and sages, princes and ambassadors: *αἰδοῖοι βασιλῆες, γέροντες*, and the like: all of them people for whom you naturally feel reverence, and whose good or bad opinion is important in the world. Yet, if you notice the language of early Greek poetry, you will find that it is not these people, but quite others, who are most deeply charged, as it were, with aidôs; before whom you feel still more keenly conscious of your unworthiness, and whose good or ill opinion weighs somehow inexplicably more in the last account. The disinherited of the earth, the injured, the helpless, and among them the most utterly helpless of all, the dead.[1] All these, the dead, the stranger, the beggar, the orphan, the merely unhappy, are from the outset *αἰδοῖοι*, 'charged with *αἰδώς*.' Wrong them, and they become, *ipso facto* and without any word of their own, *ἀραῖοι* or *προστρόπαιοι*, incarnate curses, things charged with the wrath of God.[2]

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[1] Cf. Soph. *O. T.* 374–7, where commentators, from not seeing this point, have altered the text. *Oed.* 'Thou art a child of unbroken night, so that neither I nor any other who sees the light would (ἂν) ever harm thee.' *Tir.* 'It is not my doom to fall by thy hand,' &c. So MSS., and cf. 448 below, where Tiresias repeats the same statement.

The feeling seems to have been very strong. One must bring it into connexion with the various stories of gods who were disguised as beggars, and went through the world ill or well entreated by different men according to their different natures. It is the counterpart of what we, in our modern and scientific prose, call 'a sense of social responsibility' or the like; the feeling roused more or less in most people by the existence of great misery in our wealthy societies. To the Greek poet it was not scientific, and it was not prose. It was an emotion, the keener because it was merely instinctive and was felt by a peculiarly sensitive people; an emotion of shame and awe, and perhaps something like guilt, in meeting the eyes of the oppressed of the earth; a feeling that a wrong done to these men is like no other wrong; that what these men report of you ultimately in the ear of Zeus will outweigh all the acute comments of the world and the gratifying reports of your official superiors.[1]

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[1] 'Do you feel aidôs for the dead body of one that hated you?' the wise Odysseus is asked in the *Ajax*; 'His goodness is more to me than his hate' is the answer, an answer full of aidôs (*Ajax*, 1357). 'The stranger and the beggar are charged with aidôs,' says Eumaeus in the *Odyssey*, and the adjective *αἰδοῖος* is a regular epithet of a stranger. But mere unhappiness is enough: 'A miserable man must needs rouse aidôs in you,' says Oedipus (*O. C.* 247).

[2] *Προστρόπαιος* is not '*turning oneself towards*', as L. and S. say: it is the adjective from *προστροπή* which is the opposite of *ἀποτροπή*, 'aversion.' As you can by sacrifice, &c., try to 'avert' the *δαίμονας* so you can 'bring them upon' somebody. Thus an injured suppliant has a power of *προστροπή*: he *brings down the gods upon* his injurer. A criminal brings them down on himself and those who are infected by his *ἄγος*. These words are very often misunderstood; e. g. the *φθόγγον ἀραῖον οἴκοις* of Iphigenia (*Ag.* 237) was not a spoken curse—which would make the passage hideous—but the mere crying of a murdered daughter, which necessarily involves an *ἀρά*. So when Philoctetes charges Neoptolemus to look him in the face: *τὸν προστρόπαιον, τὸν ἱκέτην, ὦ σχέτλιε*; he means: 'Me, charged with the wrath of God; me, who kneel before thee, O hard heart' (*Phil.* 930).

If you look into the history of later Greek Ethics, it is rather a surprise to find how small a place is occupied by Aidôs. Even to Plato and Aristotle it has become little more than an amiable quality, the absence of which is particularly repulsive. It has quite ceased to be the guiding force of men's moral life. These two philosophers, of course, belong to a particular school: they are aristocratic and intellectual; both perhaps too much inclined to despise those emotions which appeal to man's simplest instincts and have a touch of the animal in them. If we possessed any complete books by the more democratic and less authoritarian philosophers, by Protagoras especially and Democritus, our impression might be different. Among the philosophers of the Roman period Aidôs has quite faded away. It plays no part in Epictetus. It is barely mentioned by Sextus Empiricus. One can see the reason for this; indeed, the many reasons.

For one thing Aidôs is a mere emotion, and therefore incalculable, arbitrary, devoid of principle. A man may happen not to feel the emotion, and then you have nothing to appeal to. Or again, if he has the emotion, there is no way of judging its strength. An emotion which is made the whole moving principle of conduct grows with what it feeds upon: it is never sated: it moves towards the infinite. That way madness lies, as the lives of so many of the saints have shown us. Besides, behind any morality based upon emotion there is the question whether you ought or ought not in a particular case to feel the emotion: and if not, why not? It is there that the real principle of Ethics comes in. The later philosophers wanted to understand, not merely to feel. They had to build up conduct into a consistent rational system. It would help them little if men said, 'Follow the leading of Aidôs.' 'Love your neighbour,' 'Pity humanity.' Such rules will help the conduct of men. But they do not provide an answer to a speculative problem. Perhaps the main thing which the philosophers got from Aidôs was Aristotle's doctrine of the Mean: the observation that in any emotion or any movement there is a possible best point, which you should strive to attain and shrink from passing. An uninspiring doctrine, it may be, with the emotion all gone from it. But that was what served Aristotle's purpose best.

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[1] I have sometimes wondered how it happens that slaves are never spoken of as charged with *aidôs*. A particular slave may be treated with *aidôs*. He may be protected and helped because he is a stranger or a beggar. But the word is not regularly applied to a slave. I think the reason is, as Euripides says, 'Why speak of ruth where ruthlessness is the law?' The whole institution was a negation of Aidôs; a refusal to listen to the emotion in question. If you made a man your slave, that showed you did not regard him with aidôs. So the less said about it the better. As the Ocean Spirits in the *Prometheus* tell us—with a different meaning—the clank of the riveting of a prisoner's fetters frightens Aidôs away (*Prom.* 134). Of course a wrong done to a slave was hated by the gods and, one might hope, duly avenged. But that was the same with animals. *Εἰσὶ καὶ κυνῶν ἐρινύες*—there is vengeance in heaven for an injured dog. On the ramifications of Αἰδώς, Δίκη, Ὅρκος, &c., see Appendix D.

Again, there is an historical reason for the decline in the importance of Aidôs. Aidôs, like Honour, is essentially the virtue of a wild and ill-governed society, where there is not much effective regulation of men's actions by the law. It is essentially the thing that is left when all other sanctions fail; the last of the immortals to leave a distracted world. In an ordered society there are all the more concrete sanctions to appeal to—the police, the law, organized public opinion.

In a well-organized society large numbers of men, perhaps the majority, are under compulsion to behave better than they naturally would, if left to themselves. It often strikes me, in certain parts of early Greek poetry, that one gets a glimpse of a society in which, by the breaking up of ordered life, men were compelled to be worse than nature intended; where good and merciful men had to do things which they hated afterwards to remember. You recall the character in Herodotus,[1] who wished to be the most righteous man in the world, but was not permitted by circumstances. As a rule in fiction (where motives of flattery cannot come into play) rich men are wicked. It is obviously more interesting, as well as more gratifying to the reader's feelings, to make them so. But in Homer the rich men are apt to be specially virtuous: *ἀφνειὸς ἀμύμων*, 'rich and blameless' (E 9). One is reminded of the naïve desire of the old poet Phokylides, first to acquire a competence and then to practice virtue. The project is amusing to us, as it was to Plato. We know so much of the result of that scheme of life. Yet think of that son of Teuthras in the *Iliad*, who 'dwelt behind the strong walls of Arisbê, rich in all livelihood, and was beloved of men. For he built his dwelling by the roadside and showed love to all who passed.'[2] Conceivably he had made some vow, so to spend his life in feeding the hungry and washing the feet of strangers. But, in any case, it is easy to imagine how, in a time like that of the Migrations, a decent man who had passed through the horrid necessities of the struggle for bare life, and was at last safe and prosperous with a strong wall around him, would become just like these rich men in Homer, thankful to live at last blameless and gentle towards gods and men.

The suggestion is little more than a fancy. But it occurs to me in connexion with another. When we compare the civilization and character of Greece and of Rome, we are struck, among many other differences, with some broad general divergence. The Roman seems to have all the faults and the virtues of successful men. He is severe, strong, well-disciplined, trustworthy, self-confident, self-righteous, unimaginative and cruel, a heavy feeder, a lover of gladiatorial games. The Greek, less gregarious, less to be relied upon, more swept by impulse; now dying heroically for lost causes; now, at the very edge of heroism, swept by panic and escaping with disgrace; capable of bitter hatreds and massacres in hot blood, of passionate desires and occasional orgies; but instinctively hating cruelty, revolting from the Roman shows, frugal, simple and hardy to a degree which we can with difficulty realize: above all possessed of an unusual power of seeing beyond himself and of understanding his enemies; caring for intellect, imagination, freedom, beauty, more than for force and organization, crying aloud for orderliness and symmetry, because he knew his own needs and his own dangers; much as Plato prayed to be delivered from poetry because poetry was to him a seducing fire. The causes of such a difference are innumerable. There was no doubt a greater proportion of pre-Aryan elements in Greek civilization. There were important geographical differences. But one cause, I think, is the early experience of the Greek race during the great sea-migrations. The Romans had an almost steady history of conquest and well-won success: the Greeks at the beginning of their history passed through the very fires of hell. They knew, what Rome as a whole did not know, the inward meaning and the reverse side of glory. They knew the bitterness of lost battles, the sting of the master's lash; they knew self-judgement and self-contempt, amazement and despair. They must, I suppose, be counted, even politically, among the successful races of mankind. But in their highest successes, in the times both of Pericles and of Alexander, there is always something dreamlike and transient. Their armies are always fighting against odds; their little cities trying by sheer energy and intellect to stem the strength of great military empires. It is a wondrous fabric held together for an hour by some splendid grasp of human genius, not one based on strong material foundations by the gregarious and half-conscious efforts of average men. They began their life as a people, it would seem, in a world where palaces and temples were shattered, armies overthrown, laws and familiar gods brought to oblivion. Thus, like the prophet in Callimachus' great poem, they saw early the world that is behind the ordinary world of human strivings, more real and more intangible: and throughout their history somehow this ideal haunted the race, a vision perturbing their sight, unfitting them for continued empire, yet shedding strangely over their defeat a splendour denied to their conquerors.

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[1] Herodotus, iii. 142.

[2] Z 15.

IV

AN ANCIENT TRADITIONAL BOOK

So far we have been considering the people: I wish now to turn to the literature. For one of the clearest facts that we know about these driven fragments of society who form the soil from which Hellenism sprang is that they must have had a literature. The vast store of prehistoric tradition preserved in the Greek heroic saga is evidence enough. The Northerners may not have known the art of writing before they learned it in Greece. But it is certain that in very early times they possessed Epic lays, and that these lays were in dactylic verse. So much we can conclude from various formulae imbedded in the Homeric language. On the other side, the Cretan script, coming on the top of other evidence which was already sufficient, shows that long before the Migrations there were scribes and 'wise men' in the Aegean who had the power of writing.

I am not proposing to discuss the Homeric Question, but rather to put forward some general considerations preliminary to the Homeric Question. If the men of the Migrations possessed a literature, that literature was not what we mean by 'Homer', viz. the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It was much more nearly what the Greeks of the sixth and early fifth centuries meant by 'Homer', viz. the whole body of heroic tradition as embodied in hexameter verse.[1] It must really have been something more primitive and less differentiated, of which the didactic epos, the lists of ancestors, the local chronicles, the theological, magical, and philosophical writings, as well as the heroic poems, are so many specialized developments. It has long been clear to students of early Greece that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are not primitive poems. Not only their art and construction, but their whole outlook on the world and the gods is far removed from that of the most primitive Greeks known to us. Both poems, indeed, contain a great deal of extremely ancient matter: but both, as they stand, are the products of a long process of development. It is the pre-Homeric literature that we are now considering.

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[1] See my *History of Ancient Greek Literature*, chap. i, or, better, Wilamowitz, *Homerische Untersuchungen*, pp. 329–80.

Let us begin by trying to imagine the position and practice in an early society of what the Greeks generally described as a λόγιος ἀνήρ, or 'man of words'.[1] I say 'words' because I despair of an adequate translation of *Logoi*. The conception *Logos*, 'word' or 'speech', had, as we all know, a peculiarly distinguished history among the Greeks. It was the word spoken: it was the power of language; it was the word which implies reason, persuasion, interpretation, and which settles differences instead of the armed hand; it was thus the word which mediates between the soul of man and man, or, in theological language, between man and God; to the philosopher it was the silent but eternal word upon the lips of Nature, the speech by which the Cosmos expressed its inborn reason. But for our present purpose it is another aspect of the Logos that comes into play. The *Logios Anêr*, or Man of Words, was the man who possessed the Things Said, or traditions, which made up the main sum of man's knowledge. He knew what Logoi really existed, and what were mere inventions or mistakes. He could say λόγος ἐστίν,[2] much as a Hebrew could say 'It is written'. And this Man of Words would in many cases not trust entirely to his memory, but would make a permanent Logos of his own in the shape of a book.

A book in those days was not what it is now. It was not a thing to be given to the public, not a thing to be read for pleasure.[1] One can find parallels in the East or in the Middle Ages. There was the great book of Michael Scott, the magician, which was read by no man but one, and was buried in its master's grave. There is the great list of Arabic chronicles, the rule of which is that each chronicle was the property of the author or of his heir, and could not be read by others without his permission. There are the innumerable and constantly varying MSS. of stories like the *Arabian Nights*, each copy originally meant to be the private stock-in-trade of a professional story-teller. In all these cases the man lived by his book. It must be kept from the public; above all, it must be kept from the eyes of professional rivals. It can be given or bequeathed to a son or a favourite disciple, as in the Greek story one of Homer's scrolls, the 'Cypria', served as his daughter's dowry, another, the 'Taking of Oechalia', was left to his heir, Creophylus.[2] For the ancient

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[1] See also Prof. Butcher's Lecture on 'The Written and the Spoken Word' in *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius.*

[2] Ar. *Frogs*, 1052: 'What I said about Phaedra, was it not an ὢν λόγος?'

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[1] All through antiquity a book remained a thing to be recited from, or to be read aloud to an audience by a skilled person. It is partly due to facts like this that the oral repetition of stories continued so extremely late in human history to be the normal way of keeping alive the records of the past, even if the past was vitally important. In the case of the Gospels, for instance, where a modern would have considered it of absolutely overwhelming importance to have a written record as soon as possible of the exact deeds and sayings of the Master, we find, as a matter of fact, that it was left for a considerable time to oral tradition. Compare the well-known phrase of Papias, deliberately preferring a third-hand oral report to the written word:—

'Whenever any person came my way, who had been a follower of the Elders, I would inquire about the discourses of those elders, what was said by Andrew or by Peter or by Philip or by Thomas or James, or by John or Matthew or any other of the Lord's disciples, or what Aristion and the Elder John, disciples of the Lord, say. For I did not think I could get so much profit from the contents of books as from the utterings of a living and abiding voice.' (I cite from Estlin Carpenter's *First Three Gospels*, p. 4.)

In the time of Papias there were libraries with books by the hundred thousand, yet a book is still to him a dead and troublesome mode of communication. He is said to have been rather a stupid man, *πάνυ σμικρὸς τὸν νοῦν*. But a thousand years earlier than Papias this attitude of mind was the normal one.

[2] Cf. the case of Jendeus de Brie, author of the *Bataille Loquifer*, cent. xii: he 'wrote the poem, kept it carefully, taught it to no man, and made much gain out of it in Sicily where he sojourned, and left it to his son when he died.' Similar statements are made about Huon de Villeneuve, who

Man of Words was not exactly a story-teller, not exactly a chronicler, not exactly a magician. He was all three, and something more also. His Logos contained, with no distinction of subject, all that he specially wanted not to forget, or, at least, all that was worth the immense trouble of writing down, letter by letter.

There was an ancient Greek tradition, superseded in general by the Cadmus story, which somehow connected the invention of writing with Orpheus and the Muses. Orpheus' voice seems to have recorded itself in books in some mysterious way.[1] And the Greek bards always owe, not only what we should call their inspiration, but their actual knowledge of facts to the Muses. The Muses 'are present and know all things'. They are, to Hesiod at least, 'the daughters of Memory.'[2] Hesiod professes, roughly speaking, to be able to sing about everything; but he always explains that he is dependent on the Muses for his knowledge. Other sources of knowledge are indeed recognized. When giving the names of all the rivers in the world, Hesiod stops at a certain point and says that for the names of the rest you had better consult the people who live on their banks, and they will be able to tell you (*Theog.* 370). But most often he consults the Muses (*Theog.* 1 ff., 105 ff., 966, 1022, Catalogues). So does Homer for such subjects as the Catalogue of the Greek army (cf. *a* 7, B 486, 761, cf. M 176). One suspects that that consultation was often carried out by the bard retiring to some lonely place, or maybe barricading the door of his hut, bringing forth a precious roll, and laboriously spelling out the difficult letter-marks. Γράμματα, the Greeks called them, or 'scratches'. And right on in mid-classical and later times the name for a scholar was 'grammatikos'. He was a 'man of *grammata*',[3] one who could deal with these strange 'scratches' and read them aloud, knowing where one word ended and another

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would not part from his poem for horses or furs or for any price, and about other poets. Gautier's *Épopées Françaises*, vol. i. p. 215, note 1, cited in Lang, *Homer and his Age.*

[1] *Θρήσσαις ἐν σανίσιν, τὰς | Ὀρφεία κατέγραψεν | γῆρυς*, Eur. *Alc.* 967–9.

[2] *Theogony*, 54, 916: for subjects, 100–15.

[3] See Rutherford's *Scholia Aristophanica*, vol. iii. chap. i.

began, and when to make big pauses and little pauses. For things like that were not indicated in the *grammata*.

You will have noticed that a wise man in antiquity—and the same is true of the Middle Ages—generally has a boy or disciple attached to him. And the first thing which that disciple learns when he begins to be 'wise' himself is to read in his master's book. Not in any book, mark you. They did not learn reading in that way. You were not expected to understand the *grammata* unless they were first read aloud to you. The case is clearest with Semitic books, where the vowels are not written at all, and in some cases the meaning cannot possibly be made out for certain without help from the writer of the book. But it was the same in the Middle Ages: with Michael Scott's book, for instance. It was the same with various of the old Sanskrit books, the meaning of which has in some places been absolutely lost because there was a breach in the series of disciples to whom the meaning was orally explained by the master. The thing that most tangibly constituted a disciple was the power to handle, or to read in, his master's book. Of course a very clever man would, if you gave him time, be able eventually to make out other books too. But that would be a special undertaking.

This limitation, if you think of it, is inevitable. In the first place there will probably be no other books in the neighbourhood on which to practise. Then further, it must be remembered, that as the man's book is a private thing, so also is his method of making signs. Handwritings always differ; and the handwriting of a man who practically never saw any other person's handwriting and who used his own merely to make notes for his own private use, not to be read by others, would be sure—even apart from the writer's own conscious wish for secrecy—to grow in a hundred little ways specialized and abnormal. I have seen an Arabic book which professes to give the special alphabets[1] used by the ancient sages, Cleomenes, Plato, Pythagoras, Scalinus, Socrates, and Aristotle, all of them different, 'in order that none should know them but the sons of wisdom.'

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[1] *Ancient Alphabets*, by Ahmad bin Abubekr bin Wahshih, translated by Joseph Hammer, London, 1806. 'Every one of these kings invented,

Consider, then, the position of a man who possesses such a book, and also can make *grammata* himself. Suppose he hears news of strange events which he would like to record accurately. Suppose he is lucky enough to hear another wise man expounding new lore, or giving details on a subject where his own book is vague. Suppose he finds, or borrows, or inherits from a wise relation—wisdom runs in families—another book containing valuable information. In all these cases he will want to make additions and changes in his own book. Let us consider how he is likely to set about it.

It is a difficult process to conflate two or more accounts of a transaction into one, difficult even for a modern writer, with all the battery of modern appliances at his command; clear print, numbered pages, indices to show you just where and how often a subject is mentioned, paragraphs and chapters, divisions of words and sentences, and abundance of cheap paper for making notes and rough copies. Our ancient sage had his book written on very expensive material, usually the skins of beasts carefully prepared. He could not lightly throw away a scroll and write it again. He had no facilities for finding references; no index, no pages, no chapters, no divisions of sentences, no divisions of any sort between one word and another; only one long undivided mass of *grammata*, not by their nature well calculated to be legible. On the other hand, he probably knew his own book by heart. It was an advantage which sometimes betrayed him.

What he generally did was to add the new matter crudely at the end of the old. He could write on the margin or between the lines. At a pinch, he might cut the hide with a knife and sew in a new strip at a particular place. He

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according to his own genius and understanding, a particular alphabet in order that none should know them but the sons of wisdom' (p. 14). Are the 'sons of wisdom' the disciples of the wise? The book is said to have been written An. Heg. 241. It is concerned with alchemy.

had only to make the roll intelligible to himself. And any one who has had experience of the difference between a MS. fit to be sent to the printer and a MS. that will do to lecture from will appreciate what that means.

No book has come down to us from antiquity exactly in this state. All the books that we possess have at some time been published, and therefore prepared in some sense to be intelligible to the reader. But many Greek books retain clear marks of the time when they were not meant to be read by strangers, but only to serve the professional needs of the writer. The later Homeric hymns, containing merely a number of suitable openings and closes for recitations, point pretty clearly to the handbook of the professional reciter. The voluminous writings of the Peripatetic school which come to us under the name of Aristotle bear innumerable traces of their composition for private use in the school. So do the remains of Hesiod; so do, as far as I know them, most of the late magical writings. In oriental literatures the instances are, I believe, even clearer.

In imagining the proceedings of this old sage we have taken one particular crisis, as it were, in the history of his book. But all the ancient traditional books which have come down to us have, without exception, passed through many such crises. The book which contained the whole Logos of the wise man was apt to be long-lived. It was precious; it had been very difficult to write; it was made of expensive and durable materials. It became an heirloom: and with each successive owner, with each successive great event in the history of the tribe or the community, the book was changed, expanded, and expurgated. For the most jealously guarded book had, of course, its relation to the public. It was the source of stories and lays which must needs be interesting; of oracles and charms and moral injunctions which must not seem ridiculous or immoral; of statements in history and geography which had better not be demonstrably false. The book must needs grow as its people grew.

As it became a part of the people's tradition, a thing handed down from antiquity and half sacred, it had a great normal claim on each new generation of hearers. They were ready to accept it with admiration, with reverence, with enjoyment, provided only that it continued to make some sort of tolerable terms with their tastes, under which general head we must include their consciences and their common sense.

I am tempted to take instances from our own times to illustrate what I mean by a traditional book. But the conditions have changed too much. Our traditional books are collections of mere information like *Whittaker's Almanac* and the *Statesman's Yearbook*, or those strange prophetic Almanacs and magic Herbals which continue, I suppose, to enjoy a flourishing though subterranean existence in all European nations. I found a magic herbal in a Welsh inn in the year 1884 which had reached something like its hundredth edition. Or we might take the various Guides to Navigation published by various countries. The Pilot series, issued by the British Admiralty, seems now to hold the field; but M. Victor Bérard[1] has traced its origin step by step from a remote past, through French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Latin, Greek, and perhaps Phoenician sources. An historical lawyer, again, could show the same process of traditional growth in various legal codes.

It may be objected that all these instances are in the nature of handbooks, not of artistic literature. And handbooks of course need bringing up to date. True. But the fact is that we have only recently specialized the handbook in this way, and exiled it from the Muses. The real Muses did not recognize any generic difference between a handbook and an epic poem. Think of the Catalogues in Hesiod. But, apart from that, there are many cases to be quoted of Traditional Books in other styles of literature.

There is the series of Arabic chronicles mentioned above. They reach over many centuries, and have been developed by a regular process. A man who wished to write a chronicle had first to approach the possessor of an existing chronicle and ask for his *igaza* or authorization. If he gave it, he read his book aloud to the applicant, or allowed the applicant to read it aloud to him. Then the new chronicle was made up out of the old one on the following system. Where the new scribe copies his text, he does so with almost verbal accuracy, so much so that Arabic scholars can use the copy to correct errors of text in MSS. of the original. But to prevent the book becoming too huge, he leaves out masses of early history or other less important matter and adds his own more modern history, or more interesting matter, where it comes in. Obviously the opportunities for falsification are considerable. How far they are utilized I cannot say. But the quality, it seems, that distinguishes these Arabic chronicles from anything else of the kind known to me is the extraordinary care with which each writer quotes not only his immediate authority for a story or tradition, but the whole chain of authorities from the origin downward. No tradition is really complete that cannot produce its entire genealogy, leading up eventually to an eye-witness.

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[1] *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée*, i. p. 52.

Perhaps the best instance in Greek literature is the curious work which comes to us under the name of *Callisthenes' Life of Alexander*. It is the source of all the mediaeval romances of Alexander, and old translations of it are extant in Latin—one made in the fourth century and one in the tenth—Syriac, Armenian, Coptic, Ethiopic, Persian, Turkish, Malay, Siamese, and doubtless other languages. The basis in each case is a word-for-word translation, but in every language the substance varies; for it was told in each country by *jongleurs* and story-tellers who added, omitted, and altered with a view to their audience. For instance, Alexander is usually—in accordance with mediaeval taste—made the child of a secret amour between his mother, Olympias, and the exiled wizard king of . . . Of what? Of whatever country is most likely to please the audience. The earliest version was written by an Egyptian Greek. Consequently Alexander begins as a son of Nectanebos, king of Egypt. Then he is a Persian, and so on. One version, in Ethiopic, leaves him the son of his proper father, Philip, but makes Philip a Christian martyr, who committed suicide on hearing from a prophet that some day the Creator of the world would be crucified.

But it is not only the different translations that vary. Every copy of the book differs from every other. As one editor, Meusel, puts it: 'Like the MSS. of the *Niebelungenlied*, every MS. represents a different recension.' 'The writers,' says Karl Müller, 'combined the offices of scribe and author.' That exactly expresses it. Each scribe who earned his living by it made it as good, as edifying, as entertaining a history as he could. The book became a thing of tradition, and grew with the ages.[1]

The oldest version seems to have been written in Greek, in Egypt, in the time of the Ptolemies. So much can be made out. It professes to be the work of the philosopher Callisthenes, a real person, who accompanied Alexander on his campaigns, and whose real works have perished.[2] We can also trace with some probability an earlier stage of the same story: viz. a series of imaginary letters, between Alexander and his friends, composed by some sophist in Egypt not long after Alexander's death.

I will not speak of the mediaeval epics, the *Niebelungenlied*, the Arthur Legends, or the great French epics centring in the *Chanson de Roland*. Each one of these subjects has its own peculiarities and special difficulties; but each one would illustrate our main thesis equally well. Let me merely quote some words of Gaston Paris to illustrate the nature of a traditional book. He is speaking of the controversy whether 'the author of the *Song of Roland*' had ever seen the valley of Roncesvaux, where the scene of his battle is placed. The great savant answers:—

> *The Song of Roland* is not a work composed in one effort at a given moment. It comprises in itself elements of very

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[1] See Appendix E. The Pseudo-Callisthenes.

[2] An interesting fragment of Callisthenes has lately been discovered, cited by Didymus on Demosthenes. (Teubner, 1907. A papyrus.)

different date and origin. Some go back to the immediate impression of the event which it celebrates; others have been introduced in the course of centuries by professional poets, who invented wholesale episodes calculated to increase the interest of the poem and develop its power of heroic and national inspiration. . . . The name of the author of the *Song of Roland* is Legion. And among those who, from the seventh to the eleventh century, would have the right to rise and answer any appeal addressed to that author, it would be very rash to affirm that not one had ever passed by Roncesvaux, at a period when so many people used that road.

How many controversies about Homer might be answered in the same words![1]

The best parallel for our present purpose is, I think, that of the Hebrew scriptures. I often wonder that the comparison has not been more widely used by Greek scholars. The scientific study of the Old Testament has been carried out with remarkable candour and ability by many Semitic scholars of the last two generations. The results of their researches are easily accessible; the main results may be said, in a sense, to be practically certain. You cannot, indeed, say with certainty in any particular place of difficulty, 'This is what happened'; but you can very often say with certainty, 'This is the sort of thing that must have happened.'

The subject is one of great interest. I fear, however, that I shall not in this lecture make it appear so. Interest depends on details; and I am compelled to content myself with the merest bald outline of the main facts about the growth of the Pentateuch. Some of you will have heard it all before. Others will require much more detailed explanation. I must ask both parties to grant me some indulgence in steering a middle course.

The central voice and the informing spirit of the Old Testament is the Book of Deuteronomy. We all know its main characteristics: an insistence on a rigid and highly spiritual monotheism, and an avoidance of all remains of idolatry:

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[1] Gaston Paris, *Légendes du Moyen Age*, p. 46 ff. See also Appendix F on the *Roland* and the *Vie de St. Alexis.*

a great system of law, governing in a theocratic spirit all the details of life, and resulting in an ideal too strict, and in some ways too high, to have ever been carried out in practice: lastly, for the sake of this purity of religion and morals, which was associated with the conception of the Jews as Yahweh's peculiar people, and the Temple at Jerusalem as the one seat of correct ritual and doctrine, an intolerant condemnation of all other places of worship, however sacred, and a ferocious dread of all foreign elements which might corrupt the orthodoxy of the chosen race.

Deuteronomy was found in the Temple by certain sacred persons—we are not told who had put it there—in the eighteenth year of King Josiah (B. C. 621: 2 Kings xxii. 8 ff.). It was accepted at once as the standard of a great religious reformation. Josiah supported the Deuteronomists, and the reformation was successfully carried through. Now among the other tasks which the reformers had before them was the re-editing of the ancient traditional books of the people. They needed reform in countless ways. Both of them, indeed, must have been originally pagan, and polytheistic. I say ' both ' rather than ' all ', because in the main we can distinguish two great documents, which have been welded by the Deuteronomists into the narrative of the Pentateuch. One of the most obvious differences between them is that in one God is called ' Elohim '—the word translated ' God ' in our version, though it is really a plural; in the other he is called Yahweh, or Jehovah, the special unspeakable name of the Hebrew God, translated in our version ' The Lord '. The documents are called ' Jahvist ' and ' Elohist ', or J and E respectively.

J seems to have been composed—that is, put together out of more ancient material—in Judah in the ninth century; E in Israel in the eighth. They were very similar in general contents. Each was an almost undifferentiated tribal Logos, a sort of history of the world and all the things in it that were worth writing down.

A copy of J or E before the Deuteronomists altered it would be, for Semitic historians, the most valuable book in the world. The strange thing is that the reformers were able to carry their project through. It was necessary for them not only to alter their own versions at Jerusalem, but to suppress all old copies that differed from their own. Had the kingdom of Israel still been standing the task would scarcely have been possible. There must have been, one would imagine, copies of the old books unexpurgated in the sanctuaries[1] of the Northern Kingdom. But Israel was now in captivity, and most of the extant copies of his old half-pagan books had doubtless gone with him. There was little danger of their idolatrous voices being heard from Halah and Habor and the river of Gozan and the cities of the Medes. Yet even so there were difficulties in Judah itself. There seems to have been a regular military expedition against the remnants of Paganism, a formal destruction of the old High Places, and a massacre of the priests at Bethel. At last Jerusalem stood alone as the only sanctuary, and the reformers had undisturbed control of the Book. One is reminded of Greek stories about the interpolation of Homer, how Solon or Pisistratus or another bolstered his city's claim to the island of Salamis by interpolating a spurious line in the *Iliad*. Evidently the teller of the story, and the ancients who believed it, thought it quite natural that there should be no other copies of the *Iliad* generally current by which the forger could be refuted.

So far, then, we have found in the Pentateuch a document compiled from three sources, the earliest written in the ninth century, the latest about the year 621. But that is to leave out of account, at any rate as regards Genesis, the greatest, or at least the most formative and omnipresent, of all the sources. The whole book was revised again, increased by large stretches of narrative, and, roughly speaking, brought into its present shape after the return from exile, between the years 440 and 400 B.C. This reviser, known to critics as P, was a member of the priestly caste. He wrote, among other things, nearly the whole of Leviticus. That is to say, in an average chapter of Genesis we may read a verse written in the ninth century followed by one written in the fifth, a gap of four hundred years. And sometimes the gap will occur in the middle of a verse. Sometimes other sources, of unknown date, will intervene.[1]

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[1] 'But was there any connexion in Ancient Israel between the priestly caste and literature? The later *Sôphêr* was the literate man.' D.S.M.

Of course, even apart from the wholesale excision of paganism from the most ancient books, the peculiar qualities of these versions must have been much clearer when the books existed as separate wholes. We know them only in fragments: and those fragments have all passed under the hands both of revisers and of religious reformers, who must both consciously and unconsciously have modified the more striking discrepancies of style or statement between their various sources. Still, the differences are even now pretty clear: I take a few points from Canon Driver's *Introduction to Genesis*.[2]

J, or the Jahvist document, is a *Logos* of the most broadly human interest. It is full of poetry and drama. It delights in explaining the origin of human institutions—why men wear clothes, why snakes crawl, why child-birth is painful: who invented agriculture, pastoral life, music, metallurgy, the drinking of wine: how men came to have different languages: why Moabites, Ammonites, Canaanites, Edomites, are what they are, the cause being generally some significant first action, or some oracle spoken by a patriarch.

The writer is full of interest in the sacred sites of Palestine, the altars, pillars, trees, and high places, and the reasons why each one of them is sacred. He has no idea of condemning any of them. They had not yet come into competition with the Temple at Jerusalem. He calls God by the name 'Yahweh' from the beginning, and supposes that the true religion naturally belonged to the primaeval patriarchs. In this, of course, the other prophetic book, E, differs from him. In E the ancestors of Israel 'beyond the river' were idolaters

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[1] e.g. Gen. ii. 4 is partly J and partly P. So is xiii. 11, while xiv is from an unknown source. (Abraham, Lot, and Amraphel.)

[2] Differences of J, E, P.

(Joshua xxiv. 2, 14, 15), and the name Yahweh is not revealed to man till Exod. iii. 14. Again the Yahweh of J is frankly and naïvely anthropomorphic. He not only feels human emotions, but he performs sensible acts; he *moulds* man out of earth, he *plants* a tree, he *shuts up* Noah in the ark, he *smells* burnt meat, *wrestles* with Jacob, and *takes off* the wheels of the Egyptian chariots.

Now let us contrast with this the work of the latest writer of all. P takes no interest in the origin of human institutions, only in ritual: no interest in sacred sites, only in the Temple at Jerusalem; his God is, practically speaking, never anthropomorphic. His history of the world has been mapped out in a scheme of genealogies and dates, and especially of covenants between Yahweh and his chosen people, Israel. There are three stages of history marked by a gradually diminishing length of human life, and by the revelation of God under three distinct names: *Elohim*, *El Shaddai*—the obscure name revealed to Abraham in Gen. xvii—and finally *Yahweh*. The Patriarchs raise no altars, perform no sacrifices. 'No act of worship seems to be thought of till the appropriate place has been constructed and the right persons appointed for its performance. The first sacrifice recorded is that of Aaron and his sons in Lev. vii.' The promises of God are strictly limited to Israel itself, and the abiding presence of Yahweh with his people is dependent on the directions for the exact construction of the tabernacle (Exod. xxix). It is all sacerdotal through and through.

That is to say, there is a period of four hundred years between the earliest and latest of the large integral documents constituting the Book of Genesis. But the period of growth was much longer than that. In the case of Genesis the argument does not come out quite so clearly; we can take our illustration more easily from the Books of Samuel. As the earliest source in Samuel we have the so-called 'Court narrative' of David, attributed to the tenth century B.C. At the other end there are considerable slices of narrative which are found in the ordinary Hebrew text, but not in the Septuagint translation, which was made about the year 200 B.C. Of this fact two explanations are possible. Either, and this seems the simpler hypothesis, the narratives in question were not in the Hebrew text from which the Septuagint was translated; or else they were in the Hebrew text, and were deliberately left out by the translators. On either hypothesis it is clear that the authorized text was not definitely established. A traditional book of which large parts can be left out or put in at discretion is still in the stage of growth. The Book of Samuel, then, was in process of growth for considerably more than seven hundred years. And that is without reckoning the small corruptions or verbal changes which seem to have occurred much later. In some books, for instance, there are changes directed against the claims of Christianity.

But, returning to the Pentateuch: when J or E was first composed, it was not composed out of nothing. Each of them was really put together in the same way as the whole composite Pentateuch of the Priest, by taking an older existing book, copying it out, adding, omitting, and sometimes altering. Many of these earlier sources are quoted by name, as the *Iliad* quotes the older Argonautica. There is the Book of Jasher. From it come the standing still of the Sun and Moon (Joshua x. 12), David's lament over Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. i. 17), and perhaps some verses spoken by Solomon when the Ark was brought to the Temple (1 Kings viii. 12). The song in Num. xxi. 14, again, 'is it not written in the Book of the Wars of the Lord?' In these cases the name of the older book is explicitly given. Much more often it is omitted and copied silently. Sometimes a quotation betrays itself by being in verse, like the Sword-Song of Lamech, and the oracles spoken over their respective children by Noah, Isaac, and Jacob. But an insertion from a prose work would be hard to detect: and even the verse was apt to be worked back into prose (see commentators on 1 Kings viii. 12).

Among other sources would be the mere tribal traditions, such as we have in the Book of Judges. Sometimes they are full and clear, and seem to depend on written documents. Sometimes a tradition consists merely of a name and a burial-place. 'After him Elon the Zebulonite judged Israel: and he judged Israel ten years. And Elon the Zebulonite died and was buried in Aijalon in the land of Zebulon.' Aijalon is probably the same word as Elon. The chronology will not work. And the story seems merely to mean that there was at Elon or Aijalon an unknown grave which was regarded with reverence.

There was more detailed tradition at the various ancient sanctuaries, Hebron, Bethel, Gilgal, and the like, a source particularly prominent in J and E, but discountenanced by the priestly editors. There were fragments of history or learning adopted by hearsay or otherwise from more advanced nations. This is a regular process in primitive races, and is admirably illustrated in Professor Margoliouth's short *Life of Mohammed*.[1] That prophet was constantly picking up scraps of Christian and Jewish lore, and incorporating them, with inevitable mistakes, in his Koran. In the Hebrew scriptures there seems to be an especially large debt to Babylon, such as the stories of the Creation and the Flood; certain fragments about Abraham, who perhaps had the honour of meeting the great law-giver Hammurabi or Amraphel; and many elements in the Hebrew laws themselves.

Now I realize that all this description must remain rather ineffective when unaccompanied by detailed illustrations. But the detailed illustrations would clearly take us quite beyond the limits of our present subject. And it is, of course, not any part of my business to prove the truth of the analysis of the Pentateuch. I merely take the results reached by a consensus of the best Semitic scholars, in order to show the sort of process which was normal in the formation of an ancient Traditional Book, and the qualities which naturally resulted therefrom. To produce such a composite work as one of these books in its later stages without inconsistencies and awkward joints would be difficult, as we said above, even for a modern editor with all his mechanical accessories and his opportunities of revision. To the ancient editor the difficulties were insuperable. And, as a matter of fact, all ancient compilations betray themselves. I will not dwell on the various doublets and inconsistencies which careful reading discovers in the Pentateuch; the two divergent accounts of the Creation, and of the Flood, with traces of a third in which there was no Flood; the inaccuracies of the chronology so laboriously inserted by the Priestly writer—ancient numbers, when at all complicated, seldom come out quite right; much less on the many small confusions, like that of the two wives of Esau who are mentioned three times, each time with different names; nor yet on such curious formal points as the case of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, which are mentioned again and again as twelve, yet always add up as thirteen. Such weaknesses as these are normal things among primitive historians. If they serve to illustrate the writer's lack of critical control over his complex material, they also are often evidence of his good faith.[1]

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[1] Especially pp. 106 f. He got Goliath's name as Galut; the name of Saul, David's other enemy, he had forgotten, so he made him Talut.

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[1] The Jahvist, very simple and anthropomorphic, narrated how, when the world was a *tohu-bohu*, Yahweh 'moulded' a clay man and breathed life into him, and planted a garden and put the man to keep it. Then as the man was lonely, Yahweh made all sorts of beasts as companions for him, but none was quite satisfactory till he made a woman out of one of the man's ribs, and then the man was content. The Priestly Document, more advanced and scientific, gives the other story of the six days of creation, with a gradual process of development, as it were, from the lowest forms of life up to the highest, culminating eventually in man. We cannot be sure about the account of the Israelitish Elohist; for the Reviser, while combining the other two, omitted it altogether. Similarly in the Flood, the Jahvist tells how Noah took seven of each clean animal and two of each unclean; how the flood lasted some ninety-four days; and how Noah came out at the end of the time and offered sacrifice. The Priest tells how Noah took two of every animal, with no distinction of clean or unclean; that distinction, he apparently argues, cannot have been known to Noah, because it was first revealed to Moses in Lev. xi and Deut. xiv. He tells how the flood lasted a year and ten days, and how at the end God made a covenant with Noah and set his bow in the heavens for a sign thereof. There seems also to be a trace of a version in which the first Man was not called Adam, but Enosh—the other Hebrew word for man. As to the chronology so carefully introduced by the Priestly

I hope that by now I have succeeded in illustrating two points about these ancient authorless books; first, the immense periods of time during which they remain fluid and growing; and second, the difficulties which they have in combining their multiplex sources. The object which I have in view is, of course, Homer. And I wish now to notice briefly some two or three more of the phenomena characteristic of this kind of writing, in order that we may know their faces again when they meet us in the *Iliad*.

First, there are the various disturbing influences that are apt to affect the primitive historian. I will not lay stress on mythology, such as we find in the story of Samson, the Sun-man,[1] or in the Babylonish part of the Creation: nor on what I may call Romance, or the story-teller's instinct, such as we find in the narratives of David and of Joseph. These factors are enormously powerful in Greek legend; Semitic scholars differ as to their influence in Hebrew. I will not lay stress on the tribal spirit, with its ramifications of patriotic devotion, party feeling, and *odium theologicum*; forces at times responsible for the widest misreadings and misrenderings of history. We must remember that as a rule an ancient writer only recorded what he wished to have remembered: that his book was only read within his own

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writer, Canon Driver shows that Judah 'marries, has three children, and after the third of them has grown up, becomes a father again, and through the child thus born becomes a grandfather, all in the space of 22 years'. (Thirty-five would seem to be about the minimum possible.) The age of Ishmael at the time of his casting out varies between babyhood and adolescence. So does Benjamin's. The wives of Esau are given in Gen. xxvi as Judith, daughter of Beeri, and Bashemath d. Elon: but in Gen. xxxvi they are Adah d. Elon and Bashemath d. Ishmael. And in chapter xxviii the daughter of Ishmael is Mahalath. One can see what sort of process this implies. The compiler of the two, or the three, narratives, did not keep constantly looking forward and backward. He had no index to show him all the places where he had mentioned Esau's wives, and help him to reduce them to order. In the case of the more important matters his memory no doubt served him, and he arranged his story consistently. But in smaller things, which were not of real gravity to him, he copied his authorities faithfully without noticing the occasional contradictions.

[1] שִׁמְשׁוֹן from שֶׁמֶשׁ 'Sun'.

tribe or circle, and that his only business with his tribe's enemies was to injure them. He used his book as he would use his sword. But consider, as one significant point, the helplessness of language which generally dogs these early writers as soon as they have anything complicated to express. The writer of Gen. x. 15, for instance, wishing to express the relation of the Canaanites of the interior to the Phoenician city of Sidon, can only say: 'And Canaan begat Zidon his first-born.' The relation of the Canaanites to the Hittites, a great foreign nation which seems to have had some settlers in Canaan, was certainly different. But it is expressed in the same way: 'Canaan begat Heth.' The tribe, the alien city, the foreign nation, are all treated as individuals, and their complicated relations reduced to that of father and son.[1] Similarly Bethuel is mentioned as a person, the father of Rebekah, but his brothers Huz and Buz are tribes. Machir in Gen. l. 23 is a person: in Num. xxxii. 40 he is a clan: in Num. xxvi. 29 he 'begets' Gilead, which is a district. That district again 'begets' the judge Jephthah—perhaps rather a special case, since Jephthah had no legitimate father.

The disturbing influences hitherto considered are all, in the main, unconscious. Let us consider for a few moments two conscious influences. Then we can make an end of these Semitic analogies and return to Greece. In the first place, is there in such a book as Genesis, for example, any conscious archaism? The answer is clear. The latest of all the writers of the Pentateuch, P, is the one who is most particular to give an archaic and primaeval colour to his narrative. He has used his historical imagination, and constructed a remarkable picture of the age of the patriarchs, quite unlike his own age or even that of his immediate authorities. According to him, the Patriarchs knew not the name of Yahweh, knew no altars, no sacrifices, no difference between clean and unclean meats. All these things were specially revealed to them at later and definitely mentioned periods. The earlier writers, J and E, are much less particular. Their writing was centuries older, but the picture which they draw is actually more modern. They allow Abram to come to 'Bethel', or pursue his enemies to 'Dan', without being troubled by the reflection that those names were only the later representatives of 'Luz' and 'Laish'. The Jahvist tells us that in Seth's time 'men began to call upon the name of Yahweh', without thinking it necessary to revise his earlier narrative in which both the name and the person of Yahweh seem to be known to all. Probably, if we only knew it, they also archaized after their fashion, but, if they did, it was nothing to the archaizing of the Priest. It so happens that the Hebrew priestly writers were not interested in such things as the comparative antiquity of bronze and iron or the date of the Dorian migration. But, if they had been, you may be sure that they would never have allowed a mention of iron nor a hint of the existence of Dorians to defile their pages. These things are of importance for Homer.

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[1] The statement in x. 6, 'Ham begat Canaan,' is different. It is definitely untrue, and comes from tribal animosity. It suited the Israelites' self-respect to think as ill as possible of their not very distant kinsmen, the Canaanites. Consequently these undoubtedly Semitic tribes are assigned to Ham, the accursed.

The practice of archaism is closely related to something far deeper and more wide-reaching, the (2) practice of expurgation. In the case of these ancient and traditional books, which carry on the *Logos* of one age to grow into the *Logos* of the next, there must always emerge points of belief or feeling or conduct where the new age differs from the old. In advanced states of society, where the books exist in large numbers and the text cannot be tampered with, the usual resort is allegory. All that is objectionable is interpreted as meaning something else. But while the books are still growing, two courses are open to each new set of revisers. The simplest is tacitly to (1) alter the document, and cut out from the venerable book all that seems unworthy of it. This is expurgation. The other, (2) more complex and more dependent on an advanced historical sense, is to (1) recognize the difference in manners, and to try even in the new writings to maintain the colour of the older age. That is archaism. One may say that on the whole archaism is the normal practice, in style, in vocabulary, and in the selection of facts to relate. But when the writer is brought face to face with something which he honestly hates or disapproves, then his archaism breaks down and he resorts to expurgation.

Now the whole of the Pentateuch is permeated by a conscious didactic purpose, and therefore by the spirit of expurgation. For one of the processes which have formed the Pentateuch is the gradual conversion of the books of primitive Semitic pagans into the great book of Jewish monotheism. At what date the early sources ceased to be pagan is open to doubt; but that they were once pagan is practically certain; and probably the work of the Deuteronomists and the Priests consisted almost as largely in their unseen excisions of objectionable matter as in the composition of their great codes, Deuteronomy and Leviticus, and the innumerable small additions by which we now trace them. Of course, as a rule, we have no means of knowing what expurgations or omissions have been made. The thing is cut out, and there is an end of it. But sometimes the excision has not been complete, or has in some way left traces. Let us take some instances.

There is the curious set of cases in which the word *Bosheth*, 'Shame' or 'Shameful Thing', has taken the place, or distorted the form, of some genuine but objectionable word. For instance, the title *Melekh*, King, was applied to Yahweh as to other deities: and at one time in the seventh century human sacrifices were offered to him under that name. This was an abomination to the purer Jewish feeling. Wherever the word *Melekh* occurred in descriptions of these rites, the practice in the Synagogue was to avoid pronouncing it and say instead *Bosheth*. To indicate this, though the consonants of MLKH were not altered in the text, the vowels of Bosheth were written under them. Hence arose an imaginary word 'Molekh'—afterwards corrupted to 'Moloch'—which was then taken for the name of some unknown god of the Gentiles.

Again, the word 'Ba'al': this word, meaning Lord, or Master, was originally a perfectly innocent title, applied to Yahweh as well as to the gods of Canaan. Consequently many Hebrew names in early times were formed from Ba'al. But to a later age they sounded idolatrous, and they have nearly all been altered. Saul's son Ishba'al ('Man of the Lord') is turned into Ishbosheth, 'man of shame.' Jonathan's son Meriba'al becomes Mephibosheth. In the case of Jerubba'al or Gideon a different line was taken. The name must really have meant 'Ba'al founds or strengthens'; but it is carefully interpreted as a sort of *calembour* or play on the sound of the words, so as to mean 'Let Ba'al plead'. This explanation then gives rise to one of the usual stories of the confounding of the false God. Gideon defies Ba'al, and Ba'al cannot plead, but remains dumb[1] (Gen. iv. 5).

To take a different kind of expurgation, there seems to be some omission in the story of Cain's sacrifice. No reason is given for its rejection. Probably the point of the story lay in the ritual which Cain followed. There must have been—so at least many authorities believe—some description of the two rituals. Cain performed his sacrifice in some way that was considered unholy or savouring of the gentiles. The older story mentioned Cain's ritual in order to condemn it, the later editors declined to speak of it at all. There is almost certainly a great omission just before the story of the Flood, in the passage (Gen. vi. 1 ff.) which tells how 'the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all that they chose'. The next two verses are confused and unintelligible, and the subject is promptly changed.

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[1] Exactly the same process has given rise to the mysterious 'Abomination of Desolation' set up by Antiochus Epiphanes, in the well-known passages of Daniel (ix. 27, xii. 11). The word for abomination, Heb. שִׁקּוּץ, is used exactly like בֹשֶׁת to supply the place of the unmentionable name Ba'al. What Antiochus really 'set up' was *Ba'al Shamâim*, the Lord of Heaven; an altar, that is, to Zeus Ouranios. In place of *Ba'al* we say *Shiqquç*, abomination: and in place of *Shamâim*, heaven, which is here equally unclean, inasmuch as it is part of the name of a heathen god, we put the almost identical word *Shomêm*, from a word meaning to destroy or lay waste. *Ba'al Shamâim* becomes *shiqquç Shomêm*; the Lord of Heaven becomes the 'pollution' of 'desolation'.

These instances, few as they are, will perhaps suffice to establish the mere fact that expurgations have occurred. They may also incidentally show how vitally the study of the expurgations in an ancient book helps towards the understanding of its whole spirit. The expurgations and the interpolations; all that a man rejects from his traditional teaching and all that he puts in its place; a knowledge of those two together will surely contain the main secrets of all that is most alive in the man's own character. And the same is true of an age. The interpolations and expurgations, if we followed the subject up, would teach us much about the age of the Deuteronomists and the later age of the Priests.[1]

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[1] I have not attempted to analyse the expurgations of the Deuteronomists, or to find out what sort of thing they most objected to. The above cases are nearly all expurgations of idolatry or paganism, and that is evidently and by far the greatest preoccupation of the revisers. There are also some expurgations of immorality. As regards cruelty, they were much less particular than Homer, provided that the cruelty was directed against suitable objects. They approve of the ferocity of Samuel (1 Sam. xv) and the *Herem* generally: i. e. the extermination of all living things, beast and human alike, in heathen countries. (See BAN in *Enc. Bibl.*, and compare the Scandinavian custom of dedicating hostile armies to Othin by throwing a spear over them.) They allow even such a sympathetic hero as Gideon to 'thresh' the elders of Succoth 'with thorns of the wilderness', without comment; the same may be said of David and others. In this particular one may note that the very late book, Chronicles, expurgates its sources: e. g. 2 Sam. viii. 2: 'And he smote Moab (and measured them with the line, making them to lie down on the ground: and he measured two lines to put to death, and one full line to keep alive). And the Moabites became servants to David and brought gifts.' This is repeated in 1 Chron. xviii. 2, except that the Chronicler *omits the words in brackets.*

Similarly the account of the taking of Rabbah, where David 'brought forth the people that were therein and put them under saws and under harrows of iron and under axes of iron, and he made them pass through the brickkiln' (2 Sam. xii. 31), is omitted altogether in Chronicles. (Driver and others, however, think that torture is not intended here, but only slavery.) On the other hand, when religious motives come in, the latest writers can be very savage. See 1 Kings xiii. 2 and 2 Kings xxiii. 20, where Josiah's wholesale sacrifice of the priests of Baal is described with exultation. (The end of chap. xxiii is ascribed to a very late source, but the tone is really much the same in the rest of the chapter, which is by J.)

Not perhaps actual expurgation, but something very similar, seems to

And I wish now to apply this method, at least in one of its aspects, to Homer. I shall not attempt to face the question of interpolation. It is too complicated a subject. But the traces of expurgation in Homer have been very little studied, and seem capable of yielding some interesting results. We will consider them in the next lecture.

have been at work in those cases where we find that certain very old parts of our extant composite narrative were not included in the Deuteronomic revision. For instance, in the Book of Judges, D is not responsible for chap. ix (Abimelech: a story possessing historical interest but no religious value), nor for xvi–xxi. He ended Samson at xv. 20, after the jaw-bone victory, at the words: 'And he judged Israel in the days of the Philistines twenty years.' The part omitted consisted of Dalilah and the end of Samson; the stories of Micah, the Danites, the sin of the Benjamites, &c.—all somewhat unedifying. Similarly in Samuel, D has no hand in 1 Sam. xxviii. 3 to end (Witch of Endor), which breaks the continuity of his narrative; nor in 2 Sam. ix–xx, which contains all the intimate Court stories, Bathsheba, Rabbah, Tamar, &c. D ended his narrative of David with the *résumé* in 2 Sam. viii. 15 ff., 'And David reigned over all Israel, &c.' These stories are not later inventions. They come from the oldest material, and must have lain before D, who deliberately rejected them. They were, however, preserved and added in to the composite narrative which we now possess in an age which was more open than that of D to historical, antiquarian, or merely human interests.

V

THE ILIAD AS A TRADITIONAL BOOK

I. THE EXPURGATIONS: THE HOMERIC SPIRIT

In considering the subject of Homeric expurgations I will take my instances chiefly from the *Iliad*, because I believe the *Iliad* to be, in the ancient phrase, ‘ more Homeric ’ than the *Odyssey*, that is, both to have more of the definite Homeric spirit, and to have undergone a more thorough process of revision and expurgation.

First, then, for the only part of the subject which is difficult to discuss. It is too important to omit altogether. The evidence is clear that there existed in early times, among both Aryans and Semites, and notably among the Dorians who are generally reckoned among the Northern invaders of Greece, certain forms of sexual irregularity which were in the end totally condemned by the Jewish and the Athenian law, but were tolerated in various parts of the Aegean and even in such well-conducted communities as Crete. Sodom and Gomorrah, according to the tradition, were consumed by fire from heaven. The tribe of Benjamin was almost blotted out. Laius, king of Thebes, was involved in a fearful curse, together with his whole race. But early Greek traditions testify both to the existence and the toleration of these practices. Now Homer has swept this whole business, root and branch, out of his conception of life.[1] Exactly the same spirit is seen at work when we compare the rude ithyphallic Hermae of ancient Greek cults with the idealized messenger of the Gods in the

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[1] E 266 and Υ 231 on Ganymedes show that Homer’s silence is intentional. Compare the Schol. on Π 97–100, and perhaps the word περ in Ω 130. Cf. also Aesch. *Myrmidons*, fr. 135 (Nauck).

Odyssey. But that is merely one instance: for this kind of expurgation really pervades the whole of our Homer.

Closely akin to this is the spirit in which our present text of the *Odyssey* treats the marriage of Alcinoüs and Arêtê, the king and queen of the Phaeacians. 'Her name was Arêtê, and she was born of the self-same parents that begat king Alcinoüs' (η 54 ff.). Exactly; Hesiod too, the scholia tell us, made the royal pair brother and sister. There are abundant instances of that sort of marriage in the houses of the ancient divine kings. The royal blood was too superhuman to make it desirable for the king to wed any one lower than his own sister. Hera herself was sister and spouse of Zeus. The Pharaohs and the Ptolemies after them made a practice of having their sisters for queens. Such a queen was doubly august. Arêtê, we are told, 'was honoured as no mortal woman is honoured in these days, of all who hold their houses under a husband's rule.' She was hailed like a god when she went abroad (η 66 ff.). This is the genuine language of the Saga, and we know how to understand it. But in classical Greece there had arisen a spirit to which such a union was 'unholy', *incestum*. And as we read on in the *Odyssey* we find a genealogy inserted, which in somewhat confused language explains that when the Saga said 'parents' (τοκήων) it only meant 'ancestors', and when it said that Alcinoüs' brother, Rhexenor, died 'childless' (ἄκουρον) it only meant 'without male child'! Arêtê was really the daughter of the said brother. It was only a marriage between uncle and niece.[1]

Next, there has been a very careful expurgation of divers cruel or barbarous practices, especially, I think, of those which seemed characteristic of inferior races. The *Iliad* is full of battles, and of battles fought with extraordinary fire. Yet the spirit of them is not savage. It is chivalrous. No enemy is ever tortured. No prisoners—with one exception to be noticed later—are ever maltreated. Let us take two special cases where signs of expurgation are visible.

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[1] In my *Ancient Greek Literature* I said by mistake 'first cousins': see Burrows, *Crete*, p. 217.

We know that the dead body of Hector was dragged by Achilles round the walls of Troy. That seems bad enough. It seemed so to the poet: and the repentance of Achilles is the main theme of the last two books of the *Iliad.* But a far worse story was really handed down by the tradition. There are fragments of the rude unexpurgated saga still extant, according to which Hector was still alive when his enemy tied him to the chariot rail and proceeded to drag him to death. Sophocles, always archaic in such matters, explicitly follows this legend (*Ajax,* 1031). So does Euripides (*Androm.* 399). Even so late a writer as Vergil seems to adopt it.[1] In fact, it may be said on the whole to dominate the tradition. But Homer will have none of it (X 361–95). Hector was dead—we are told so not only in explicit language, but with rather peculiar repetition—before Achilles began the *ἀεικέα ἔργα,* 'the shameful deeds.' 'And a dust cloud rose about him as he was dragged, and the long dark hair spread wide, and all the head lay in the dust, which before was beautiful; but now Zeus gave him up to them that hated him, to be foully wronged in his own fatherland.'

Again, there is, as we have said, no torture in the *Iliad.* But there is a passage where a particularly dreadful wound is described with, possibly, a certain gusto. The writhing man is compared to a bull struggling in a net, and his pain is dwelt upon. So far some older poet. But immediately a saving line is added—a line of the sort that is technically called 'inorganic', that is, which can be added or left out with no effect upon the grammar or continuity. It runs: 'So he struggled *quite a little while, not at all long*' (*μίνυνθά περ, οὔ τι μάλα δήν,* N 573). Now in the *Odyssey,* which, as I have said, is less rigorously cleaned up than the *Iliad,* there is one scene of torture. It is where the treacherous handmaids and the goatherd are to be killed. It has been decreed that the handmaids shall not 'die by a clean death'. They are then hung up in a row with nooses round their necks, 'so that they should die in grievous pain.' So far, I think, the older poet. There follows instantly the same saving verse: 'Their feet struggled for quite a little while, not at all long!' (X 473). The torture of women was unpleasant even to an audience which approved the cruelty to the goatherd.

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[1] *Aeneid* ii. 273 'perque pedes traiectus lora *tumentis.*' Vergil was probably copying the *Iliu Persis* in this passage.

Take another case, equally clear. The ordinary practice of Homeric war allowed a warrior to take his dead enemy's armour. This has, I suppose, been the case in all ages. But there was a way of stripping the slain which added a sting of outrage to the spoiling. The victor tore the dead man's tunic and left him naked. This practice has been for the most part expurgated out of the poems. Heroes are allowed to speak of it as a possibility, or even to threaten it.[1] But they are not allowed actually to practice it. There are two instructive passages. In N 439 Idomeneus has pierced a man through the breast, and then 'rends his tunic about him'. That is not pleasant: so the line is added, 'even the tunic of bronze, which aforetime protected his body from death'. The tunic becomes a tunic of bronze. It was only the man's breastplate that Idomeneus 'rent'! In another passage (Λ 100) the attempt to avoid this barbarity has led to a curious confusion. Agamemnon has slain some men and taken their armour; then he leaves them 'with their breasts gleaming, when he had stripped off their tunics', or 'torn their tunics'. So it must originally have run. But the later poet would not allow such conduct. He has greatly embarrassed his commentators by taking out the word 'tore' or 'stripped off', and actually substituting the word 'drew on'. Agamemnon now leaves the men with their breasts gleaming when he has reverently drawn their tunics over them.[2] The audience may be puzzled for a second. But that will pass. If you told them that Agamemnon, their great king, did on the battle-field one of those revolting things that barbarians delight in and all decent Greeks utterly abjure, the awkwardness would not pass so easily.

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[1] B 416, Π 841, just as they speak of *αἰκία* to the dead as a possibility, Π 545, 559, and often.

[2] *στήθεσι παμφαίνοντας, ἐπεὶ περίδυσε χιτῶνας*, Λ 100. So Aristarchus and all MSS. Some people, however, tried to avoid the difficulty by

Again, there is the matter of poisoned arrows. There is no doubt whatever that the primitive inhabitants of Greece poisoned their arrow-heads. The very word for poison, *τοξικόν*, means 'belonging to an arrow'. And many myths tell of the incurable and burning pains caused by arrows. The arrows of Heracles in Hesiod (*Aspis*, 132) 'had on the front of them death and trickling drops' (cf. Scholia). Think of the wound of Philoctetes. Think of the poisoned arrows of Apollo, bringing pestilence. Think also of the peculiar word, so often applied to arrows and arrow wounds, *ἄφυκτος*, 'From which there is no escape.' Does it not mean 'incurable' much more than 'unerring'? The same thought explains why Erôs is generally armed with arrows, not with a great spear. He makes a wound which looks slight, which perhaps hardly shows: but there is in it a burning poison from which the stricken man does not escape.

Now in the *Iliad* this poison has been completely cleaned off from the arrow heads. Poison is treacherous, ungentlemanly; a weapon for low barbarians, not for heroes. Yet you can see from a number of lines what the arrows originally were. Old phrases have been left unchanged: when Pandaros shoots Diomêdês in the shoulder he shouts in triumph that he cannot long 'support the strong arrow', that is, that he cannot long survive (E 104). In Δ 139 the arrow only just grazed Menelaus's skin; but Agamemnon immediately thought he would die.[1] Archers in Homer chose out an arrow 'unshot before', whose poison has not been rubbed off (Δ 117, &c.). An arrow is habitually described by epithets which gain point as soon as we remember that arrows once were poisoned. They

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reading *ἐπεὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀπηύρα.* Aristarchus himself made *παμφαίνοντας* agree with *χιτῶνας*, an obvious makeshift.

[1] Of course, in the present course of the story, Agamemnon is reassured by finding the wound slight.

are 'bitter', 'charged with groans', 'a foundation of black anguish'.[1] The *Odyssey*, as before, being less expurgated, is more explicit. In *a* 261 we are told how Odysseus once went to Ephyra, to Ilos, son of Mermeros—an ominous name—to seek a man-slaying drug to anoint his arrows withal. But Ilos would not give it him. He feared the *nemesis* of the eternal gods. 'But my father,' the speaker continues, 'gave him some. For he loved him terribly.' The Odysseus of the earliest legends must of course have used poison.[2]

We come next to a more complicated subject. With one exception, to be considered later, both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are completely expurgated of the abomination of Human Sacrifice. The Homeric spirit would have no dealings with such things. It had too much humanity: it had too little intensity of superstition. It did not denounce human sacrifice as Jeremiah, for instance, denounced the rites of the Tophet outside Jerusalem.[3] It is not Homer's way to denounce a thing that he objects to. He merely sweeps it out of existence.

The early Greek myths are full of human sacrifices. One can think at once of Menoikeus, Athamas, Phrixus and Hellê, the children of Heracles, Macaria, Iphigenia, Polyxena, and the numerous virgin-martyrs of tragedy. If these stories were mere fiction, it would be possible—though still difficult—to hold that they were unknown to 'Homer': that they were the horrid inventions of later poets, trying to outbid their predecessors. But they are not fiction. Nearly all of them come straight from some ancient and disused religious rite, or some relic of very primitive tradition. Iphigenia, for instance, is a form of an ancient anthropoctonous goddess, identified with Artemis.[4] Polyxena is a queen of the Underworld, ‘Poly-xeina,’ ‘She of the many Guests,’ the wife of ‘Polydector’ or ‘Polydegmon’. Some of these bloody traditions are doubtless Phoenician, and therefore later.[1] But others are pre-Hellenic. And even those due to Phoenician influence were early enough for those middle and later generations of the Homeric poets, which were mainly responsible for the work of expurgation. In the case of Iphigenia, indeed, one can almost see the marks of the excision.[2] Now Homer has cut out these stories for their revoltingness, just as he cuts out the cannibalism of Lycaon and Pelops, or the mutilations of the Hesiodic gods. That is a sufficient reason, and, as regards the *Odyssey*, it may be the only one that operates. But if we look closer into the old stories of human sacrifice, we shall see that the subject has ramifications, and that there were other causes contributing to this cleansing of the Homeric atmosphere. With most of them we shall sympathize, with one possibly not.

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[1] *πικρὸς ὀιστός; βέλεα στονόεντα, μελαινέων ἕρμ' ὀδυνάων* (whatever *ἕρμα* may mean).

[2] Cf. *Laws of Manu*, vii. 90. 'In war no poisoned weapons are to be used, and no insults are to be addressed to a fallen enemy.' I take this note from Mr. Romaine Paterson's eloquent book, *The Nemesis of Nations*.

[3] Jer. vii. 31, xix. 5 ff., xxxii. 35; Ezek. xvi. 20 f., 36, xx. 26, 31, xxiii. 37, 39. Cf. Mic. vi. 6–8, &c., and laws in Deut. xii. 31, xviii. 10, &c.

[4] Artemis-Iphigenia worshipped in Hermione, Paus. ii. 35. 1. Cf. Hesych. Ἰφιγένεια· ἡ Ἄρτεμις (Farnell, *Cults of Greek States*, vol. ii, chap. xiii, note 34).

To take the latter first. The stories of human sacrifice that have come down to us in myth are nearly all, for some reason or other, sacrifices of virgins. One cannot be quite sure whether this is due to history or to romance. The stories generally occur in the climax of a tragedy or some similar place, where they are intended to produce an effect of romantic horror. So that naturally young virgins are chosen as the victims, rather than, let us say, middle-aged merchants. Yet, on the other hand, it is likely enough that when such deeds were done it was more the practice to slay a young girl than a man. The girl was more likely to be ceremonially perfect: she was of less value to the tribe; she would be, at the best, more ready to die willingly, and, at the worst, easier to kill.

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[1] On the date of the main period of Phoenician influence in Greece see Myres in *C. R.* x. pp. 350 ff., and my article ‘Odysseus’ in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1905.

[2] (B 303–329; cf. Aesch. *Ag.* 115–20, and the *Cypria*). In Aeschylus and the *Cypria*, when the bad omen occurs, Calchas declares that Artemis is wroth with Agamemnon and demands the sacrifice of Iphigenia. In B, when the δεινὰ πέλωρα invade the hecatombs and the Greeks are silent with horror, Calchas rises and declares—merely that they will take Troy in the tenth year! One cannot but suspect that originally there was a price demanded for that victory.

Now the *Odyssey* stands on a different footing; but I suspect that these stories would have been rejected from the *Iliad*, not only because human sacrifice was a barbarity, but also because the stories involved too intense an interest in women.

The Achaioi of the *Iliad* are habitually described by a rather curious phrase, *κάρη κομόωντες*, not so much 'long-haired' as 'letting the hair on the head grow long'. As to the meaning of this phrase we may follow a hint thrown out long since by Robertson Smith. It means that the men were votaries.[1] They had made a vow—*ὑπόσχεσις* is the Homeric word[2]—to take Troy, and this implied a vow not to do certain specified things until they had taken Troy. Like the warriors of the Old Testament, they were consecrated.[3] In modern language they were *taboo* while on the war-path, and the duty of never cutting, combing, or washing the hair was the visible sign of various other abstinences. The most important among these was abstinence from the familiar society of women. I think that the *Iliad* is quite consistent throughout in the recognition of this taboo, a somewhat surprising fact. For the Poems seldom care to be consistent about anything that does not occupy the front plane of a hearer's attention. The nearest approach to a breach of it is perhaps the situation in A. It seems odd that men under a vow of this sort should quarrel about women-captives. But it only seems odd because we think of the siege of Troy as a long period. The Greeks had some hopes of taking Troy that very day, and then the vow would be 'off'. Agamemnon's language is strictly correct (vv. 31, 113). He always associates his love of Chryseis with 'home' and 'returning to Argos'. True, Achilles and Patroclus do not observe the taboo in I, but that is because they have definitely renounced it, as they have renounced their part in the war (I 665 ff.).[1] Agamemnon seems to have observed it (I 133, 275). Nestor is too old to be bound by it, and is waited upon by a handmaid, Hecamêdê (Λ 624). I suspect that the peculiar woman-ignoring atmosphere of the *Iliad* is due originally to this ancient taboo of warriors on the war-path; and that later, when the actual religious ground had been forgotten, there remained a womanless atmosphere and a feeling that any female interest was out of place in a high story of war. That is why there is no Brunhild or Guinevere among the motive forces of the *Iliad*: only a Patroclus. Love for a friend and fellow soldier is the only love austere enough for this strife of heroes.

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[1] *Religion of the Semites*, p. 333, and Additional Note 1, Taboos incident to Pilgrimages and Vows.

[2] B 286 ff. *ὑπόσχεσις* of the Greeks. In B 349 it is *Διὸς ὑπόσχεσις*. In Υ 84 Aeneas *ὑπέσχετο* (had made a vow) to fight Achilles. The Franks had similar practices.

[3] Cf. 2 Sam. xi. 11 (Uriah), 1 Sam. xxi. 4 f., and WAR in *Enc. Bibl.* Cf. also Paus. i. 37. 3, viii. 41. 3 (hair kept for river worship).

The exceptions to this ignoring of women are to be found among the women of Troy, chiefly Helen and Andromache. The Trojans were not under any such vow as the Achaeans. They would have been only too glad for the war to stop any day. They were not growing their hair long. In a Trojan atmosphere women can be described and made interesting. It is in a Trojan atmosphere, in the close neighbourhood of the great parting of Hector and Andromache, that we have the one mention in the *Iliad* of tragic or guilty love, the story of Anteia's passion for Bellerophon. And how sternly it is cut down to a bare *résumé* of facts! That whole subject, which has formed the most fruitful spring of modern drama and romance, occupies in the whole *Iliad* six lines out of some fifteen thousand! (Z 160–5). These Trojan princesses in the *Iliad* and many beautiful passages in the *Odyssey* show how the Homeric poets could write about women if they would. But in the case of the Trojan women themselves we may notice two points. In the first place, splendid as their pictures are, there is no love interest about them. The whole of that subject is steadily ignored. Secondly, the great passages all occur in markedly late parts of the *Iliad*: and, as we shall often have occasion to notice, the later parts of Homer show in many ways a growth of the spirit of drama or tragedy. To the mind of a poet who had begun to move toward that great conception, the position of the women in a besieged and doomed city must have been in itself a subject of such compelling interest that he might well venture to the very verge of his traditional field in order to treat of it. Andromache, the loving and noble wife of the great enemy, is a being made for tragedy.

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[1] Cf. Ψ 144, where Achilles renounces, for specific reasons, the vow not to cut his hair.

But outside these two or perhaps, if we add Hecuba, three Trojan women there is a steady suppression of female interest in the *Iliad*. There is no sacrifice of Iphigenia; no sacrifice of Polyxena. The Amazons, firmly seated as they are in early Epic legend, are only mentioned in late and so-called spurious passages (Γ 189, Ζ 186). The crimes of the great wicked heroines, Clytemnestra, Epicaste, Eriphyle, Procne, Althaia, Skylla, and the like, are kept carefully away from the *Iliad*, and allowed only a scanty mention in the *Odyssey*.[1] There is nothing about Creusa, Aeneas's wife, though she was an important character in saga and received worship as a goddess. There is nothing about the prophetess Cassandra. The prophesying of Troy is done by a man, Helenus. Through nearly all the *Iliad* there reigns that austere and unsympathetic spirit which breathes in the words attributed to Pericles, 'that a woman's fame is to be as seldom as possible mentioned by men, either for praise or blame' (Thuc. ii. 45). It is a curiously different spirit from that of Aeschylus and Euripides or Plato. It is quite different even from that of the *Odyssey*. It is a spirit so monstrously arrogant that we are apt to overlook a certain grandeur which it possesses. When one thinks of the part sometimes played by women in history—for instance, in French history—one must feel, to put it at the lowest, a certain perverted spiritual dignity in the fact remarked upon by Wilamowitz, that in the whole political history of Athens there is only one woman, but she pervades everything: the mail-clad Virgin of the Acropolis.

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[1] The case of Clytemnestra in the *Odyssey* is peculiar, and needs separate treatment.

The victims, then, in these stories of human sacrifice are in most cases virgins. But they have another characteristic. They are all, without exception, persons of royal blood. That is to say, they all owe their original creation to that dark and wide-reaching tract of early religion which has lately been illuminated to us by the work of Dr. Frazer. At the back of them stands that to us almost incomprehensible being, which somehow commended itself to the mind of primitive man, the divine king who personifies the life of his tribe, and who must be put to death at fixed periods lest that life should grow weak. He is generally called a vegetation spirit, since the welfare of the trees and crops is the first need of an agricultural tribe. But he affects not only the fruits of the soil, but also the flocks and the human beings. So it is better to consider him as representing the life, or the vital force, of the community. As such he becomes identical with the tribal god. If the tribal god is a beast or totem, as he may be, the king is one also.

I will not spend more words in explaining this worship of the divine king; is it not written in the *Golden Bough*, in the *History of the Early Kingship*, and the lectures on *Attis, Adonis, and Osiris*? In their origin the slaughtered king, the god-king, and the beast-king belong to the same region. They were largely identical beings. In Greek mythology as we know it, these beings, like other barbarisms, have been in divers ways transformed; but we can see their traces.

In Phthiotis, in Thebes, and in Athens we meet well-known stories of the usual type: the city is doomed to destruction unless one of the royal blood shall die for the people. In Athens the last king, Codrus, sacrifices himself. In Thebes the one remaining male of the royal line, Menoikeus, sheds his life-blood into the dragon's den. In Phthiotis the stories are more confused. Phrixus and Hellê fly away, though

Hellê ultimately dies; the king Athamas is condemned to die, but always escapes at the last moment. In some cases, it would seem, the divine king was *ἐννέωρος*. He was allowed to live for 'nine seasons', and then was removed before the sacred force had time to abate. Nine seasons comprised the life of the two vegetation-heroes, the sons of the Threshing-floor, Otus and Ephialtes, who tried to scale heaven and were slain (λ 311). Nine seasons also, strangely enough, formed the limit of each incarnation of the divine Minos, the perpetual king of Crete (τ 179).[1] Miss Harrison has shown how Minos was a bull-god as well as a king.[1] At certain feasts, and notably at his royal marriage, he wore a bull's mask, and his queen perhaps a cow's mask. It was the same with that other perpetual king, Pharaoh. At the periodical feast of the royal marriage Pharaoh was disguised as Osiris and Pharaoh's wife as Isis, the deities whose incarnation they were. I will not multiply instances. We need not dwell upon *βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη* and the *γλαυκώπιδα κούρην*. There can be no doubt that these names reach back ultimately to a cow-goddess and an owl-goddess.[2] And we shall see in a later lecture how real is the historical connexion between such saga-figures as Agamemnon, Diomedes, Achilles, and these part-human, part-animal, part-divine tribal kings. But it is just this sort of barbaric bestial haziness that Homer will least of all things tolerate. For Homer there are no cow-goddesses nor yet cow-headed goddesses, no owl-goddesses nor yet owl-headed goddesses; only a goddess in supremely beautiful form who takes a blameless interest in cows or is attended by a faithful owl.

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[1] Minos *ἐννέωρος βασίλευε Διὸς μεγάλου ὀαριστής* (τ 179), 'ruled for nine years, the speech-comrade of great Zeus.' I cannot help suspecting that Minos was periodically murdered: i. e. the Bull-King was regularly driven into the Bull-God's Cave every nine years and there sacrificed, another king coming out in his place. ('Zeus' is merely the Greek way of naming the Cretan Bull-God.) The evidence is: (1) He ruled *for nine years* (*Odyssey* l. c.), therefore presumably he somehow ceased to rule at the end of that period. (2) It is known that he went up into the Bull-God's Cave *every nine years*, to 'converse with Zeus', to receive new commandments (*προστάγματα* or *νόμους*) and give an account of his stewardship (Plato, *Minos*, 319 d, *Laws*, 624 b, 630 d, 632 d; Strabo, pp. 476, 482, 762, citing Ephorus and Plato). (3) This going into the Cave of the Bull-God cannot be distinguished from going into the Labyrinth to be slain by the Minotaur or Bull of Minos. And the bloody tribute of seven youths and seven maidens was, according to Plutarch, sent to the Minotaur *every nine years*! (Plut. *Theseus*, xv). Did they conceivably die with the king? Were they perhaps a later and temporary stage of the business, a vicarious sacrifice instead of the king? It is noteworthy that the said divine Bull was originally 'made angry' (*ἐξηγριώθη*) against Minos by the special wrath of Poseidon (Apollodorus, iii. 1. 1, 3), which looks as if it was originally Minos himself who was killed by it. (4) It bears out these suspicions that we have no tradition of Minos's death. That is, his death was a secret. He was supposed merely to go into the holy cave and come out again rejuvenated after his converse with God. There was, or is, an ordeal in Lower Nigeria, by which people go up a Sacred Road to the Cave of 'the Long Juju', and, if condemned, never come out again, being, as far as we can judge, murdered by the priests. Minos's mother, Europa, who, when a young girl, was carried away by the Bull-God, was also the wife of 'Asterios', which was the name of the Minotaur. I cannot find that she was nine years old when she disappeared, but one would not be surprised if it was so. Has the proverbial 'nine-year-old ox' of Hesiod (*Erga*, 436) any bearing upon this subject? I subjoin the other passages where the word *ἐννέωρος* occurs in Homer: in κ 19 the mystic bag given by the King of the Winds is *ἀσκὸς βοὸς ἐννεώροιο*: ib. 390, Kirkê's enchanted victims are *σιάλοισιν ἐοικότες ἐννεώροισιν*: in Σ 351 Patroclus' wounds are filled *ἀλείφατος ἐννεώροιο*,

And in just the same spirit Homer has drawn sharp and clear the dividing line between men and gods. There are no persons in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, as there are in the rest of Greek tradition, who appear now as one and now as the other. There is a definite avoidance of the makeshift bridge which satisfied Hesiod; 'the divine race of heroes, who are called demi-gods.' (See Leaf on M 23, and Schol. BL, ibid.) Kings may be descended from gods, and specially favoured by particular gods. But that is all. The peasants of the Peloponnese continued long after Homer's time to worship at the altars of a being called Zeus-Agamemnon.[3] They may have been far

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which had some magic power, *ὡς φαρμακώδη τὴν δύναμιν ἔχοντος* says Schol. A.

[1] Following, I find, Mr. A. B. Cook in *Class. Rev.*, 1903, p. 410. The main text is Diod. i. 62.

[2] See also Cook on 'Animal Worship in the Mycenaean Age', *J.H.S.*, 1894.

[3] I see that Dr. Farnell doubts this; in deference to so high an authority I cite my grounds for the statement at greater length: Lycophron, 1123 ff. (where Cassandra prophesies *ἐμὸς δ' ἀκοίτης Ζεὺς . . . Σπαρτιάταις . . . κληθήσεται*), also 335, 1359 ff., and Scholia. Also Clem. Al. *Protrept.* pp. 11, 18, cites

from clear as to the distinction between the God Cronos and his son Pelops at Olympia.[1] But in the *Iliad* Zeus, son of Cronos, is quite definitely a king of gods; Agamemnon, son of Pelops, definitely a king of men. There is no shade of confusion between them.

It was a remarkable achievement of the Hellenic intellect, this clear realization that a man was not a god, and that it was no use calling him so. It needed such clearness of sight, such daring, such humanity. We can see how hard the step was when we reflect how small a part of the human race rose to the height of following it. Think of the divine honours paid ages after this to the Roman emperors. Think of the senate agreeing to Caligula's claim of such honours for himself and his horse.[2] No doubt there were mitigating circumstances in Caesar-worship. The divine horse was an admitted eccentricity. Sensible men were conscious that the worship was in some sense metaphorical. Politicians found it useful for testing and impressing the loyalty of a distant oriental population. But the fundamental fact of the matter is that such deification of kings did not seem to educated Romans a thing unfamiliar or absurd. The old Roman kings themselves, as Dr. Frazer has shown, had been in their time personifications of gods. The various kings whom they had conquered were all gods, the kings of Egypt, of Syria, of Parthia. The old Hellenic spirit was not then alive to testify. The half-Greek Alexander and his generals had walked up

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Staphylus for the worship of Ἀγαμέμνονά τινα Δία ἐν Σπάρτῃ. Usener has pointed out what looks like an early trace of the same worship in Aesch. *Choeph.* 255 καὶ τοῦ θυτῆρος καί σε τιμῶντος μέγα (cf. also ibid. 358, πρόπολός τε τῶν μεγίστων | χθονίων ἐκεῖ τυράννων). This may be a case of the well-known sort, where two gods clash until one is made the priest or πρόπολος or κληδοῦχος of the other. Agamemnon was King of Sparta (Stesich. 39, Simon. 20), and died at Amyclae (Pind. *P.* xi. 32) where Pausanias saw his tomb.

[1] See Mayer in *Roscher's Lexicon*, 'Kronos': especially ii. 1507 ff. Observe that Pelops *is* Kronios, and that he also *conquered* Kronios. Paus. vi. 21. 11.

[2] Caligula also was an ὀαριστής of Jupiter Capitolinus, exactly like Minos. Suet. *Calig.* 22.

and down in barbaric places, where the old unpurified swamp was still lying in the sun, and had caught the contagion of savage ideas. *La nostalgie de la boue* laid hold upon them. Alexander, who destroyed classical Greece, insisted that he was a god, and the son of a divine snake. Demetrius received a semblance of divine honour even in Athens. That is just the atmosphere which Homer and the spirit of early Hellenism had cleared away—one might have hoped, for ever.

Like other morbid growths of the primitive human mind, these deifications of living kings have had some particular developments that were beneficent and even splendid. But the verdict of sane thought is against them. It is not only that their history is written in blood. It is that they are in their very essence degrading to humanity. And their abolition during the few centuries in which the Hellenic power stood unbroken might of itself be taken as a fair measure of the importance of Greece to human progress.

So far, then, the cases which we have taken are instances of successful expurgation. The reforming Homeric spirit has ultimately, with what difficulties and against what opposition we know not, executed its will. Let us now consider a place where it was baffled. Such passages were sure to occur in a traditional book. For the first business of all these ancient poets was to record history: and at times it happened that objectionable facts were clearly and ineradicably fixed in the history. The panegyrist of David who compiled our Book of Samuel could not ignore David's treatment of Uriah. The poet of Achilles cannot ignore the savagery of his hero's triumph. The origin of the Uriah story in the midst of a tradition so greatly modified for the glorification of David is in many ways difficult to explain.[1] But in the case of Achilles, we may take it as certain that in some early form of the poem the ferocity of his revenge was part of his glory. Hector did, it is true, by miserable treachery, contrive to kill Achilles' dearest friend. But what a revenge our great

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[1] Though see note at end of Lecture IV. The Deuteronomists did omit it.

Achilles took! He tied Hector by the heels to his chariot, and dragged him to death: all his friends looked on and dared not interfere. Then he maltreated the body in all sorts of ingenious ways day by day, till there was nothing left of it. Much the Trojans could do to stop him! And as for Patroclus, a round dozen of Trojan nobles were slaughtered over his grave. That was how Achilles treated his enemies. That kept the dogs in their place.

Now what was to be done with such an incident as this? To Homer—if we may use that name to denote the authors of the prevailing tone of the *Iliad*—it was all odious and ugly. But it was too firmly fixed in the tradition to be denied. A part of the story, indeed, could be modified. Hector was saved from torture. As we saw earlier, he was killed first, and dragged behind the chariot afterwards. But what of the sacrifice of the twelve Trojans? Any sacrifice was an important and lengthy act. The ordinary sacrifice of a bull in the *Iliad* has five lines allotted to it, or ten, if we count in the roasting operations (A 458–67, B 421–30). You would expect this sacrifice to have at the very least twenty. As a matter of fact it is crowded into a shamefaced line and a half! (Ψ 175). And that line and a half is merely part of another sentence: it has not a whole verb to itself. And it is followed by what certainly looks like one of the extremely rare phrases of moral condemnation in the Poems: 'Yea, his heart devised evil deeds.'[1] You could scarcely have a clearer case of a poet recording a fact against his will. It is in a very different tone that the Book of Kings records the human sacrifices of the pious Josiah, when 'he slew all the priests of the High Places that were there, upon the altars, and burned men's bones upon them' (2 Kings xxiii. 20; cf. 1 Kings xiii. 2, where the word used is 'sacrifice').

Even so, however, the fact stands recorded, and so does the maltreating of Hector's corpse. No other corpse is maltreated in the *Iliad*. It is a difficulty like this that brings out the real greatness of Homer. The whole of the last two books of the *Iliad* is occupied with the psychological tragedy of this foul action of Achilles.

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[1] Some commentators, objecting to any moral judgement in Homer, take 'evil' to mean merely 'evil to the victims'.

Now in the first place there is not the faintest doubt of the general sympathy of the narrative. The gods, the reader, the poet, are all at one. There is no exultation in the barbarity: there is only bitter shame and regret. I will go further. Of all the thousands of ferocious young soldiers, Greek, Roman, mediaeval, and modern, who in their various days have read the *Iliad* and been ordered by their teachers to admire it, it is hard to imagine a single one rising from these last two books with a feeling that it was a fine feat to do as Achilles did, and mutilate your dead enemies. But the wonderful thing that Homer does is to make you understand Achilles' state of mind. The cruelties which he practises are those of a man mad with grief, a man starving and sleepless, who, when he yields at last, yields in a burst of helpless tears. And it makes some difference, also, that Achilles is deliberately giving up his own life. He has the special supernatural knowledge that his revenge will be followed immediately by his death. He heaps all that he has, as it were, upon the pyre of the friend whom his own petulance and pride has caused to die.[1]

Homer, with his vibrating sympathy, his amazing language, and that fiery splendour of narrative which seems to have died out of the world when the *Iliad* was complete, can carry off these deeds of horror, and leave Achilles a hero. Yet, even so, Achilles as a subject for poetry, like the actual Achilles of legend, paid for these savageries with an early death. It is curious how little the Greek poets cared for him. He was the uncontested hero of their greatest epic; yet Greek literature as a whole tends to pass him by. There is one lost Achillean trilogy by Aeschylus, of which it would be rash to speak: there is one poignant and clever study of Achilles in Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Late philosophers and pedagogues idealized or allegorized him at their pleasure. But he inspired little great poetry, and roused little imaginative interest compared with lowlier heroes. He was associated with one of the sins that Greece most hated, and he had not enough depth and variety of character to make him fascinating in spite of it. Even the man of many wiles, whose record in so many ways was far from stainless—for instance, in that little matter of the arrows—speaks much more in accordance with normal Greek feeling. When his great victory is accomplished and his wife and house delivered from outrage, and the old Nurse is about to shriek for joy, he bids her keep her joy in her heart, and refrain and make no cry:

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[1] Starving and sleepless for twelve days, Ω 31; tears, Ω 510 ff. His own death, Σ 96 ff.; cf. his wonderful words to Lycaon, Φ 106–13: 'Nay, friend, die like another! What wouldst thou vainly weeping? Patroclus died, who was far better than thou. Look upon me! Am I not beautiful and tall, and sprung of a good father, and a goddess the mother that bare me? Yet, lo, Death standeth over me and the mighty hand of Doom. There cometh a dawn of day, a noon or an evening, and a hand that I know not shall lay me dead,' &c.

> Unholy is the voice
> Of loud thanksgiving over slaughtered men (χ 412).

One cannot help remembering in this connexion that the *Iliad* in the fifth century occupied a central place in Greek education. All well-born youths were trained upon it. And later Attic writers speak with enthusiasm of the moral superiority of Homer—and when they say 'Homer' they chiefly mean the *Iliad*—over the other ancient poets. If this educational use of the *Iliad* began in Ionia as early as the eighth century, which is likely enough, we can hardly help supposing that it had some share in these processes of purification with which we have been dealing. The hand of the schoolmaster certainly seems to have been at work—though of course by different methods—in the case of another poet much used in education, Theognis. Such parts of his poetry as are obviously unedifying are relegated to a sort of appendix at the end of the book, and in many MSS. are omitted altogether.[1] But on the whole the probability is that the use of Homer in education was only to a slight extent an influence in producing this general cleaning up of the ancient traditions; it was more largely a result.

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[1] Edifying passages from the old Ionic hortatory writers seem to have been introduced into Homer. See Mülder, as cited below, Lecture VII, p. 169. Also Bréal, *Pour mieux connaître Homère*, pp. 14 f.

Further consideration of this subject would lead us too far afield. I am content for the present moment if I have shown the mere fact that there was in the formation of the *Iliad*, and to a less extent in that of the *Odyssey*, a strong element of reform and expurgation. The epic tradition of Greece, vast and tangled in its wealth of varied beauty and ugliness as some South American forest, was left by the Homeric poets a much cleaner and colder thing than they found it. In this result two influences chiefly were at work. First, a general humanizing of the imagination, the progress of a spirit which, as it loved beauty, hated cruelty and uncleanness. Secondly, a race prejudice. The relations of the Northern and the aboriginal elements in the Homeric poems are involved, when you come to details, in inextricable confusion. But in general the 'Homeric' tone of mind represents more of the Achaean or northern spirit; the spirit of those scattered strong men, who in their various settlements were leading and shaping the Aegean world. The special myths, beliefs, and rites that were characteristic of the conquered races are pruned away or ignored, the hero-worship, the oracles, the magic and witchcraft, the hocus-pocus of purification: all that savours of 'the monstrous regiment of women', the uncanny powers of dead men, and the baleful confusion between man and god.

Yet race prejudice is not quite the word. It is a race ideal, and more than a race ideal. For it finds its main impulse not in any maintenance of actual Northern tribes, past or existing, but in the building up of something yet unborn. The earlier bards had perhaps no name for this thing; it was only a quality which one felt in true Achaioi, Danaoi, or Argeioi. The later poets knew it as Hellenism. True, the great division between Hellenes and *barbaroi* is never in so many words expressed in the conventional language of the Epos. The idea is too new, or too shy, to come nakedly forward. But the feeling is there so strongly that eventually the word cannot be kept out, and it enters, when it does enter, in a strengthened and more un-Epic form: 'Pan-Hellenes' or, rather more timidly, 'Pan-Achaioi'.

Hellenism, as has often been remarked, denotes really not a unity of race, but a unity of culture. Through all antiquity the sons of Hellên were reckoned according to the spirit, not the flesh. And the word 'Pan-Hellenes' expresses just this. It implies a readiness to extend the great name to all who are willing to bear its burden, all who will live as Hellenes and take sides with Hellas.

Students of early Greek tradition are constantly brought up against a certain broad contrast, between what is Homeric and what is local. The local religion, the local legend, the local hatred of Greek to Greek—these are things for which Homer has in general no place. The Pan-Hellenism of Homer strikes a reader even at first sight; but it strikes him much more keenly when he reflects in what a network of feuds and fears and mutual abhorrences the life of primitive communities is involved. 'Thou shalt not abhor an Edomite; thou shalt not abhor an Egyptian,' says the Deuteronomist, breaking down the wall of hatred at particular points by definite injunctions. The Homeric bards issue no such commands. They strike unnoticed at the root of the whole system. They draw into the great orbit of the Epos the ancestral heroes of the most diverse tribes. They show 'all Greeks' labouring together, all of them suitably idealized, all good men and true. They ignore everything that is really tribal and exclusive, all the peculiar local rites, the taboo tombs and secret names, which formed the very core of each little village worship. They will deal only with such gods as can stand publicly in the eyes of all Greece. It was a great attempt, and involved a great—perhaps ultimately a disastrous—sacrifice. But meantime Greece came into being and found its Book.[1]

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[1] For an instance of the extension of this spirit to the 'Homeric' Hymns see Appendix G.

VI

THE ILIAD AS A TRADITIONAL BOOK

II. EVIDENCES

BUT let us turn to a question of evidence. I have been arguing on general grounds that what we should expect to find in the Homeric poems is some form of Traditional Book, which, like the *Song of Roland*, or the *Niebelungenlied*, or even the Pentateuch, has reached its present form by a process of gradual growth and constant rehandling. That is what we should expect. And our study of the expurgations confirms our expectation. But is there in the poems themselves definite evidence to show that this is actually what happened ? There is : and I will ask you to spend some time in considering it. At this point, unfortunately, the air begins to thicken with controversy, and controversy generally obscures understanding. I propose to argue as little as possible, but merely to make a re-statement of some of the evidence already observed by various Homeric critics. My case will be by no means complete. The evidence of language, for instance, to my mind the most fundamental of all, is not suitable for discussion in these lectures. But my object all through is illustration rather than argument.

What we require for our purpose will be a series of cases in which we already have reason to believe that a change of custom took place between the Mycenaean and the Classical ages, that is, roughly speaking, between the thirteenth century B. C. and the seventh. If the *Iliad* is, as we have argued, a traditional book, modified by succeeding generations, we shall expect to discover some traces of this process. Probably we shall find, roughly speaking, that on the surface the poem complies with the later customs, while deeper down there are marks of the older. For it is, by our hypothesis, an ancient poem worked over from time to time to suit various new generations. Let me say at once that we shall find nothing amounting to demonstration. There is no possibility of demonstration in the case. We shall only find a number of comparatively small and inconspicuous phenomena which are quite simple and normal if the *Iliad* is a traditional book, and extremely puzzling if it is not.

Perhaps the clearest case is the change of armour. The Greek of Classical times was a conspicuous figure in his Ionian panoply. He was clad in solid metal from head to foot: helmet, breastplate and backplate, small round shield, and greaves, all of metal. When Psammetichus, king of Egypt, was driven from his throne, he was told by the oracle at Buto to find *bronzen men* who would restore him. He found them in the shape of Ionian and Carian mercenaries (Hdt. ii. 152).[1]

Now the dress of the Mycenaean warrior was quite different. He was not in the least a 'bronzen man'. He had a leather helmet, sometimes perhaps adorned with bits of metal. He may have had sometimes a thick waistcoat or jerkin of linen to serve for a breastplate, and soft leather leggings in place of greaves. But normally he wore only a loin-cloth[1] and a linen tunic, while instead of any corselet or body-armour he used the loose skins of beasts, treated in one of two main ways. The common man got the best beast-skin he could, the fell of a wolf, a goat, a pard, or, if he could afford it, an ox; he tied this skin by the paws round his neck and let it hang. Then in battle he caught the lower flapping edge with his left hand and held the skin tight in front of him. It would keep off stones and arrows and perhaps sword cuts, and would give him at least one extra chance of dodging the cast of a spear. For he could whisk the skin aside as the spear pierced it.

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[1] When this armour came into general use is not clear. It was evidently rather new and strange to Psammetichus, or to the Ionian inventors of the Psammetichus story. It is quite conceivable that it may have been, in some elements, a revival of something long forgotten, much as the art of the same period was. A sort of cuirass is represented on the clay tablets from Cnossos (Evans, *Cor. Num.*, 1906, p. 357; cf. Hogarth and Bosanquet in *J. H. S.* xxii), but, curiously enough, it does not occur in Minoan art as a garment for warriors. The stiff wide garments worn by e.g. the central figure in the harvest procession from Hagia Triada and certain worshippers on seals are no doubt rightly explained by Professor Burrows as ritual copes (pp. 37, 207; and Hogarth and Bosanquet, l. c.). In Cyprus there is evidence for a kind of cuirass and round shield in art as early as Mycenaean times. Evans considers that they came into the Aegean from the south-east—apparently to be forgotten again until they were re-introduced by the Bronzen Men (*Journal Arch. Inst.*, 1900, p. 213, and Fig. 5, p. 209). Mr. Lang uses these points against Reichel's argument that the breastplates in Homer 'were of much later introduction': and then adds in a characteristic fit of candour: 'Possibly they were.'

The chieftain or rich man improved upon this simple defence. He had his ox-hide dried and made stiff and held in position by cross staves of wood. As to the shape, the hide might be left roughly in its natural condition, a sort of oblong; a shield, as Homer says, 'like a tower.' Such a shield covered the man admirably from head to foot. But unfortunately it was a little weak. It could be pierced by a spear-thrust. To meet that difficulty you could of course increase the thickness. You could have two, three, or four hides instead of one. But that increased the weight very seriously. Aias is said to have had a shield 'like a tower' consisting of seven ox-hides and a layer of metal. If so, it must have weighed rather more than twenty stone; we need not be surprised that it was famous, nor yet that no one else would have anything to do with it. But you could strengthen the shield without adding to the weight by another device.[2] Take a piece of the rim of the ox-hide about the middle on both sides, a piece about a foot long, squeeze it together and at the same time draw both pieces inwards. That will make the shield bulge out, both vertically and horizontally, till it projects into a boss or point in the centre. It will so be stronger in itself; it can easily be coated in the centre with a piece of metal; and, thirdly, weapons will glance off from it. The price you pay for these advantages is, of course, that you make your shield narrow in the middle. That is one reason, says Mr. Myres, why so many people in Homer get wounded in the thigh or flank.

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[1] See also Mackenzie in *B. S. A.* xii (1905-6).

[2] This remark I owe to Mr. J. L. Myres, who has not, I believe, yet published his views on the Homeric shield.

Now this shield was not regularly fixed on the arm like the later small shields. It was supported by a strap which passed over the left shoulder and under the right arm. The cross-staves perhaps formed a kind of handle by which you could move it to and fro at need—*steer your dry ox*, as Hector expresses it.[1] But you could, if necessary, let the shield simply swing, and advance on your enemy holding a great spear in both hands, or two smaller spears, one in each hand. The shield was so heavy that the warrior usually went in a chariot to the place where he wished to fight. Arrived there, he dismounted and stood with the shield 'like a tower' in front of him, or 'edged himself step by step forward' (*ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων*) into striking distance, being careful to keep always under cover. Dangerous moments were those of getting down from the chariot, or getting up again, or turning to retreat. There was also some danger of tripping, both when you turned and while you moved forward. For your shield-rim was close upon the ground, and you could not safely look so far over the top as to see the earth close in front of you. When once you were in position, however, the cover was excellent, and there ensued what Homer calls a *stadiê husmînê*, a 'standing battle'. If no vital part of your enemy showed round the edge anywhere, you entered into conversation with him. A happily directed insult might make him start, lift his head too high, or expose a piece of his flank. Then you speared him. If you were a very strong man, you could try to drive your spear clean through all his layers of ox-hide and reach his unarmoured body. Or you could even, as Hector and Aias sometimes did, by a blow with a huge stone, knock his shield right back upon him and send him flat on the ground beneath it.

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[1] *νωμῆσαι βῶν* | *ἀζαλέην*, H 238. Herodotus uses the metaphor more strongly of the pre-Carian, i.e. Mycenaean, shield *τελαμῶσι σκυτίνοισι οἰηκίζοντες, περὶ τοῖσι αὐχέσι τε καὶ τοῖσι ἀριστεροῖσι ὤμοισι περικείμενοι* (i. 171).

Peculiar and special tactics, as any one can see ; and quite different from those of men armed with a small shield and a breastplate. But now let us observe one particular piece of what I may call the normal defensive drill. Suppose an enemy threw his spear with all his force against your shield, the proper plan, since you could not move the heavy ' ox ' swiftly about, was to edge it as best you could in one direction and yourself twist rapidly in the other. Then even if the spear came right through your shield, it probably missed you or only grazed your side.

Now what sort of armour, and what sort of tactics, do the Homeric poems describe ? It ought to be quite easy to say, considering how much close description of fighting they contain. As a matter of fact, if you consult Dr. Reichel, the discoverer of this whole series of facts, he will tell you that the Homeric heroes all fight in Mycenaean armour with the large shield and no breastplate, except for some few late interpolated passages. If you turn to Dr. Ridgeway, he will explain that the heroes all have metal breastplates and round shields, except some few individuals with Pelasgian antecedents. Neither of these admirable writers has, I think, faced the fact of the gradual growth of the poems.[1] Each tries to make the poems square with one style of fighting or the other, and when they refuse to do so, proceeds to casuistry or violence. That is not a fair way to behave. We must take the poems as they stand. And, as they stand, the main impression is pretty clear. The surface speaks of the late Ionian fighting, the heart of the narrative is Mycenaean.

By ' the surface ' of the poems I mean such parts as the formulae of introduction and transition, the general descriptive phrases, the inorganic lines and some of the perpetual epithets : all these are full of the Men of Bronze. We hear countless times of the ' greavèd Greeks ',[2] of ' the bronze-clad

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[1] See Robert, *Studien zur Ilias,* who makes this same criticism on Reichel (chap. i).

[2] *ἐυκνήμιδες,* only once *χαλκοκνήμιδες,* so that Reichel says the word only means ' with good gaiters '. But gaiters, even when not hidden behind a big shield, are not conspicuous or exciting objects, whereas the

Greeks', of 'the clash of men in bronzen breastplates' (Δ 44 = Θ 62), of 'the whole plain blazing with bronze' (Υ 156), of how 'men's eyes were blinded by the glitter of bronze from blazing helms and breastplates new-burnished and gleaming shields' (N 341), of a warrior whose 'whole body shone with bronze, like the lightning of aegis-bearing Zeus' (Λ 66), or who 'gleams with the bronze wherein his body is clad' (M 463, cf. N 191, X 32, 134, &c., &c.). It is the Men of Bronze everywhere. The gods who watch the battle look down upon the 'flashing of bronze, men slaying and men slain' (Λ 83). And not only is it 'men of bronze' that we find in this sort of passage, but it is the tactics of 'men of bronze', the movement of ordered regiments of infantry in line, obeying their officers and making concerted movements, like the classical Greek *hoplitae.* 'The Trojans came on, like lines of waves on the sea, line behind line, flashing in bronze, together with their commanders' (N 801). The Greeks 'advanced in silence and in order, fearing their commanders, their hearts set upon supporting one another' (Γ 1–9, Δ 427–32). That is the way in which Nestor from time to time exhorts the Greeks to fight, 'so that clan shall support clan, and tribe tribe' (B 362 f.). It is the way which, we are told, the god Ares, as a professional, especially commended; that men should advance in *phalanxes,* or lines, in close array, shield touching shield, an impenetrable wall (N 126, 130 ff., 145). It is in this way that people are said to be going to fight before each great battle begins. But strangely enough it is not at all in this way that they really fight when the battle is fairly joined, in the heart of the poem. In the heart of the poem, when the real fighting comes, it is as a rule purely Mycenaean. It is essentially

bronze greaves of a line of men marching would be both, as the legs moved and the bronze glittered. An epithet of this sort must be taken from something striking. I am informed by the Hon. Oliver Howard that among the Suras, a tribe which he fought with in Northern Nigeria in 1907, the cavalry wore permanent iron greaves fastened on by a blacksmith so that they could never be taken off, and fitted with a blunt spur on the inside of the calf. They wore nothing else, except perhaps a loin-cloth. I know of nothing like this in antiquity, however.

a battle of *promachoi*, or champions. Usually each champion drives forward on his chariot, dismounts and stands forth alone behind his big shield, to engage in a series of duels. At most two or three occasionally form together in a small group to check a rout or an advance.[1] At certain rare moments they drive their chariots into the thick of a yielding foe.

We have illustrated enough already the tactics of these Mycenaean *promachoi* or ‘ champions in the forefront ’. But the background of the Mycenaean battle deserves a word in passing. Behind the great shielded champions there seem to have lurked, in the real Mycenaean battle—first, individual distinguished archers, sometimes crouching behind the shield of a *promachos* in the very front, sometimes taking cover wherever it offered; and secondly, an almost unarmed rabble, shooting arrows and little darts and stones from the sling or the bare hand, making as terrible a noise as they could, and defending themselves with their flapping *laiseïa*. Now the distinguished archers are of course present in the *Iliad*,[2] but on the whole the bow is somewhat fallen in repute, and, as one might expect, little is said of the rabble. We can discern its existence clearly enough. We hear how the Trojans in one place come on like flocks of birds, screeching as they come (Γ 2). We have a good many mentions of the stones and arrows coming from no specified hand.[3] But in the main those undignified adjuncts of the ancient battle have tended to be forgotten or omitted. The later poets were full of the pride of Bronzen Men and the tough hand-to-hand death-shock of spear and shield, as we hear of it in classical Greek history.

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[1] This is perhaps the movement indicated on the small vase from Hagia Triada, described by Burrows (p. 38) from Paribeni in Rendiconti, *Acc. Linc.* xii. p. 324. See A. Mosso, *Escursione nel Mediterraneo*, Figs. 33, 34.

[2] See Lang, *Homer and his Age*, 136 ff.

[3] Arrows, Γ 79, Λ 191, Φ 113, Ο 313, &c.; stones, Μ 154, Π 774: but in general scarcely a χερμάδιον is mentioned in the *Iliad* but has its definite thrower. I suspect that every big stone lying on the plain of Troy had its legend. It was thrown there by Aias or Hector or Aeneas or Diomedes, as similar stones in Cornwall have generally been thrown by St. Paul, or else by the Devil.

Let us stay a moment at this point. ‘What,’ it may be objected, ‘is this going to prove? Why should you expect a mixed army, collected from all parts of Greece, to be uniform in its accoutrement? The army of Xerxes contained Persian, Median, and Assyrian soldiers, with the best weapons that the century could produce, together with Ethiopians clad in lion and leopard skins, and armed with stone-pointed arrows, and Sagartians who carried daggers and lassos. The Chinese army in the late war against Japan contained some soldiers armed with the newest rifles, and some with bows and arrows.’

The variety in the armour would not prove much. But the fact that the poets are not conscious of the variety proves a great deal.[1] There is a confusion of thought. The men are, so to speak, advertised as fighting in one way, and then they proceed to fight in another. The fact is that in all parts of the poems it is understood that, unless otherwise stated, each hero is clad in the normal armour of a Greek warrior. Only in different parts of the poems that normal armour is different.

As a general rule this difference was either not noticed by the successive poets or was allowed to pass; but in one or two points an actual correction of the text has been made. There must have been a time—perhaps in the eighth or seventh century—when the whole conception of knightly warfare was wrapped up in these hand-to-hand battles of Bronzen Men in full armour, and it seemed merely ridiculous to have heroes going to battle in their shirts. No audience would like it. Consequently all the heroes were summarily provided with breastplates, *θώρηκες*. The details of a story might sometimes be made unintelligible by the breastplate; but it was all very rapid and full of fire, and an audience need not expect to understand every detail!

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[1] When the poet is conscious of a variety of armour he describes it with obvious interest. Cf. N 712 ff.: the Locrians ‘had no bronze helmets nor round shields and ashen spears; they came with bows, you know (ἄρα), and cords of sheep-gut!’

To take a typical instance. There occur two passages where a man performs the sleight which we mentioned above.[1] His enemy's spear comes right through his shield, but, standing well back from the shield, he twists aside, and the weapon grazes past him. These passages originally must have run: 'Right through the shining shield came the strong spear, but he twisted aside and escaped black death.' But in our texts an inorganic line—that is, a line whose presence or absence makes no difference to the grammatical construction—has been added, containing the breastplate. And the passages now run: 'Right through the shining shield came the strong spear, *and was driven heavily*[2] *through the richly-wrought breastplate*; but he twisted aside and escaped black death.' Too late! You can twist aside from a spear that is coming through your shield, but not from one that has already 'driven heavily through' your breastplate.

There is an arrow in Δ 134 ff. whose performances are described at great length, and very puzzling they are. I will not discuss them now. But you will find in reading the passage that the main difficulty is this. The arrow is aimed at Menelaus, and would have killed him, but providentially it hit just where the clasps of his girdle met, so that there was a double protection. It went through his girdle, and also through his *mitrê*—whatever that was—'which was his greatest defence', and just wounded him slightly. This is stated when the arrow strikes: it is repeated by Menelaus himself when he explains that he is not much hurt. He also pushes back his girdle and sees the wound, with the barbs of the arrow outside it. That is all clear. But in the description of the wound this same inorganic line has been added. The arrow is 'driven heavily right through his rich-wrought breastplate', and all is confusion. What did the clasps of the girdle matter if there was a solid metal breastplate there?

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[1] Γ 358, Paris; Η 252, Hector: cf. Λ 436, Sôkos; and Δ 136, Menelaus.

[2] *ἠρήρειστο*, 'was pressed,' or 'driven with weight', *τὸ βίαιον τῆς πληγῆς παραδηλοῖ τῷ τραχεῖ τοῦ ῥήματος*, Schol. BL.

How could Menelaus see the wound? Why is there so much talk about the piercing of the girdle, and the '*mitrê* which was his greatest defence', and not a word about the much more remarkable piercing of the breastplate?[1]

Before leaving this subject, there are two points which we should notice for the sake of their historical significance. In the first place, while the breastplate and the modern shield have been inserted almost all through the *Iliad*, there is no trace of them in the *Odyssey*.[2] A striking instance of the fact we have noticed before, that the *Odyssey* has been altogether less worked over, expurgated, and modernized than what books still persist in calling without qualification ‘ the older poem ’. And secondly, there is a curious point in the *Iliad* itself. A mark of the epic style is, as we all know, the conventional epithet. All objects of interest have descriptive adjectives habitually attached to them, and among such objects are, of course, shields. Now you would expect, if the poet had a clear conception of what he was describing, that the epithets would show at once whether a particular shield was conceived as the great Mycenaean tower of ox-hide or the small round metal targe of later Greece. But in fact it is not so. When indeed a shield is called χάλκεον, ‘ bronzen,’ there is a slight presumption that it is of the later type : when it is ἀμφιβρότη, or ποδηνεκής, ‘ man-enveloping ’ or ‘ reaching to the feet ’, it is of the earlier. But as regards the greater part of the epithets, scholars differ. Reichel and Leaf try to make as many as possible suit the Mycenaean shield. Ridgeway does the opposite. What is clear is that shields which must from the tactics have been Mycenaean, which are, for instance, large enough to cover a man from head to foot, are called ‘ round ’ or ‘ even in every direction ’ or ‘ orbed ’ or ‘ bossy ’,—words which at first sight seem to apply much more naturally to the later shield.[1] This seems to show that the poets tended to use these purely traditional epithets without reflecting exactly what sort of a shield they were describing. That is the usual way of traditional poetry.[2]

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[1] I think the *θώρηξ* and the *μίτρη* are both interpolated here. It was the double thickness of the girdle that saved him. Professor Robert thinks that Menelaus had a Mycenaean *θώρηξ* or waistcoat, and that the *θώρηξ*-line, interpolated in other places, is original here. If so, it was in any case misunderstood; and the passage looks as if it had received additions in other ways. Robert's view, however, would suit my purpose equally well. There must have been intervening stages between the Mycenaeans and the Bronze Men. It is worth observing that the *θώρηξ*-line makes a slight grammatical awkwardness wherever it occurs: it brings in a *καὶ* clause between *μὲν* and *δέ*. Possible language: but odd that it should occur always! Apart from the above passages the making of the *thôrêx* plays a curiously small part in the Armour-Making, Σ 478–613; 134 lines are given to the shield, one to the *thôrêx*, one to the greaves, two to the helmet. That is, the shield was originally all that mattered much. And in Υ 259 Achilles does seem rather to forget that he has a breastplate. Again, in Π 801 ff., Apollo, by a blow with the flat of his hand, makes Patroclus stagger, so that his helmet falls off and he drops his shield. That originally left him unarmed; but the bard who armed him with a breastplate has had to add the disastrous line 804: 'And the Lord, the son of Zeus, Apollo, also unbuckled his breastplate!' (*λῦσε δέ οἱ θώρηκα ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς* 'Απόλλων). It is much the same with the shield of Heracles in Hesiod (*Aspis*, 139–320), but the superpositions are more complicated. The shield gives its name to the poem, and has 180 lines of description, the rest of the accoutrement sixteen. But this is not all. Apparently in the groundwork of the poem the hero had a Mycenaean shield for practically his whole defence. Then, as in Achilles' case, other armour is added. But Heracles in tradition was represented not only as a hoplite; he was also an archer, also a *korunêtês* or club-bearer. Consequently in Hesiod (122–38) Heracles wears, all at the same time, greaves, breastplate, and helmet; an iron club; a quiver and arrows; a spear, and a Mycenaean shield! He is spared the bow.

[2] Nor yet in K, which is very curious. Apparently the breastplate interpolations took place while K was still separate. When K was modified and inserted in the *Iliad* the interest in the armour question had died down. Perhaps the old style of armour had been forgotten altogether.

Let us briefly run through some other cases where the changing customs of different ages have left their marks upon the poems. There is the change from bronze to iron. The excavations have produced no iron at Mycenae, and only two little lumps at Troy. No weapons of iron have been found in the pre-Hellenic remains anywhere. And on this subject the epic tradition is very clear and vigorous. Bronze is the proper metal of war : Ares himself is χάλκεος, ‘ bronzen,’ and ‘ the bronze ’ proverbially means ‘ the sword ’. Iron is known as a rare and very hard material, difficult to work, but suitable for ploughshares, for clubs, for arrow heads, for axes.[1] It is only now and then by accident that a later poet drops into using ‘ iron ’ for a sword or spear, as we should use ‘ steel ’. Antilochos is afraid lest Achilles should ‘ cut his throat with the iron ’ (Σ 34). Slaughtered oxen ‘ writhe about the iron ’ (Ψ 30) : most strikingly of all, in a proverbial phrase, ‘ iron itself draws a man on ’—a weapon is a temptation (π 294, τ 13). Of course, though these mentions of iron show clearly that the writers knew of iron weapons, the general use of ‘ bronze ’ and ‘ bronzen ’ is no sign that the writers still used bronze weapons. The memory of a bronze age happens to have stamped itself on the language of poetry. That is all. All Greek poetry was archaistic in language because it was permeated by a sense of style. It felt that modern words and phrases were out of tone with the heroic past. Swords are spoken of as ‘ bronze ’ down to the latest times of the Greek epic, when such a thing as a bronze sword had perhaps not been seen for centuries.

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[1] Εὔκυκλος, κυκλοτερής ; πάντοσ’ ἐίση ; ὀμφαλόεσσα.

[2] See Lecture IX on this point.

Less vigorous was the memory of antique funeral customs. The ~~Mycenaean and~~ Minoan dead were of course buried ; it is practically certain that the rich were also embalmed in honey.[2] The Homeric dead, for reasons that we discussed above, are burned. But a faint memory of the old custom lingers on. Hector was not burned till the twenty-second day after his death. Achilles himself was not burned till the eighteenth (Ω 31, 413, 665, 785 ; ω 65). Surely those facts come from a time when embalming was practised. The actual word which meant ‘ preserve ’ or ‘ embalm ’ (ταρχύειν) is used in Homer to denote the ordinary burying of burned ashes. This is a clear case of survival, though sometimes, from its very inappositeness to mere burial, the word gathered to itself a metaphorical suggestion of 'preserving' the dead man's memory. 'His brethren and kindred will preserve him with a mound and a pillar: for that is the honour of the dead' (Π 456, 674). The honey once used for embalming is still vaguely associated with the last rites, though its meaning has been forgotten. When Patroclus was burned upon a pyre they set leaning against the bier two great jars of honey and unguents (Ψ 170). And Achilles himself was burned 'in raiment of the gods and plenteous unguents and sweet honey' (ω 67). The honey and unguents were useless: but man was reluctant to stint his beloved dead of any honour that he had once given him.

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[1] Hesiod also thinks of iron in connexion with work rather than fighting. *Erga*, 150 χάλκῳ δ' ἐργάζοντο, μέλας δ' οὐκ ἔσκε σίδηρος.

[2] On the gradual change from bronze to iron and burial to burning in Crete—which, however, occurred mainly at the end of Late Minoan III—see Burrows, pp. 100 f. As to the faintness of the memory, it is interesting to note that in Scandinavia the general testimony of early writers put burning before burial—the reverse of the truth. See above, p. 47, note. Dörpfeld believes in a combination of the two, *Comptes Rendus du Congrès Archéol. à Athènes*, 1905, p. 161.

There is a very interesting development in the forms of worship. The oldest Greek worship, like the Semitic, had no temples and no graven images. You did not make a god, at least not consciously. You found him: found him dwelling in some strange rock, some ancient tree, in the water that came from unknown depths and made the earth fertile. You found him in the pillar that supported your dwelling, but might fall, if angered; in the battle-axe that fought for you so bravely, but might at any moment wilfully break or miss its aim or turn in your hand and betray you.[1] And where you found him you worshipped, and gave him sacrifice. Hence come the 'pillars and high places', the Hebrew *bâmoth*, and Greek *bômoi*. At later stages you marked off a little space around the divine object as specially sacred or haunted: this was a *Temenos*, a Precinct. Later still, as the faithful proceeded to make offerings to the god at this precinct, you must needs have a resident priest to act as caretaker; and eventually, since, in spite of all the most appalling curses on sacrilege which society could devise, the offerings, hung on the tree or set in the crannies of the rock, became too great a temptation to passers-by, it was best in the end to build a properly walled house for the god and his belongings to dwell in. How the images of the god arose it is not clear. Dr. Reichel[1] believed that in general thrones came before images. You found on some rock or high place some sign of the god's habitation, a place where he sat or stepped or the like. You improved the seat for him; in your temple you made a still better seat, and eventually you put an image of the god himself to sit there. The image would always serve an important purpose. For the very simplest way of getting a god to do something was to have an image of him and make the image do it. The chief difficulty lies perhaps in the transition from the real fetish to the mere imitation or image. I find it difficult to see how a purely artificial image can originally have been worshipped except as an imitation of something already known or supposed to exist. Our early Greeks, driven out and cut off from their natural holy places, would be reduced to making with their own hands imitations of the god whom they had left behind.

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[1] See especially Evans, *Mycenaean Tree and Pillar Cult*, in *J. H. S.* xxi; R. Smith, *Religion of Semites*, pp. 97, 135, &c.; W. M. Ramsay on Anatolian Religion in *Dict. Bibl.*, extra volume. Of course the combination of 'aniconic and 'iconic' forms is common in later Greek religion: *Prolegomena*, pp. 18 ff., and ASHERAH in *Encyc. Bibl.*

Now it is clear that during the greater part of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* worship is carried on at High Places or altars in the open air. 'We were gathered round a spring by the holy altars, under a beautiful plane-tree, where bright water ran': so says the *Iliad* of the sacrifice at Aulis, where appeared the wonder of the birds and the snake (B 305, cf. Θ 238 f.). So in the *Odyssey* (ζ 162) the sight of Nausicaa reminds Odysseus of the young palm-tree which he saw 'growing beside Apollo's altar' at Delos. It did not grow indoors. You hear normally not of the Temple of any god, but of the 'very beautiful oak of aegis-bearing Zeus' (E 693, H 60, ξ 328, τ 297): of 'Athene's grove beside the way, all of poplars; and spring water runs through it, and meadow-land is all around' (ζ 291): of a grove of Poseidon, a grove and altars of the Nymphs.

Then occasionally we hear of a *temenos*, a precinct fenced off from common life. We hear twice of the marble threshold of the Archer Apollo in rocky Pytho (I 404, θ 80): and lastly, some seven times in all, we hear of definite temples. In Z there is a full description not only of a temple and the worship therein, but of a definite seated statue of the goddess Athena, on whose knees a robe is to be laid, as at the Panathenaea and similar festivals. Is not that a ritual centuries later, one asks, than the sacrifice by the spring at Aulis? And observe a curious point. Chryses, in the first book of the *Iliad*, is a very antique figure, not exactly a priest, but rather a professional 'cursing-man', or *arêtêr*, like Balaam, son of Beor, in the Book of Numbers. And naturally, when he performs his sacrifice, he does so (A 446 ff.) at an altar in the open air. Yet in the introductory prologue he is made to cry to his Mouse-God with the appeal, 'If ever I roofed for thee a gracious temple' (A 39). It is the same phenomenon which we noticed in the case of the armour. The writer of that line did not observe that in his original there had been no temple, only an altar. To him an altar implied a temple, so he took the temple for granted.

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[1] *Vorhellenische GöttercuIte.*

It is the same with another social change, affecting marriage customs. In the primitive ages of Greece, as Aristotle has remarked (*Pol.* 1268 b), 'men carried weapons and bought their women from one another.' That is, the suitor paid a price, normally calculated in oxen, to the father of the bride, who thus became her husband's property. In classical Greece the custom was just the opposite. The father gave a sum of money with his daughter to induce the suitor to marry her. Speaking very broadly, this means that in the early times there were not enough women for the marriage market, in the later times too many. It would seem that the first custom arose in an age when, owing to dire poverty and continual wars, men hesitated a good deal about rearing their children at all, and especially were reluctant to burden themselves with daughters. There is something touching in the frequency with which during the heroic times you find names of women compounded from *bous*, an ox. Oxen were the gold currency of the time, and these names express the excuse which the parents made to themselves for venturing to rear the useless female child. The real reason was simply that they could not bear to kill it. But they would never allege that. It is not the way with the human race to avow such motives. We are much too shy. No doubt their neighbours and the less agreeable of their elder relatives considered it extravagant of them, foolishly sentimental or ostentatious. Well, may be it was: but after all perhaps the girl would bring in a good price some day: so they called her Alphesiboia, *winner of kine*, Phereboia, *bringer-in-of-kine*, Polyboia, *worth many kine*, or Stheneboia, Periboia, Eëriboia, Meliboia, and the rest of the names.

Now the poems as a rule maintain this older conception of the marriage bargain. Hector bore his bride 'out from the halls of Eëtion, when he had paid countless bride-gifts' (X 472). Iphidamas was slain before he brought home his bride, and 'had no joy of her, though he gave a great price' (Λ 243). Othryoneus, the suitor of Cassandra, gave his services in the war instead of a bride-gift (N 366: cf. λ 289). Hephaistos in the *Odyssey*, when Aphrodite is false to him, vows that he will keep her in prison till her father returns all the bride-gifts, 'yea, all that I put in his hand for the sake of his dog-faced maiden' (θ 319). There are special cases where the opposite practice is mentioned. Old Altes gave a great dower to his daughter Laothoë when she married (X 51). Agamemnon, among the gorgeous gifts with which he vainly sues Achilles, offers to give him one of his daughters, not only without exacting a bride-gift, but giving her a dowry as well (I 146 ff.). There is also an intermediate stage in which the gifts are paid, not to the bride's father, but to the bride herself.[1] They seem not so much a real gift as a proof of the suitor's power to maintain a wife.

Now, so far, the evidence might be interpreted in either of two ways. It might denote a long progress of time during which customs changed, or it might point merely to an age of transition in which all three customs existed simultaneously. Two passages in a very late part of the *Odyssey* decide the question (β 194, α 278). 'Let Telemachus bid his mother go back to her father's house. And the folk there shall make a marriage-feast and furnish *eëdna* in plenty, such as are meet to go with a dear daughter.' A dowry is meant; but the word used is ἔεδνα, 'bride-gift.' The writer of the lines was accustomed to the later practice of φερνή or προίξ, 'dowry,' and mistook the meaning of ἔεδνα because he had forgotten the custom (cf. also β 53).

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[1] ζ 159: cf. Schol. Π 178: also cf. Aesch. *Prom.* 559 ἕδνοις ἄγαγες Ἡσιόναν πείθων. The code of Hammurabi has marks of an intermediate stage, practically equivalent to this. The suitor paid a bride-price to the father, and the father also gave a dowry which normally included the return of the bride-price, but did not always do so. See Ham. 160, 163, 164.

It is the same with the question of the Homeric house. One reason for the divergent theories of scholars about that elusive object has been that they tried to work with only one form of house, and there are really at least three. The house of Odysseus at the end in the Battle with the Suitors stands by itself. It is a Mycenaean palace, not unlike Tiryns, as Mr. Myres has shown.[1] But the normal house of both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is quite different. There seem to have been two types of house in the Aegean in early times, the Cretan or Southern palace and the Hellenic or Northern one-roomed 'Megaron'. The Cretan palace consists of countless rooms leading one out of the other, and a whole structure so complicated that it has perhaps given rise to the story of the labyrinth. Its main rooms tended to have the entrance door or doors on the long wall of the room so that the southern sun came in through the broad opening. Consequently they had no fireplace.[2] The Hellenic house was like a modern shed or a Greek temple *in antis*, an oblong building with a door at the narrow end, a porch in front, and a fireplace in the centre of the big hall, which was called *megaron* or *thalamos*. In the palaces of Greece proper, Mycenae, Tiryns, and Arne in Lake Copais, this northern megaron has been combined with the 'labyrinthine' scheme of the Cretan palaces. But in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* the houses are normally one-room halls. The master and mistress live in the megaron in the daytime and sleep there at night; strangers are invariably given a bed in the porch just outside the front door. That is where Telemachus is put when staying with Nestor and with Menelaus (γ 395–406, δ 296–307); Odysseus with Alcinous (η 228–347), and when he is a stranger in his own house (υ 1); Priam with Achilles (Ω 643–50). Grown-up sons and daughters have separate 'halls' or *thalamoi* built for them close by (γ 413, β 2–5). When Hector goes to find Paris in his *thalamos* (Z 321 ff.), he finds Paris cleaning his armour, and Helen with her handmaids spinning, all in the same room; and the room is certainly the place where Helen and Paris slept. When the gods are summoned to Hephaestus' house, they stand in the porch and see from there his bed with chains like spider-webs drawn round it (θ 304, 325). And Alcinous speaks of the night being long; 'it is not yet time to sleep in the hall' (λ 373).

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[1] *J. H. S.*, vol. xx, and Monro's *Odyssey*, Appendix VI.

[2] There is a central hearth in the second city at Troy—perhaps owing to the climate, perhaps to some exceedingly early influx of Northerners.

That is the normal Homeric practice. But there are other passages where the master and mistress have a separate bedroom away from the hall; Penelope, in particular, and certain young girls dwell in 'well-wrought upper-chambers'. And here, as before, the poet who brings in the later use does not notice that he is contradicting an earlier use. So Helen and Menelaus go to rest in the usual way 'in the inward part of the lofty hall'; but in the morning Helen comes out of her 'fragrant high-roofed bower' (δ 304, 310, 121). In the case where Achilles puts the aged Priam to sleep in the porch, the later poet seems to be troubled at such apparent lack of hospitality, and invents a reason, which no commentator has ever succeeded in understanding, for not asking him to sleep properly inside (Ω 643–76). Apparently he did not understand the custom which he found implied in his book.

Other evidence could be added to this:[1] evidence from the treatment of the gods, a most curious subject; from the law about guardianship of a widow; from land tenure, government, and, most important of all, from the changes and misunderstandings of linguistic forms. All are involved in a network of small but ever-thickening difficulties as long as we try to regard the poems as the work of one man or one age. All begin to clear and become intelligible as soon as we recognize what the Poems really are. They represent not the independent invention of one man, but the ever-moving tradition of many generations of men. They are wholes built up out of a great mass of legendary poetry, re-treated and re-created by successive poets in successive ages, the histories knitted together and made more interesting to an audience by the instinctive processes of fiction.

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[1] Cases of conscious avoidance by Homer of 'modern' subjects are given by Bréal, *Pour mieux connaître Homère*, pp. 7–11: e. g. writing, statues, paintings, money.

NOTE.—Since the above was first written this body of evidence has been traversed by Mr. Andrew Lang in *Homer and His Age.* Mr. Lang shows all his usual skill of fence, and makes many valuable contributions to knowledge, notably in his illustrations of old Algonquin armour. If I may sum up his line of argument, it amounts to something like this: (1) No positive demonstration can be made that different parts of Homer were written at different dates; (2) as to armour, dowries, &c., Homer lived in a middle age between the old and the new: therefore he could refer to both customs indifferently. As to the special cases of contradiction pointed out above, Mr. Lang takes different lines in different cases. The proverb 'iron of itself draws a man on' is an interpolation. (This seems like giving up most of the case.) The cases where Paris and Hector swerve aside from a spear that has 'been driven heavily' through their breastplates he meets by suggesting that the *thôrêx* in question was soft and very baggy, like a Minoan 'cope'. The use of ἔεδνα in the wrong sense he does not explain, but suggests possible alternatives. The evidence from the house he thinks stronger than the rest, but not conclusive. In cases where we think we see a contradiction, we should remember that we ourselves are likely to be mistaken.

If there were on general grounds a great antecedent improbability in the *Iliad* being a traditional book, instead of its being much the most likely thing; or if the fact that Homeric scholars sometimes contradict themselves or each other had any direct bearing on the question, then I should feel Mr. Lang's criticisms to have considerable force. As things are, I think they only amount to some successful 'sniping' at outposts.

My discussion of the Armour is based chiefly on Reichel, *Homerische Waffen*, Leaf's Appendices to his edition of the *Iliad*, and Robert's *Studien zur Ilias.* I agree most nearly with the last named. The passages about funeral customs, Bronze and Iron, Temples and Dowries I take chiefly from Cauer's very useful *Grundfragen der Homerkritik*, and Helbig's *Hom. Epos aus den Denkmälern*; those about Houses from Noack's *Homerische Paläste*, with some criticisms such as Mackenzie's in *J. H. S.* xxiv.

VII

THE ILIAD AS A TRADITIONAL BOOK

III. PECULIARITIES

WHILE I was trying in my fourth lecture to draw a general comparison between the Hebrew traditional history and the Greek epic as regards their manner of growth, an objection may have occurred to some of my hearers. The objects compared are too unlike. The Book of Genesis or of Judges is essentially a chronicle, a prose record of traditional history, narrated as far as possible in order of time, year after year, generation after generation. The *Iliad* is a definite poem, composed with great artistic elaboration for an artistic end, beginning in the middle of the action, and leading up to a skilfully prepared climax. Its methods are the methods not of conscientious pillar-to-post chronicle, but of artistic fiction. The time of its main action amounts to some four days.[1]

This is true; and before going further we should try to realize how the difference has come about. Both books, I believe, are made from the same raw material, but they have developed it in different ways. In the simplest form of the saga there were probably elements of both prose and poetry—poetry where you happened to find it, in lyrics or ballads, and prose to fill in the facts. We find that style of composition in the Book of Judges and some Icelandic sagas. But Hebrew poetry, as it developed afterwards, is too impatient and emotional to narrate history. And in a book like Judges poetry has been conquered by prose. The saga has been developed, to the best of the writer's power, into a systematic prose history, chronologically arranged and edited with a view to religious instruction. In the Greek saga, on the other hand, poetry had things its own way. Greek poetry developed special forms for telling continuously the deeds of the past. And it told them as it pleased. The versified chronicle became more and more of a poem and less of a history. It meant no harm; but it had in it from the first a dangerous and unprincipled element, the poet's sense of beauty, which in that particular soil grew and grew, and overpowered in numberless elusive ways the honest spirit of chronicle.

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[1] More exactly, four days of fighting followed by twenty-two of funeral.

The early French epics were mostly known by the name of *Chansons de Gestes*: that is, Songs made from *Res Gestae* or Chronicles. The Latin chronicle of *Res Gestae* gave the facts: the poet made them up into an epic. A great deal of Greek epic must have been made up on a similar principle.

Suppose, for instance, that some early editor of the Book of Judges had been not a scribe or priest, but a Homeric bard or rhapsode, how might he have treated his material?[1] Our Book of Judges consists mainly of the exploits of four Judges or Heroes who delivered Israel from oppression: Ehud of Benjamin, who slew Eglon, King of Moab; Barak, of the northern tribe of Naphtali, who defeated Sisera, the general of Jabin, King of Hazor, and whose story contains the splendid song of Deborah; Gideon of Abiezer in Manasseh, who overthrew the Midianites; and Jephthah of Gilead, who smote Ammon and sacrificed his daughter. There is added to these an account of Samson, who did not exactly deliver his people, and was rather a 'strong man' of folk-lore than a judge; and an appendix on the sins and destruction of the tribe of Benjamin. There are also brief mentions of seven other Judges who are little more than names. This raw material is worked up into an appearance of continuous history with fixed, though fictitious, dates and a special religious moral.

Judges

Now what would a ~~Homeric~~ bard have done with it? He would, we may suppose, select a hero and a centre for his poem. The choice would lie between three heroes: Gideon, who has three chapters devoted to him, besides a long account of the doings of his son; Jephthah, who has two chapters and a fine tragic story; and Samson, who has four chapters. Now my instinct tells me that he would not choose Samson: and to choose Jephthah would lead at once to a human sacrifice in the front plane of the story. It follows that he would probably choose Gideon. Then he would consider how to draw into his poem as much as possible of the rest of the book. He certainly must not lose the Song of Deborah, for instance. Looking through the record, he would find that at a certain point (vi. 34f.) 'Gideon blew a trumpet and Abiezer was gathered together after him. And he sent messengers throughout all Manasseh . . . and unto Asher and unto Zebulun and unto Naphtali; and they came up to meet him.' There is an opening. When the herald went to Naphtali, we should be told, he spoke to the men of Naphtali, and the men of Naphtali wavered, and did not wish to join the war. They feasted and bade their minstrel sing to them. And an old minstrel—in Greek saga he would be a blind minstrel—came and smote his harp and sang the Song of Deborah, how Jabin the Syrian had oppressed Israel; how Barak awoke and led his captivity captive; how Deborah arose, a mother in Israel; how the river Kishon swept them away, the ancient river, the river Kishon. So the princes of Naphtali were reminded of the great deeds of their forefathers and came in their strength to fight for Gideon. All the Song of Deborah will come straight in.

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[1] If I remember rightly, the old scholar Joshua Barnes did actually make a Latin epic out of the Book of Judges.

The story of Ehud, again; it is easy to get that told by some Benjamite. Then the great story of Jephthah must not be omitted. It only needs a little boldness. When the embassy comes to the men of Gilead, we shall be told, their aged chieftain, Jephthah, is bowed with grief and cannot join Gideon himself, because he is not yet purified from the slaying of his daughter. He or another Gileadite tells the story, and he sends his followers with a blessing. The only real difficulty lies in the dates. Very unfortunately, Jephthah seems to have been later than Gideon. If the chronology is firmly established, our bard will have to bring in a prophet who can foretell Jephthah's story. But if the chronology is not beyond dispute, or if our poet feels that, be the facts as they may, the poem will be much the better for the change, he will ignore the dates and let the Muse have her way.

And Samson? Well, one of two things must be done. Either we will leave Samson entirely aside, to be celebrated in separate lays of his own, or, if we must cover that piece of history too, we may have some character like Nestor in the *Cypria* and *Iliad*, like Menelaus in the *Odyssey*, who can make a digression and tell the whole story. Gideon's father, Joash, might do, or his armour-bearer, Purah. Joash can regret that men are not now as they once were, when he was young and was entertained at Zorah by Samson: Samson, son of Manoah, who . . . Or he can warn some young man to be prudent, lest he should fall like Samson, who . . .

And for the rest of the Judges, I believe that a Greek bard, such as the authors of the *Cypria*, would have got them all in. The wise Joash would denounce the weakness of the present race of men, how unlike to Shamgar, the son of Anath, who smote with an ox-goad six hundred Philistines! Or Gideon, in a great speech refusing to bow down to Baal, would explain that nothing would induce him to do so, not all the riches of Jair the Gileadite, who gave to his thirty sons thirty cities and set them to ride upon thirty asses: not all the still vaster wealth of Abdon the son of Hillel. And so on.

As a characteristic of the Hellenic races, in contrast with the Hebrew, this tendency to work up tradition into an artistic and poetical form is of great significance. And it does add one more to the already numerous forces which turn all legendary history away from the path of truth.[1] If you take up the *Iliad* as a record of history, you will soon put it down, exclaiming, 'Why, this is fiction!' But if you read it as fiction, you will at every page be pulled up by the feeling that it is not free fiction. The poet does not invent whatever he likes. He believes himself to be dealing with real events and real people, to be recording and explaining things that have value only, or primarily, because they are supposed to be true. And again, when you come to the passages that do not represent real tradition but merely serve to join or to introduce parts that originally did not belong together, you will inevitably be struck by the extreme reluctance of the Homeric poets to trust long to their own invention. It is one of the things that most irritates an ordinary modern reader in the analysis of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, to be forced to observe how the later poets or editors, those responsible for *a* or Θ, for example, will go to any lengths in patching up centos of old lines, taken from the most varying places, rather than invent new lines. It was not the business of a bard to invent. It was his business to know, by information from the Muses or elsewhere, the history of the past, and to tell it to his new audience accurately, word for word, as the Muses had told it to him. Even in the case of new songs, which naturally had their attraction, the poet's praise is that he knows them and tells them accurately. 'Accurately?' Well, *σαφῶς ἕκαστα*; each detail vividly and clearly, so that you feel it must come straight from the Muses. The imagination which he puts into it is merely something that he cannot help.

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[1] Cf. note on p. 176, below.

I suspect that the element of conscious fiction comes in first of all in the formulae of transition and introduction. The writer of Z, for instance, makes Glaucus tell to Diomêdês during a battle the whole story of Bellerophon. That is merely his way of getting the history of Bellerophon told. He does mean that the story is true; but he does not in the least mean to assert that Glaucus actually told it on such an occasion. It would probably be a very complicated business to unravel in the *Iliad* what the reader is meant to take as history, and what is merely the device of the poet for convenience in narrative or for dramatic effect. And I fancy that the instinct of most readers will generally lead them right without any rules. The important thing is that there are real masses of supposed historical truth, somehow connected together, and beautified as they pass, by the processes of fiction. The whole basis is not fiction, but traditional history. A clear proof of this lies, I think, in the general agreement as to statements of important fact between all our different sources of tradition; the wide range of epic or quasi-epic poems ascribed to Homer, Hesiod, Stesichorus, and others, and even, where we can get them, the local legends attached to temples and oracles. The differences between these various sources are of course large and numerous; but the underlying consensus of statement quite unmistakable. And its significance can only be minimized by adopting a theory which was universally prevalent a few decades ago, but which in our present knowledge can only be described as desperately improbable. According to this theory, there is really in Greece no traditional history at all: the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are two primaeval works of fiction, preserved as it were by miracle from pre-historic times; and all the other epic tradition is made up out of these two books by the deductions, imitations, and inventions of ingenious commentators.

In some cases this process has no doubt occurred. In others it may have occurred. For instance, there existed in the sixth century a tradition of a marriage between Telemachus and the youngest daughter of Nestor, Polycastê. Now, in the *Odyssey*, when Telemachus goes to Nestor's house, Polycastê is put in charge of him and, after the custom of the age, gives him a bath. Did the poet of the *Odyssey* know the tradition? Did he perhaps know people who claimed descent from Telemachus and Polycastê? Or, on the other hand, did the poet of the *Odyssey* mean nothing at all when he mentioned this one daughter by name, and put Telemachus in her charge, and is the supposed tradition a mere embroidery worked up from that accidental mention? In that case

I hesitate to decide. But in the great mass of cases one cannot hesitate. The existence of a real saga behind any particular treatment of it forces itself upon almost every reader. As a matter of fact, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* not only refer to other legends as already existing and treated by other poets; that every one admits;[1] but they often in their digressions tell stories in a form which clearly suggests recapitulation or allusion. They imply the existence elsewhere of a completer poetical treatment of the same subject. Take, for instance, the story of Bellerophon in *Iliad* Z. The queen, Anteia, her love being rejected, falsely accuses Bellerophon to her husband. (Z 165.)

> So she spoke, and fury seized the king for the thing he heard. Slay him he would not: he had aidôs of that in his heart. But he would send him to Lycia, and gave to him grisly signs, which he wrote inside a folded tablet, many life-destroying things, and bade him show them to his wife's father, that he might perish. And he went to Lycia *under the blameless guiding of the gods.* And when he came to Lycia and the flowing Xanthus, the king of broad Lycia honoured him with open heart: for nine days he feasted him, and nine oxen he slew. But when the tenth rosy-fingered dawn appeared, then he questioned him and asked to see the sign that he brought with him from Proitos his son-in-law. Then, when he had received the evil sign, first he bade Bellerophon slay the raging Chimaera (She-goat). Now she was of birth divine, and not of men: in front a lion, behind a serpent, and in the midst a She-goat, breathing out a fearful force of burning fire. *And her he slew, following the signs of the gods.*

So on and so on. Bellerophon surmounts all his trials; the king of Lycia repents and gives him his daughter in marriage. He seems to be on the point of living happily ever after.

> *But when he also was hated of all the gods*, then verily along the Plain of Wandering alone he wandered, eating his own heart, avoiding the footfall of man.

What does it all mean? Is that the way to tell a new story unknown to your hearers? One wants more explanation all through. What 'blameless guiding of the gods' led Bellerophon to Lycia? What 'signs of the gods' showed him how to slay the Chimaera?[1] Above all, how did he become 'hated of all the gods', and go wandering? And why the phrase 'when he *also*'? Is it not plain that the poet of Z is in the first place referring to an existing legend, and secondly, one may almost say, quoting from an existing poem? And what can that poem have been? Bellerophon was a Corinthian hero. So that when we find that there did exist an ancient mass of poetry vaguely called 'Corinthiaca', and attributed to one Eumêlus of Corinth, which is on general grounds the obvious source for any Corinthian traditions, we naturally conjecture that this is probably the source of our particular digression.

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[1] Monro, *Odyssey*, Appendix, p. 294.

Let us follow this conjecture further. Shortly before this Bellerophon passage there comes in the *Iliad* (Z 130 ff.) another digression, telling how Lycurgus, King of Thrace, came to an evil end because he 'fought with the gods' in resisting Dionysus, and the gods hated him. The passage troubles commentators because Homer usually ignores Dionysus. As Dr. Leaf says, 'Dionysus is an absolute stranger to the Homeric pantheon.' If we look into the scholia we find that the story of Lycurgus resisting the god Dionysus was told by Eumêlus of Corinth in the 'Europia'. The Europia, or 'Verses about Europa', are presumably the parts of the Corinthiaca or general Corinthian traditions which dealt with Europa. The same source which we suspected for Bellerophon! Evidently Homer—if we may so name the poet of Z—since he was using the Europia for the story of Bellerophon, took the Dionysus-Lycurgus story from them at the same time. And he speaks, you remember, of Bellerophon *also* being hated of all the gods. That *also* has no meaning where it stands in the *Iliad.* Apparently in the original Bellerophon came in a list of such people, following upon Lycurgus. Lycurgus was hated of the gods and went blind: ‘ Bellerophon also ’ was hated of the gods, and went mad. It is all clear. If anything were needed to make it clearer still, it would be that the Verses of Eumelus are quoted as the earliest authority for the story of the Argo and Medea, and the composer of our *Odyssey* speaks of the Argo as a subject of which ‘ all minds are full ’.

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[1] Pegasus is omitted by Homer as a monster: he occurs Hes. *Theog.* 325 *τὴν μὲν Πήγασος εἷλε καὶ ἐσθλὸς Βελλεροφόντης*, and is mythologically very ancient. (The Chimaera, a savage monster in remote lands, is obviously less incredible than the tame Pegasus in a stable in Corinth.)

There has been an extraordinary reluctance among scholars to look facts like these in the face, or to admit the possibility of ‘ Homer ’, as the phrase is, borrowing from the supposed later author ‘ Eumelus ’, or even from ‘ Hesiod ’. The truth, as we have already seen, is that these various books or masses of tradition in verse form were growing up side by side for centuries. Either could quote or be quoted by the other as easily as the Book of Judges could refer to Samuel or Samuel to Judges. Both these books, if we are to believe the most careful Biblical scholars, had begun to exist by 900 B.C.; but Judges was only finished a little before B.C. 200, and Samuel not quite finished then. Or, to take a much stronger concrete instance, to show how complicated this process of mutual quotation may be. Isaiah chap. xxxvi–xxxix is quite full of quotations, sometimes complete, sometimes abridged, from the Second Book of Kings. (Driver, *L. O. T.* p. 227). On the other hand, the Second Book of Kings quotes not merely Isaiah but the much later writer, Jeremiah; and quotes him not directly but by way of Deuteronomy. That is, it takes from Deuteronomy passages which Deuteronomy has already taken from Jeremiah. (*Ib.* p. 203.) All the great books were growing up together, and passages could be repeated from any one to any other.

These facts should guard us against two possible misconceptions. They show that the *Iliad* is not an independent work of fiction, but a Traditional Book, dependent on a living saga or tradition. It was meant to be history, or what then stood for history. And [illegible]dly, that it is not alone among such books, a great original copied by a few late and obscure imitators, but one among a great number, each embodying the traditions specially prominent in their own circles of influence, and all of them freely overlapping and intercommunicating as the enterprise of a bard or the interest of his audience suggested.

I have jotted in the margin of my *Iliad* notes of the probable sources of the various bits of legend which seem foreign to the main story of the *Iliad* or alien to their immediate context. Many of them have been in ancient times or modern marked as 'spurious' or as 'interpolated'—a phrase which seems often merely to mean that the critic wishes a line were not there when it plainly is. One finds in the first few books of the *Iliad*: first, the Catalogue of ships, belonging originally to some Boeotian source, the school of genealogies and catalogues. This was known even in antiquity. The ancient title of the whole passage was 'Boeotia', and it is omitted in many MSS.[1] But we can see that there was an intermediate source before the Catalogue came into the *Iliad*. The tenses of the verbs and other points of language show that the heroes are described, not as already disembarked at Troy, but as in the act of assembling at Aulis. And we happen to know that there was an old chronicle poem which both contained a catalogue of the ships and also narrated at length the assembling of the fleet at Aulis—the so-called *Cypria* or Cyprian Verses. Our Catalogue has in all probability been taken from there. Similarly, a passage in Δ 370–400 about Tydeus' doings in Thebes is abbreviated from the Theban epic chronicle. We hear of it, or different parts of it, under the names of Thebaid, Oedipodea, and Epigoni. In the fifth book (E 385 ff.) there is a list of the injuries done to gods by men, which seems to be taken from some Heraclea, or epic about Heracles. This is probable in itself, but is made almost certain by a curious coincidence. A sixth-century poet, Panyassis, the uncle of Herodotus, worked over the Heraclean epics into a new form, and we happen to possess a few lines of his very similar to these in the *Iliad*, and presumably adapted from the same passage. (See Leaf on E 392.) In the sixth book we have the large and beautiful passages already spoken of, derived from the Corinthiaca. Other passages seem to be derived from the Cypria, the Little Iliad, and the Sack of Ilion, the so-called Aethiopis, the Argonautica, the Battles of the Gods and Titans, the Naupactia or Aetolian verses, and a rather obscure set of poems about Pylos, apparently 'Heracleiae'. These, then, are all pieces of supposed history taken over from one traditional epic into another.

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[1] In *D*, *T*, *U*, and pap. B, among the best ones (Leaf). Mr. Allen, in his great collation, cites an even longer list.

On the other hand there are books, and very fine books, which seem to be pure original fiction. The most brilliant is I, narrating the embassy to Achilles and his rejection of all overtures, though even here there are fragments of what look like real tradition, for instance, the story of Phoenix. There is also K, describing a midnight raid by Odysseus and Diomêdês, in which they catch a Trojan spy with a fictitious name —Dolon, *Crafty*—and through him succeed in killing Rhêsus, chief of the Thracians. This looks like a piece of fiction made up out of two separate traditional sources: a tradition of the slaying of Rhêsus by Diomêdês, presumably in Thrace,[1] and another about the midnight expedition of Odysseus and Diomêdês into Troy to carry off the Palladium.[2] Of course that is only conjecture. But it serves to illustrate the kind of material that we are dealing with in the *Iliad*.

In its actual working up, however, our *Iliad* has reached a further stage of development than the ordinary run of poetic chronicles, if I may use the term. The imaginary epicizing of the Book of Judges which we discussed some time ago would land us not in a poem like the *Iliad*, but in one like the *Cypria* or the *Corinthiaca*, in one of those authorless chronicle-poems of which we hear so much in Greek literature, and know, at first hand, so little. It was their fate, first, to be superseded by the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and then, in a later age, to be strung together in what was called an ‘ Epic Cycle ’ by some scholar or historian. Here again the *Odyssey* shows itself a stage nearer to the raw material. And, curiously enough, there is one quite late poet who, partly by conscious archaism and partly from the peculiar childlike nature of his genius, has returned to a type of epic chronicle earlier than either the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. I mean the Alexandrian poet of the Argonaut legend, Apollonius Rhodius.

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[1] See below, Lecture VIII, pp. 188 f.

[2] K of course occupies a peculiar position. The Townley Scholia have a very ancient note: 'They say that this rhapsody was "drawn up by itself" (*ἰδίᾳ τετάχθαι*) by Homer, and is not part of the *Iliad*, but was put into the poem by Pisistratus.' The language of K is also in many ways divergent from that of the rest of the *Iliad*. See Leaf's Introductory note to K, and Monro, *H. G.* p. 234. It is a brilliantly written book.

Let us consider this point more closely. What is the meaning of the name *Iliad*, in Greek ἡ Ἰλιὰς πόησις ? *Ilias* is an adjective meaning ‘ about Ilion ’. *Poêsis* means ‘ verse-writing ’ : that is, first, it denotes the process of ‘ making ’ verses, and secondly, the result of the process, a mass of verse-writing. Not, you will observe, a thing quite so definite as a *Poêma*. It is ‘ poetry ’, not a ‘ poem ’. The name Ἰλιὰς πόησις, then, means ‘ the poetry about Troy ’. That is the traditional name, and it is generally felt to be pretty satisfactory. But how does the *Iliad* itself begin ? Does it begin, for instance,

> I sing of Ilion and Dardania of the swift horses, for whose sake the Danaans, servants of Ares, suffered many things ? ’[1]

That would be the natural sort of beginning for an *Ilias Poesis*. And the lines did, as a matter of fact, form the beginning of one of the old chronicle epics ; the poem which afterwards supported a mutilated and obscure existence under the name of the *Little Iliad*.

Our *Iliad* begins with quite a different appeal :

> Sing of the Wrath, O Goddess, of Pêleus’ son, the wrath accursed which laid many pains upon the Achaeans.

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[1] Ps. Hdt. *Vita Homeri*, § 16:

Ἴλιον ἀείδω καὶ Δαρδανίην ἐύπωλον
ἧς πέρι πολλὰ πάθον Δαναοὶ θεράποντες Ἄρηος.

That is, it professes to tell the story of a fatal quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, which took place in the tenth year of the war, and lasted for a very few days. Nay, it does not tell even the whole of the Wrath quite exhaustively. It might have included the capture of the two causes of it, the maidens of Bresa and of Chryse. The poet appeals to the Muse to 'sing of the Wrath, *beginning there where first there was strife and sundering* between Agamemnon King of men, and divine Achilles'.

Now, we can understand this language. It is the phrase of a bard selecting for purposes of recitation some special episode out of a longer history. It is the same in the opening of the *Odyssey*: '*From somewhere amid those tales*, O Muse, begin to us also.' It is the same with the bards who are spoken of in the *Odyssey*.

> And Demodocus called upon the god and made minstrelsy, *beginning where the Greeks had gone upon their benched ships*, and were sailing the sea, but Odysseus and his comrades lay hidden in the market of the Trojans (θ 500).

That is how the Phaeacian bard is described; and his lay seems to have lasted for a few hundred lines at most. That is as much as people will willingly endure to listen to. The poet proposes to select out of a mass of legend the particular episode of the Wrath, an episode just large enough to make a good 'Lay'.

The incidents of the Wrath are these: Agamemnon, provoked by the free-speaking of Achilles, puts a dishonour upon him. Achilles withdraws from the war. Agamemnon fights without him and is defeated by the Trojans. The Greek ships are in danger. Achilles is implored to save them. He still will not fight himself, but sends his bosom friend, Patroclus. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, furious with remorse, joins in the battle himself, slays Hector, and gives Patroclus a splendid funeral. The subject, as here announced, is not Ilion as a whole, not even the last war of Ilion; it is merely a four-days' incident in the tenth year of the war. And yet the poem is called Ἰλιὰς πόησις, the 'poetry about Ilion'.

And not unsuitably. For no sooner has the poet explained in the first book the origin of the Wrath than he leaves that subject, and, roughly speaking, does not return to it until the eleventh book. He goes back in the second to a catalogue of all the Greek host, describing the fleet, not as it was in Troy after nine years of fighting, but as it was in Aulis before it started for Troy. After the catalogue come various battles, including a duel or ordeal by combat between the two principals in the international quarrel, Paris and Menelaus: battles which are rather curious as they now stand, but fall into place at once if you realize that they properly belong to the very beginning of the war. The ordeal by battle was tried first: owing to some Trojan's treachery it failed, and the two nations sat down to a ten years' conflict. Then follow further battles; in Δ an obscure duel between two other heroes:[1] in E a whole brilliant poem about Diomêdês, which not only upsets the balance of the poem by completely dwarfing all the exploits, both past and future, of Achilles, but also shows in itself a definite connexion with another context. Next, a fine stretch of poetry in Z, which tells of Troy from the inside, and treats Hector as a sympathetic hero, not a hated enemy. Every line of it is noble: but how is it introduced? How is Hector brought into Troy? In the thick of a desperate battle, when Diomêdês is slaughtering the Trojans and Hector is the only man at all capable of resisting him, Hector leaves the field to take a message, not in the least of a confidential nature, to his mother, and to converse with his wife!

I am touching on all these points very lightly. The proof of each one depends for its validity on detailed and accurate examination of the words of the poem. I am using them merely to indicate the sort of process by which the short Lay of the Wrath of Achilles has been made into the great 'Poetry about Troy': or, to put the case from a different point of view, how the most diverse traditions of heroic fighting, some with Achilles present and some without him, some exalting him as the greatest of all the Greeks and some ignoring his existence, have been joined together and made fairly consistent by this ingenious device of the 'Wrath'. I cannot think that the Wrath was mere fiction. It was an old traditional motive. But it was chosen, I suspect, for its fictional convenience. The Wrath motive enables you to include the great deeds of various other chieftains without damage to Achilles. One after another can be the greatest of the Greeks while he is away from the field.[1] If another is expressly asserted to be the best, or swiftest, or handsomest, of all warriors, even that statement can be retained by the addition of an inorganic line, like

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[1] Very likely pointing, as Bethe suggests, to a form of the legend in which Aias was the chief hero. There are many traces of such a form.

> *τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα,*

or

> *ὄφρ' Ἀχιλεὺς μήνιεν· ὁ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἦεν*

'of all the Greeks, else, after the blameless son of Peleus', or 'while Achilles was in wrath. For he was the strongest far.' The composer, as a matter of fact, has reached out on every side and collected the most diverse masses of heroic tradition to insert between the joints of his Wrath-Lay.

The result of this process is that the *Iliad* is really a Lay which has utterly outgrown its natural boundaries. It professes to be a Lay, but is so no longer. There are other instances of this kind of growth in Greek literature. The Homeric Hymns give themselves out to be Preludes; that is, mere addresses to a god, preparatory to beginning a real poem; the sort of prelude that Demodocus used, when he 'began from a god'. But these preludes have grown in interest and beauty and length, till now the first five of them run to some hundreds of lines apiece. They have become, not Preludes to a Lay, but complete Lays in themselves. Again, the Victory Songs performed by Pindar's choruses generally contain less than fifty lines; but one of them is over four hundred lines, bursting all its natural bounds. That particular lyric, the *Fourth Pythian*, was composed to be a great gift and peace-offering laid at the feet of the King of Cyrene by an exiled noble. It was to be a gift such as no other noble had ever given, no king ever received.

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[1] See Mülder, *Homer und die Altionische Elegie*, pp. 19 ff. Also Wecklein, *Studien zur Ilias*. Cf. N 321 ff., B 673 f., 768 f., H 111 ff., 226 ff., contrasted with Γ 227, 229; Z 98 ff.; H 289. These last are perhaps the only passages where a superlative is applied to another hero without the addition of some qualifying clause about Achilles.

But now comes a difficulty. Every work of art that was ever created was intended in some way to be used. No picture was painted for blind men; no ship built where there was no water. What was to be the use of the *Iliad*? What audience would listen to the recitation of such a poem? It contains over fifteen thousand verses. It would occupy twenty to twenty-four hours of steady declamation. No audience could endure it, no bard could perform it, in one stretch. And it is specially constructed so as not to fall apart into lengths. It is all one—at least, as far as its composers could make it so. A single lay could be recited at one sitting. A chronicle poem, falling easily apart into separate stories, could be recited evening after evening in several sittings. The *Cypria*, from what we know of them, would fall apart excellently into separate episodes; so would a good deal of the *Odyssey*. It has the 'plots of many tragedies in it', as Aristotle has observed, and as we have noticed before. But the *Iliad* has been deliberately elaborated on a plan which puts it out of use for ordinary purposes of recitation. Yet recited it must certainly have been.[1]

The late Professor Paley was so much impressed by this difficulty that he actually came to the conclusion that the *Iliad* was a poem composed for reading, not for recitation, and that consequently it was not an early epic at all, but a learned poem composed in Athens at some time between Euripides and Plato, when there existed a reading public.

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[1] Cf. Bréal, l. c. pp. 43 ff., who lays stress on the influence of Public Games on the *Iliad*. His general conclusion agrees almost exactly with mine.

Such a solution is, of course, opposed to almost all that we know of early Greek literature. But the difficulty is a real one.

Now, as it happens, when we first meet the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in clear history we find them publicly recited upon an occasion which exactly meets most of our requirements. They were recited not by one bard, but by relays of bards, in fixed order at the Panathenaea, the greatest of all the festivals of Athens, recurring once in four years and lasting several days. The recitation was established about the end of the sixth century, and formed one step in a movement on the part of Athens to establish herself as head and mother-city of all the Ionians. So much seems historically clear. It matters little that, in attributing the institution of this recitation to a definite founder, our authorities waver between three almost contemporaneous names, Solon, Pisistratus, Hipparchus. Whichever it was, the main fact remains the same. General considerations tell somewhat against Solon and in favour of the tyrants.

These festivals meant much more in ancient life than any corresponding ceremony at the present day. At the back of them there was a living religious effort; there was the ancient warmth of patriotic feeling towards a city which formed for each man his one earthly protector and his intimate home, and which, for a further claim upon emotion, was never for long quite out of mortal danger. The Panathenaea in especial formed the great occasion for the gathering of all Ionian cities under the wing of the great 'Metropolis', their champion and leader against the barbarian.

This fact may suggest to us a question. What, after all, is the meaning of the name 'Panathenaea'? Who are the 'All-Athenaioi' for whom the feast is made? Not the Athenians themselves; that would give no meaning to the 'Pan'. The answer occurs immediately. Who can the 'All-Athenians' be but the very people whom Athens was then shepherding, and whose universal character was that they were 'all sprung from Athens'? Twelve cities in especial called themselves Ionians, and had their great meeting at the feast of the Panionia at Cape Mycale. But they were not more Ionian than many other cities, says Herodotus: ‘In reality all are Ionians who are sprung from Athens and keep the Apaturia’—an Athenian festival (i. 147). Only, he observes, many of them, and especially the Athenians (143), avoid the name, and do not wish to be called ‘Ionians’. Exactly; the name ‘Athenaioi’ was more honourable, at any rate in Athenian judgements; it was also wider in range. For it included those various cities that did not belong to the Ionian Twelve, but admitted that they were ‘sprung from Athens’.[1] The informal league of which Athens was chief, at a time when ‘the Ionian race was of lowest account, and had no city of weight, except only Athens’ (Hdt. i. 143), could have chosen no better name than ‘All-Athenians’ when it gathered for its great festival every fourth year, exactly at the same time when the great Dorian gatherings met for the Pythian games at Delphi.

And, to return to the *Iliad*, what after all is the essential story of the *Iliad*? Is it not the story of the battle of All-Greeks against the barbarian of Asia? ‘All-Greeks’: the wonderful word rings out again and again in the poems—what though it comes chiefly in later parts, and against the tradition of the Epic style? It is a modern formation, markedly out of tone; forcing itself in just because it so exactly expresses the meaning for which the older language had no word. ‘Panachaioi,’ you will say, or ‘Panhellênes’; not ‘Paniônes’. True, Homer uses generally the older and more dignified term, ‘Achaioi,’ to denote the whole race whom the Italians called ‘Graeci’, the Asiatics ‘Iâones’, the Greeks themselves in later days ‘Hellenes’. The Ionians knew this, and even claimed themselves to be not only ‘Iones’ and ‘Athenaioi’, but also ‘Achaioi’. To justify the claim they brought their founders from Achaia. In later times, at any rate, they had the legend that, while coming ultimately from Athens, their ancestors had gone quite out of their way and stayed for a time in the little district of the Peloponnese which was called by that name (Hdt. i. 145).[1] Paniones, Panhellenes, Panachaioi, and at last Panathenaioi; there is the same conception behind all these names, only some minor differences of time or of local centre. It is a union of men of Hellenic civilization against the multitudes of eastern barbarism.

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[1] The theory that the Ionians were all sprung from Athens had not, of course, much historical foundation.

In many ways the Pisistratean Panathenaea form exactly the occasion for which the final form of the *Iliad* might have been composed. But not in all. The *Iliad* was not composed for any king or tyrant. There is no court atmosphere about it. No flattery of a particular clan; no denunciation of the enemies of a particular clan. It is splendidly panhellenic. If it is aristocratic, its appeal is not to any given set of noble families, but to all the brave men of Greek legend. And the Athenian colouring, though visible enough on the surface of the poems, is not a thing that goes deep. The body of the poem, even in its latest parts, is clearly Ionian; the ultimate nucleus something else, something older and more northern.

Behind the recorded Panathenaic recitation of Iliad there must lie centuries of unrecorded recitation at various great Ionian gatherings. Pisistratus, or whoever he was, must have taken over to Athens an institution already existing in Ionia. One thinks first of the Panionia, the great gathering feast of the Twelve Cities at Cape Mycale. That is the obvious correlative to the Panathenaea. And there is some confirmatory evidence. It has been remarked long since that, among the Homeric gods, there stand out three who are never jeered at or made ridiculous; two of them really grand figures, Poseidon and Apollo; the third, at least a very ancient and formidable, though not a sympathetic, person, Pallas Athena, who is especially prominent in the very latest additions to the *Odyssey*. Athena was the patroness of Athens. Poseidon and Apollo were the two patron gods of the Panionia at Cape Mycale.

Or one might think of the great four-yearly festival at

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[1] On this point cf. Wilamowitz, *Die Ionische Wanderung* and *Panionion*.

Delos, at which the Homeric hymn to Apollo was sung by 'the blind minstrel of craggy Chios' to a gathering of all the 'long-robed Ionians'. The gods would suit almost equally well.[1] About this festival there is a curious passage in Thucydides (iii. 104). In narrating how the Athenians in 426 B. C. 'purified' the island of Delos, he mentions that Pisistratus had purified it before, though not completely. He had moved only those pollutions that were in sight of Apollo's temple. He continues his narrative of the doings of 426:

> *And the Four-yearly festival was then celebrated by the Athenians for the first time since (or, after) the purification.* There used to be in quite ancient days a gathering of the Ionians and the neighbouring islanders to Delos. They came to the games with their wives and children, as the Ionians still go to the festival at Ephesus. There was a gymnastic contest and a contest of minstrels, and the various cities sent dances to the gods.

If only one could be sure of the particular reference of Thucydides' crowded adverbs! Does he only mean that this was the first time that the Athenians celebrated the feast, and that they did so after their own purification of Delos? Or does he mean, as the order of the words suggests, that the Athenians in 426 celebrated the feast for the first time since the cleansing of the island by Pisistratus? If so, much would become clear. We could suppose that, when Pisistratus cleansed the island and made the old fair or gathering-place sacred and 'untreadable' (ἄβατον), the Delia naturally came to an end, and the contest of minstrels was transferred to the new festival of the Panathenaea at Athens.

Of course there were other Ionian festivals. One might think of Chalcis, where, according to a pleasant fifth-century fiction, Homer himself was defeated by Hesiod in a contest at certain funeral games of a king, the poet of war being set below the wiser poet of peace. It is noteworthy, however, that the Old Oligarch who wrote the treatise on the Constitution of Athens did not know of any great political union of Ionians (*Rep. Ath.* ii. 2). It may be that during the

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[1] Questions would arise about Leto and Artemis.

Lydian dangers, when Croesus (560–546 B. C.) was sweeping with war all the Ionian coast, but could not yet cross the sea, Athens took over the national festival from Delos or Mycale, just as she afterwards took over the federal treasure from Delos. It may be, again, that there were great gatherings of bards at the divers four-yearly festivals all over the Ionian seas, at Chalcis, Ephesus, Miletus, Chios, Ios, Smyrna, and elsewhere; and that Pisistratus merely added to the list of such places one other, which happened in the course of history to obliterate all the rest.

Some public gathering earlier than the Panathenaea, but otherwise very like the Panathenaea,[1] that is the kind of occasion for which I can best conceive our vast *Ilias Poêsis* having been put together, to be recited as one whole. There is in the *Iliad* much of the spirit of these great Ionian festivals, where men gathered from their various but kindred cities in one act to worship their common gods and to make holiday, to feel their union of race as Iones or Hellenes or Achaioi, and to encourage one another in the age-long war against the barbarian. One feels in the *Iliad* the high tension and lift of a great occasion—a public occasion, which insists on a tone of dignity and correctness in the poems, banishing all that is furtive or unseemly, all that could move derision in strangers or hurt the feelings of other Ionian states; inevitably, at the same time, somewhat blighting that profounder and more intimate venturesomeness of poetry which cannot quite utter itself before a crowd. There is war somewhere in the atmosphere; but it is war far off, seen through a medium, not war present, menacing or horrible. There is prosperity in the world in general; there is sadness, of course, but only the inevitable sadness of thoughtful men, no rage or bitterness, no arraignment of the gods. There is a spirit of joy, the natural high spirits of the festival reinforced by that solemn religious joy to fail in which would be an offence against the god, and which keeps the poems up to their extraordinary standard of brave living, suppressing all notes of horror or ghastliness, and holding in much restraint even the inevitable entrance of tragedy. There is the pride of race, the broadness of patriotism, the friendship to all Greeks, which beseems a sacred truce and a gathering of many clans.

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[1] The French Epic, *Le Pèlerinage de Charlemagne* was composed for the Fair at St. Denys known as L'Endit: a much less august occasion, of course. The *Roland* seems to have been a court epic.

What a difference, after all, there is between the Greek and the Hebrew traditional book! The general process at work was much the same in both, but a great divergence must have begun early. The Hebrew reviser, except where religious motives came into play, tampered so little with his text. He took his raw material just as it was, and copied it out, merely inserting his introductory and connecting formulae, smoothing out contradictions, and correcting the orthodoxy of his authorities where they needed it. A Homeric scholar cannot but be surprised at the extreme ease with which interpolations in the Hebrew writings often betray themselves. They are made quite undisguisedly, with no artifice and sometimes no regard for grammar.[1] No Greek editor ever dreams of doing his business like that. For every Son of Homer was himself a poet, and kept modifying and working up into poetry everything that he touched.

Consider the ultimate purpose to which the literature was destined in either case, and most of the differences in form and spirit will follow. The Hebrew scriptures became, to use the rather strange technical term, 'books that defile the hands.' That is, they were holy: after touching them you must wash your hands before touching any mundane thing.

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[1] For instance, the older phrase 'the Ark' was expanded by later editors into 'the Ark of the Covenant', or 'the Ark of the Covenant of Yahweh'. Now an elementary rule of Hebrew grammar is that a noun in the construct case (i.e. in our terminology, followed by another noun in the genitive) cannot have the definite article. Yet these pious correctors did not venture to delete the article before 'Ark'. They prefer to leave the utterly ungrammatical phrase הָאָרוֹן הַבְּרִית (Josh. iii. 14) or (*ib.* 17) הָאָרוֹן בְּרִית יְהוָֹה׃.—On the general comparison of the Greek and the Hebrew I need hardly refer my readers to Prof. Butcher's *Harvard Lectures.*

They were kept sacred and apart. Their purpose was to be read aloud accurately letter by letter in the synagogue for the instruction of the people. If a member of the audience was not interested, more shame to him. No one dreamed of imputing any blame to the writings.

But the Greek traditions from the very outset were made into Lays to be recited by bards for the delectation of the camp or the hall. If men were not interested, it was the fault of the bard and his poems. And in the very earliest times of Greece we meet with that characteristic and only half praiseworthy Greek institution, the public competitive recitation. The poems became in the Greek phrase, ἐπιδεικτικά, things of display. The bards who knew the traditions came to recite at the great games and gatherings. Each recited his own poems—i. e. those that he 'possessed', not necessarily those that he had composed—and tried to make them more attractive than other people's. He was bound, of course, not to violate history too grossly; not to be ψευδής, or 'false-speaking', above all not to be ignorant. But he might, by the help of the Muses, tell his audience a great deal more about the heroes than by any human means he was likely to know. He could work up the known incidents till they became more and more moving, more edifying or more pleasing. An element was thus admitted which leavened the whole lump, an element which, in the hands of a less wonderfully gifted people, must, one would think, have led to bombast and vulgarity, but which was somehow stopped when it had done its maximum of good and was only just well started on its career of evil; I mean that strange mixed passion known to all artists, which consists, at its higher end, in the pure love of beautiful or noble creation, and, at its lower end, in conscious strain for the admiration of an audience.

VIII

THE HISTORICAL CONTENT OF THE ILIAD AND THE BIRTH OF HOMER

EARLY peoples used sometimes to record a great deed or disaster by planting on the spot a pillar or a branchless tree, and carving on the surface some legend of the things done. In the case of the Homeric Epos, one might play with the fancy that they had planted a tree full of life, which had put forth new branches and grown till the letters upon the trunk were riven apart and made illegible. Then worshippers hung garlands and ornaments upon the boughs, and planted about it flowering creepers brought from many different soils and climates, so that the first trunk was almost hidden and the letters themselves long ago obliterated. Till at last people forgot the original purpose of the graven trunk, and proceeded to worship it, not as a record of great events, but for irrelevant qualities of beauty and majesty and immemorial age.

I want in this lecture to attempt the deciphering of some fragments of the legend thus inscribed on the original trunk: but I must admit at once that the results will be disappointing. We can no longer work in the naïve spirit of Schliemann, who, after his triumphant discoveries of the great ruined cities at Troy and Mycenae, proceeded to identify the graves and bodies of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, and remark upon the irregularities of the former's burial.

In most traditional poems there are three fairly distinct elements. There are masses of mere fiction, that is, stories and personages deliberately invented by the poet out of his head. There are, secondly, the shapes of myth and folklore, which the poet narrates in good faith, as he received them, with at least a modicum of belief in their reality. And, thirdly, there are fragments of definite history. Take the *Niebelungenlied*, for instance. There the whole web of the story is woven on lines of romantic fiction. But many of the characters, the Niblungs and Odin and apparently Sigurd himself, belong to the region of myth. Again, we have historical persons in Atli, who is the Hunnish King Attila, and Dieterich of Berne, who is the real Theodoric.

In Homer we may make the same sort of division. There is, in the first place, a good deal of mere fiction. The whole framework into which the incidents are fitted, the wanderings of Telemachus in the *Odyssey*, the Embassy to Achilles in *Iliad* I, are evidently mere inventions of the poets. On the other hand, such beings as Zeus, Hephaestus, Bellerophon, Typhoeus, the Chimaera, clearly belong to the realm of myth. And, thirdly, the excavations have proved the historical reality of the great towns of Troy and Mycenae. As to the persons, it is a different matter. If there are any Attilas and Theodorics hidden among the various gods and tribal heroes, there is unfortunately no independent historical document by which to identify them.

Now as to the fictional parts of Homer, I do not wish to dwell upon the value of fiction as indirect history. One might point out that fiction, to adapt a phrase of Aristotle's, if it does not tell you what did take place on a given occasion, constantly shows you what might well take place. And even where the main subject of the fiction is romantic or marvellous, the background or setting in which it is placed is very likely to be drawn from normal life. The Cyclops, for instance, is a fictitious monster; but his processes of dairy-farming are real and historical. And that kind of information is sometimes what helps us most toward the understanding of a far-off state of society. If the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were all fiction we should still learn from them a great deal about early Greek customs, about practices of war and of government, about marriage, land-tenure, worship, farming, commerce, and, above all, the methods of seafaring. Let any one read thoughtfully the story which Eumaeus the swineherd tells of his life in *Odyssey o*, and then consider how much history of the life of the Aegean, about the seventh century B. C., he has learnt from three pages of poetical fiction.

This study of the history implied in fiction might be quite a fruitful subject. But I wish at present to deal with a different question. Is it possible to extract any original historical meaning from the various Homeric traditions, and reach, as it were, the nucleus of true fact round which this vast nebula of legend is floating? I believe that great advance is attainable in this direction; and that it may be attained very soon. But at present the subject presents great difficulties. For one thing, the metaphor which we have just used is not really accurate. There is not a nucleus of fact in the midst of a nebula of fiction or fancy. There are many nuclei and many nebulae. And often it is not the truth but the fiction which forms the real centre. The imperious desire for telling a story or making a poem has come first, and has then drawn into the orbit of its revolution any chance fragment of history that happened to be floating near. And, worse still for our present purposes, the various nuclei have not remained separate in their own systems; they have attracted and repelled one another, have collided and broken up and re-formed, so that what once was solid is now utterly nebulous. Atli in the *Niebelungenlied* is not a whit more flesh and blood than the cloud-spirits who surround him. Or, to take an instance from another cycle of legend, the persecution of the Albigenses by the Dominicans was a brute fact enough. But it became entangled with the Arthur and Sangraal legends. And when we meet it in the *High History of the Holy Grail* it has lost its hold on time and place, and become rather mistier and more unreal than most of its surroundings.[1]

Now, first, let us take a character of pure fiction.[2] Many might be cited: the herald Ἠπυτάδης, the bard Φήμιος Τερπιάδης, many of the Phaeacians in θ 11 ff. and the Nereids in Σ 39 ff., with their transparent names. The most striking, perhaps, is Briseïs, the maiden who is taken by Agamemnon from Achilles, and thus becomes the passive heroine of the Wrath. She has no father or mother: no history apart from the one incident for which she is invented; as before mentioned, she has not even a real name. For *Kourê Briseïs* only means 'Maiden of Brisa',[1] the Aeolic form of Brêsa, a town in Lemnos, taken by Achilles in the course of the war. It is worth noticing, indeed, that, like other characters in good fiction, Briseïs eventually acquired independent legendary life, and even rose to some importance in the Middle Ages, under the name of Cressida. (Cressida is the accusative 'Briseïda' slightly corrupted, and confused with the name of the other maiden, Chryseïs.)

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[1] Sebastian Evans's theory; as given in his introduction to the *High History of the Holy Grail.*

[2] For the following, cf. E. Bethe, *Homer und die Heldensage,* from *Neue*

But in the *Iliad* Briseïs is a shadow, a figment of the poet. Contrast her, for instance, with a real saga-heroine, Helen. Helen appears in the Troy legend, but was certainly not created for it. She dominates other legends as well. She has a definite personal existence. We know her parents and her home. She is a daughter of Tyndareus and Leda, or of Zeus and Leda. She has her well-known temple at Amyclae in Lacedaemon, and sometimes appeared there in historical times to answer the prayers of her votaries. At Therapnae, too, worship was paid to Helen and Menelaus, *οὐχ ὡς ἥρωσιν ἀλλ' ὡς θεοῖς ἀμφοτέροις οὖσιν*, 'not as heroes but as gods' (Isocr. x. 72).

Passing from Briseïs, the character of fiction, which can yield us no history, let us turn to Achilles. He is typically and almost without qualification a pure tribal hero.

Apart from the psychological working up of his character

Jahrbücher Klass. Alt. 1902; F. Dümmler, *Hektor*, Anhang ii to Studniczka's *Kyrene*, 1890. I have not seen Bethe's *Märchen, Mythus und Sage*.

[1] Wilamowitz, *Homerische Unters.*, p. 409; and for Bresa, see K. Tumpel, *Lesbiaka*, p. 106.

in the last books of the *Iliad*, there is almost nothing in the Achilles legend but tribal history. The Achaian Hellenes of South Thessaly did all that Achilles did. They left their home on the mainland: they stayed first at Skyros, till they were grown strong: they conquered and occupied Lesbos. They fought on the Thracian coast. They eventually went through the Hellespont and Bosphorus up to the Black Sea, and made settlements which bore the name of Achilles in later ages. But there is something to be learned from studying the various places where Achilles was worshipped. The worship in Thessaly was, we are told, ordered from Dodona (Philostr. *Heroicus*, p. 741, quoting an interesting hymn to Thetis). This agrees well with Achilles' prayer to Zeus of Dodona (Π 233). It is natural enough, too, that he should be worshipped at Sigeum, at Skyros, at Mytilene, in the island of Leuce, and that inscriptions should be found at Olbia and Odessos calling him *Pontarchês*, 'Lord of the Pontus.' But he had worship in other parts of Greece too. He was worshipped in Laconia, says the scholiast to Apollonius (iv. 815), citing Anaxagoras. Pausanias saw a great Achilleion, or shrine to Achilles, on the road from Sparta to Arcadia. There was worship at Brasiai; in Elis; in the island of Astypalaea; probably in Cos, since the Aeacidae in general had a shrine there. And in Tarentum there were shrines both to the Aeacidae in general and to Achilles. What does this mean? Does it not destroy our conception of Achilles as a special tribal hero? No: it only serves to illustrate a point of cardinal importance for the understanding of prehistoric Greece, the extreme mobility and the frequent scattering of the various tribes. It is the natural result of that time when all Hellas was ἀνάστατος, 'driven from its home;' the time of the 'constant war-paths and uprootings of peoples'. There were fragments of tribes cast away in the most diverse parts, and where they were strong enough they carried their tribal gods with them. The Achaioi, who settled in the Peloponnese and migrated again beyond it, naturally took with them the worship of Achilles.

If any one would have a conception of the way in which tribes and races can be scattered, when in a mobile condition of life, I recommend him to look at some map of the linguistic stocks of the North American Indians[1]. If the Iroquoian or Siouan or, still more, if the Athapascan-speaking races had been in the habit of building shrines to their tribal heroes, in what extraordinarily diverse parts of the vast continent we should find the *heroa* ! And the Iroquoians would have made the Algonquins worship him too. The result would completely dwarf any strangeness which we may at first feel in the scattering of the shrines of Achilles from Tarentum to Odessos. He remains the tribal hero of his particular people in Thessaly, of whom we can only say in Homer's words that 'Myrmidones were they called and Hellênes and Achaioi'.

The case of Agamemnon is more complicated. That he is a tribal hero or divinity admits of little doubt. He seems to have belonged to some Achaean tribe which enjoyed at some period a recognized authority over various others, and which also stood in close relation to Zeus. But whereas Achilles has in the traditions a fixed home and a most simple ancestry, being descended straight from the local mountain Pelion and the sea that washes it, Agamemnon's home is hard to make out, and his ancestry bristles with difficulties. He has in the *Iliad* a special relation to Zeus; apparently one of a rather official sort, owing to his royal position. He is a sovereign among men as Zeus among gods. At Sparta the relation was so close that we find him worshipped under the title of Zeus-Agamemnon. This reminds one of the altar of Zeus-Pelops at Olympia, but it is hard to be sure in either case of the meaning of the conjoint worship. It is common enough to find the cult of the invading Northern Zeus, simply superimposed on that of an old aboriginal hero.[2] And that would seem the natural explanation here, if Pelops and Agamemnon had in other respects the look of aboriginals. But Agamemnon is a most typical Achaean. He is fair-haired, a conqueror, a great ruler; he has no roots in the soil. He is even murdered at last by the native princess Clytemnestra, daughter of Tyndareus and Leda. She had been the wife of Tantalus, but Agamemnon slew Tantalus and married her against her will. And Pelops, too, is always represented as coming from foreign lands to the Peloponnese, and marrying the daughter of the native prince Oenomaus. I say nothing of his being the grandfather of Agamemnon, because that genealogy itself may be merely tribal history. It looks as if the Pelops tribe was the first to establish itself in the Peloponnese; it was Phrygian, and had come apparently from somewhere over the sea: and that it was followed and superseded by the Agamemnon tribe, which then claimed the hegemony of the Achaeans, and either identified or closely connected its tribal god with the sovran god of all the Achaeans. But all that is mere conjecture.

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[1] e.g. Élisée Reclus, *Geogr. Univ. America*, ii. p. 40 f. Or, to take a less remote parallel, the Germanic tribe called Eruli 'are first mentioned in the third century A.D., at which time they appear almost simultaneously on the Black Sea and the frontier of Gaul'. Chadwick, *Othin*, p. 33.

[2] *Prolegomena*, p. 321 f., 333 f., &c., and note on Lecture II, p. 46.

One is not surprised after this to find some difficulty in determining Agamemnon's home. In the *Iliad* he is the head of the chief Peloponnesian empire, the lord of Mycenae, rich in gold. It need not surprise us that the actual name of Mycenae occurs but seldom in this connexion. We have seen before that Mycenae was probably not so important a place as its ruins would make us suppose. Agamemnon's kingdom in the Catalogue covers Corinth and Sikyon, and he generally refers to his home as Argos. This seems satisfactory, but fresh difficulties occur immediately. Argos proper, in Homer, is the realm of Diomedes. And the word Argos itself has in Homer at least three meanings. It is the Argos of Thessaly, the Argos of the Peloponnese, and it is also a general name for Greece, especially when combined with Hellas—*ἀν' Ἑλλάδα καὶ μέσον Ἄργος*. And it has long been observed by scholars that in some passages the Argos of Agamemnon seems to be in Thessaly. Presumably the tribe which Agamemnon represents passed in the course of its wanderings a long time in Thessaly before it sailed—Agamemnon was a great lord of ships—to its eventual home in the Peloponnese. In the Peloponnese Agamemnon was the typical Great King, and his seat changed, it would seem, with the seat of effective power. In Homer we hear of Mycenae and Corinth; outside Homer we hear by far the most of Sparta. Agamemnon is simply King of Sparta to Stesichorus (39) and Simonides (20). He died in the Spartan town of Amyclae, according to Pindar (*Pyth.* xi. 32), and it was there that Pausanias saw his tomb. It is in Sparta, too, that we hear of the god Zeus-Agamemnon.[1]

To turn to another type, let us consider one of Achilles' particular enemies; to wit, Thersîtes. Every reader of the *Iliad* remembers his brief and inglorious appearance in B, where he rails at Agamemnon with unseemly words, and is thrashed with a staff by Odysseus. He was the ugliest man in the Greek army, bald, and hump-backed, with one leg longer than the other. Let us remember that; and then notice what Odysseus threatens to do with him. He will strip him naked and drive him away from the company of men (ἀγορῆθεν) with blows. Does it not remind one at once of the *pharmakos* or scapegoat, the ugliest man in the community, who was made into a sin-offering and driven out from the city? But let us look further.

The name Thersîtes has all the appearance of a fiction. It is derived from *Thersos*, the Aeolic form of θάρσος, 'courage' or 'impudence'. And the poet of B evidently meant the name to have this latter meaning. It is rather a surprise to find that Thersîtes is really an independent saga-figure with a life of his own and very distinguished relations. He was a son of Agrios, the savage Aetolian king, and first cousin once removed of the great Diomedes. His mother was Dia, a palpable goddess. Returning to Homer, we find that Thersîtes was (B 220) 'to two of the Greeks especially most hateful, Odysseus and Achilles'. Odysseus' enmity needs no further explanation: Odysseus beat him. But why should Achilles be his enemy? Because Achilles, in the ordinary story, killed him. It happened in this way. When Achilles was fighting with Penthesilea the Amazon, and had given her a mortal wound, he was suddenly struck with remorse and love as he looked upon her dying face. Thersîtes saw this and grossly jeered, so Achilles very properly slew him, some say by a spear-thrust, others, by a heroic box on the ear. He was purified for this manslaughter by Odysseus. Diomedes, however, Thersîtes' kinsman, took up a feud against Achilles in consequence.[1]

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[1] See note on Lecture V, p. 128.

Another story is given in the old chronicle writer Pherekydes (fr. 82) and the poet Euphorion (fr. 131). Thersîtes took part in the hunt of the Calydonian boar, and, for showing cowardice, was thrown by his cousin Meleager over a rock. (He is made to recover, much injured, in order to be slain by Achilles.) Throwing from a rock, it may be remembered, was one of the regular modes of getting rid of a *pharmakos.*

The evidence so far points towards some connexion with a human sacrifice of the *pharmakos* type, that is, a purgative sacrifice to cleanse the community; also to some special connexion with Achilles. Can we take it a step further?

Professor Usener, the author of that illuminating book, *Götternamen,* points out a more strange coincidence.[2] Thersîtes is found as a name elsewhere in Greece: and derivatives of the same stem are common, Thersias, Therson, and the like. Now in the Lacedaemonian[3] dialect this word would probably take the form Thêrîtas, *Θηρίτας*: as *Περσεφόνεια* becomes in Laconian, *Πηρεφόνεια.* And Thêrîtas in Lacedaemon is a god of whom we know something. Pausanias saw his temple between Amyclae and Therapnae. Pausanias says that he was the same as Ares; Hesychius, perhaps more accurately, says he was Enyalios—another war-god. He had a nurse—or mother—called Thêro.

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[1] So the *Aithiopis*: followed by Chairemon's tragedy, *Achilles Thersitoctonos.* Hence Apollodorus, &c. The feud of Diomedes in Lycophr. 999, Tzetz., Quint. Smyrn. i. 767; Schol. Soph. Phil. 445, Dictys Cret. iv. 3. This late Latin book goes back to ancient sources. An earlier Greek version of Dictys has lately been discovered, dating probably from the second century A.D. Tebtunis Papyri.

[2] *Der Stoff des gr. Epos,* in *Sitzungsber. Wiener Akad., phil.-hist. Kl.* 1898, p. 47.

[3] In strict Spartan *Σηρίτας.* *Θηρίτας* would be the Doricised 'Achaian' dialect of the Perioikoi, if Meister is right. See his *Dorer und Achäer,* pp. 24 ff.

Now the old sacrifice of the human scapegoat had in Sparta died down to a curious form, to which, however, there are many parallels elsewhere. It became an annual fight in a plane grove between two bodies of Ephêbi, or Spartan youths. They fought with no weapons; only fists and feet. The plane grove was surrounded by a moat, and they threw the defeated, if they could manage it, into the water—another regular way of disposing of the *pharmakos*.[1] And before this annual battle the Ephebi performed *a sacrifice to Enyalios* at a place called the Phoibeion, and *a sacrifice to Achilles* at his temple on the road to Arcadia (Paus. iii. 19. 7; 20. 2; 20. 8; battle of Ephebi, 14. 8). If Enyalios is Thêrîtas, as Hesychius tells us we have here the ritual form of the old battle of Achilles and Thersîtes. What that battle in its primitive religious significance really was lies beyond our scope. Usener thinks of the common annual rites of the slaying of Winter by Summer, or of one vegetation god by another.

Different, again, is a hero like Telamonian Aias. He has no tribe, no home, no belongings. Only a shield which no one else can bear, and a father whose name is Telamon, 'Shield-strap.'[2] The lines connecting him with the island of Salamis are of the latest description. But he has another characteristic. Himself an immense man and fabulously strong, he constantly goes about with a companion, as brave as himself but small. The two together are called ‘ Aiante ’, ‘ the two Aiases.’ The name of the other varies : he is sometimes Aias’s own half-brother, Teukros ; sometimes he is Aias the Less, a Locrian and son of Oileus. These persons require, of course, separate study. One of them at least, Teukros, seems to be a real saga-figure. But, like the more shadowy son of Oileus, he has been pressed into service as the Great Aias’s lesser twin. The Aiante are figures of folk-lore, and no doubt of primitive worship, parallel to the other sets of divine twins, the Tyndaridae, the Aphareidae, the Dioscuri, the Anake, the Leucopolo, the Aktoriône Molîone. It is worth noticing that Fick considers this twin-worship as characteristic of the Leleges : Salamis and Locris are both Lelegian centres. And the name Oileus is referred to the Lelegian language.

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[1] In the Thersîtes-Penthesilea story in Dictys, Diomedes has Penthesilea thrown, still living, into the water.

[2] It has been suggested by P. Girard, *Rev. des Études Grecques*, xviii. (1905), pp. 1–75, that Τελαμών ('Supporter'), as the father of Aias, is originally not a shield-strap, but a door-post or pillar. This is good in point of religion, and would suit excellently with the conception of the Aiante as twins; and an inscription (fifth cent.) from the Argive Heraeum uses τελαμών as = 'pillar'. It is also a Roman use—'Telamones', like 'Caryatides'. See Herwerden, *Lex. Supplet.* To the writers of the *Iliad* Aias is obviously a shield-hero.

Take again the case of Diomêdês. He seems to be a tribal god or hero, connected perhaps first with Aetolia and the Aetolian settlements on the north coast of the Peloponnese, though in the Catalogue he belongs to Argos and Epidaurus. Originally perhaps an Achaean, he has been affected by the wild Aetolian tribes, who came from Illyria and expelled the Achaeans, reducing Aetolia in historical times to savagery. His kinsman is ‘ Agrios ’, ‘ Savage ’. His father Tydeus would have been made immortal, owing to his many merits, had not his own tribal war-goddess, Athena, seen him eating an enemy’s head on the battle-field, and after that preferred to let him die. However that may be, we find in Greek tradition two ostensibly distinct persons bearing the name of Diomedes. There is this hero, mentioned in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the Epigoni and the Alkmaeonis, by birth an Argive, but a traveller to Aetolia, Troy, Italy, and Cyprus. He is a fierce and fiery young warrior, much associated with horses, but decidedly, if I may borrow a convenient phrase from the language of the theatre, ‘ sympathetic.’ That is to say, we are wont to be on his side, not on that of his enemies. But there is also another ‘ unsympathetic ’ Diomedes, a ruffian and a savage; a son of the Thracian war-god Ares, and king of Abdêra in Thrace. This Diomedes, who fed his fierce white horses with human flesh—an evident trace of human sacrifices—was suitably destroyed by Heracles, and his horses taken away. Now, as Eric Bethe has pointed out, these two heroes are evidently the same. As soon as you scratch the Argive Diomedes you find under his Hellenic surface the mark of the Thracian. In the most diverse localities we find him connected with the same horses and the same uncanny sacrifices. In Cyprus to the far south-east he was worshipped with human victims. To the far north-west the Venetians sacrificed to him white horses. In the *Iliad* Diomedes has been cleared of his cannibal tendencies, and is left one of the most attractive figures in the poem, peculiarly brave and modest and wise in counsel. Yet incidentally we are constantly coming across his Thracian connexions. In K he slays the King of the Thracians, Rhêsus, and carries off his famous white horses. In E also, I would suggest, he fights and routs the god of the Thracian aborigines, Ares: Ares flies to heaven, leaving no horses behind. But we find that, just before, Diomedes has fought Aeneas and his mother Aphrodite, and carried off Aeneas's matchless horses. Aeneas is the son of Aphrodite, and Aphrodite is the goddess belonging to Ares. Originally, it would seem, a war-goddess and wife of the war-god, she has passed through the crucibles of Greek mythology, and emerges identified with a half-oriental love-goddess, a creature who has no business in battles, and is merely the paramour of the warrior god (see Schol. on Φ 416). Also her son in this case has Anchises for his father, not Ares. This probably is the result of mythological changes and false identifications. One suspects that originally the hero conquered by Diomedes, and robbed of his horses, and immediately afterwards succoured by both Aphrodite and Ares, was a true son of Ares. Thus the story of Diomedes in E becomes an exact parallel to that of Diomedes the

Thracian tyrant. For, in the processes of ancient mythology, to conquer a son of the Thracian Ares and despoil him of his matchless horses is exactly the same thing as to be a son of the Thracian Ares who is so conquered and despoiled. In the one story Diomedes has the passive part, in the other the active. It is like Dionysus the Bull-Slayer, and Dionysus the slain bull; Apollo the wolf, and Apollo the averter of wolves.

So many and various are the elements of saga and tribal history which have taken shape in the heroes of the *Iliad*. Of course we may admit freely the possibility that in any particular hero there may be traces of a real individual. The legends of the Middle Ages are full of historical names. And the names Paris or Hector or even Agamemnon may have belonged originally to as definite a person as those of Charlemagne or 'Virgil the magician', Attila or Dieterich of Berne. Professor Bury has remarked that the name and personality of a great foeman are apt to remain fixed in a nation's memory. Had nineteenth-century England been still in the saga-making stage, she would certainly have mingled 'Boney' with her ancestral demi-gods. But, if any of the persons are historical, we cannot identify them. And if the names are real, it does not follow that any part of the story really happened to the bearer of the particular name. None of the mediaeval magician-stories happened to the real Vergil.

But let us turn to somewhat surer ground. Consider the historical background of a case like the following. There is a fine passage of some seventy lines in *Iliad* E 627–98 which narrates the slaying of Tlepolemus of Rhodes, a son of Heracles, by the Lycian Sarpêdon. The passage interrupts the context. It is never referred to afterwards. The Heracleidae are nowhere else mentioned in Homer. And for divers reasons editors have marked the passage as a foreign insertion. But where does the insertion come from? The Heracleid of Rhodes has no place in the Trojan circle of legends. When one sees that his adversary is a Lycian, that is, a chieftain of the mainland just opposite Rhodes, where the Rhodians were constantly attempting to force a settlement, one can guess what has happened. A local legend of battle between the Rhodian and the Lycian has been torn up from its natural context and inserted into the midst of the fighting about Troy. The song is a fragment of the history of Rhodes and Lycia.[1]

In searching for fragments of real history, like this, in the Homeric poems, it is probable that our best hunting-grounds will be in the little backwaters of narrative, where the plot interest is weakest and the details least important. That is to say, the poet will have left the history most unchanged in those places where he had the least motive to falsify it; and conversely. In the case of Diomedes which we have just considered, for instance, the narrative is in the front plane of interest. Consequently the original story—if we were right in our suggestions—is hidden away under a mass of ornament and addition. Not only has the place of Diomedes' battle with the war-god and his spouse been moved from Thrace to Troy, but the name of Aeneas has been substituted for some other name. When a story is mere background, and does not need to be made interesting, it is less tampered with.

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[1] The Sarpedon passages generally bear the marks of being in some sense foreign matter, either invented later or transferred from a different context. For instance, the Sarpedon who was buried in the famous grave-mound in Lycia must have been slain in Lycia, not in Troy. This was remarked in antiquity. The passage (Π 668 ff.) where Sarpedon's body is carried from Troy to Lycia by Sleep and Death was considered 'spurious' by Zenodotus, with whom Didymus agreed (Schol. ad loc.). Eustathius also (p. 1069, 29) makes the very plausible surmise that Homer, knowing of the historical grave-mound in Lycia, invented these lines in order to combine it with his own story that Sarpedon was killed at Troy. The influence exerted on the *Iliad* by the princes of Lycia, who derived their descent from Sarpedon and Glaucus, has long been recognized.

Sarpedon, however, seems to have Thracian connexions as well as Lycian —even if the latter are not entirely an invention of the said princes, who may well have identified a native ancestor of their own with the famous Sarpedon. A promontory near Ainos in Thrace was called Sarpedon (Strabo, p. 331, fr. 52; cf. p. 319), and Ainos is the home of Sarpedon in one of the Heracles legends. Ainos was an Aeolic settlement among Thracians; hence Sarpedon is the blood-foe of Patroclus. His chosen comrade, Asteropaios (Μ 102 f.) is a Thracian, son of the river Axios (Bethe, l. c.). His other comrade, Maris, is otherwise unknown, but suggests Maron. Glaucus himself, one may observe, is guest-friend of the Thracian Diomedes: but Glaucus is a figure with many ramifications.

One may notice, as a further mark of something unusual, that the Lycian genealogy given in Ζ 199 does not agree with the one ordinarily given, from Europa-Minos. And Diodorus says that Sarpedon fought on the side of Agamemnon against Troy! (v. 79) Perhaps a mere slip.

In the same book (43 ff.) we have the following passage :—

> Then Idomeneus despoiled Phaestus, son of the Maeonian, even of Borus who had come from deep-soiled Tarne. Him spear-famed Idomeneus stabbed with his long lance as he was about to mount upon his chariot, through the right shoulder. And down from the chariot he crashed and a horror of darkness laid hold on him.

Idomeneus is the King of Cnossos in Crete, and Phaestus is otherwise only known to history as a town in the same island. That is to say, Phaestus *is* the town, or the eponymous hero of the town. So that we have in this passage a record of a local battle or conquest in Crete, torn up from its surroundings and used by the poet to fill in some details of slaughter in a great battle before Troy.

And what sort of a conquest was it ? Idomeneus, if we inquire into his antecedents, appears pretty clearly as a northern invader of Crete. He is a son of Deucalion, which points to Thessaly. He is a great founder of cities in the north-west, like Diomedes and Odysseus. The men he fights fall into two groups :[1] Oinomaüs and Alkathoüs—who is in some legends one of the suitors slain by Oinomaüs, in others a son of Pelops the slayer of Oinomaüs—these two take us to the Pelops-group of northerners in the Peloponnese. The others are what we may call Creto-Asiatic ; Asius, from the Asian plain in Lydia, this Phaestus, son of the Maeonian from Lydia, and Othryoneus, a name derived from the Cretan word for a hill (ὄθρυς, see Fick-Bechtel, p. 421).

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[1] I omit Aeneas and Deiphobus. They are obviously not inconsistent with the above grouping, but I hesitate to offer an explanation of their meaning in this context. Orsilochos, Idomeneus' supposed son in ν 260, looks like a fiction.

Is there not history here, real history, however fragmentary and adrift from all its moorings? I think, following a hint of Bethe’s, that there is a good deal of historical fact contained in certain passages which look at first sight like mere strings of meaningless names, I mean, the ἀνδροκτασίαι, or ‘Manslayings’, which constantly fill up the background of a Homeric battle picture. For instance, at the end of Diomedes’ great battle we have (Z 29 ff.) this passage:—

> Then Polypoites, firm in battle, slew Astyalus, and Odysseus smote with his bronzen spear Pidutes of Percote, and Teucros godlike Aretaon. And Antilochus, son of Nestor, smote Ablerus with his shining spear, and Agamemnon, king of men, slew Elatus. (He dwelt by the banks of fair-flowing Satnioeis, in lofty Pedasus.) And Eurypylus despoiled Melanthius. And Menelaus caught Adrastus alive.

And so on.

There may be fiction, and the emptiest kind of fiction, mixed up in this. And probably most of the history is at present untraceable. I will take one case in detail presently. But, first, I would ask you to reflect what constituted a man’s chief claim to public honour among these primitive Northern tribes. The greatest thing, perhaps, was to be *Ptoliporthos*, a Sacker of Cities.[1] Short of that, a hero was chiefly known by the enemies whom he had slain. Think of Sigurd Fafnirsbane, Hogni Sigurdsbane, and the rest. Think of the stories of Heracles, Achilles, Diomedes. In each case the main groundwork is a list of the enemies whom the hero slew. In more civilized times we put on the tomb of a general a list of the victories which he won. In earlier times these victories were all represented as personal duels, man-to-man, and were commemorated, at any rate in times of migration, not by inscriptions on tombs, but by paeans or verses current among the tribe. One remembers how the Myrmidons in *Iliad* X march back to the ships singing their paean: ‘We have won us great glory, we have slain godlike Hector, to whom the Trojans in their city prayed as to a god.'

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[1] Cf. Aesch. *Ag.* 472 and Cic. *Ep. ad Fam.* x. 13. 2.

The emotion connected with these various victories would of course generally become dim with time, but the verses recording the bare facts would be remembered carefully by the tribal bard. Indeed their preservation would be the chief part of his business. And I strongly suspect that the lists of men slain by the various tribal heroes in the *Iliad* are, in their origin, these same tribal records, condensed into mere lists of names and, of course, transferred from their original contexts. In detail fiction may have entered in, and some names may be pure inventions. But in general, if we only interpret the language rightly, I incline to believe that 'Odysseus' did slay 'Pidutes of Percote', and that some people claiming connexion with Agamemnon did take the town of Pedasus in the valley of the Satnioeis. This last point, indeed, we actually know from history.

But let us follow the story of the last victim in this 'Man-slaying', Adrastus, who was taken by Menelaus alive and eventually slain by Agamemnon. He appears suddenly, with no name of father or country. But his fate is told at length. His horses took fright, ran into a tamarisk bush, broke the pole of his chariot, and flung him out upon his face. So Menelaus took him, but would have spared his life had not Agamemnon run up and himself stabbed Adrastus in the flank with his spear.

Who is this Adrastus, and where was this battle really fought? He would seem like a mere name, a fiction of the moment, but for two things. Pausanias saw a place near Thebes which was called Harma, Chariot; and when he inquired the origin of the name, he was informed that Adrastus, the celebrated King of Sikyon, was there cast out of his chariot, which was entangled in a tamarisk bush, when he was flying from the battle at Thebes. This cannot be entirely a fabrication based on the *Iliad*. It is, in part at least, an independent tradition. And again, when Agamemnon's kingdom is described in the Catalogue (B 572) it includes 'Sikyon, where aforetime Adrastus was king'. That is, this fatherless and floating Adrastus seems—though the poet did not know it—to be really the great Adrastus of Sikyon; and his slaying ~~by Agamemnon~~ represents a real tribal victory, which, however, did not take place at Troy.

Few of these battles of the *Iliad* did. A line of research indicated by Eric Bethe in a brilliant essay on *Die Trojanische Sagenkreise* tends to establish clearly what many of us had suspected before, that much of the fighting which Homer locates at Troy, in Asia Minor, on the south-eastern shore of the Hellespont, is really a reminiscence of old tribal wars on the mainland of Greece, notably in Thessaly, Boeotia, and the Peloponnese. Dr. Bethe's method is this. Those heroes who have a real existence in the tradition, apart from the *Iliad*, can in many cases be traced to their diverse homes or settlements by three trains of evidence: first, their graves and places of worship; secondly, their blood-feuds, for a tribe's blood-feud is usually against a close neighbour; and thirdly, their wives, kinsmen, and the like.

Take the case of Achilles. It is quite clear. Achilles is firmly located in Phthia, in the country between the town of Pharsâlos and the Spercheios river. All his kindred are about him. The temple of Thetis, his mother, is close to Pharsâlos. His father Peleus is associated with Mt. Pelion. His sister was married to the river Spercheios. And in the same neighbourhood we find his blood-foes. Two heroes, celebrated in other contexts, but in the *Iliad* reduced to mere names for filling up an 'androktasia',[1] Dryops and Deucalion, belong to this region. So does his better-known enemy Cycnus, the Swan-hero. More than that, there is quoted from the third-century historian Istros a statement which puzzles Plutarch and directly conflicts with all the Homeric tradition, that Alexandros or Paris was slain by Achilles and Patroclus upon the banks of the Spercheios.

In Homer, of course, Alexandros is a Trojan prince who perhaps never went to Thessaly in his life, and he is not killed by Achilles, but on the contrary kills him some time after Patroclus is dead. It is startling to find him fighting in Thessaly. Yet an inquiry into the origin of Alexandros-Paris gives him also a home in the same region as his enemy, Achilles. His close sister, who like himself has a double name, Alexandra or Cassandra, was worshipped in historical times in Locris. (Of course, when the story of the *Iliad* spread over Greece, a legend was invented to account for the Locrians worshipping a Trojan.) The heroes with whom Paris fights in the *Iliad*, especially those who have no importance in the story, and are therefore not inserted for a fictional purpose, are almost all Thessalians, such as Machaon, Eurypylos, Menesthios.[1] He is killed at last by the Malian Philoctetes.

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[1] Υ 455, 478.

Andromache, the wife of Hector, comes from Thêbê, a town which is described as Ὑποπλακίη, or in words which explain that epithet, ‘ beneath wooded Placos.’ No one in antiquity knew what or where Placos was, though it was presumed to be a mountain. Was it not the mountain above that Thêbê which lies between Pharsalus and Mt. Pelion, at the northern boundary of Achilles’ realm ? Andromache in one passage of the *Iliad* (Z 397 ff.) is made a Cilician ; but in the saga generally she is connected not with any place in Asia, but with the north and north-west of Greece. She is the mother of Molossus, the eponymous hero of a tribe in Epirus called Molossi. In another legend she is the mother of Kestrînos, eponymous hero of the Epirot territory Kestrînê. This seems to be the real tradition. It is then united with the Troy-poems by making some one bring the Trojan queen back to Greece after the capture of her city. In one legend it is Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, who so brings her. In another it is Helenus, her brother-in-law.

And what of Hector himself, the great defender of Troy ? He seems to belong to Boeotia. As Dümmler has observed, he was worshipped as a hero in Boeotian Thebes. And if we examine the list of people whom he kills or fights in the

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[1] Cf. Λ 506 ; Λ 580, Β 736 ; Η 9.

Iliad, their cults and graves and legends crowd round the neighbourhood of Boeotia. Leïtos (P 601) had a tomb in Plataea: Oresbios (E 707) lived in Hylê: Arkesilaos (O 329) was buried in Lebadeia. As for Hector's comrade, Melanippos (O 547–83), we know that a hero Melanippos was, like Hector himself, worshipped in Thebes. Hector was a great 'slayer of men', and his victims in the *Iliad* make a sort of road from Thebes upward to the bounds of Achilles' region. Dr. Bethe mentions Schedios the Phocian, whose tomb Strabo saw at Daphnûs on the Euboean gulf (O 515, and again P 306; Strabo, ix. 424); Autonoos, worshipped as a hero at Delphi (Λ 301); Orestes, connected in saga with Phocis (E 705); Trêchos the Aetolian, who must be the eponymous hero of Trêchis (E 706). Trêchis lies at the mouth of the Spercheios on the borders of the realm of Achilles. Patroclus, Hector's greatest victim, belongs to the heart of that country. Further north he slew Helenos, son of Oinôps (E 707), Epeigeus from the town of Boudeion (Π 571), and in some legends also Protesilaos. The road has led us even beyond the blood-foe Achilles, up to Thêbê, the city of Hector's wife Andromache. 'In other words,' says Bethe, 'Hector, or rather the tribe which honoured Hector as their hero, migrated by this road. More accurately, the tribe gradually, in how many centuries none can tell, moved in a south-easterly direction, driven by a pressure which was no doubt exerted by the Aeolic tribe represented in the Epos by Achilles.'

Another group of closely united enemies—in these connexions neighbour and enemy are almost interchangeable terms—is to be found in Lacedaemon. If the above was the Achilles-Hector-Alexandros group, this is the Helen group. It consists of Helen, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Alexandros the ravisher of Helen, and Deïphobus her third husband. The Alexandros tribe, it will be seen, appears in both groups. Since it seems to have left no traces in central Greece, and since Alexandros is always in the legend a builder of ships, the tribe probably came from Thessaly to the Peloponnese by sea.[1] Helen of course lived in Sparta. She was worshipped as a goddess in Sparta: her grave was shown at Therapnae, just north of Sparta. Her husband Menelaus had a grave and a temple at Therapnae: and at the same place, according to the statement of a late though well-informed authority,[2] both Alexandros and Deïphobus received divine honours. Perhaps in this statement Therapnae is a mistake for Amyclae, which suits the geography slightly better. Also Amyclae is the home of Deïphobus in the Heracles legend (Apollod. ii. 6. 2; Diod. iv. 31; Jahn, *Bilderchronik*, p. 70): and in Amyclae also lay the sanctuary of Alexandros's sister Alexandra-Cassandra, and beside it her tomb, together with that of Agamemnon.

I will not pursue the subject further. One may well be surprised at the tenacity with which these ancient local worships held their ground through almost the whole lifetime of Greece as a nation. The tribes which instituted them, and through which alone they had reality, had long since passed away both from those particular neighbourhoods and from the face of the earth. They were often in flat contradiction with that other stream of history popularized and made canonical by the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Ages after people had forgotten that Alexandros or Paris represented a tribe; when all educated people knew him from their childhood as a wicked Trojan prince who was killed and buried in Troy beyond the Hellespont; old peasants and pietists and antiquaries continued to worship his grave at Therapnae in Laconia or by the river Spercheios in South Thessaly. Sometimes the two streams of legend, that of the *Iliad* and that of the local worship, ran on without mingling; more often, of course, ways were invented for harmonizing the two. That is why, for instance, Cassandra is brought from Troy by

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[1] Cf. Agamemnon, of whom the same is true, except that he sailed definitely from Aulis.

[2] The dialogue 'Theophrastus' on the immortality of the Soul, by Aeneas of Gaza (fifth century A.D.), cited in S. Wide, *Lakonische Kulte*, p. 351; Bethe, l. c., p. 16.

Agamemnon, to be buried beside him at Therapnae; why a Locrian hero is made to commit a sin against Cassandra, to be expiated ever afterwards by the Locrians worshipping at her sanctuary.

No precise summing-up of these results is, I believe, at present ~~practicable. We can at~~ most suggest the sort of framework into which the eventual results of research will probably fit. Two general facts seem to be clear :—

1. Apart from later accretions, the various battles of heroes which appear in the *Iliad* as part of the Trojan War represent for the most part very ancient warfare among the wandering tribes of the mainland, earlier than that expansion of Greece over the Aegean which we know as the Aeolian and Ionian colonizations.

2. This warfare is connected not with the names of individual men who distinguished themselves—and whose names may perhaps survive in some of the local prose chronicles and foundation-stories—but with the names of tribal gods.

There is something in this second point that to our minds requires explanation. Professor Usener remarks that the French epics, coming comparatively late, revolve mostly round definite historical characters like Charlemagne and Roland: the *Niebelungenlied*, belonging to a more primitive society, is mostly about tribal and elemental gods, with a good many historical characters such as Atli and Dieterich drawn in: the Greek, more primitive still, seems to be almost entirely about these divine or imaginary beings.

When the Greeks in the full light of history defeated the Persian, their general's comment was: 'It is not we who have done this, but the gods and the heroes' (Hdt. viii. 109). That seems to be the spirit. After all, that is the psychological condition which we often find in primitive peoples. Think how it pervades the Old Testament. Think of the many stories in books of anthropology telling how a savage who has succeeded or failed in catching his prey explains that his spirit, his *orenda*, his *totem*, has been on that particular occasion strong or weak. There is an early inscription extant in which the people of Selînûs celebrate a successful battle, in which presumably various individuals had in the normal ways distinguished themselves. We should have mentioned their names. But the inscription of the Selinuntians runs thus: 'Thanks to the following gods we of Selînûs have conquered: Zeus Nikâtôr, Phobos, Heracles, Apollo, Poseidon, the Tyndaridae, Athena, Mâlophoros, Pâsikrateia, and the others, but especially thanks to Zeus' (*I. G. A.* 515). We know how the Tyndaridae fought for Rome at the battle of Lake Regillus, and for the Locrians against Croton. We know how the Greeks before the battle of Salamis sent a ship to Aegina to fetch 'Aias and Telamon and the other Aeacidae', including Peleus and Achilles, to lead them against the Persians (Hdt. viii. 64). They are doubtless included, if not specially meant, in Themistocles' words, attributing the victory to 'the gods and heroes'. The same Aeacidae had been lent by Aegina to Thebes on a previous occasion, about which the less said the better. For the Thebans were defeated, Aeacidae and all (Hdt. v. 80), and told the Aeginetans that next time they would prefer a regiment of men. Now, suppose the battle of Salamis had been fought, not in the full light of Greek history, but in the misty dawn of the Epos, what sort of a story should we have had? Would it have been all about Themistocles and Eurybiades and the Corinthians? I suspect it would have been Aias and Telamon and Peleus and Achilles who defeated Xerxes. That, at least, is the way in which the earliest epic battles seem to have been recorded.

These considerations perhaps explain sufficiently why the Homeric battles, in their last analysis, are so largely the work of tribal heroes and gods. It remains to consider another point. Why do they all refer not to any warfare that was going on at the time of their composition, but to warfare of forgotten people under forgotten conditions in the past? The fact is certain. Even if the analysis made in

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this essay be all wrong, there will remain just the same problem. For the poems were certainly for many centuries in the hands of Ionian bards, who are shown by all the evidence to have largely added to them. Yet, with all their additions, they never brought in any celebration of their own immediate present. There is no mention of the Asiatic colonies, of the great Ionian cities, of the later groupings of tribes. The few exceptions to this rule are mere accidents. There is all through the poems a distinct refusal to cheapen epic poetry by the celebration of contemporary things. If men wanted to celebrate the present, they did so in other forms of literature.

What shall one say of this? Merely that there is no cause for surprise. It seems to be the normal instinct of a poet, at least of an epic poet. The earliest version of the *Song of Roland* which we possess was probably composed by a Norman minstrel who took part in the conquest of England. If he wanted to write an epic, surely he had a subject ready to hand. Yet he wrote about Roland, dead three hundred years before, not about William the Conqueror. The fugitive Britons of Wales made no epic to tell of their conquest by the Saxons; they turned to a dim-shining Arthur belonging to the vaguest past. Neither did the Saxons who were conquering them make epics about that conquest. They sang how at some unknown time a legendary and mythical Beowulf had conquered a legendary Grendel.

Yet this past of which epic poets make their songs, what exactly is it? It is not the plain historical past. It is the past transformed into something ideal, something that shall be more inspiring or more significant. In the case of the *Iliad* the old traditional fighting is all concentrated into one great war, and that a war for the possession of the very land which the professed descendants of Agamemnon and Achilles were fighting for in historical times. Dates are misleading because these movements seem to have been so slow. Tradition says that the Aeolian settlements in Asia began in the eleventh century, but Aeolians were not firmly established in the Troad till the seventh or sixth.

It looks as if the epic conception of the *Tale of Troy* consisted in outline of four main elements: (1) A tradition of a great city at Ilion in the Troad, and its destruction by war. (2) A reflection into the past of the long wars of the Aeolian tribes to establish themselves in Asia. (3) An historical meeting of the Achilles tribes and the Agamemnon tribes, their common warfare against Asia and the occasional friction between them. (4) The myth of Helen, the ever-ravished and re-won, who is carried away in this story by Alexandros-Paris, prince of Troy—as in other contexts she has been carried away by Theseus and Perithoüs, by Hermes, and probably by Achilles—and triumphantly recovered by her kinsfolk.[1]

If we now put the question, Where did these four elements first come together? we ought to receive some light upon that question which so vexed antiquity, the birthplace of Homer. Ilion is a fixed and known place; the Aeolian tribes also belong on the whole to a definite area. They were driven from South Thessaly across the North Aegean by a direct bridge of islands: Ikos, Skyros, Lesbos—and there is the south-west extremity of the Troad immediately in front. The meeting of Achilles and Agamemnon is more conclusive still. Achilles, though he had worship in the Peloponnese, is mostly Thessalian: Agamemnon, though he had Thessalian connexions, is mostly Peloponnesian: and if we look for some great traditional meeting-place of the descendants of Agamemnon from the south, and the descendants of Achilles from Thessaly, the first place to suggest itself is the island of Lesbos. It was also about a 'girl of Brisa' in Lesbos that the chiefs quarrelled. The fourth point is hardly needed, but it points to the same result. If the ravishment of Helen now takes a new direction towards the Troad, that fits in with a movement of Helen's Peloponnesian worshippers towards the same place. The time and place at which the main strands of the framework of the *Iliad* must have come together are fairly clear. The time is the Aeolian migration, the place is Lesbos or some early settlement on the shore of Asia. If we take Homer as the author of the *Iliad*, the area known as Aeolis is his first birthplace.

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[1] Stêsichorus' famous 'Palinode', making out that Helen never went to Troy, but stayed innocently in Egypt, is not, I think, an invention, but another form of the same ancient myth. She is carried off by Hermes himself to Egypt. This carrying off of the goddess by a definite god seems very old. Eur. *Helen.* 44 (λαβὼν δέ μ' Ἑρμῆς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν αἰθέρος κτλ.). See Usener, *Stoff des Epos.*

This historical argument fits exactly with the argument from language. True, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as given in all our MSS., appear in an Ionic dialect. But it is beyond question that the dialect has been in some way changed. The greater part of the poems has been worked over into its present Ionic from some other speech. What that speech exactly was is open to dispute.

Professor Fick, in his epoch-making editions of the two poems, argued boldly that it was ordinary Lesbian Aeolic, and that both poems had been definitely translated into Ionic by the rhapsode Kynaithos of Chios about the year 540 B. C. He showed that the poems were full of 'Aeolic' forms in the midst of the Ionic, and these Aeolic forms had the peculiarity, nearly always, of being metrically different from the corresponding Ionic forms. That is: the poems were wrought over into Ionic simply word for word, and when the proper Ionic word did not scan, the older Aeolic form was left. The practice is common, one may almost say regular, in traditional books. Many English ballads occur in northern and southern forms, many old French poems in French of Paris, Norman-French, and Picard. And this general conception of an 'Aeolic' stage of the Homeric poems has been accepted by almost all advanced critics.

Yet it needs an important correction. Fick's full theory, with Kynaithos and the sixth century included, has had few supporters. And if we abandon that definite date and person, the linguistic arguments rather change their character. For the two most characteristic distinctions of the Ionian speech, the loss of *w*-sounds and the turning of ā into η, can be shown to have occurred later, and perhaps considerably later, than the first foundations of the cities in Asia Minor. So that the *w* and the long *a* sounds of Homer were as much the property of Proto-Ionic, if we may use the term—omitting for the moment the numerous false forms and modernisms of our present texts—as of Aeolic. The language of Homer is markedly based upon an older stage of the Greek language than either the Ionic of Herodotus or the Lesbian of Sappho.[1] This is illustrated, among other facts, by the curious affinities between the Epic dialect and two so-called Aeolic dialects utterly out of the range of epic influence, Arcadian and Cyprian.

What can there be in common between Arcadia, the central highlands of the Peloponnese, and Cyprus, the remote Greek island in the gates of the Semite? Nothing, one would say, but their isolation. They were both so cut off from the normal currents of progressive Greek civilization that they retained more than other communities of their original speech, as the French in Canada retain peculiar elements of the language of Louis XIV. And consequently they show curious agreements with Homer, whose dialect, for reasons easily intelligible, clung to the oldest form of speech that was capable of being comfortably understood. It is not, therefore, accurate to say that Homer has been translated from Aeolic into Ionic, if by Aeolic we mean sixth-century Lesbian, or the group of which Lesbian is the type, Lesbian-Thessalian-Boeotian. It is, I think, accurate if we mean that Homer has been worked over from an ancient dialect, much more closely akin to the Aeolic of Lesbos and South Thessaly than to the language of the mixed multitudes of the Ionian cities.

There is certainly a strong Lesbian element, as was recognized in antiquity. There are certain forms of words which are definitely Lesbian, and not primitive, dialectical peculiarities which first originated in the Lesbian Aeolic dialects;

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[1] See the valuable Appendix to Monro's edition of *Odyssey*, xiii–xxiv, pp. 455–88. He seems to me to underrate the Aeolic element.

falsely formed datives in *-εσσι*, falsely formed perfect participles in *-κων, -κοντος*, a preference for *κεν* over *ἄν*, and various forms like *ἄλλυδις, νύμφα*, &c. The Lesbian form *ἀγρέω* for *αἱρέω* is generally altered, but is kept in the imperative, where it was not recognized. Still, the main texture of the earlier Homeric language is not Lesbian-Aeolic, but some earlier and more widely diffused speech. What does this mean in history ?

It is just what we should have expected from our analysis of the raw material of the poems. It is the speech of these immensely old tribal traditions which, as we have seen, form the ultimate historical content of the *Iliad*. What took place in Aeolia or Lesbos was the first collecting of them into a Trojan setting. It is interesting in this connexion to notice that the scenery of the similes is apt to be Thessalian and not Asiatic : that the Muses come from Olympus and the vale of Pieria in Thessaly, and the gods, wherever they may wander, still keep their ' Olympian houses '.[1]

What can this epic material have been like before it took its Trojan or Homeric shape ? Here we are getting beyond our evidence. Perhaps originally, as Professor Usener suggests, it may have consisted of the praises of the ' heroes ' or ancestors, sung in religious worship at the Hearth. The Bard was a necessary part of a noble house, and his chief business was the celebration of the ' heroes '.[2] At some moment or other these sacred commemorations of each separate tribal hearth began to pass beyond the limit of the house. The story or the song became more interesting than the particular ' hero ' of whom it was told. Strangers liked to hear them. There must have been some great deed or experience in common, some impulse to history writing, some breaking down of family and tribal barriers. It is possible

[1] The Mysian Olympus may have been regarded locally as the seat of the gods : but the ' Homeric ' gods evidently dwell in the Thessalian Olympus.

[2] Usener, l. c., cites Beowulf and the Welsh laws settling the precedence of the bards : the chief bard comes next after the head of the house.

that many such crises occurred before the Aeolic migration; it is possible that that migration was itself the crisis.

A raw material consisting of various disconnected religious songs and lays in praise of particular tribal ancestors or gods: a process of weaving these materials into a connected framework by the bards of the Aeolian migration: these seem to be the conditions of what we may call the first birth of Homer, if we mean by Homer the author of the *Iliad.* The case would be a little different for the other cycles of Epic Saga, the Boeotian, Phocian, and Argive Epics, the *Odyssey*, *Cypria*, and *Argonautica.* Some of these never passed through Aeolis at all. But some corresponding stage, helped out by mutual imitation, must have occurred in all the longer traditional Epics. And there is this to observe: that however loosely the various masses of legend floated, there was in very early times some feeling that they formed a whole, or at least a series of wholes. There was some conception of a consecutive chronicle or history. Each bard is understood to begin his lay—*ἔνθεν ἑλών*, or *τῶν ἁμόθεν γε*—at some particular point in the great story.

The next birth of Homer was certainly in Ionia. We have seen that the colonists of Lesbos had some pretensions to unity of race. The place from which the exodus came was so close. The bridge from Mt. Pelion to Aeolis, by Skyros and Lesbos, is so straight and complete. And, since the peoples are the same, the name Aioleis may well be a by-form of the well-known Ach-aioi. Similarly, the Paiones include Siropaiones and Paioplai; the Pelag-ônes seem to be a by-form of the Pêlagones, and even of the Pelag-skoi or Pelasgoi. There may also have been some unity of race in the extreme south of Asia Minor, where the group called itself ‘Doris’. The Dorian tribes, perhaps coming on from Crete, were at any rate the leaders of their communities. But all along the great stretch of coast between these two little groups, there seems to have been no definite unity or common descent. Every city wall contained a *σύμμεικτον πλῆθος*, a 'mixed multitude'. They could merely be classed together as 'Iawones', Sons of Javan, and even that name is given them by foreigners.

It looks as if these ancestors of the Ionians had in the extreme stress of their migrations lost hold upon their Achaean traditions. At any rate, it was only in later times, and only by turning to their northern neighbours, that the Ionians obtained, or recovered, their heritage in the Epos. It came to them then as part of a regular process. For it is just these central settlements, these most tribeless and fugitive of the Sons of Javan, that built up the greatest achievements of Greek civilization before the rise of Athens. In historical times the Ionian Greek is always prevailing over the Aeolian, ousting him, outstripping him, annexing his cities and his possessions. The Ionian poet Mimnermus, early in the seventh century, narrates how a party of Ionians from Colophon and Pylos set forth and captured Aeolian Smyrna.[1] The same thing can be shown to have happened in Chios, though there the memory of the conflict was forgotten, and the island counts as simply Ionian. And these cases may be taken as typical. The Aeolic settlements belong to an earlier, ruder, and more chivalric stage of culture, and were superseded by the higher intelligence and practical adaptability of the Ionians. And besides their walled cities, the Aeolians were robbed also of their Homer.

How did this process take place? There may conceivably at some time have been a definite authoritative change of dialect; but it seems more likely that the Epic dialect gradually changed as the spoken language changed. As more and more Greek cities, and those the richer and larger ones, began to drop the letter Vau and to pronounce Eta instead of long Alpha, the bards who recited Homer in those cities naturally changed their pronunciation too. Such a change would be as unconscious as the modern English change in the pronunciation of *tea* or *room*. But there was another and a decisive motive of change. We have seen already that, though a short lay may be recited round a camp fire or a banquet board, a poem at all approaching the length of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* can only be recited on some great public occasion, lasting over several days, and consequently can only have been created with that sort of occasion in view. Now though our information is imperfect, it seems certain that the greatest gatherings in the Aegean were Ionian. Bards who wished to compete at the *Panêgureis* at Delos, at Panionion, at Ephesus, must almost of necessity recite in Ionic Greek, and change their method of pronunciation as the spoken pronunciation changed. The Olympian Muses, if their ambition insisted upon a great poem and a great audience, must perforce abandon their native accent.

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[1] Mimn. 9. He makes no apology; but we have beside his verses a more defensive Ionian account of the affair, explaining that they were not the aggressors. Strabo, xiv. 634. The town first belonged to the Leleges; they were driven out by 'Smyrnaeans' from Ionic Ephesus: they were expelled by Aeolians, but returned with help from Ionic Colophon, and 'regained their own land'. The story illustrates first the tendency of Ionia to outstrip and thrust aside Aeolis; and secondly, the existence of a certain feeling of shame in thus expelling a city of brother Greeks. To drive out Leleges was of course fair hunting. Cf. Wilamowitz, *Panionion*, in *Sitzungsber. Berlin. Akad.* 1906, iii.

Aeolis was left in a backwater. And when it emerged, it spoke in tones as different from those of its old Homer as can well be conceived. Poetry in Lesbos became Traditional Poetry no more. We must leave it aside and return to the development of Homer in Ionia.

IX

THE ILIAD AS A GREAT POEM

THE HOMERIC SPIRIT AND THE GREATNESS OF THE ILIAD

We still stand under the spell of the *Iliad*. Amid the deepest strands that are woven in the thread of our Western civilization there is more than one which is drawn originally from Greece and Greek literature. And at the fountain-head of Greek literature there stands, naturally enough, the dateless traditional book, not indeed sacred as in other lands, but still unapproachable, and far removed from the possibilities of human competition. This was the position of the *Iliad* in Alexandrian Greece. Rome took over the conception, and it has passed on, for the most part, to be part of the intellectual heritage of the Western world.

Criticism has, of course, in some respects, shattered the Alexandrian view to pieces. Instead of the primaeval and all-wise poet, Homer, we are left with a kind of saga-figure, similar to those of Achilles or Agamemnon, or the mighty flashing-helmeted Son of a Shield-Belt. The name Homêros may conceivably be a name once borne by a living person. But if so, we know nothing of him, except indeed that he did not, in any complete sense, write the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. There is in North India a god called Nikal Seyn, whose name we know to have been originally John Nicholson. But I suspect that it would be difficult to detect much of the character or history of Mr. Nicholson in the legends now current about the god. It seems on the whole safest to regard Homêros as the name of an imaginary ancestor worshipped by the schools of bards called Ὁμηρίδαι or Ὁμήρου παῖδες, a name parallel to Ion, or Doros, or Hellen, or even Amphictyon. The exact form of theory which we accept is of little moment. There is a broad general agreement between most of the followers and correctors of Wolff and Lachmann. I wish in the present lecture to consider what effect this scientific analysis has, or should have, upon our general understanding of the *Iliad* as a great poem.

Mr. Mackail, in his *Life of William Morris*, remarks in passing that in the *Iliad* we have a second-rate subject made into a first-rate and indeed incomparable poem by the genius of a great poet. I think this view would probably be widely accepted. Many scholars would agree, with a pang, that the subject of the Wrath was not quite in the first rank of nobleness. The Wrath against Hector after Patroclus' death may be a great subject. But the Wrath with Agamemnon about a personal slight is not. The fact that in the loss of Briseïs it is almost entirely the personal slight, not the loss of a beloved being, that matters to Achilles, puts all the emotion several degrees lower. So much many scholars would admit, and then console themselves by asserting the splendid perfection of the poem and the genius of the incomparable poet.

Yet I cannot think that there is any road in this direction for those who wish to reach the truth. The incomparable poet certainly did not write the whole *Iliad*. It is too clearly a work of many successive ages. Where then shall we place him? Shall we make him the author of the 'original Wrath' and suggest that the great expansions and the brilliant though faulty composition of the *Iliad* as a whole are the work of inferior imitators or even interpolators? That is impossible. For much of the finest work in the *Iliad*, the Hector and Andromache passage, for instance, and the whole Ransoming of Hector, belong to the later parts. Or can you reverse the hypothesis, and suppose a large and moderately good epic slowly growing for centuries, and falling into the hands of an incomparable poet right at the end, when complete or nearly complete? Right at the end he cannot have been. For the few really bad parts of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* belong to the latest strata. (Some instances will be given in the next lecture.) But can we operate with the hypothesis of one supremely great poet working somewhere near the end? That seems to me less unlike the facts: and yet it is not a workable theory. For though as the growth of the poem went on the subject was in a way ennobled and the characters deepened, still most of the work of the later bards lay more in arrangement and adaptation than in what we should call creative poetry. The poet, for instance, who put the Sarpêdon or Bellerophon passages into our *Iliad*, fine as he was, cannot be regarded as definitely superior to the poet who originally wrote them for another context.[1] But the fact is that criticism, which reveals a hundred joints in the construction of the *Iliad*, can seldom get much result from the differing degrees of poetical skill. And when there are such differences, it is rather that some pieces fall below a general high average: not that they stand startlingly above it. The *Iliad* never reads like the work of many respectable and one transcendent artist. Indeed, there is nothing more striking about the *Iliad* than, comparatively speaking, the uniformity of splendour with which it is written. In a highly conventional language, which can never have been spoken on earth, amid highly conventional surroundings of story, of imagination, of similes, there is somehow built up a great Homeric style, which, as far as one can judge, an ordinary good minstrel, of suitable temperament, trained from youth, and steeped in the epic atmosphere, could reproduce without effort, so that, when one of the good Homeridae spoke, the voice was that of his great ancestor, Homer. I feel in the *Iliad* no poet of individual genius standing out against other commoner men. I believe that in these poems we are brought face to face with something in a sense greater and more august than individual genius. But of that presently.

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[1] See Lecture VII, pp. 161 f., VIII, p. 191.

I wish first to consider patiently this difficulty. It is, I suppose, quite clear that the *Iliad* is a good poem. Most people have only to read it to feel quite sure of the fact: and if any particular reader does not feel sure, by his own instinct, there is enough authority on the subject to convince any but the most self-confident that his doubts are ill-grounded. Now why is it that the *Iliad* is a good poem when it has so many of the characteristics of a bad one?

In the first place, as we noticed above, the subject is second-rate. The horrid phrase which describes Achilles as 'sulking in his tent' is not very far from the truth. And sulking is not a noble, nor yet a poetical, state of mind. Achilles, again, is not a very sympathetic hero. His eloquence is amazing, and we are ready to believe in his dauntless courage and prowess and swiftness of foot. But, if it were not for his mere misery and repentance at the end of the poem, I think that most readers would actually dislike him for his crude pride and self-absorption, his cruelty and lack of love. Even his love for Patroclus never impresses one as having unselfishness about it: it is not like the love of Orestes and Pylades.

Again, there is a test which most people apply instinctively to a modern work of fiction, and which is most powerful in separating the good from the bad. I mean the amount of finish and conscientiousness in the more hidden parts. What we call 'showy' or 'flashy' work is generally work in which the momentary effect of particular scenes is strong, but which will not bear looking into. If you look close you find weaknesses, inconsistencies, contradictions. Now, notoriously, this is the case with the *Iliad*. The wall round the Greek camp alone, though the writing about it is always good and stirring, will provide half a dozen glaring instances of this sort of inner flaw. It is built at the end of H in the tenth year of the war. Yet the opening lines of M (1–32) imply that it was built—as it naturally would be—in the first. In M and N the wall is sometimes present and sometimes absent.

Also two separate heroes, Hector and Sarpedon, are mentioned in different places, and in exactly the same words, as being the first to get over it (M 438, Π 558). There is a fearful fight when the Trojans are attacking the wall to get to the ships: when they retreat in panic there is generally no wall there. All this is explained in detail in Dr. Leaf's commentary.[1] It is pretty clear that there were two versions of the fighting extant, one in which the camp was unfortified, and one in which it was provided with a wall and moat. And brilliant episodes are borrowed from one or the other as the minstrels pleased.

Again, there is the cardinal instance of the contradiction between Books Π and I. In Book Π, Achilles, as he sees the routed Greeks, breaks into a splendid complaint that if only Agamemnon would seek his friendship and offer him amends the Trojans would soon fly and 'choke the trenches with their dead'. He sends Patroclus forth to help the Greeks, but warns him not to go too far in pursuit, lest Agamemnon should feel too secure and should fail to offer atonement.

Obviously, then, Agamemnon has not offered atonement. Yet there is a book before this which is occupied from first to last entirely with Agamemnon's offers of princely atonement! One sees what has happened. Both passages lay before some compiler of the *Iliad*. They were not consistent, but each was too good to lose. He put both in, sacrificing, like a bad artist, the whole to the part.

Thirdly, there is the same sort of fault running through many of the descriptions. Even the battle scenes, vivid as they are, will sometimes not bear thinking out. As we saw in the case of the breastplate, the poet has not fully thought out the words he was using. It sounds well. It is exciting. But it is not real. It is like a battle composed by some romantic poet, who furnishes his warriors with gleaming morions and resounding culverins, but is not quite sure what things they are.

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[1] The late Professor Earle, in the *American Journal of Philology*, Oct. 1905, argued that Thucydides in his introduction speaks of an *Iliad* in which there was no wall.

Apply the same test even to the language, the miraculous heaven-sent language which has been the wonder and the awe of all poets afterward. Is it not full of such ‘ morions ’ and ‘ culverins ’ ? Do you not find upon every page fair-sounding words, whose meaning seems to have been far from clear to the poets themselves who used them ? Of course it is rare to find a definite substantive of which the meaning is quite unknown, though even such occur : for instance, in the case of epithets of the gods. *Ἑρμείας ἀκάκητα, διάκτορος ἀργεϊφόντης*, not one of the epithets is understood. There are also a few words which are used in two senses, of which we can fairly say that one is a mistake.[1] But it is more often the form of the word or sentence that shows a lack of understanding. There are crowds of words which, as they stand, are no words but only mistakes, old forms first miswritten and then wrongly re-corrected so as to fill up the metre. There are words first wrongly divided, like *νήδυμος*, and then wrongly explained.

Now, of course, a great deal of this is mere ‘ surface corruption ’. Many mistakes are only due to the latest rhapsodes, who recited the Ionic poem in Attica, and thus inevitably introduced Attic elements into the language, and even misunderstood the older Ionic forms. You can largely remove the Atticisms and obvious errors. Editors like Van Leeuwen and Platt and Rzach have corrected them by the hundred, with most useful and instructive results. But the process of correction is never complete. Clear away the Attic surface and there rises beneath another surface with another set of corruptions, where Ionic rhapsodes have introduced just the same elements of confusion into an Aeolic, or at least a pre-Ionic, language. The confusion of tongues is deep down in the heart of the Homeric dialect, and no surgery in the world can cut beneath it.

Of course one must not judge a poet as one would a grammarian. Yet this confusion of tongues has a certain weight as evidence. It seems to be part of a general vagueness of treatment, a lack of precision and of grip.

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[1] e.g. Ψ 679 *δεδουπότος Οἰδιπόδαο*, λ 584 *στεῦτο δὲ διψάων*.

We often find, too, that descriptive phrases are not used so as accurately to fit the thing described. They are caught up ready-made from a store of such things : perpetual epithets, front halves of lines, back halves of lines, whole lines, if need be, and long formulae. The stores of the poets were full and brimming. A bard need only put in his hand and choose out a well-sounding phrase. Even the similes are ready-made. There must have been originally some poet who saw the spring of some warrior in battle, and was struck by its likeness to the leap of a lion. But that was long before our *Iliad.* The poets of our *Iliad* scarcely need to have seen a lion. They have their stores of traditional similes taken from almost every moment in a lion's life : when he is hungry, when he is full, when he attacks the fold, when he retires from the fold, when he is wounded, when he is triumphant, when he is scared with torches, when he walks ravening in the wind and rain. Every simile is fine, vivid, and lifelike ; but a good many of them are not apposite to the case for which they are used, and all have the same ready-made air.

Consider in detail this fine simile (M 41) :

> As in the midst of hounds and men that are hunters, a boar or a lion wheels, glaring in his strength ; and they set themselves like a wall and stand against him, and the spears fly fast from their hands ; yet his proud heart trembles not nor flees, till his daring is his death, but swiftly he turns and turns, making trial of the lines of men ; and wheresoever he charges, the lines of men give way.

The description of the boar or lion is splendid : but what situation does it seem to describe ? A hero left alone, hard pressed by enemies but refusing to retreat ? That is what one thinks of. That is probably the situation for which it was originally written. But, as the passage stands, the Greeks are flying and Hector pursuing them back beyond their wall.

The passage continues: 'Even so Hector, going up and down the throng, besought his comrades, urging them to cross the trench.' Hector, urging on his conquering comrades, is really not particularly like this surrounded and baffled lion, 'whose daring is his death.'

Now at a point of the action immediately before this—there is a digression between—in Λ 551, there is a hero very like indeed to this boar or lion, to wit, Aias, who has been up to the last moment standing alone against the advance of the Trojans and protecting the Greek retreat. At the end Zeus sent into him also a spirit of flight.

> He moved backward, searching with his eyes as a wild beast searches, back toward the throng of his comrades, half turning again and again, slowly changing knee for knee. Even as a red lion draws back from a yard of oxen, frighted by hounds and husbandmen keeping vigil all night long, who suffer him not to take out the fat of the oxen; and hungering for flesh, he charges but wins nothing; so fast fly spears from brave hands to meet him, and flaming torches, which he shrinks from for all his fury; and at dawn he goes away alone with misery in his heart: so then did Aias go back from the Trojans, unwilling and with misery in his heart. For he feared for the ships of the Achaeans.

There follows instantly another simile, slightly strange perhaps to our conventional taste, but very vivid and good.

> Even as an ass going beside a field overpowers the boys who drive him, a dull ass about whose back many a staff is broken; and he enters the standing corn and ravages it, and the boys smite him with sticks, but their strength is feeble, and scarcely do they drive him out when he has had his fill of the corn. So then about Aias the tall, son of Telamon, high-hearted Trojans and allies famed afar followed thrusting, &c., &c.

Now think of our first simile, the lion or boar surrounded and confronted by a wall of men and hounds, but refusing to retire. Does it not seem to belong here rather [illegible] its present context? Did it not perhaps describe [illegible] of Aias just a moment earlier, while he still sto[illegible]

Zeus had not yet sent into him that 'fear for the Achaean ships'? I think, agreeing with Leaf and others, that this must have been the original place for which the simile was written. The rhapsode who was composing our eleventh and twelfth book found in various MSS., that came somehow into his hands, no less than three different similes applied to Aias covering the Greek retreat. He put two of them straight in together, the midnight lion and the ass in the corn. The other was far too good to lose, so he kept it by him to use at the first opportunity. Early in the next book came the mention of a wall, and the hounds and hunters in the simile are said to be like a wall. That place would do. So he put it in there; and at present the triumphant advance of Hector is compared to the stubbornness of a baffled boar or lion refusing to retreat.

Does this explanation fail to carry conviction? Demonstration is, of course, impossible in these questions of criticism. But take another case in the same book. When the Trojans (M 131 ff.) are charging at the gate of the Greek wall, they find there *standing in front* of the gate *two heroes* of the race of the Lapithae, Polypoites and Leonteus.

> They two in front of the high gate were standing like high-crested oaks on a mountain, which abide the wind and the rain through all days, firm in their long roots that reach deep into the earth.

A moment after we are told of these same two men:—

> Out then they charged and fought in front of the gates, like wild boars on a mountain, who abide the oncoming throng of men and hounds, and charging sidelong break the underwood about them, tearing it rootwise up, and through all else comes the noise of gnashing tusks.... So came through all else the noise of the bright bronze upon their bodies, smitten with shafts in front.

People who stand firm in front of a gate, like oaks, are not very like wild boars that rush out and tear up the under- [illegible] making a noise with their tusks. This may sound [illegible] but the difficulty is quite real, and was felt in [illegible]. Different solutions are offered, for instance, by Porphyry and Hephaestion. Did not the last compiler of M find in two different books two different accounts of this fight at the gate? In one the two Lapithae alone stood like oaks. In another a mass of Greeks charged out, led very possibly, but not certainly, by the two Lapithae. Both similes were too good to lose. He followed the story of the oaks, yet he was reluctant to lose the wild boars. So observe his mode of procedure. He puts in the wild boars, and then, at the end, soothes the imagination of any hearer who is puzzled at the lack of resemblance, by explaining that the point of similarity lies in the noise. Boars' tusks make a noise, and so do shields struck with spears![1]

Another simile, fifteen lines later, makes of this hypothesis almost what in this atmosphere of conjectures may be called a certainty. Asius, who is leading the Trojan attack, cries out that 'these men are like a swarm of bees or wasps who have built their nests beside a rocky path, and pour out to fight with hunters to protect their young'. That comparison can scarcely have been invented to describe two solitary heroes standing in front of a gate. It may well have described a great mass of Greeks pouring out through the gate. But that was part of the rejected story. It belonged to the same version as the rushing wild boars.[2]

These are mere illustrations. The force of the argument, of course, depends upon the number of such cases.

The conclusion is hard to resist, and it is one that seems to detract enormously from the high value of the poems as original poetry. Even the similes, the very breath of life of the poetry of Homer, are in many cases, indeed usually, adopted ready-made. Their vividness, their closeness of observation, their air of freshness and spontaneity, are all deceptive. Nearly all of them are taken over from older books, and many of them were originally written to describe some quite different occasion.

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[1] An idiom by which 'a mere detail in the original scheme of the simile is made the base of a fresh simile' (Leaf) has many parallels in Homer, but hardly in such an extreme degree as this. The passage O 623 ff. is very similar, and probably has a similar history. Hector's onset is compared (1) to waves falling on a rock, which stands immovable; (2) to a wave crashing down upon a ship, which is badly shaken; then comes v. 629, 'even so was the spirit of the Achaeans shaken within their breasts'. I suspect that these two similes come from separate sources; the minstrel felt them to be not quite consistent, so he added v. 629. It is worth remarking that the five lines just preceding are inconsistent with their present context, and were condemned by Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

[2] Bréal, l. c. p. 115, traces the double names in the languages of gods and of men to the same multiplicity of sources. One source said *Βριάρεως* another *Αἰγαίων* (A 404).

All these qualities, which we have arrayed in a catalogue, have one common characteristic, and that one which is generally considered fatal to any art which claims to be what we call ‘ original ’ or ‘ individual ’, a thing created by a particular man. I do not say that Homer has no other flaws. But as to these already mentioned, I venture to think that we only find them vicious because we are judging by wrong standards. We are applying to a traditional poem the creation of whole generations of men, poets and hearers, working through many ages, canons which only apply to the works to which we are accustomed in modern literature, original poems, made at a definite date by a definite self-conscious author.

The subject is a difficult one, and I am not sure that I see clearly through it. But I will try to give the result of my thoughts.

First of all, I think that we are apt to confuse originality with a much less important thing, novelty. A story about motor-cars or wireless telegraphy possesses, or once possessed, novelty ; but whether it ever possessed originality depended entirely on qualities in the author’s mind.

Of course, there was originality in conceiving the notion of bringing the motor-car or the wireless telegraph into the realm of art. A very small modicum of originality, but still some. And I would not say that such originality was contemptible, because one of the ways in which art advances is by the opening up of new regions to its influence, or, in other words, by the discovery of beauty or interest in new places. Also, the man who conceives or executes a thing for the first time is no doubt apt to do so with a freshness and intensity which make his work not only novel but original. But the difference between the two qualities is clear. Mere novelty is a thing external and accidental. It depends upon dates. It wears off. For instance, the Hippolytus seems to have been the first love tragedy in European literature. In that sense it was novel, but its novelty has worn off during these last two thousand five hundred years. Yet its originality is living still and felt vividly.

Origo means a spring, a rising of water. And, though it is generally a mere waste of ingenuity to tie the sense of a word down to its supposed derivation, I suspect that the most fruitful way of understanding the word 'originality' may be to remember this meaning. We do call a work of art original when it produces the impression of a living source, so that one says: 'Here is beauty or wisdom *springing*; not drawn through long pipes nor collected in buckets.' This spring-like self-moving quality is a thing which does not depend on novelty, and therefore cannot grow stale. I remember examining in Florence a MS. of Euripides, which was very hard to read, blurred with age and sea-water and exposure to the sun. And as I pored over it, there gradually showed through the dusty blur the first words of a lyric in the *Alcestis*. It was as old as the hills, and I had known it by heart for years. Yet the freshness of it glowed through that rather stale air like something young and living. I remember a feeling of flowers and of springing water.

This quality has not much to do with novelty. Probably it does imply that the poet has in some sense gone himself to the fountain-head, that his emotion is a real first-hand emotion, self-moving and possessed of a life of its own, not merely a derivative emotion responding to the emotion of another. Yet I doubt if even so much can be fairly demanded, that a poet, to be original, must himself go to the fountain-head. The words are ambiguous. It would be preposterous to demand that a writer shall experience personally all that he writes about. And it is very noteworthy how many great poets seem to have drawn most of their inspiration not directly from experience, but derivatively from experience already interpreted in other men's poetry. Think of Burns's songs. There is almost no poetry so original in the impression it makes. And yet we have detailed evidence that a great deal of Burns's most beautiful and spontaneous work is really a working up of old traditional material. He thought over the words and rhythm of an existing country song while his wife sang the air, and thus gradually he modified the existing verses and added others, till a song was produced, a song both new and old, derivative and yet highly original. I suspect that the mistake which we are apt to make is to apply a merely external test to something that depends on the most intimate workings of a man's imagination. The thing that is of importance in a poem, given the necessary technical power, is not mere novelty, nor yet personal knowledge or experience, but simply the intensity of imagination with which the poet has realized his subject. And that intensity may be the product of a thousand things; of which personal experience may, but need not, be one. Almost the first characteristic which one notes in what we call a 'man of genius' is his power of making a very little experience reach an enormous way. This sounds very different from Carlyle's definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. But in reality that capacity for taking pains is itself dependent on an intense and absorbing interest. So long as you are really interested, you cannot help taking pains. As the interest fades, you first begin to be conscious of the pains, and then cease to take any more.

In the same way, when we blame a work of Art as 'conventional' or 'laboured' or the like, we are often using language loosely. A laboured work is of course not a work on which the man has worked hard: it is a work in which the labour is more manifest than the result, or in which one is somehow conscious of labour. Pains have been taken, but some other factor of success is not there. A conventional work is not a work composed according to the rules of some convention or other. All art is that. It is a work in which other qualities are lacking, and the convention obtrudes itself.

Intensity of imagination is the important thing. It is intensity of imagination that makes a poet's work 'real', as we say; spontaneous, infectious or convincing. Especially it is this that creates an atmosphere; that makes us feel, on opening the pages of a book, that we are in a different world, and a world full of real beings about whom, in one way or another, we care. And I suspect that ultimately the greatness of a poem or work of imaginative art depends mostly upon two questions: how strongly we feel ourselves transported to this new world, and what sort of a world it is when we get there, how great or interesting or beautiful.[1] Think of the first scene of *Hamlet*, the first page of the *Divina Commedia*, the first lines of the *Agamemnon*; how swiftly and into what wonderful regions they carry you! And if you apply this same test to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, the response is so amazing that you understand at once why these poems have so often and in such various ages been considered absolutely of all the greatest. Open the book anywhere (A 33). 'So spake he, and the old man trembled and obeyed his word; and he went in silence by the shore of the many-sounding sea, and prayed alone to the Lord Apollo, whom fair-haired Leto bare.' Turn the pages (Σ 573). 'And a herd he wrought thereon of straight-horned kine. The kine were wrought of gold and of tin, and lowing they wended forth from the byre to their pasture, by the side of a singing river, by a bed of slender reeds.' Turn again (X 356). 'I look upon thee and know thee as thou art. I could not have bent thee, for the heart is iron within thy breast. Therefore beware lest I be a wrath of god upon thee, on that day when

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[1] Of course, in proportion as art becomes more realistic the 'new world' in question becomes more and more closely the present world more vividly felt and understood.

Paris and Phoebus Apollo slay thee in all thy valour at the Scaean Gates.'[1]

How irresistibly do the chance words bear one away, and to what a world! We can stand apart and argue and analyse, and show that the real world portrayed in the poems was one full of suffering and injustice, and that the poet was sometimes over-lax in his moral judgements. Yet the world into which he takes us is somehow more splendid than any created by other men. Where were there ever battles or heroes like these, such beauty, such manliness, such terror and pity and passion, and such all-ruling majesty of calm? There are many strong men and fair women in other stories; why is it that, almost before a word is spoken, we feel in our bones the strength of these Homeric heroes, the beauty of these grave and white-armed women? You remember, in the Old Testament, the watchman who stood upon the tower in Jezreel, when they sent out the horsemen one after another: 'And the watchman answered and said: He came even unto them and cometh not again. And the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.' We knew nothing about the driving of Jehu before. We hear no word more about it afterwards. But the one sentence has behind it just that intensity of imagination which makes thoughts live and vibrate like new things a hundred, or a thousand, or two thousand, years after their first utterance. And that is the quality that one finds in Homer.

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[1] Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ·
βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης·
πολλὰ δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε κιὼν ἠρᾶθ' ὁ γεραιὸς
Ἀπόλλωνι ἄνακτι, τὸν ἠΰκομος τέκε Λητώ. (A 33 ff.)
Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν ὀρθοκραιράων·
αἱ δὲ βόες χρυσοῖο τετεύχατο κασσιτέρου τε,
μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀπὸ κόπρου ἐπεσσεύοντο νομόνδε
πὰρ ποταμὸν κελάδοντα, παρὰ ῥοδανὸν δονακῆα. (Σ 573 ff.)
Ἦ σ' εὖ γιγνώσκων προτιόσσομαι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον
πείσειν· ἦ γὰρ σοί γε σιδήρεος ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός·
φράζεο νῦν, μή τοί τι θεῶν μήνιμα γένωμαι
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κέν σε Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἐσθλὸν ἐόντ' ὀλέσωσιν ἐνὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν. (X 356 ff.)

Think how the beauty of Helen has lived through the ages. Like the driving of Jehu, it is now an immortal thing. And the main, though not of course the sole, source of the whole conception is certainly the *Iliad.* Yet in the whole *Iliad* there is practically not a word spoken in description of Helen. As Lessing has remarked in a well-known passage of the *Laokoon,* almost the whole of our knowledge of Helen's beauty comes from a few lines in the third book, where Helen goes up to the wall of Troy to see the battle between Menelaus and Paris. ‘So speaking, the goddess put into her heart a longing for her husband of yore and her city and her father and mother. And straightway she veiled herself with white linen, and went forth from her chamber shedding a great tear. . . .’ The elders of Troy were seated on the wall, and when they saw Helen coming, ‘softly they spake to one another winged words: “Small wonder that the Trojans and mailed Greeks should endure pain through many years for such a woman. *Strangely like she is in face to some immortal spirit.*”’[1] That is all we know. Not one of all the Homeric bards fell into the yawning trap of describing Helen, and making a catalogue of her features. She was veiled; she was weeping; and she was strangely like in face to some immortal spirit. And the old men, who strove for peace, could feel no anger at the war.

Now this intensity of imagination can be attained by many writers at their most exalted moments. Their imagination can follow the call of their emotions. But one of the extraordinary things in the *Iliad* is the prevalence of this intensity all through the ordinary things of life. ‘As riseth the shrieking of cranes in front of the sunrise, cranes that have fled from

[1] *Ὣς εἰποῦσα θεὰ γλυκὺν ἵμερον ἔμβαλε θυμῷ*
ἀνδρός τε προτέροιο καὶ ἄστεος ἠδὲ τοκήων·
αὐτίκα δ' ἀργεννῇσι καλυψαμένη ὀθόνῃσιν
ὡρμᾶτ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα. (Γ 139 ff.)

Ἦκα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον·
“οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
τοιῇδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·
αἰνῶς ἀθανάτῃσι θεῇς εἰς ὦπα ἔοικεν.” (Γ 155 ff.)

winter and measureless rain, with shrieking they fly over the streams of ocean, bearing unto the dwarf-men battle and death.’[1] Who that can once read Homer freely, untroubled by difficulties of language, can ever forget the cranes? And not only the cranes, but the swarming bees, the flies about the milk-pails, the wolves and boars and lions and swift dogs, and the crook-horned swing-footed kine? It is a fairly wide world that the poets lay open to us, and every remotest corner of it is interesting and vivid, every commonest experience in it, the washing of hands, the eating of food, the acts of sleeping and waking, shares somehow in the beauty and even in the grandeur of the whole. Mr. Mackail[2] has observed how full the poems are of images drawn from fire: the bright armour flashes like fire, the armies clash, ‘even as destroying fire that falls upon a limitless forest’; a hero’s ‘hands are like unto fire and his wrath unto red iron’; and the men ‘fight together, a body of burning fire’. The whole poem is shot through with this fire, which seems like a symbol of the inward force of which we have been speaking, a fiery intensity of imagination. Given this force within, and the Homeric language as an instrument for its expression, a language more gorgeous than Milton’s, yet as simple and direct as that of Burns, there is no further need to be surprised at the extraordinary greatness of the *Iliad.*

But now comes a curious observation. We who are accustomed to modern literature always associate this sort of imaginative intensity with something personal. We connect it with an artist’s individuality, or with originality in the sense of ‘newness’. It seems as though, under modern conditions, an artist usually did not feel or imagine intensely unless he was producing some work which was definitely his own and not another’s, work which must bear his personal name and be marked by his personal experience or character. One element at least in the widespread admiration of such authors as Browning, Meredith, and Walt Whitman, has been, I think, a feeling that their work must somehow be particularly real and spontaneous, because they have insisted on doing it in a way in which, according to most well-constituted judges, it ought not to be done. And conversely, poets like Tennyson or Swinburne have been in certain circles despised as a little tame, conventional, uninspired, because they seemed to be too obedient to the ideals which poetry had followed before them. I do not specially wish to attack this modern prejudice, if it is one. I largely share in it: and its excesses will very likely disappear. But I do very greatly wish to point out that artistic feeling in this matter has not always been the same. Artists have not always wished to stamp their work with their personal characteristics or even their personal name. Artists have sometimes been, as it were, Protestant or Iconoclast, unable to worship without asserting themselves against the established ritual of their religion: sometimes, in happier circumstances, they have accepted and loved the ritual as part of the religion, and wrought out their own new works of poetry, not as protests, not as personal outbursts, but as glad and nameless offerings, made in prescribed form to enhance the glory of the spirit whom they served. With some modifications, this seems to have been the case in Greece, in Canaan, in Scandinavia, during the periods when great traditional books were slowly growing up. Each successive poet did not assert himself against the tradition, but gave himself up to the tradition, and added to its greatness and beauty all that was in him.

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[1] Ἠΰτε περ κλαγγὴ γεράνων πέλει οὐρανόθι πρό,
αἵ τ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμῶνα φύγον καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὄμβρον,
κλαγγῇ ταί γε πέτονται ἐπ’ Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοάων,
ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι.

[2] In one of his lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

The intensity of imagination which makes the *Iliad* alive is not, it seems to me, the imagination of any one man. It means not that one man of genius created a wonder and passed away. It means that generation after generation of poets, trained in the same schools and a more or less continuous and similar life, steeped themselves to ~~the lips in~~ the spirit of this great poetry. They lived in the Epic saga and by it and for it. Great as it was, for many centuries they continued to build it up yet greater.

What helped them most, perhaps, was the constancy with which the whole race—to use a slightly inaccurate word—must have loved and cherished this poetry. Amid the chaos that followed *μετὰ τὰ Τρωικά*, when the works of art, the architecture, the laws of ordered society, the very religions of the different centres, were all lost, for the most part never to return, the germs of this poetry were saved. The fugitives left their treasures, their gods, and their wives behind, but the sagas were in their hearts and grew the richer for all their wanderings. They carried their poetry as other nations have carried their religion. How strange and significant a thing, after all, is that which we speak of as either 'the Epic style' or 'the Epic language'. It seems more than a style, though, as we have seen, it cannot quite be treated as an organic spoken language.

For many hundreds of years this wonderful mode of speech was kept alive to serve nothing but the needs of poetry. The ordinary audiences must have understood it as well as, for instance, our audiences understand the authorized version of the Bible, though the differences between Jacobean and Victorian English are utterly trifling compared with those between Homer and the prose speech of the earliest Ionic inscriptions. And how wonderfully the poets themselves knew it! Even under the microscope of modern philology the Epic dialect appears, in the main, as a sort of organic whole, not a mere mass of incongruous archaistic forms. Van Leeuwen and Monro can write consistent grammars of it. And this language has been preserved and reconstructed by generations of men who never spoke it except when they recited poetry. It was understood by audiences who never heard it spoken except when they listened to poetry. And not a man among them had any knowledge of the laws of language; they had only a sense of style.

But to meet the special difficulties raised in the earlier part of this lecture, let us consider especially the later generations of these bards and the task that lay before them. They were poets; but, much more than that, they were *Homêridae*, or *Homêrou Paîdes*, the sons and servants of the greatest of the poets. No one dreamed of vying with Homer; only of exalting and preserving him. A time came when people wished for a new style of poetry, for lyrics, for elegies, for iambic and personal verse. The old Epic language was becoming less known and more remote. The meanings of some of the words were taught in schools, others had been forgotten. And the last bards had before them various books, not very many, it seems, telling the great legends.

For some reason or other—we need not discuss what they were—there was need to make up a long poem of the *Ilias Poêsis*, the poetry about Troy. The later poet—how great or how small a poet matters little—took up his part of the work of composing this long poem. He could write a poem himself, of course: but who wanted him to write one? How should he dare to? The world was not yet reduced to such straits as that. There was plenty of the old poetry still in his power. He knew it by heart, and he possessed scrolls of it, poetry of men far greater and wiser than he, voices of those who had talked with gods. Diligently and reverently he wove it together. He had as his basis, let us imagine, some plain lay of the Wrath of Achilles, a story in which Agamemnon offered no atonement, and in which there was no wall round the Greek camp. But he found besides a song of the embassy to Achilles and his rejection of the atonement. He found great descriptions of fighting at the Greek wall. Diligently and reverently, with a good deal of simple cunning, he arranged his scheme so as to make room for all. He put the contradictory passages far apart: he altered a word or two to make the inconsistencies less visible. He wrote, when he needs must, some unobtrusive lines of his own to connect or to explain. And, amid all this gentle and lowly service, when he rehearsed his great recitation, when he went over the lines of some tremendous passage that shook all his being, then, it would seem from the evidence, there came into him the spirit of the ancient men, and a voice as of Homer himself. The lines that he spoke became his own. He had always belonged to them, and now they belonged to him also. And in the midst of them and beyond them he too had freedom to create.

And we critics, we mete to him a hard measure. When he creates, we call it interpolation. When he preserves with careful ingenuity all the fragments that he can save of his ancient Homer, we call attention to the small joints in his structure, the occasional incongruity of a simile which he loved too well to let die. If we knew his name, I suppose we should mock at him. But he has no name. He gave his name, as he gave all else that was in him, to help, unrewarded, in the building up of the greatest poem that ever sounded on the lips of men.

There is, outside and beneath the ordinary rules of art, a quality possessed by some great books or pictures and denied to others, a quality of attracting sympathy and causing the imagination of the reader or spectator to awake and co-operate with that of the artist. It is a quality that sometimes irritates a critic, because it acts fitfully and often depends upon accident. It puts the efforts of art at the mercy of prejudice. Yet, in a clear air, when prejudices can be laid aside and forgotten, this quality is seen to be, despite its occasional connexion with very third-rate things, itself a great thing, like the power of attracting or not attracting love. And in the last analysis, I suspect, one will find that this sympathy, like love in general, mostly goes to the man who both wants it and will duly pay for it. A poet who strikes his reader as perfect—of course none ever are so—who makes the impression of having entirely succeeded in saying what he meant to say, so that he requires no help from others, is apt to be treated with some respectful indifference. If he actually seems self-satisfied, then it is much worse. The reader becomes lynx-eyed for weaknesses, anxious to humiliate, like Ruskin, for instance, in his criticisms of

Guido and the later Renaissance painters. And there are other poets or artists whose work has the power of appeal; the nameless charm and wistfulness of a thing not perfectly articulate, which means more than it can ever say, possesses more than it can ever impart, envisages more than it can ever define. It is the beauty of the ruin, suggesting the wonderful building that once was; of the unfinished statue, suggesting the splendour that should have been.

Of course this conception must not be used as an excuse for bad workmanship. It is in the essence of the contract, so to speak, that this appeal to the imagination of others only begins to act when the artist himself has taken all the pains he can. It is only the intensity of his imaginative effort which kindles ours into action. And that intensity will, under normal circumstances, have made him work his best. Only it so happens that the greatest imaginings and desires of the human mind are beyond the greatest powers of words or paintings to express. And the best artist, when he has used the very utmost of his skill, is left at last dependent on the sympathetic imagination of others. If that fails him, he dies with his meaning unexpressed.

It is in this spirit of sympathetic imagination that we should read most ancient traditional books. And, as a matter of fact, we generally do so. They are all markedly imperfect, but we hardly notice the imperfections. How few of us, for instance, ever noticed that there were two different accounts of the Creation in Genesis before we were compelled? How few scholars were troubled by discrepancies between *Iliad* I and Π? How little we resent the half inarticulate quality of ancient vocabulary and syntax? Nay, we admire them. For the best things that these books are trying to express are not to be reached by any correct human words. With all the knowledge in the world at our disposal, we must needs sooner or later throw ourselves on the sea of imaginative emotion in order to understand or express these greatnesses. And the reason why we are willing to do so in these cases, and not in others, is, I think, ultimately the intensity of the imagination behind. The driving of Jehu, the weeping face of Helen: these have behind them not the imagination of one great poet, but the accumulated emotion, one may almost say, of the many successive generations who have heard and learned and themselves afresh re-created the old majesty and loveliness. They are like the watchwords of great causes for which men have fought and died; charged with power from the first to attract men's love, but now through the infinite shining back of that love, grown to yet greater power. There is in them, as it were, the spiritual life-blood of a people.

X

IONIA AND ATTICA

There is a well-known list of the seven cities which claim to be the birthplace of Homer. There are always seven; but the names vary so that the actual claimants mentioned amount at least to ten. 'Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Ios, Argos, Athenae'; but instead of 'Ios' we have 'Rhodos' and 'Pylos', instead of 'Salamis' sometimes 'Ithake'. Now, without going into the rather transparent pretensions which have placed some of these cities on the list, we may notice two points. First, antiquity in general is quite agreed in regarding Homer as an Ionian, and it knew the poems only in the Ionian dialect. Secondly, the two cities which have, in the mere statement of the tradition, the strongest claim, are also the two of which we know that they were first Aeolic and only long after Homer's time Ionian: Smyrna and Chios.[1] In both of these Homer was worshipped as a local hero. Thirdly, the two chief Ionian cities, Miletus and Ephesus, are never mentioned in the list of birthplaces. That is to say, the chief Ionian birthplaces prove, on examination, to be not Ionian at all; and the tradition, even while it received and read its Homer in Ionian form, instinctively felt that the spirit of Ionian civilization at its ripest development was alien to the spirit of Homer.

The traditional birthplace of Homer floats from Ithaca to

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[1] The evidences for Chios are: Pind. *Nem.* ii. 1, and Schol. (Ὁμηρίδαι); the *Hymn to Apollo* τυφλὸς ἀνήρ, ναίει δὲ Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσσῃ; cf. Thuc. iii. 104; Simonides, ἓν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χῖος ἔειπεν ἀνήρ, meaning Homer and quoting *Iliad*, Z 146; the anonymous *Life of Homer*. For Smyrna: a local sanctuary (Ὁμήρειον) and statue; Strabo, p. 646; Cic. *pro Arch.* 8; a native tradition which showed (and still shows in 1906) the cave by the river Melês where Homer was born. See Proclus, *Vita Hom.*, and 'Plut.' *Vita Hom.*, Paus. vii. 5. 6, and cf. the name Μελησιγένης.

Colophon. His date varies from 1159, given by some authorities quoted in Philostratus, to 686, the year assigned by the historian Theopompus. But he is never born in either of the two greatest Ionian cities at the time of their power.

The rise of the Ionian civilization is in many ways the most wonderful phenomenon in Greek history. Every kind of intellectual advance seems to have its origin in Ionia. The greatest works of colonization and commerce; the first banks, the first maps, and the first effective Greek fleets come from there. The first prose[1] historian mentioned by tradition is 'Cadmus of Miletus'; the first who has real substance and influence is Hecataeus of Miletus. The first Greek philosopher is Thales of Miletus, the second and third are Anaximander and Anaximenes of Miletus. Consider for a moment the strangeness of this figure of Thales. Before the end of the seventh century, while the latest portions of our *Iliad* are still taking shape, Ionia seems to have been ringing with the fame of this new kind of great man, not a king nor a warrior, nor even an adventurous merchant prince, only a *σοφὸς ἀνήρ*, a wise man: a philosopher, who has quietly rejected all the myths about gods and theogonies; an engineer, able to divert the river Halys from its course; a mathematician and an astronomer, able to predict the eclipse which occurred on May 28, 585 B.C. And this man is not persecuted like Galileo or Priestley, not dependent on powerful protection, like Leibnitz or Descartes. He is an acknowledged leader of his people, a man to consult in crises, when other nations performed a human sacrifice or took the inarticulate and dangerous advice of a sacred snake. A generation or so later, about 540 B.C., just about the time when the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were taken over to Athens to be recited at the great national festival, we meet another strange Ionian figure, a Colophonian this time. He is a professional rhapsode or reciter of epic poetry, whose zeal for the expurgation of 'Homer' has become so great that he traverses Greece denouncing the falseness and immorality of the very poems from which his own performances were originally drawn. All the myths are false. There is only one God, infinite, all intellect, without bodily parts. Homer and Hesiod 'tell lies, attributing to the gods all that among men is a shame and a rebuke, thievings and adulteries, and deceivings one of another.' And another philosopher, not otherwise sympathetic to Xenophanes, remarks in passing that 'Homer and Hesiod ought to be whipped'.

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[1] See Radermacher in *Philol. Wochenschrift,* 1907, No. 10.

Now one must not suggest that the tone of these Philosophers represents the ordinary state of mind of the educated Ionian public. Thales and Xenophanes, and still more Heraclitus, were exceptional men. But the existence of an extreme view or a great advance of thought among a few people is nearly always good evidence for the prevalence of a more moderate view or a feebler advance among a much larger number. Before Xenophanes arose to denounce the moral atmosphere of the Epos altogether there had been many generations improving that atmosphere from within. The spirit of expurgation, which we noticed in detail in the fifth lecture, had been doing its best to remove the traces of primitive cruelty and brutishness from the heroes of Homer. It could not make its work quite complete. Yet if it had done for the gods what it did for the human beings there would not have been much ground left for the indignation of Xenophanes.

But there seems to be always a limit to these processes of expurgation and reform from within. A progressive nation with a rich legendary tradition must from time to time wake up to look upon its legends with fresh eyes. They are regarded as something authoritative, unquestioned, indisputably edifying. And yet in them there are here and there details which seem hard to believe, harder still to admire. They are explained, allegorized, altered, expurgated. For the moment all is well. And then quickly there appears another crop of difficulties requiring the same treatment. The process is repeated. The amount of hard thinking and of emotion which mankind has again and again expended—perhaps wisely—in trying to patch the fragments of some great system of false beliefs, which often has nothing valuable about it except the emotion with which it happens to be regarded, is one of the most profoundly characteristic things in human history. It was widely prevalent in Greece, especially after the classical period. But a moment is apt to come, sooner or later, at which men begin to wonder whether after so much jettison there is really anything true to save, whether a bridge so extremely full of rotten planks is worth such repeated mending. The point at which this stage is reached seems to depend on a certain proportion of qualities in the minds of the persons affected, the proportion between their critical intelligence and boldness on the one hand, and their reverence and depth of emotion on the other. Now Ionia was full of intelligence and daring; it was adventurous, critical, scientific, rationalist, and self-confident. It was not, like Thrace, Crete, Athens, South Italy, a centre of religion or reactionary dreaming. It produced indeed some mysticism; but a peculiar scientific and speculative mysticism of its own, more concerned with the properties of the Infinite (τὸ ἄπειρον) than with the traditional anthropomorphic gods.[1]

This scientific and critical temperament among the people of Ionia was met by a special weakness in the Homeric religion. It was not really religion at all. The twelve Olympians whom we find in Homer forming a sort of divine family, and whom we know from statues, do not represent the gods worshipped by any particular part of early Greece. They represent an enlightened compromise made to suit the conveniences of a federation. Each local god had been shorn of his mystical or monstrous characteristics; of everything, that is, that was likely to give offence. And it is nearly always the mystical or monstrous elements of a belief which seem to have excited the keenest religious emotions of an ancient people. The owl Athena, the cow Hera, the snake-man Cecrops; the many ghosts and shapes of terror; the mystic bull Dionysus, who *is* in some strange sense the beast which he himself tears to pieces alive, and from whose blood our souls are made: these things are cleared away from Homer's world, or else humanized and made to tone in with his general serene anthropomorphism. This anthropomorphism happened to suit the art of sculpture, which became highly important in Greece, and for that reason among others the Homeric gods have dominated the later tradition. But the real worship of Greece before the fourth century almost never attached itself to those luminous Olympian forms. There were many ecstasies of enthusiasm and outbreaks of superstition in Greece, but they all depend on deities of quite a different sort. There was enthusiasm for Orpheus and Dionysus: enthusiasm for the mysteries of the Mother and Maid at Eleusis. There was religious feeling about the local pre-Hellenic festivals, like the Thesmophoria. There was superstitious terror in Athens about the mutilation of the Hermae. But those Hermae were no images of the handsome young Homeric god; they represented the old divine boundary stone, whose unedifying form has been entirely expurgated from the Ionian epos. The failure of Nikias in his retreat from Syracuse was due to reverence for no Homeric Artemis, but for the ancient and unhumanized holiness of the Moon. Even the goddess who led Pisistratus back to Athens, Pisistratus τὸν Ὁμηρικώτατον, was after all not so much the Homeric daughter of Zeus as the ancient pre-Homeric 'Athenaia Korê'. And the temple of Zeus, which the same Pisistratus, in the spirit of his Homeric policy, proceeded to build with so much pomp, was left all through the classical times unfinished. All the treasures of Athenian building went to Athena and Poseidon, the native Earth-Maiden and the native Sea. Of course Athens may have been a specially 'Pelasgian' community: but *mutatis mutandis* the same observations could probably be made of any Greek town of which we possessed adequate records.

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[1] See Schulz, *Ionische Mystik.*

One can see then what was likely to happen to the Homeric gods. They had been made, up to a certain standard, very beautiful, highly anthropomorphic, not in the least poverty-stricken, barbarous, or grotesque. But in the process they had lost their special hold on the worship of any particular community. They had forfeited the powerful support of uncritical local superstition: and, after all, in the eyes of an educated and sceptical Ionian, would they quite bear thinking about? This serio-comic Olympian family, with its permanent feud between the husband and wife, in behalf of which we can but lamely plead that the wife's unamiability is but the natural result of the husband's extreme unfaithfulness, and the husband's unfaithfulness almost excused by the wife's monstrous unamiability? The lame son at whom the other gods laugh? The pretty daughter, always in scrapes and tears? To a reverent spirit these things can be allegorized. To a scientific historian they possess an historical origin and explanation. But to the critical Ionian, whose eyes are no longer blinded by the sacred past, who patronizes while he loves, they tended to take a curious form. It is a form hard to characterize or to understand; it would be hard even to believe credible, were it not so extremely familiar: the form which reaches its highest, or perhaps I should say its lowest, point in Ovid, or before Ovid in the Alexandrians. The gods are not by any means rejected. They are patronized, conventionalized, and treated as material for ornament. Their traditional characteristics, roughly speaking, are preserved; Zeus is royal, and Apollo is musical, and Athena is a warrior or a spinster: and the late Ionian poets believe in them not much more effectively than Pope believed in the sylphs who tire his heroine's hair in the *Rape of the Lock*. There is a depth of unbelief profounder than any outspoken denial. Pope would not have troubled to deny the existence of sylphs. When you take the gods in such a spirit as this it is not worth while to furbish up their moral characters. They are more amusing as they stand; they may even be, in a certain external and shallow sense, more beautiful.

I think that in this matter of the Homeric or Olympian gods one can notice three distinct stages. There is a primitive stage, represented best by the earliest strata of Hesiod's *Theogony*: a stage in which, for one thing, men did not use their critical faculties at all on this sort of material, and, for another, a great many of the myths which afterwards became shocking or ridiculous still preserved some remnant of their original meanings. At such a time, for instance, the quarrels between Zeus and Hera may still have been felt consciously as part of the old and respectable feud between the conquered native goddess and the invading northern god.[1] Secondly, there is a long middle stage of expurgation, of rejection, of 2 humanizing. This covers the greater part of Homer, and the best. And thirdly, there is the late Ionian stage of which we 3 have just spoken, in which the Olympians have ceased to have any genuinely religious significance, but serve to provide expedients to the story-teller, and afford material for a kind of half-licentious humour.

Presently, I think, we shall see reason to add a fourth stage, that of the acceptance of the Homeric system by non-Ionian Greece, a stage in which the more primitive Greek communities, beginning to feel uneasiness at the muddle and crudity of their own local superstitions, receive with reverence and enthusiasm the comparatively orderly and civilized system of Homer. In the sixth century, when Ionian culture spread in a great wave to the mainland of Greece, Ionia was probably already *blasée* to the theology of which she was the chief centre. And the Zeus whom Aeschylus accepted from Ionia and Homer was a widely different being from the Zeus of whom the men of Miletus made merry tales.

At the very outset of that interesting branch of literature which culminated in the Greek Novel, we hear of the Milesian Stories. Light tales they seem to have been, much in the style of Boccaccio. A typical one is the tale of the inconsolable widow of Ephesus, who used constantly to frequent her husband's tomb—from mixed motives; partly from devotion to his memory, partly because there was a fascinating young soldier on guard there. The first collector of such stories whose name is known to us, Aristides, belongs to the fourth century, not the sixth. But two or three tales in Herodotus bear the same stamp: among them some, like that of the wife of Candaules, which were certainly not first told by Herodotus. And besides, the very fact that Aristides called his collection 'Milesian Stories' seems to mean that the type of story was already recognized as Milesian. It was a name like 'Contes Gauloises'. And I think one can see this spirit, a mocking, half-licentious, Boccaccio-like spirit, already at work in the later, and not the very latest, parts of the *Iliad*.

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[1] J. E. Harrison, *Primer of Greek Religion*.

We will take two detailed instances. But first, let us be clear about the issue. As we have seen before, the human beings in Homer always maintain their dignity and self-respect. No hero is a liar[1] or a coward. None is drunken or loose-lived or vicious. None tortures his enemy. But the gods: that is quite a different matter. They are capable of anything. They not only practise torture—the gods of most nations have had a weakness in that direction—but they lose their dignity. They are cheated, beaten, imprisoned. They lie and are found out. They are routed by human beings. They howl when wounded. Their father 'bangs' them 'about the house'. That, you may say, is characteristic of all simple and primitive religions. Does not Ouranos swallow his children and again vomit them up? Does not the Babylonian Apsu, in the primaeval chaos, cut his wife Tiamat in two, to make one half of her into heaven and the other into earth? Yes. Those are simple and savage stories, visibly allegorical, dependent in part on the mere helplessness of primitive language. The Homeric passages in question are totally different from that. They are not primitive, but smooth and sophisticated. They mock with easy scepticism at the indecorousness of the primitive beliefs.

But let us take our two instances. There was in Greece a widespread tradition of the Wars of the Gods. Zeus somehow holds his power by conquest over other beings, vaguer, older, and darker shapes, belonging to some old order, or, perhaps, to the chaos that preceded all order. We hear of many treatments in early epic of the Titanomachia, Theomachia, Gigantomachia. And in our Hesiodic collection we have preserved, imperfectly and with many repetitions, due apparently to a conflation of two sources, a long fragment of a Titanomachia. It tells how Zeus gained the victory over the Titans by freeing and calling to his aid certain primitive beings whom the Titans and Ouranos had oppressed (*Theog.* 617 ff.).[1]

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[1] Of course a disguised hero in the course of a dangerous adventure tells the necessary lies to avoid detection. That is in the essence of all romances of adventure.

> Briareôs and Kottos and Guês, their father Ouranos conceived hatred of them in his heart, being afraid at their wild valour and their looks and tallness, and he bound them in bondage deep beneath the wide-wayed earth. And there they dwelt in anguish under the ground at the ends of the great world, seated on the verge of things, a very long time, amazed and with great mourning in their hearts. But Zeus and the immortal gods, by the counsel of Earth, brought them again to the light.

Zeus asked them to help him in the long war against the Titans, and they consented. The gods stood on Olympus and the Titans upon Othrys; and they had fought already for ten years. So they joined battle:

> And the Titans opposite had made strong their lines, and both sides put forth their might. And there was a terrible cry from the boundless sea, and shattering of the earth, and the broad sky groaned, and high Olympus was shaken from his foundations with the rush of immortal things: and the quaking and the noise of feet upon the steeps came down unto cloudy Tartarus. . . . And the armies met with a great shout, and Zeus held back his fury no more. Down from Olympus and heaven he came in one sweep of thunders that ceased not: and the bolts went winged from his mighty hand, and the life-

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[1] If Briareos is a fifty-oared ship, as seems likely, he must have been introduced later into this story. But perhaps the Fifty-oar was rather identified with an already existing Briareos, and thus Briareos identified with Aigaion.

> bearing Earth cracked with the burning, and around him the fathomless forest roared in fire. . . . And foremost in that bitter stirring of battle were Kottos and Briareôs and Guês, unsated of war, who cast from their hands three hundred great stones, one on another, and darkened the Titans with their castings, and drave them down and bound them in bitter bondage, for all their pride, as far beneath the earth as the sky is above the earth. For a bronzen anvil cast from heaven would fall nine nights and days, and on the tenth night would come to the earth. And from earth a bronzen anvil would fall nine nights and days, and on the tenth night would come to cloudy Tartarus : where about there is driven a bronzen fence, and around it Night is shed, Night in three floods. And over it the roots are planted of the earth and the unharvested sea.

Now the exact merit of this as poetry may be a matter of dispute. It may be a little incompetent, a little bombastic. But it is at least genuine and reverent. If we are to describe these primitive battles of gods, that is the kind of way in which to conceive them.

Now turn to the battle of the gods in a late Ionic part of the *Iliad* (Φ 391 ff.) :

> It was shield-piercing Ares who began, and sprang upon Athena with his bronzen spear, and uttered a word of insult : 'Wherefore again, thou dog-fly, dost drive the gods to strife ? Rememberest not the day when thou didst let loose Diomedes to wound me, and thyself in sight of all didst grasp the spear and drive full at me and tear my fair flesh ? Now I warrant me thou shalt pay for all thy doings ! ' So saying he made a lunge at her aegis tasseled and terrible, which not the thunder of Zeus can make to fall. There bloody Ares lunged with his long spear. But she started back and caught up in her stout hand a stone lying upon the plain, a big black jagged stone, which men of old had put to be the boundary of a field ; and she hit Ares on the neck with it, and his limbs gave way. He reached over seven furlongs as he fell, and his hair was filled with dust and his arms rattled about him. And Pallas Athena laughed aloud, and boasted over him with winged words. 'Fool, hast thou not learned yet how far I am thy better, that thou wilt

> dare to match thy strength with mine? That is the way to fulfil thy mother's curses, who plans anger and mischief against thee for deserting the Greeks.'

Presently Aphrodite, who was in love with Ares, came and took him by the arm to help him up, while he made a great groaning, and began gradually to come to. Hera saw, and called to Athena:

> 'Here is that dog-fly'—the poet has an affection for that word—'coming to help Ares. Chase her!' So Athena, rejoicing in her heart, flew at Aphrodite, and drove her in the chest with her stout hand, and her limbs and her dear heart gave way beneath her. And there the two of them lay together on the many-nurturing Earth.

Later on, towards the end of the battle, Artemis is facing Hera:

> To her in wrath spake the reverend spouse of Zeus 'What seekest thou, shameless she-dog, standing against me?' . . . So spake she, and with her left hand gripped both the hands of Artemis by the wrist, while with her right she took the bow and arrows off her shoulders; then with the bow and arrows whipped her about the ears, and laughed as she dipped her head this way and that. And the arrows kept dropping from the quiver. And the goddess full of tears fled like a wood-pigeon.

'One of the few passages in the *Iliad*,' says Dr. Leaf, 'which can be pronounced poetically bad.' True, yet the badness lies entirely in the taste, not in the execution. The verses are admirably written, incomparably better than those of Hesiod's *Titanomachia*. But the poet was not writing about anything that he felt as real or as mattering much to anybody's feelings. He was almost writing parody or mock-epic. And he made it quite pretty!

Let us take another instance. Among the old traditional subjects of semi-religious Epos was one which our extant remains of Greek literature leave rather obscure, the mystic marriage of Zeus and Hera. This may have been in its origin a sort of marriage of Heaven and Earth, or of the two greatest divine beings, from which all things arise. It may have symbolized the union of the two races and two religions—Zeus, the god of the Northerners, being united with Hera, the Argive Korê. It may have been one of those naïve recognitions of the mystery and divinity of the processes of life, which often shed such high dignity upon the external grossness of primitive religion. Whatever its origin, it was a subject treated by divers poets with reverence and mystery, as we can tell by the allusions in Pindar, Aeschylus, and Euripides.

Now, how is this subject treated in the Fourteenth Book of the *Iliad*? Absolutely in the spirit of Boccaccio: I might almost say, of a Palais Royal farce. The passage is sometimes much praised, and is certainly admirably written: 'radiant with humour, grace, and healthful sensuousness,' is the criticism of Dr. Leaf. But what is the story? Its name is almost enough: it is called by ancient writers *The Tricking of Zeus*.

The father of gods and men was sitting on the top of many-fountained Ida, watching the war. The gods had offended him by giving secret help to the Greeks, and he had arranged that the Trojans should win the present battle. So he went himself to sit on Mount Ida, and see that all proceeded as he desired. His wife Hera, a partisan of the Greeks, saw him sitting there—στυγερὸς δέ οἱ ἔπλετο θυμῷ—'and thought how much she disliked him!' She determined to outwit her lord and master. So she went to her room, washed, anointed, and scented herself, and put on her best immortal raiment, including ear-rings with three stones in them. Next she went to Aphrodite and begged for the loan of her Cestus, or embroidered girdle, which acted as a love-charm. She explained—falsely, of course—how she wished it in order to reconcile an old married couple dwelling at the end of the world, who had unfortunately quarrelled—Okeanos and mother Tethys, in fact. Having obtained the Cestus, she proceeds to find the Spirit of Sleep, and with some difficulty, since the affair is dangerous, bribes him to come and be ready to charm the eyes of Zeus at a critical moment. Finally, she repairs to Mount Ida, to ask in most dutiful language the permission of Zeus to make her expedition to Okeanos and mother Tethys. She does not like to go so far without her lord's approval. Remember that all this edifying story began by her thinking how much she disliked Zeus! I can find no dignified word to describe adequately her provocative conduct towards her victim. However, she succeeds in entirely engrossing his attention, and so rouses his passionate admiration that he compares her favourably with no less than seven other persons towards whom he has entertained similar feelings. He quite forgets the war. And Hera sends a message to her allies that they can do what they like now: Zeus is safe!

Now, were I required to subscribe half a crown to save Aristides of Miletus and all his children from everlasting death, I do not say that I would outright refuse. In its own place this kind of literature has a certain value, and seems to have served as a stimulus to better work in others. But not all the riches of Egyptian Thebes could, I think, ever atone for the injury done to the human race by the invasion of this Milesian spirit into what is perhaps the greatest poem of the greatest nation of poets that the world has known. It has defiled its own beautiful world. It has 'slain the image of God, as it were, in the eye'. For the poets who actually wrote these passages there is great excuse. Their cause was, perhaps, on the whole, rather a good cause than a bad. But historical circumstances combined to catch and stereotype the epic at the particular moment when, just after the zenith of its glory, it had caught this mocking infection. Rightly sceptical towards the authorized gods and their legends, it had not the serious courage simply to seek truth and reject falsehood in what are generally regarded as the highest regions of human thinking. It neither denied its gods nor re-made them. It degraded them further, and used them for ornament and amusement, to make a good tale the merrier. I had almost written, to make a good tale into a bad one. When once this infection has crept into its blood, the Epos as a form of living and growing poetry was doomed.

Consider what that meant for the history of Greek literature. Greek literature starts from an immense wealth of Saga traditions, and the need of an instrument for expressing them; to meet that need it created the Epos. It had been a costly and a rare creation; a metre, a style, a whole language almost. And now that part of the Greek people which had done all this for the sake of the Saga had outgrown the Saga, and was beginning to parody what it had formerly adored.[1] Had Ionia been the whole of Greece, not only the Epos, but the whole heroic tradition, might have died during the sixth and fifth centuries. But Ionia was not the whole of Greece, and the Saga found a new utterance in Attic tragedy.

I always hesitate to use the antithesis of northern and native, or Hellenic and pre-Hellenic, as applied to the whole of any concrete fact. The rule is that everywhere you find northern and native elements, but nowhere do you find a purely northern or purely native community. Yet in contrasting the Epos with tragedy that antithesis cannot but occur to one's mind.

When the ancestors of the Aeolians and Ionians fled across the seas—a mixed set of races, chiefly under Achaean leaders—they were compelled, as we observed in the second lecture, to leave behind them their sacred places, most of their tribal and family institutions, and notably the graves of their fathers. The prestige of the Achaean chiefs, the partial return to migratory life, the convenience of the Achaean institutions of the Saga and the Bard, combined to give to the Epos its prevailing Achaean tone. But on the mainland of Greece during all this time, even where the northern occupations were most tyrannous, there remained always some fragments of the old population, peasants and serfs and outlaws for the most part, who still clung to their old objects of worship, their Earth-Maidens and their harvest magic, and especially their sacred tombs. A downtrodden people they must have been for many generations, worshipping by stealth and in fear. But as the populations became more mixed, which was the case everywhere on the mainland, the result was that the old pre-Hellenic stratum of beliefs and emotions re-emerged. There was in particular a custom of performing rites round the tomb of a dead hero, narrating his deeds and his sufferings, invoking his return to earth, and in some cases assuming disguises so as to represent him. In even the latest works of the Attic drama you will generally find in the central nucleus of the story a sacred tomb.[1] In this severe, earnest, keenly emotional atmosphere, touched with mysticism by the shadow of present death, the Greeks of the mainland kept up in their separate cities and villages their own local fragments of the heroic saga.

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[1] Monro allows quite a large place to the mock-heroic in the second part of the *Odyssey*, Telemachus' sneeze which σμερδαλέον κονάβησε (ρ 542), the pigsty described in language borrowed from Priam's palace (ξ 13 ff.), the πότνια μήτηρ of the beggar Irus (σ 5), &c. He gives some fifteen alleged instances in the index under 'Parody'.

Exactly the same spirit occurs in the *Pèlerinage de Charlemagne*, which, however, belongs to a quite early and good period. See G. Paris, *Poésie du M. A.*, i. pp. 119–49. It can be shown on other grounds to be connected with the neighbourhood of Paris (e.g. it mentions no towns except St. Denys, Paris, Chartres, and Châteaudun, with no word of Aix or Laon), and the critic regards its heroi-comic character as 'le plus ancien produit de l'esprit parisien'. Perhaps the Demodocus lay, which looks exceedingly ancient, occupies the same place in 'l'esprit milésien'.

Now about this time of the decay of the Epos, Athens had thrown off her ages of Pelasgian slumber and was just coming into intimate contact with Ionia. To her young and groping genius the high civilization and intelligence of Ionia, the magnificent form of the Epos, the broad sweep of Homeric pan-Hellenism, the clean and lordly northern spirit, came as a world of inspiration, and quickened the ancient ceremonials of worship at the tomb to the splendid growth of Attic Tragedy.

Turn from that late Homeric story of the *Outwitting of Zeus* to the earliest, crudest, most incompetent tragedy which we possess, though, in its way, one of the most beautiful, the *Suppliant Women* of Aeschylus. It is not only that there is a marked change of atmosphere, but it seems like a change backward, not forward, towards an older, a simpler and a grander, world. The very first words of the play strike a keynote: Ζεὺς μὲν ἀφίκτωρ, 'Zeus the Suppliant.' Would any of those clear-headed Homeric bards have ventured on that ancient phrase? They knew of a Zeus who, on a far-off mountain throne, observed and avenged suppliants. But this Zeus of Aeschylus is himself the suppliant; the prayer which you reject is his very prayer, and in turning from your door the helpless or the outcast you have turned away the most high God. The belief was immemorially old. It was doubtless in a thousand of its ramifications foolish and absurd. And the Ionic Epos had made all its beliefs sensible.

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[1] This tomb-theory of the origin of tragedy is due to Professor Ridgeway, and will, I hope, soon be published by him; see the Preface to the 1907 edition of my *Ancient Greek Literature*. There is perhaps an echo of the truth in the Platonic Minos: 'Tragedy is an ancient thing here. It never began with Thespis, as people fancy, nor yet with Phrynichus. If you care to study it, you will find it a primaevally ancient invention of this country. Of all poetry it is tragedy that most satisfies the common folk and draws out men's souls.' *Minos*, 321 A. (An Athenian is speaking.)

I will venture to read you a strange Aeschylean lyric about a deed of this same Zeus. It is a story far too primitive and monstrous for Homer: the tale of Io, the Argive maiden beloved of Zeus, who was turned into a cow, forsooth, and watched by the hundred-eyed Argos, and driven over the world by a gad-fly! A cow-shaped, or even a cow-headed, maiden! And a cow-headed maiden beloved by Zeus! To a cultivated Ionian such conceptions must have belonged to the very lowest regions of 'Pelasgian' folly. They had been expurgated from Homer centuries back. Yet out of that unpromising material Aeschylus extracts something which is not only genuine religious thought, but, to my feeling, even somewhat sublime thought. The love of Zeus leads its object through unearthly shame and suffering to a strange and overwhelming reward. We cannot understand. But Zeus is bound by no law but his own supreme will. He has always his own great purpose, and he moves towards it by inscrutable ways.

I should explain that to the mythologist Io is probably one of the many shapes of the horned Moon, the wanderer of the sky. She was identified by the Greeks with the Egyptian Isis, and her son—conceived miraculously by the touch of the hand of Zeus—with Apis, the sacred Egyptian bull. The speakers are the daughters of Danaus, descendants of Io, returned to her native land, Argos, and praying protection from their pursuers, the sons of Aegyptus (*Suppl.* 524 ff.):

> Lord of lords, blessed among the blessed, of perfections most perfect strength, O happy Zeus, hear us, and let it be! Shield us from the pride of man, whom thou righteously abhorrest, and whelm in the dark-blue deep our black prison-house.[1] Look upon the woman's cause; look on the race born of old from the woman whom thou didst love, and make new the joyous tale. Be a rememberer of many things, O thou whose hand was laid on Io. Lo, we are beings born of thy race, though sent from this land to dwell afar.
>
> I walk again in the print of ancient feet, where our mother was watched, moving among the flowers; the meadow of kine, whence Io fled, sea-tossed by a burning pain, knowing not her desire, to pass through many tribes of men. . . .

Her wide wanderings are then described, across the Hellespont, through Asia southwards, till she reaches at last 'the all-pasturing garden of Zeus, the snow-fed meadow visited by the whirling giant of the desert-sand, and the water of Nile untouched by sickness'.

Do you observe how deeply and simply serious it all is? Aeschylus accepts the whole story. But because he is simple-minded and great-minded, and has not a grain of lewdness anywhere in him, this old, barbarous, pre-anthropomorphic superstition has become to him a great and strange thing; and the spirit passes from the poet himself to his reader. He throws no veil over the cow-shaped heroine. The transformation is part of the mystery, and he emphasizes it. The poem continues:

> And men that had then their habitation in the land, their hearts were shaken with fear at the strange sight, a Being agonized half-human, part of the race of kine and part of woman. They marvelled at the mystery. Who was it that brought her peace in the end, her the far-wandering, the afflicted, the gadfly-goaded Io?

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[1] i. e. the ship of their pursuers.

> He who ruleth through ages of unresting life, Zeus [to whom years are as yesterday]. The unwounding strength of a hand, the breath of a god, gave rest to her, and her heart flowed in a sad tenderness of tears. The word of true promise became a divine seed within her, and she bore a blameless child, through ages long perfect in happiness.
>
> Whom of gods shall I praise for works more justified ? Father, planter of the garden, worker with the hand, and Lord, thinker of ancient thought, great builder of our race, Zeus, whose breath maketh all accomplishment !
>
> He hasteth not at the command of another. Being stronger than all, he maketh great the weak. None sitteth above him, and he honoureth none. And the deed and the word are present as one thing, to dispatch that end whereto the counselling mind moveth.

The story which Homer rejected has become the vehicle of a theology higher than Homer's, or, if not higher, at least based on deeper thought and involving the reconciliation of vaster conflicts. The mind of Aeschylus was possessed by one of the problems, perhaps the most dreadful problem, of human evolution. He sees the higher asserting itself gradually over the lower in the process of years ; but he sees also, what many people blind their eyes against, that the so-called higher often achieves its end at the price of becoming something more evil than the wild beasts. It is good that the white man should supersede the red and the brown ; but what things the white men have done in the process ! For Aeschylus the contest was probably present in two forms : a conflict, externally, of Greek against barbarian, and in Greece itself, of what we may call Achaean or Olympian against ' Pelasgian '. Zeus was in each case the spirit of the higher power ; and probably, if anything on earth specially typified Zeus, the new conqueror and orderer of heaven, it was the new Dominion of the Athenian Empire.

It was unlike a Homeric bard to have such thoughts at all. It was still more unlike him to express them in the language of the Saga. He was too much of an artist. He kept his poetry in one compartment; his speculation, if he had any, in another. But for Aeschylus they are both one. Two of Aeschylus' earliest trilogies seem to deal explicitly with this subject. Both trilogies are represented to us by one play each, the *Suppliant Women* and the *Prometheus*. In the two isolated plays which remain, the sympathy is entirely on the side of the weaker: it is for the suppliant women against their pursuers, and for Prometheus against Zeus. Yet we know from other sources that in the complete trilogy the ultimate judgement was for the stronger, so soon as the stronger would consent to merge his strength in love. The story of Io is prominent in both plays. It is only loosely connected with the main plot, but it typifies in each case the religious meaning of the whole. Zeus did to Io what seemed like monstrous wrong; professing to love her, he afflicted her and ceased not, and the end was that he brought her to a perfect joy which—so she is perhaps at the end willing to believe—could not be attained otherwise. And even while Prometheus and Io are mingling their griefs against Zeus, it is shown that a child sprung from Io is to be also the deliverer of Prometheus (*Prom.* 772, 871 ff.). That too is part of Zeus' purpose.

We know Shelley's magnificent treatment of the Prometheus Saga. Shelley was too passionate a friend of the oppressed ever to make terms with a successful tyrant, be he man or god. In Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* the prophesied catastrophe which is to hurl Zeus from his throne actually occurs, and the tormented Universe, awakening to a life of peace and love, finds uncontrolled that inward perfection of order which leaves no place for external government. But in Aeschylus we know that the end was different. Zeus the all-ruler must always rule. Does not each one of us know, as a matter of fact, that Zeus and not Prometheus is now governing the world? But Zeus, who came to his throne by violence, learns as the ages pass that violence is evil. For all his wisdom he grows wiser still. Nay, it seems that even from the beginning, in his cruelty to Prometheus, as in his cruelty to

Io, he had a great purpose in the depth of his mind, and that purpose was peace. Prometheus is unbound, not by a turning of the tide of war, but by the atonement, after ages of pain, after the suffering by which alone wisdom is born, of a noble rebel and a noble ruler. The Zeus who could be himself a suppliant, who even in the most ancient legends forgave and set free his conquered Titans, was capable of this crowning strength also. I do not suggest that this solution is ultimately tenable or satisfying. But it at least represents intense thought, and thought naturally expressing itself in the medium of poetry. It is just this which Ionia never gave us. It is peculiarly the gift of Athens.

We have tried to follow, in a very imperfect and sometimes inconsequent manner, the life of Traditional Epic Poetry in Greece. We have seen the first fragments of what was afterwards the Greek race gathering behind their bare walls on islands and desert capes in the Aegean; we have caught glimpses of ancient and diverse memories of tribal history, of great deeds, of rich palaces and mysterious kings, meeting and parting and re-joining again into the numerous heroic poems now lost, and the two, more highly wrought than the others, which still survive. We have noted how, of these two poems, one again was more 'Homeric' than its companion; more carefully purified and expurgated, more tensely knit and gorgeously worded, while at the same time the heroic and ancient atmosphere was more sedulously protected from the breaths of commoner or more recent life. We have looked as best we could, much helped by Hebrew parallels, into the strange processes of growth and composition which have made the *Iliad* what it is, and have tried to analyse some part of its poetical greatness. Lastly, we have seen how the races which built up 'Homer' at length outgrew him, and found other subjects than the Heroic Saga in which to express their ideals and satisfy their intellectual thirst. Here we might well have ceased. But I think that the sharp contrast with early Attic tragedy is useful for the understanding of the

Epos; and it is important to realize that its end was not a mere cessation; it was a change into something else.[1]

We have moved into a sterner land, more interested in truth and less in romance; into a language less beautiful, more intellectual, more highly differentiated; a language which has elements of hard prose mixed with its poetry, and has lost that splendid and careless gleam by means of which Homer was accustomed to set all themes in the world aglow. Homer's poetry was so easy, the sympathy was so clear, the imagination was roused so instinctively, that we must leave it with a sigh. And this new poetry is of a kind which will not yield its treasures without hard thinking, without somewhat intense and vigilant use of the imagination. The poets, for the most part, are no longer merely singing to please us, according to methods which have been tried for generations and proved effectual. They are men not exactly less cultured—intellectually they are far greater—than the Ionian bards; but they are less accomplished. They are imaginatively nearer to the primitive earth-born tangle of desires and wonders. Their feet are set in places lower than Homer's feet; their thoughts strive toward heights and obscurities which his poetry dared not penetrate. They have fought at Marathon, and their hands are re-shaping the world. The bitterness of truth is mingled with their dreams of beauty; the passion of men searching gleams through the stiffness of their majestic conventions. Conquerors of the Mede; builders of free Athens; first makers to the world of tragedy and of comedy: it is a rare combination.

But there begins the second great chapter in Greek literature.

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[1] Professor Wheeler of Columbia University calls to my notice the very similar contrast between the mocking boisterousness of the Ionic vase-paintings and the severity of the early Attic. See also Mr. Cornford's remarks in *Thucydides Mythistoricus* on the difference between the Ionic Herodotus and the Attic Thucydides.

APPENDIX A

THE PHARMAKOI AND HUMAN SACRIFICE

As there has been a tendency of late, perhaps started by Rohde (*Psyche*, p. 367, n. 4), to make out that the pharmakoi-rite was a real human sacrifice in the full sense, it may be well to give verbatim the more important texts on which Rohde based his opinion.

I. *Ancient Texts.*

(*a*) Hipponax, several fragments: especially

4. *πόλιν καθαίρειν καὶ κράδῃσι βάλλεσθαι.*
5. *βάλλοντες ἐν λειμῶνι καὶ ῥαπίζοντες*
κράδῃσι καὶ σκίλλῃσιν, ὥσπερ φαρμακόν.
6. *δεῖ δ' αὐτὸν ἐς φαρμακὸν ἐκποιήσασθαι.*
7. *κἄφη παρέξειν ἰσχάδας τε καὶ μᾶζαν*
καὶ τυρὸν οἷον ἐσθίουσι φαρμακοί.
9. *λιμῷ γένηται ξηρός, ἐν δὲ τῷ θυμῷ*
φαρμακὸς ἀχθεὶς ἑπτάκις ῥαπισθείη.
37. *ὁ δ' ἐξολίσθων ἱκέτευε τὴν κράμβην*
τὴν ἑπτάφυλλον, ἣν [*ᾗ* MSS.] *θύεσκε Πανδώρῃ,*
Ταργηλίοισιν ἔγχυτον πρὸ φαρμακοῦ.

These in any case prove nothing about Athens. Hipponax was over a century earlier than Aristophanes, and Ephesus was a town much exposed to barbarian influences. But, even as to sixth-century Ephesus, the fragments prove only: (1) that the Pharmakoi-sacrifice was a known ceremony, as for instance, breaking on a wheel, hanging, drawing, and quartering, &c., are known to us, but that Hipponax *has to explain it.* (2) That some ceremony or other still went on which could be described as a 'beating of the pharmakoi', like our own burning of Guy Fawkes. (3) It is worth remarking that all these phrases seem to occur in one context, and the same is true of the passages in Attic Comedy. They are all comic or rhetorical curses. Now in such curses it is on all grounds more comic, and more effective, to invoke an obsolete and imaginative punishment on your victim. The curses in Aristophanes illustrate this. (Those invoked *Eq.* 928 ff., *Ach.* 1156 ff., or the threats of *Ran.* 473 ff. have nothing to do with real life.) (4) No fragment speaks of killing a pharmakos, and fr. 37, obscure as it is, speaks quite clearly of *the dough figure in place of a pharmakos.* Ἔγχυτον = 'a cake in a mould'; one of the regular substitutes for a real victim.

(*b*) Aristophanes, *Ranae*, 732 οἷσιν ἡ πόλις πρὸ τοῦ | οὐδὲ φαρμακοῖσιν εἰκῇ ῥᾳδίως ἐχρήσατ' ἄν. This merely shows knowledge of the existence of such a custom πρὸ τοῦ, 'once upon a time.'

(*c*) *Eq.* 1135 ff. τούσδ' . . . ὥσπερ δημοσίους τρέφεις . . . εἶτα . . . θύσας ἐπιδειπνεῖς. It is strange that any one should take this as evidence for a pharmakos-sacrifice. Who would 'cook and dine on' a pharmakos? The Scholiast (V) explains rightly that δημόσιοι are animals kept and fattened at the public expense.

(*d*) Eupolis, *Demoi*, 120 (K):

ὃν χρῆν ἔν τε ταῖς τριόδοις κἀν τοῖς ὀξυθυμίοις
προστρόπαιον τῆς πόλεως κάεσθαι τετριγότα.

Merely a comic curse; perhaps a literary reminiscence of Hipponax. In any case it proves nothing about contemporary practice.

(*e*) Lysias vi. 53. 'The right thing would be ἀπαλλαττομένους Ἀνδοκίδου τὴν πόλιν καθαίρειν καὶ ἀποδιοπομπεῖσθαι καὶ φαρμακὸν ἀποπέμπειν'.—Comic abuse, as before. But observe that Lysias thinks of the pharmakos not as killed, but as 'sent away', or banished.

II. *Explanations of Grammarians.*

A. Much the oldest, Ister: in Harpocration, s.v. φαρμακός. Δύο ἄνδρας Ἀθήνησιν ἐξῆγον, καθάρσια ἐσομένους τῆς πόλεως ἐν τοῖς Θαργηλίοις, ἕνα μὲν ὑπὲρ τῶν ἀνδρῶν ἕνα δὲ ὑπὲρ τῶν γυναικῶν. [Originally a man named Pharmakos had stolen cups from Apollo and ὑπὸ τῶν περὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλέα κατελεύσθη.] καὶ τὰ τοῖς Θαργηλίοις ἀγόμενα τούτων ἀπομιμήματά ἐστιν. Ἴστρος ἐν α' τῶν Ἀπόλλωνος ἐπιφανειῶν.

Observe: they did not 'kill', they 'led out' two people in a procession; and the ceremony was an '*imitation*' of stoning to death. Such 'imitation' ceremonies were as common as can be in Greece. (On the Achilles question see Lecture VIII on Thersites.)

B. Helladius, *ap. Phot. Bibl.* 1593 ἔθος ἦν ἐν Ἀθήναις φαρμακοὺς ἄγειν δύο, τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ ἀνδρῶν τὸν δὲ ὑπὲρ γυναικῶν πρὸς καθαρμὸν ἀγομένους. καὶ ὁ μὲν τῶν ἀνδρῶν μελαίνας ἰσχάδας περὶ τὸν τράχηλον εἶχεν, λευκὰς δ' ἅτερος· σύβακχοι δέ, φησίν, ὠνομάζοντο. It was an ἀποτροπιασμὸς νόσων in atonement for the death of Androgeos the Cretan.

This writer agrees with Ister, except that he does not happen to add that it was a μίμημα. He probably took that for granted. The imitation cannot have been very close, one would think, if some took it for a stoning, others for banishment, others for burning. Androgeos was killed in an ambush on the road to Thebes. We may conjecture that he in some way βαλλόμενος ἀπέθανε. This would give the stoning, with κράδαι and σκίλλαι: then the banishment would be the running away of the real man; the burning would be the burning of the ἔγχυτον or effigy.

C. Tzetzes on the Hipponax passages: Tzetz. *Chil.* v. 726, in case of special calamity, τὸν πάντων ἀμορφότερον ἦγον ὡς πρὸς θυσίαν· | εἰς τόπον δὲ τὸν πρόσφορον στήσαντες τὴν θυσίαν | τυρόν τε δόντες τῇ χερὶ καὶ μᾶζαν καὶ ἰσχάδας, | ἑπτάκις γὰρ ῥαπίσαντες ἐκεῖνον εἰς τὸ πέος | σκίλλαις[1] συκαῖς ἀγρίαις τε καὶ ἄλλοις τῶν ἀγρίων, | τέλος πυρὶ κατέκαιον ἐν ξύλοις τοῖς ἀγρίοις. | καὶ τὸν σποδὸν εἰς θάλασσαν ἔρραινον εἰς ἀνέμους. ὁ δὲ Ἱππῶναξ κτλ. (fr. 4–9).

I do not feel sure what object Tzetzes meant to be supplied to κατέκαιον. Did they burn 'him' or only 'it', sc. τὴν θυσίαν i.e. the ἔγχυτον or effigy? It seems to be distinguished from ἐκεῖνον, the man who 'was led out' ὡς ἐπὶ θυσίαν, '*as though to sacrifice.*' But perhaps Tzetzes did not really understand the source which he was quoting: he seldom did, being an inaccurate writer, 1500 years later. So far, then, there is no single statement that the pharmakoi even at Ephesus, much less at Athens, were really sacrificed. But now we have two such statements.

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[1] A flower like a bluebell.

(*a*) Schol. *Equites*, l. c. The first part of the note given in the best MSS. explains quite rightly δημοσίους· λείπει βοῦς ἢ ταύρους. The second says ἔτρεφον γάρ τινας Ἀθηναῖοι λίαν ἀγεννεῖς καὶ ἀχρήστους καὶ ἐν καιρῷ συμφορᾶς τινος ἐπελθούσης τῇ πόλει, λοιμοῦ λέγω ἢ τοιούτου τινός, ἔθυον τούτους ἕνεκα τοῦ καθαρθῆναι τοῦ μιάσματος. And presumably ate them, as we remarked above!

This note (1) is absent from R and V, the two good sources: (2) shows itself by its language as belonging to a bad period of scholia, e. g. the λοιμοῦ, λέγω, ἢ τοιούτου τινός: (3) is obviously wrong as an explanation of the passage to which it refers.

(The note in the good MSS. runs: λείπει βοῦς ἢ ταύρους ἢ ἄλλο τι τοιοῦτον θῦμα. | δημοσίους δὲ τοὺς λεγομένους φαρμακοὺς οἵπερ καθαίρουσι τὰς πόλεις τῷ ἑαυτῶν φόνῳ· | ἢ τοὺς δημοσίᾳ καὶ ὑπὸ τῆς πόλεως τρεφομένους. Of these three explanations, the first is obviously right. The second, 'the so-called *pharmakoi*, who cleanse cities with their blood,' is quite vague, as well as wrong. It also occurs in Suidas, and probably did not begin life as a note on this passage. The third is right as far as it goes.

(*b*) Schol. *Ranae*, 733, one inferior MS., C, has a note: τοὺς γὰρ φαύλους καὶ παρὰ τῆς φύσεως ἐπιβουλευομένους εἰς ἀπαλλαγὴν αὐχμοῦ ἢ λιμοῦ ἤ τινος τῶν τοιούτων ἔθυον, οὓς ἐκάλουν καθάρματα. Exactly what one expects in inferior scholia which abbreviate their sources! He says ἔθυον for short, because he was careless. He may have found ἐξῆγον ἐπὶ θυσίαν or ἦγον ὡς ἐπὶ θυσίαν. It is not necessarily false as it stands, since no subject or date is given to ἔθυον; but even if it said ἔθυον τότε οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι it would be worthless.

The general result is to show that (1) the ancient texts all come to the same type: 'He ought to be tied on a cart and burnt in a bonfire like a Guy.' They imply that a pharmakos-sacrifice was known to have existed at some time somewhere: they suggest that some μίμημα of it lived on.

(2) The best grammatical tradition explains that this μίμημα did exist, and partly what it was like.

(3) The worst and latest grammatical tradition, dropping the qualifying clauses as its manner is, says that 'they sacrificed very ugly people'.

Even without the general considerations of probability advanced in the text of Lecture I, this evidence clearly points to the Thargelia ceremony being a *μίμημα.* [Cf. also Stengel in *Hermes,* xxii. 86 ff., and especially Farnell, *Cults,* iv. 270 ff. On the φαρμακοί as charms for ripening figs, see Paton in *Revue Archéologique,* 1907, pp. 51 ff. He argues that Adam and Eve were pharmakoi.]

We give in full the Pelopidas story, which has actually been used as evidence that the Greeks of the fourth century had no objection to human sacrifice.

Plutarch, *Pelopidas,* xxi. (Before the battle of Leuctra, B. C. 371. Pelopidas was encamped near the grave of certain Virgins who had been, according to the tradition, violated by Lacedaemonians. They had died, and their father had committed suicide upon their grave. A fearful and haunted place!)

'Pelopidas dreamed that he saw the Virgins wailing about their tombs and uttering curses upon the Spartans, and their father commanding him to sacrifice to the Virgins a fair-haired Maiden if he wished to conquer the enemy. The shocking and unlawful (δεινὸν καὶ παράνομον) command started him from his sleep, and he consulted his prophets and officers. One party insisted that the dream should not be neglected or disobeyed, producing precedents from ancient times, Menoikeus, son of Creon, and Macaria, daughter of Heracles' [both of these devoted themselves voluntarily], 'and in a later generation Pherekŷdes the wise, who was flayed by the Lacedaemonians and his skin preserved by the kings, according to a certain oracle' [a mythical divine king, like Frazer's Marsyas], 'and Leonidas, who in a sense sacrificed himself for Hellas by the command of an oracle, and further the men sacrificed by Themistocles before Salamis to Dionŷsus Ômêstes. These actions had all been approved by subsequent success. On the other hand, Agêsilaus had led an army from the same place as Agamemnon and against the same enemies; the goddess demanded of him the sacrifice of his daughter, and he saw the vision while sleeping at Aulis, but refused, and through softness disbanded the expedition, which was inglorious and incomplete.

'The others opposed such a view. No superior and more than human beings could be pleased with so barbarous and unlawful a sacrifice. It was not the legendary Typhons and Giants who ruled the world, but one who was a Father of all gods and men. As for spirits (δαίμονες) who rejoiced in the blood and slaughter of men, to believe in such beings at all was probably folly, but if they existed, they should be disregarded, as having no power. Weakness and badness of nature (ψυχή) was the only soil in which such monstrous and cruel desires could grow and last.'

The arguments on both sides are interesting. The first set shows what was possible to reactionary and superstitious individuals at a time of great fear. The others speak the language of ordinary philosophic Hellenism.

APPENDIX B

TORTURE OF SLAVE WITNESSES

This bad business is sometimes misunderstood and grossly overstated. The torture of witnesses who are suspected of concealing important facts has only in comparatively recent times been abolished in England and France. In Athens this sort of torture was forbidden in the case of freemen, but not in the case of slaves. To say that a slave could not give evidence at all except under torture is absurd. He could of course give evidence to a simple fact, e. g. where he witnessed a murder. And, in a complicated case, Isaeus, *Philoct.* 16, seems to speak of a proclamation *inviting evidence* from relations or slaves. The cases where a slave's evidence was not good except under torture were those where the slave had an obvious interest, such as personal complicity or fear of his master. The typical case is where a man is accused of some misdoing which his household must have known about. In such a case the Court cannot seize his slaves and examine them without the master's consent; but the Accuser can challenge him to hand them over for examination under torture. The master, if he accepts this proposal, can stipulate what tortures are to be used; and if the

Court inflicts any permanent injury or any temporary loss of working power on the slave, the Court, or the Accuser, as the case may be, has to pay damages. To Roman or mediaeval torturers such a stipulation would have made the whole proceeding nugatory.

It is worth observing that: (1) This challenge seems generally to have been refused. (2) To accept it implied not only a consciousness of innocence, but a strange confidence in the affection of your slaves. One would expect a slave in such a situation to accuse his master of everything that was desired, especially as he could acquire freedom thereby, if his evidence was believed. (3) I can find no case mentioned where a witness died under torture. Where torture is really severe such cases seem to be frequent, from heart failure and other causes.

It looks as if this was one of the numerous cases in which Attic Law preserved in the letter an extremely ancient power which was not much used, or at any rate not to its full extent. (The scene in *Frogs* 620 ff. is perhaps instructive. It is unpleasant and of course unjust, but does not suggest much real cruelty.) The article *Servus* in Smith's *Dict. Antiq.* seems very sound.

APPENDIX C

THE THALASSOCRATS

There is extant a very curious and ancient Greek document which throws some light directly on this Dark Age which followed the fall of the Aegean empires and indirectly on the growth of the Epos. It is a list of the various powers which have exercised what the Greeks called 'Thalassocratia', or Rule of the Seas, from the fall of Troy up to the founding of the Athenian League. The list is given by Eusebius with slight omissions and discrepancies, both in the *Chronographia* and the *Canones*, and was taken by him from Diodorus.[1] It bears well the tests that have been applied to it, and seems to be drawn from authentic sources, perhaps from a list set up in some Aegean temple.

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[1] See the historical reconstruction by J. L. Myres in *J. H S.* xxvi. 1; also Fotheringham's criticism in *J. H. S.* xxvii and Myres' answer. Winckler's discussion is in *Der Alte Orient*, vol. vii, part 2.

The list starts with the fall of Troy. That catastrophe, by whatever coalition of invaders it was immediately produced, is taken as typifying the final downfall of the old Aegean system, a system which in Greek tradition is represented by the ancient thalassocratia of Minos. But what exactly is meant by a thalassocratia, or control of the seas? It seems to mean something quite definite, not a mere general naval preponderance, because the dates of the various 'controls' are marked off so precisely. Professor Winckler considers that it was an actual title conferred by the far-off King of Assyria upon his vassals in the Aegean. But I fully agree with Mr. Myres' criticisms upon this view. The explanation is, I think, to be found in the peculiar geography of the Aegean, and in the distinctive character of the great Aegean centres. They were (pp. 36 ff.), generally speaking, fortified toll stations: the various cities of Crete commanding all the southern trade routes; Troy those of the Hellespont; Thebes the traffic between its 'three seas'; and even Mycenae, which seems so remote, some important trade routes between the Aegean and the Corinthian gulf. And the Aegean is so formed that both to the north, the south-east, and the south-west the necessary routes of trade are well marked and narrow. The whole of them together could be controlled by a really strong sea power, though it is not likely that an ancient command of the seas was often so complete as that. When one reflects on the amount of fighting which went on in historical times for the possession of, say, the Hellespont or Naxos, and the constant train of explosive maritime rivalry, ever ready to burst out in commercial wars, such as that between Miletus-Eretria-Athens and Chalkis-Samos-Aegina, the conclusion strongly suggests itself that the prize in each case was the control of one or more of these five or six great passages or toll stations of the Aegean, and that such control constituted 'thalassocratia'. A power became completely 'thalassocratês' as soon as it could establish a guard of ships and forts at, say, the Hellespont, the channels of the Cyclades round Naxos or

Delos, the passages on each side of Carpathos, and on each side of Ogylos, together with certain roads of more local trade, like the Straits of Euboea.

Now, if we turn to the List of Thalassocrats, we find at the very outset two phenomena which we might well have expected. First, for a long time after the fall of Troy there seems to have been no thalassocracy at all; and secondly, it is a very long time indeed, certainly 400 years and perhaps 600, before there is a genuinely Greek thalassocracy. The Fall of Troy was dated by the authors of the list—viz. the tradition represented by Eusebius-Diodorus-Eratosthenes—at 1184 B. C. The list then runs[1]:

Lydi et Maeones	92 years
Pelasgi	85
Thraces	79
Rhodii	23
Phryges	25
Cyprii	33 or 23 ?
Phoenices	45
Aegyptii	60 ?
Milesii	18
[Cares	—?] years
Lesbii	—?
Phocaeenses	44
Samii	17
Lacedaemonii	2
Naxii	10
Eretrienses	15
Aeginetae	10

Now the dates at the bottom of this list can be verified. The Aeginetan thalassocracy certainly ended in 480 B. C. We work from 480 B. C. backwards, and find a considerable though of course a steadily decreasing amount of historical confirmation as we go. There are one or two confusions, notably a grave one at Nos. 10 and 11, the Carians and Lesbians. These two powers have, in the first place, no specific time of duration attached to them; and, in the second place, there seems to be very little room for either. But whatever we do with these confused places, it is practically impossible to stretch out the dates given in the list so as to fill the whole historical period between the fall of Troy and the invasion of

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[1] I take the figures from Mr. Myres' list, marking the more uncertain figures. The textual criticism of the list is highly complicated; see Mr. Fotheringham's article. He considers on purely textual grounds that Eusebius' text gave Aegyptii 43, Cares 61, and Lesbii perhaps 68. The last two figures would then be mistakes on the part of Eusebius or his authority.

Xerxes. On Mr. Myres' arrangement there is a gap at the beginning, directly after the Trojan War, amounting to 128 or 138 years. On any plausible system there is about a century missing.

Now what are we to make of this gap? I suspect that it really is a gap, and that after the fall of the old Aegean empires there was no power strong enough or well enough organized to command much of the Aegean beyond its own shores. Mr. Myres thinks that the Carians have been transposed in the list. They are put tenth, where there is no room for them; they should have been first, where they are wanted. There is evidence in Diodorus for this suggested rearrangement, and it is quite likely to be right. But I would suggest that if we interpret the language properly a Carian thalassocracy at that date is probably the same thing as no thalassocracy at all. These race names are apt to be loosely handled, as we saw in Lecture II. Diodorus and the Greek historians frequently use the word Carian to denote the aboriginal or pre-Hellenic inhabitants of the Aegean in general. Any rude and weak creatures whom you drove out of an island were roughly described as Carian. Take the most explicit passage, Diod. v. 84:

> After the capture of Troy the Carians increased and became more powerful at sea: getting possession of the Cyclades they seized some for themselves and drove out the Cretans who were settled there, while they occupied others in common with the Cretans who were there before. Afterwards when the Hellenes increased, it befell that most of the Cyclades were colonized, and the barbarous Carians driven out.

I suspect that one might put that statement in other words, thus:

> After the fall of the Minoan or Aegean empires, under the influence of the northern invasions, the first effect was not that the northern invaders began to control the seas. They were not advanced enough for that. It was that the subject populations in the islands began to raise their heads, and especially formed a small piratical power in the Cyclades. The guards of the local Minoan forts, being cut off from their base, were faced with two

> alternatives. They either resisted to the uttermost and perished. Or they made terms with the natives, and eventually sank to their level. When the Greeks came into existence as a people, they found the Cyclades inhabited by populations who were a mixture of the uncivilized Carian-Lelegian-Hittite natives and the isolated remnants of the Minoan settlements.

The first thalassocracy mentioned on the list is that of the Lydians and Maeones. Possibly some federation of the coast people of Asia Minor arose, under the protection of Lydia, for resisting the piracy of the Carians in the islands. It is nearly a century later that we find the first suggestion of a thalassocracy of Northern invaders, and even that is ambiguous. The Pelasgians, however, are probably the definite tribe of that name, the tribe which raided Boeotia during the Trojan War, and, taking to the sea, made settlements in Lemnos, Attica, and Crete. They at any rate are succeeded by a real Northern race, the Thracians, who have left traces in the Maeander valley, in Naxos and Attica, as well as in Boeotia and Phocis. From what we know of the Thracians in historical times it is difficult to suppose that their control of the seas amounted to more than vigorous piracy. Next comes the first glimpse of something that seems Hellenic: the Rhodians are thalassocrats from about 800 B. C. for the short space of twenty-three years. But was Rhodes at that time a Hellenic island? The settlement of Rhodes is attributed by Greek tradition to a very early period, perhaps to the end of the eleventh century. Wandering Dorians, people from Megara in two relays, people from Crete and from Argos, seem to have joined hands there. And it is quite likely that when Rhodes began to use its geographical position, holding the south-east gate of the Aegean, it deserved actually to be called a Hellenic power. In any case, it could not long stand, and no other Hellenic power could support or even succeed it. There follow Phrygians, Cyprians, Phoenicians, Egyptians, covering some 160 years. The Cyprians were scarcely Hellenic at this time, and the rest are plain *βάρβαροι*, though we happen to know that the Egyptian sea-power depended a good deal upon 'Ionian and Carian' ships. The Greeks, it seems, could supply the ships and the fighting material; they could not yet supply the permanent basis and organization. But that step was easy to take. And when Egypt became distracted by the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar in 604, the centre of gravity changed from the mouth of the Nile to the harbour of Miletus, and the Aegean for many centuries to come remained a Greek sea. Milesians 18 years; Lesbians 4; Phocaeans 44; Samians 17; Lacedaemonians 2; Naxians 10; Eretrians 15; Aeginetans 10; and then the Athenian Empire.

APPENDIX D

HUBRIS, DIKÊ AND HORKOS

THIS central idea of Aidôs has various ramifications in the ethics of early Greek poetry. Most of the Homeric words of disapproval mean something like 'excess', or 'going too far', and imply that there are points where a man should check himself. The wicked are *ἀτάσθαλοι*, 'outrageous,' *ὑπερήφανοι*, 'overweening,' *ἄδικοι*, 'away from Dikê,' justice or law: most of all, wickedness is *Ὕβρις*. That word is the antithesis of *σωφροσύνη* and of *αἰδώς*, and like its antitheses it defies translation into our forms of thought. It unites so many ideas which we analyse and separate: and it has a peculiar emotional thrill in it, which is lost instantly if we attempt to make careful scientific definitions. We can understand it, I think, in this way. Aidôs—or Sôphrosynê, which is slightly more intellectual—implies that, from some subtle emotion inside you, some ruth or shame or reflection, some feeling perhaps of the comparative smallness of your own rights and wrongs in the presence of the great things of the world, the gods and men's souls and the portals of life and death, from this emotion and from no other cause, amid your ordinary animal career of desire or anger or ambition, you do, every now and then, at certain places, stop. There are unseen barriers which a man who has Aidôs in him does not wish to pass.

Hubris passes them all. Hubris does not see that the poor man or the exile has come from Zeus: Hubris is the insolence of irreverence: the brutality of strength. In one form it is a sin of the low and weak, irreverence; the absence of Aidôs in the presence of something higher. But nearly always it is a sin of the strong and proud. It is born of *Koros*, or satiety —of 'being too well off'; it spurns the weak and helpless out of its path, 'spurns,' as Aeschylus says, 'the great Altar of Dikê' (*Ag.* 383). And Hubris is the typical sin condemned by early Greece. Other sins, except some connected with definite religious taboos, and some derived from words meaning 'ugly' or 'unfitting', seem nearly all to be forms or derivatives of Hubris.

What relations are there between this group of ideas and the other great conception of Dikê, Justice? These, I think. That Dikê is itself one of the bonds which Aidôs enables you to feel. Dikê in its earliest stages seems to mean 'custom, or normal course'. It is that which normally is 'supposed to be done' under given circumstances, that which a man 'has a right to expect'. If your neighbour takes one of your cattle, you will naturally apply to the judges to make the man give it back, with perhaps something extra for damages. That is what is always done: what you have a right to expect. If the judge, having received bribes from your neighbour, refuses to hear you, then you are aggrieved: that is not Dikê, not the normal course. The judge has no Aidôs. The people, and the gods, will feel Nemesis. The other earlier word for Justice, θέμις, seems to have the same history. Both words constantly mean 'dooms', or 'judgements', which are given or are expected to be given in a known and normal way. But 'Themis' seems rather specially to be connected with the keeping or breaking of Oaths.

False Swearing, though it is not mentioned in Hesiod's list of the five deadly offences, is in general one of the most typical and most loudly cursed of ancient sins. And its relation to Aidôs is very close.

The word *Horkos*, which we translate an oath, really means 'a fence', or 'something that shuts you in'. The process by which the oath becomes important is this. You make to a man some statement or promise, and then he requires some πίστις, some ὅρκος—a πίστις to make him feel confident, an ὅρκος to fence you in. The simplest form of 'Horkos', and according to Medea (Eur. *Med.* v. 21) the greatest, is simply to clasp hands. With more formality you can, both of you, call upon the gods, or the *daimones* who happen to be present in the air about you, to witness the spoken word. Or you can ensure their presence by calling them to a sacrifice. And, instead of being satisfied with the general Nemesis which these divine witnesses and judges will feel if the word is broken, you and your friend can specify the exact punishment which the gods are to inflict upon you if you fail. That is the Horkos, the 'sanction' which binds the speaker. In general, covenant by oath belongs to a form of society which cannot enforce its judgements. It is ultimately an appeal to Honour, to Aidôs. Of course priests and prophets may thunder about the vengeance which the gods will exact for a breach of the covenant which they witnessed: but that sort of vengeance has in all ages of the world remained a little remote or even problematical. The real point of importance is that there is no vengeance by men, and no available human witness. The man who has sworn is really face to face with nothing but his own sense of Aidôs, *plus* a vague fear of gods and spirits, who are for the main part only the same Aidôs personified and wrapt in mythology. The thing that makes the perjurer especially base, or ἀναιδής, is precisely his security from danger. I knew once a perfect case of the simplest Horkos. A certain Egyptian wished an Englishman to take a quantity of antiquities to Europe and sell them for him. The Englishman accepted the trust, and drew up a full catalogue of the articles, with a list of the prices which he might expect to get for each of them. The Egyptian shook his head at all this complication of securities: 'I would like,' he said, 'if you will shake my hand, and say you will be my brother.' That handshake was the Horkos, the fence or bond. A man who broke through such a Horkos would be ἀναιδής, a shameless or ruthless man. It is just what Jason did to Medea.

APPENDIX E

THE PSEUDO-CALLISTHENES

The MSS. of the Greek version of the Alexander Romance, attributed to Callisthenes, fall into three main classes, represented by—

A (Paris, 1711), of the eleventh century. This version practically agrees with the Latin Translation of Julius Valerius, made before A. D. 340, and the Armenian translation made in the fifth century.

B (Paris, 1685; bearing date A. M. 6977 = A. D. 1469), abbreviated. The good Leyden MS., L, is of this class.

C (Paris, 113 Suppl., bearing date A. D. 1567), greatly expanded.

As a mark of difference we may take the point that A inserts the Greek campaign between i. 41 and ii. 7, awkwardly making the connexion by inserting *κἀκεῖθεν ὥρμησεν εἰς τὰ μέρη τῶν βαρβάρων διὰ τῆς Κιλικίας.*

B and C put the Greek campaign at i. 27, but give different accounts of it; they then insert an abbreviated repetition of the same events at i. 41. The Greek campaign is evidently in both cases an interpolation from another source, and breaks the connexion.

The differences between these various classes of MSS. cannot be illustrated except in large extracts. They are tabulated in K. Müller's introduction, pp. x. ff., in his large edition of Arrian and Callisthenes. Still less can the differences between the various translations. But a short passage taken from two MSS. of the same class, and thus closely resembling one another, may be instructive.

Subjoined is a passage (i. 18) as it appears in Paris C and Barocc. 17, showing the freedom with which the scribe treats his original. The scribe of Barocc. 17, for instance, prefers to put the chariot race at *Rome* by the temple of *Capitolian* Zeus, instead of *Pisa* and *Olympian* Zeus. And he uses his own fancy in narrating the conversation between Alexander and his father. The passage is fairly typical.

Μιᾳ οὖν τῶν ἡμερῶν Ἀλέξανδροσ μετὰ τῶν συνηλικιωτῶν αὐτοῦ συνών, λόγουσ ἐν
Ἐν μιᾷ οὖν τῶν ἡμερῶν μετὰ τῶν ἡλικιωτῶν αὐτοῦ συνῶν, λόγουσ ἐκ

λόγοισ προτείναντεσ, εἰσφέρεται λόγοσ, ὡσ ὅτε εἰσ Πίσαν ἁρματηλατοῦσιν οἱ
λόγων προτεινόντων, εἰσφέρεται λόγοσ, ὡσ ὅτι ἐν Ῥώμῃ ἁρματηλατοῦσιν οἱ

δοκιμώτεροι τῶν βασιλέων παῖδεσ, καὶ τῷ νικήσαντι ἆθλα διδοῦσιν ἀπὸ τοῦ Ὀλυμπίου Διόσ· ὃσ δ' ἂν ἡττηθείσ, παρὰ τῶν νικησάντων θανατοῦται. Ταῦτα ἀκούσασ
εὐδοκιμώτεροι τῶν βασιλέων παῖδεσ καὶ τῷ νικήσαντι ἆθλα δίδοται παρὰ τοῦ Καπετωλίου Διόσ. Ὁ δὲ ἡττηθεὶσ παρὰ τῶν νικησάντων θανατοῦται. ταῦτα ἀκούσασ

Ἀλέξανδροσ ἔρχεται πρὸσ Φίλιππον δρομαῖοσ, καὶ εὑρίσκει αὐτὸν εὐκαιροῦντα
Ἀλέξανδροσ ἔρχεται πρὸσ τὸν π̅ρ̅α̅ αὐτοῦ δρομαῖοσ, καὶ

καὶ καταφιλήσασ αὐτὸν εἶπε· Πάτερ, δέομαί σου, ἐπιτρεψόν μοι εἰσ Πίσαν πλεῦσαι ἐπὶ τὸν ἀγῶνα τῶν Ὀλυμπίων, ἐπειδὴ ἀγωνίσασθαι
λέγει· Δέομαί σου, ὦ δέσποτα, τῶ ἐν ἐμοὶ καταθύμιον πλήρωσον, καὶ τὸ ἁρμόζων παρασχόμενοσ[1] ἀπόστειλόν μοι ἐν Ῥώμῃ ἁρματηλατῆσαι.

βούλομαι. Ὁ δὲ Φίλιπποσ εἶπε πρὸσ αὐτόν· Καὶ ποῖον ἄσκημα ἀσκήσασ τούτουσ[2] ἐπιθυμεῖσ; οὐ συγχωρῶ σοι τοῦτο πρᾶξαι.
Ὁ δὲ Φίλιπποσ λέγει· ὢ βία ἀπὸ σοῦ, παῖ·[3] οὔπω γάρ σοι ὄγδοον ἔτοσ διῆλθε καὶ ἁρματηλατῆσαι βούλει; οὐ συγχωρῶ σοι τοῦτο πρᾶξαι.

The upper line throughout is Paris C, the lower the Bodleian cod. Barocc. 17. See much longer extracts in Meusel, *Ps.-Callisthenes*, pp. 794 ff.

It is worth remarking that the commonest errors in the Callisthenes MSS. are those which come from mere misspelling. If the pronunciation came right the spelling mattered little. The book was essentially the prompt-book of an oral story-teller.

I have not met with Nöldeke, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Alexanderromans* (1890). The Syriac and Ethiopic versions have been edited with great learning by Budge (1889 and 1896 respectively). He points out that much of the material is of immemorial antiquity. For instance, Etanna, a Babylonian hero, rode on an eagle up to the gods. He reached Anu Ea and Bel, rested, and went on towards Ishtar, but the eagle grew faint and fell. This story was then attached to the Assyrian-Accadian Gilgamesh, to Bellerophon, and at last to Alexander. (Ps-Kall. ii. 41.)

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[1] i. e. give me my share of the inheritance.

[2] Should be τούτου.

[3] 'Via! Far be it from thee!'

APPENDIX F

STAGES OF OLD FRENCH POEMS: *ROLAND* AND *ST. ALEXIS*

NOTE ON LA CHANSON DE ROLAND.

TAKEN chiefly from Gaston Paris's Introduction to his little book of *Extraits* (8th edition, Hachette, 1905). The history of this 'traditional book' can be made out in more detail and with more definite evidence than that of any ancient Epic. We find the following stages:

I. *The historical event.* In 778 A. D., Charlemagne, the young King of the Francs, was returning from an expedition in the North of Spain, where he had been received in various cities, but shut out from Saragossa. When his main army had passed the Pyrenees, the rear-guard with the baggage was surprised *by the Basques* in the valley of Roncesvaux and cut to pieces. Among the slain were *the Seneschal Eggihard, the Count of the Palace, Anselm,* and *Hrodland, Count of the March of Britanny.* We know that this disaster became immediately famous, because of the language of an historian who wrote only sixty years after. He mentions the engagement, and adds: 'extremi quidam in eodem monte regii caesi sunt agminis: quorum, quia vulgata sunt, nomina dicere supersedi.' (*Life of Louis I*, in Pertz SS. ii. 608.) The epitaph of the Seneschal Eggihard has been discovered, and shows that the battle took place on August 15. Apart from the epitaph, Eggihard and Anselm have disappeared from fame. Roland was a Breton, and we often find that the Breton songs have more vitality than others.

Such is the Frankish account, confirmed in most respects by that of the Arab Ibn-al-Athir (thirteenth century, but drawing on ancient sources). He, however, attributes the attack to the Moslems of Saragossa, not to the Basques. It would seem most probable that the Moslems organized the attack, and instigated the Basques. (G. Paris, *Légendes du Moyen Âge*, pp. 3, 4.)

II. *The earliest poetical account, a source which we may denote as RCT.* That is, a state of the poem represented by the common elements in three extant sources. These are (1) the Norman-French poem, *Roland* (R), of the eleventh century; (2) the prose chronicle which bears the name of Archbishop Turpin (T), and narrates these events in chapters xxi–xxix (early twelfth century); (3) a Latin poem, *Carmen de proditione Guenonis* (C), which is of the same epoch, but represents an earlier state of the poem than our extant MSS. (i.e. than any extant form of R).

RCT, then, represents the poem as it was before these various versions had made their different modifications of it. According to RCT:

Charlemagne, *Emperor of the Romans*, has conquered all Spain except Saragossa, which is held by the brothers Marsile and Baligant, under the suzerainty of the 'Admiral of Babylon'. (Babylon seems to mean Bagdad: if so, this is a memory of the very ancient suzerainty of the Eastern Caliphs over Spain.) He sends *Ganelon* to demand their submission. Ganelon is bribed, and promises to betray the best French warriors to the Saracens. He returns to Charles, announces the submission of the brothers, and induces Charles to return to France, leaving behind him, as rear-guard, the best of his barons, including *his nephew Roland, Count of Le Mans and Blaie, Oliver, Count of Geneva,* and 20,000 Christians. These are attacked at Roncesvaux by 50,000 *Saracens*, led by Ganelon. The first army corps of 20,000 Saracens is destroyed by the French. Then a fresh body of 30,000 Saracens destroys the French, except Roland and a hundred men. Roland *blows his horn* and rallies the hundred, who pursue and rout the Saracens. Roland kills Marsile, and then proceeds to die of his wounds.

He bids farewell to his peerless sword, Durendal, and tries in vain to break it. It cuts through the marble on which he strikes it. Then, to warn the main army, he blows his horn again, so loud that it bursts the veins of his neck. Charles hears the horn and would return, but Ganelon persuades him that Roland is only hunting. Presently there arrives *Baldwin, Roland's brother,* with news of the disaster. The army returns, to find Roland dead; also Oliver, and others. There is a great lament. Charles pursues the Saracens. Night is approaching, but *a miracle retards the sun,* so that he overtakes them on the bank of the Ebro, and kills all that are left. Ganelon is accused of treason. *There is an ordeal; Pinabel fights for Ganelon, Tierri for Charles.* Tierri kills Pinabel, and Ganelon is torn in pieces. Roland is buried in St. Romain de Blaie, while his horn is left at St. Severin in Bordeaux. Oliver is buried at Belin. Charles returns to Aix and, after a time, dies.

III. *A source RC,* i.e. the story common to Roland and the Carmen, but not to Turpin. Various changes have been introduced. *Baligant has disappeared;* Marsile reigns alone at Saragossa. *Ganelon is provided with a motive* of spite against Roland: it was Roland who recommended the Emperor to send Ganelon on the dangerous mission to Marsile. The battle is even further embroidered, and the description of the country made marvellous. The *Twelve Peers* of Charlemagne are introduced, Roland being their chief. They slay twelve similar Peers of Marsile. After the second battle with the pagans a *third Pagan army* comes up. The French are reduced to sixty. There is no Baldwin. It is the horn that brings Charlemagne back. Meantime Oliver is slain, and Roland and Turpin are the sole survivors of the French army. The Saracens flee. Roland collects the bodies of the twelve peers, and brings them to the dying Archbishop to receive the last blessing. Roland faints from his wounds. Turpin, in an effort to fetch water, dies. Roland recovers and folds Turpin's hands in a cross upon his breast, and pronounces a *regret* over him. Then he faints again. A Saracen returns and tries to take Roland's sword, Durendal, at which Roland recovers consciousness and breaks the Saracen's head with his *olifant* or horn. He tries in vain to break Durendal; says a long farewell to all that he loves, dies, and is transported to heaven by angels. There are some slight variations in the final scenes also. Ganelon, for instance, is *écartelé* on the spot.

IV. *The extant Chanson du Roland, or R,* composed shortly after 1066. In this version Marsile is made to take the initiative in offering his submission to Charlemagne, and sending hostages. It is in answer to this embassy that Charles sends Ganelon to Saragossa. Roland offers to go as messenger himself before suggesting Ganelon, who is in this version his *parâtre*—his uncle by marriage—and has a grudge against him in consequence. Ganelon is corrupted by the Saracens on the way to Saragossa. Nevertheless, on arrival he delivers Charles' defiance just as in the old versions, though the defiance has now lost all *raison d'être.* At the beginning of the battle Oliver sees from a hill the vast hordes of the Saracens, and urges Roland to sound the horn. Roland from pride refuses; a fine scene, which has a pendent later, when Roland wishes to sound the horn and Oliver dissuades him. Oliver is more prominent altogether than in the older versions, and Roland is betrothed to his sister, Aude. When Marsile is taken prisoner and dies, his queen Bramimonde, who, like other Saracen princesses, admires the Christians, is taken back to France and happily baptized. After the burial of Roland, Oliver, and Turpin at Blaie, Charles returns to Aix, and there holds a solemn trial of Ganelon. This part is worked up. Ganelon intimidates and bribes the judges. They acquit him. At last one of them, Tierri—who is now 'Tierri of Anjou'—takes the office of accuser upon himself, fights Pinabel, and hands Ganelon over to his punishment. Charles is about to rest after his labours when the angel Gabriel appears in a dream, and orders him forth to another expedition to the 'land of Bire', to 'succour the king Vivien in Imphe'. So comes the famous ending:

> 'Deus!' dist li Reis, 'si penuse est ma vie!'
> Pleurut des oilz, sa barbe blanche tiret. . . .
> Ci fait la Geste que Turoldus declinet.

V. *A large interpolation in R.* A little later than R, another poet had made a song in which the revenge after Roncesvaux was more crushing. Marsile is the vassal of Baligant—the brother and the Admiral of Babylon of the early sources combined into one person. Summoned to the aid of Marsile, Baligant takes seven years to arrive, and appears just in time to rally the Pagan forces after Roncesvaux. He challenges Charles to a supreme battle between all the forces of Christianity on the one hand and Paganism on the other. This gives rise to a 'Catalogue' of the thirty columns of the armies of Baligant, which forms an interesting parallel to the Homeric Catalogues (*Roland,* 3217–65). The list can be divided into Historical and Imaginary peoples; 'but the Historical peoples are those against whom the Christian powers were fighting, not at the time of the Crusades, but during the tenth and eleventh centuries' (Gaston Paris in *Romania,* ii. pp. 330 ff.; or L. Gauthier's note to *Roland,* ad loc.). That is, the interpolator has not described the Pagans of his own day, but has drawn from an ancient list of Pagans, which happens to be even earlier than the poem to which he was adding. The Christians of course win, and Charles, sustained by an angel, slays Baligant.

VI. *The Rimed Version and later forms.* The above versions, IV and V, are best represented in the Oxford MS. of the *Roland* (MS. of the later twelfth century; poem about seventy years earlier), though they are also extant in a Venetian MS. of the fourteenth century, and various translations into Norwegian prose (twelfth century), German verse, Netherlandish verse, &c. But the most important point in the succeeding history of the poem is the Rimed Version of the later part of the twelfth century. The poetical taste of the period had moved from assonance to rime, and the old poems written in assonance were changed throughout. This is the opening of a whole new history, the various rimed *remaniements* reaching down to the sixteenth century.

(In assonance the last accented vowel—and the succeeding vowels, if any—in each line must be the same; in rime the last accented vowel and all succeeding vowels and consonants: thus in assonance we can end successive lines with Turp*ins,* lar*iz*, *dit*, *ci*, mur*ir* (*Roland*, xcv), or *sages*, *armes*, *haltes*, *chevalchent*).

A further change in form was the adoption of the Alexandrine, or twelve-syllable line divided in the middle, instead of the old ten-syllable. The Alexandrine derives its name from the first French version of the Pseudo-Callisthenes, a metrical romance written in 1184 by Lambert li Cors with the assistance of Alexander of Paris. Examples of the changes in text produced by the introduction of rime and Alexandrine are given below, from the *St. Alexis*.

ST. ALEXIS.

Vie de St. Alexis, poème du XI^{e} siècle, et renouvellements des XII^{e}, XIII^{e} et XIV^{e} siècles. Gaston Paris et Leopold Pannier, 1887.

This book contains four successive versions of the same poem, showing its growth and its adaptation to varying periods of taste.

I. Eleventh century: assonance: probably chanted in church.

Bons fut li siecles als tens ancienor,
Quer feit i ert e justise et amor,
Si ert credance, dont or n'i at nul prot:
Tot est mudez, perdude at sa color;
Ja mais n'iert tels com fut as anceisors.

Al tens Noe et al tens Abraham,
Et al David, que Deus par amat tant,
Bons fut li siecles, &c.

This may be translated:

Good was the world in the time of old,
Surely faith there was and justice and love,
So was there belief, whereof now there is no profit (?),
All is dumb, it has lost its colour,
Never shall it be such as it was to those of old.

In the time of Noah and in the time of Abraham,
And of David whom God the Father loved so much,
Good was the world.

II. Middle of twelfth century: work of a popular *jongleur*. Still in assonance, but greatly interpolated.

> [Signour et dames, entendés un sermon
> D'un saintisme home qui Allessis ot non,
> Et d'une feme que il prist a oissor,[1]
> Que il guerpi[2] pour Diu son Creatour,
> Caste pucele et gloriouse flour,
> Qui ains a li nen ot convercion;
> Pour Diu le fist, s'en a bon guerredon:
> Saulve en est l' ame en ciel nostre signour,
> Li cors en gist a Rome a grant honour.]
> Bons fut li siecles au tans ancienour
> Quar fois i ert et justise et amor, &c. (as in I).

The largest interpolation comes, characteristically, at the romantic moment where Alexis has to relinquish and convert his betrothed—a *persona muta* in the old text; here 30 verses are expanded into 245.

III. Rimed version. Twelfth century. Based on the old text, but assonances changed to rimes. This sometimes causes great disturbance. The opening is very close to its original.

> Cha en arriére, au tens anchienors,
> Fois fut en tiere et justiche et amors
> Et verités et creanche et douchors:
> Mais ore est frailes et plains de grans dolors.
> Jamais n'iert teus con fut as anchissors.
> Ne portent foit li marit lor oissors,
> Ne li vassal fianche lor signors. . . .
>
> Au tens Noë et au tens Moysant,
> Au tens David cui Dius par ama tant,
> Bons fut li siecles, &c.

(Observe *Moysant* instead of *Abraham*, for the sake of the rime.)

IV. Alexandrine version, in monorimed quatrains. Fourteenth century. This version is based on III, and opens at a passage which is about l. 14 of I, l. 45 of II, and l. 20 of III. I say 'about' since the actual line is not in I and II. It is introduced in III in the process of running a *laisse* of assonances in *-a* and *-e* into one long *laisse* of rimes in *-ant*, joining on to *Moysant* above.

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[1] oissor = wife.

[2] guerpi = relinquished.

The process of turning the ten-syllable lines into Alexandrines is, of course, child's play.

> En l'honor Diu le glorios poissant
> Ki nos crea trestos a son semblant, &c.

merely becomes—

> Ens en l'onneur de Dieu le pére tout puissant,
> Qui nous fourma et fist trestous a son semblant, &c.

The peculiar critical value of the *St. Alexis* is that we have it in four distinct stages corresponding to four styles of French epic taste.

APPENDIX G

EXPURGATION IN THE HYMN TO DEMETER

This 'Homeric' expurgation extended to the Homeric Hymns also, as is illustrated by the Orphic papyrus of the second century B.C. recently published by Buecheler in *Berliner Klassikertexten*, v. 1. (See also an article upon it by T. W. Allen, in *C. R.*, xxi. 4.) The papyrus quotes, as ἐκ τῶν Ὀρφέως ἐπῶν, several passages from the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, in a slightly different shape. Notably the following incident.

Demeter, disguised and acting as Nurse in the house of Keleos, is secretly making the child Demophoon immortal by soaking him in fire. The mother, Metaneira, discovers her putting him in the fire, and shrieks with horror. Demeter, *in the Homeric Hymn*, takes the child out of the fire, puts him on the ground (254 f.) and then turns in anger on the Mother: 'Blind and witless are men, knowing not the portion of good when it cometh nor yet of evil. And thou too hast got thee a huge hurt by thy follies! So hear me the Horkos of the Gods, the unrelenting water of Styx, I would have made thy son deathless and ageless for all days, and made undying honour to follow him; but now, I swear, he shall not escape Death and the Slayers!'

In the 'Orphic' or non-Homeric version there is nothing about Demeter taking the child out of the fire. On the contrary, when she gets to the words 'he shall not escape Death and the Slayers', it proceeds: 'So saying, . . . (?) ing the child she burned it and slew it, and proclaimed herself.' (*καὶ τὸ παιδίον επι . κ . . . σα* (?) *καίει καὶ ἀποκτείνει καὶ ὀρθῶς αὑτὴν διαγορεύει*). And exactly the same story is given by Apollodorus i. 4. 5 *τὸ μὲν βρέφος ὑπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ἀναλώθη, ἡ θεὰ δ' ἑαυτὴν ἐξέφηνε*.

There can be little hesitation as to which of these versions is the older and more original. The whole myth is based on a ritual of child-sacrifice. It was first a real sacrifice, later an imitation. And similarly the *ἱερὸς λόγος* connected with it first narrated how the goddess herself had burnt a child in the fire, as a primitive god, when disturbed, naturally would; then, as that became repulsive, how she had put a child in the fire with good intentions and taken it out again. The child so saved is, one may conjecture, the origin of *ὁ ἀφ' ἑστίας παῖς* so often mentioned in connexion with the Mysteries, *ὃς ἀντὶ πάντων τῶν μυουμένων ἀπομειλίσσεται τὸ θεῖον*. Porph. *de Abst.* 4. 5. (See Farnell, *Cults*, iii. p. 352, note 209.) The reverse process would contradict all analogy.

This throws light on another point. We have long observed that those parts of the Demeter cult which struck unsympathetic observers as obscene have no place in the Homeric Hymn, while they are quoted from 'Orpheus' by Clement and Arnobius (Abel, *Orphica*, fr. 215). It was just conceivable that they might have come in as a late degradation of a rite which in 'Homeric times' was pure. But now it is pretty evident that they must go along with the primitive barbarity of the child-sacrifice. They belong to the things expurgated from Homer. (See Mr. Allen, (l. c.) who still inclines to the other view. For the probable explanation of Baubo, see Diels, *Arcana Cerealia*, in *Miscellanea di Archeologia dedicata al Prof. Salinas.* Palermo, 1907.)

The expurgations of some ancient critics, especially Zenodotus, for which we generally laugh at them, are merely continuations of the Homeric spirit. E.g. Zenodotus on Π 93–6, and apparently the whole Koinê together with Aristarchus on the Phoenix story, I 458–61, Sosiphanes on 453, &c. They objected to what was ἀπρεπές, which was quite in the spirit of Homer, supposing the standard of 'unseemliness' to be the same.

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