THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.
TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.
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QUI CUPIT OPTATAM CURSU CONTINGERE METAM,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer—
HOR.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

VOLUME VI.

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M DCC.XCVI.
THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF THE I L I A D.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her importunities, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

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

It is impossible but the whole attention of the reader must be awakened in this book: the heroes of the two armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battles have been but so many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of Greece and Troy is to be decided by the sword of Achilles and Hector.

This is the book, which of the whole Iliad appears to me the most charming. It assembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: Terror and Pity are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not sensible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taste, or the translator of all skill, in poetry. P.
THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o’er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks embody’d pow’rs,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow’rs.
Great Hector singly stay’d; chain’d down by fate,
There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate;

Ver. 4.] A picturesque circumstance of his original is omitted:
Against the polished battlements reclin’d.
Ver. 5.] There are four elegant verses, but spun from his author
with unusual amplification; of whom the following is a commensurate
resemblance:

but the Greeks
Came near the walls, their shoulders spread with shields.

Ver. 9.] Thus Ogilby:
But Hector, instigated by his fate,
Expecting flood, without the Scæan gate.
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The Pow'r confess'd in all his glory burns)
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view, 15
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots theenow, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantick rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found?

What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?

Ver. 11.] This whole couplet is a superfluous addition of the translator.

Ver. 14.] This verse also is mere interpolation; for which Chapman might supply a hint:

Achilles still made way
At Phoebus; who, his bright head turn'd; and ask't—

Homer says merely,
But then Apollo Peleus' son bespeaks.

Ver. 17.] This couplet entirely misrepresents his author, who may be thus simply stated;

nor yet thou seem'st to know
My godhead; reflexes rage so drives thee on!

Ver. 22.] More accurately thus:

Whilst aims thy frenzy at a deatiblest god.
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain. 30

Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tow'r'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near gaol with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field, 35
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night

Ver. 27.] This version is elegant and dextrous, but not strictly
faithful, nor with the force of his original; which the reader may
with to see in a literal translation:
Thou of great fame haft robb'd me, and sav'd them
With ease, of future punishment secure:
Had I but power, my vengeance shouldst thou feel.

Ver. 32.] Thus, agreeably to the original:
The haughty chief, impetuous, robs along.

Ver. 33.] The following version is exact:
Just as the steed, victorious, in the car
Stretches with easy fleetness o'er the plain;
So nimbly plies the prince his knees and feet.

Ver. 35.] This incomparable verse must discharge it's obligation
to Chapman:

Ver. 37. Not half so dreadful rises, &c.] With how much
dreadful pomp is Achilles here introduced! How noble, and in
what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the
rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the desolation
round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his
motions and his very looks; what a crowd of terrible ideas in this
one simile!
HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXII.

Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays;
Terrifick glory! for his burning breath.
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus abjures him with extended hands.

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their son: that is succeeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of Hector, all on fire, obstinately bent on death, and expecting Achilles; admirably painted in the simile of the snake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poisons: and indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contrast, and opposition of the Moving and of the Terrible, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other; I cannot find words to express how so great beauties affect me.

Ver. 40.] Thus, more closely to his author:

And dims the best of stars with streaming rays.

Ver. 43.] He should have written rather,

then groan'd, (or sobbed,) the sage;

as Chapman, by whom our poet has profited:

Out flew his tender voice in sob's; and with rialde hands he smit

His reverend head:

but our translator might follow Ogilby, who is right and wrong at the same time:

aloud old Priam cries,

Beating his breast, tears trickling from his eyes:

and so Barbin the older French translator: "Il appelloit son fils,

"ayant les larmes aux yeux."
Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov’d, my dearest bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch’d beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might’st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy’d,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy’d:

Ver. 51. _The speech of Priam to Hector._] The poet has entertained us all along with various scenes of slaughter and horror: he now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender sorrows. Eutychius observes that Priam preludes to his words by actions expressive of misery: the unhappy orator introduces his speech to Hector with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The father and the king plead with Hector to preserve his life and his country. He represents his own age, and the loss of many of his children, and adds, that if Hector falls, he should then be inconsolable, and the empire of Troy at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in Homer, to make the fall of Troy to depend upon the death of Hector: the poet does not openly tell us, that Troy was taken by the Greeks; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to understand in this speech, that the city was taken, and that Priam, his wives, his sons, and daughters, were either killed or made slaves.

Ver. 56.] The verse appeared thus in the first edition:
To all th’ immortal hateful as to me:
but there is much more bitterness and energy in the negative form of the with.

Ver. 58.] He might have collected the remaining sentiment of his author into a triplet:
Nor my breast feel this weight of sorrows more.

Ver. 59.] The two verses of his author our translator would
Or, worse than slaughter'd, fold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more! 65
Oh! if in yonter hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?
(Their grandfathers' wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)
But if (which heav'n forbids) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast;
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I? unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!

have found no difficulty in concentrating in a single couplet, not to mention the defective rhymes in the latter of the present two. Thus?
Me of what sons have rest those murderous hands!
Or slain, or captive, fold in foreign lands.
Dr. Johnson indeed calls the word rest obsolete; but fine havoc will be made with the copiousness of a language, if true English expressions, in every view unexceptionable, and sanctioned by our noblest and purest writers, are to be proscribed by such haughty and capricious sentence. I should much prefer the revival of sterner phraseology from our earlier writers to the latinizing pedantry and pompous verbosity of some modern artists.

Ver. 70.] The rhymes may be thus amended;
But if, already lost, each hapless ghost,
All pale! be wandering on the Stygian coast—.

Ver. 76. Enter yet the wall; And spare, &c.,] The argument
Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory sava.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!

that Priam uses (says Eustathius) to induce Hector to secure himself
in Troy is remarkable: he draws it not from Hector's fears, nor
does he tell him that he is to save his own life; but he insists upon
stronger motives: he tells him he may preferre his fellow-citizens,
his country, and his father; and farther persuades him not to add
glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

Ver. 88.] Our translator is not scrupulously attentive to his
author, who may be thus exhibited with faithfulness and sim-

licity:

My sons destroy'd, my daughters rudely torn,
Their bridal chambers ravag'd, and their babes,
In heat of carnage, on the pavement dash'd,
And matrons dragg'd by the fell hands of Greeks.

Ver. 90. My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor.] Cruelties
which the Barbarians usually exercised in the sacking of towns.
Thus Isaiah foretells to Babylon that her children shall be dashed in
pieces before her eyes by the Medes. Infantes eorum allidentur in
eulis eorum, xii. 16. And David says to the same city, Happy
shall he be that taketh and dañgeth thy little ones against the stones.
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
The last sad relick of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye gods! 'twas well;
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,


Ver. 96.] Or, more conformably to Homer's language,
   Where *raving dogs*:
   for Buffonius on the passage mentions a conceit of the ancients, that household dogs fell into madness from feeding on human flesh.

Ver. 98.] This conclusion of the speech is not executed with fidelity. Let the reader accept the following resemblance of the original:

   no youth it misbecomes,
   In battle slain and gorg'd with pointed steel
   To lie: all forms, each circumstance of death
   To him is comely: but, when dogs deform
   The hoary head and hoary beard of age,
   And riot on his carcass uncontrol'd;
   This beggars all the woes of woful man!

Ver. 102. *But when the Fates, &c.*] Nothing can be more moving than the image which Homer gives here, in comparing the different effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the dust. The old man,
In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she dislay'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!

——

it is certain, touches us most, and several reasons may be given for
it; the principal is, that the young man defended himself, and his
death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weak-
ness, prayers, and tears. They must be very insensible of what is
dreadful, and have no taste in poetry, who omit this passage in a
translation, and substitute things of a trivial and insipid nature.

Ver. 113.] This verse, I think, does not equal the beauty of
it's associates, and might be improved in a variety of ways; for
example:

And thus, while stream'd her eyes with tears, she said.

Ver. 114. The speech of Hecuba.] The speech of Hecuba opens
with as much tenderness as that of Priam; the circumstance in
particular of her shewing that breast to her son which had sustained
his infancy, is highly moving: it is a silent kind of oratory, and
prepares the heart to listen, by prepossessing the eye in favour of the
speaker.

But fastingus takes notice of the difference between the speeches of
Priam and Hecuba: Priam diffuses him from the combat, by
enumerating not only the loss of his own family, but of his whole
If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
Or still’d thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
But by our walls secour’d, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Should’st thou (but heav’n avert it) should’st thou bleed,
Nor must thy corpse lie honour’d on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.”

Hecuba dwells entirely upon his single death; this is a
great beauty in the poet, to make Priam a father to his whole
country; but to describe the fondness of the mother as prevailing
over all other considerations, and to mention that only which
chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious stroke in Milton, with
regard to the several characters of Adam and Eve. When the Angel
is driving them both out of Paradise, Adam grieves that he must
leave a place where he had conversed with God and his angels;
but Eve laments that they shall never more behold the flowers of Eden.
Here Adam mourns like a man, and Eve like a woman.

More faithfully thus:
Hector, my son, this awful fight revere!
With pity listen to a mother’s prayer:
the rhymes, however, are not unexceptionably correct.

Ver. 117.] Or, more conformably to the language of his
author,
Or lull’d to sleep thy sorrows at this breast:
but our translator might take his direction from Chapman:
———-if ever the, had quieted his exclaims,
He would cease hers.

Ver. 125.] The word plains furnisht an easy rhyme, and thence
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expect's the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;

the vntrues of the translator for the dogs of Homer. Thus? more exactly:
In Græcian ships, thy funeral rites unpaid,
A helpless prey to dogs voracious, laid!
Dacier, according to her practice, includes both animals: "Et
" tu serviras de pature aux chiens et aux oiseaux près des navires des
" Grecs."

Ver. 130.] Thus, more closely:
So roll before his den the swelling snake,
Soon as he sees the foe in approach the brake:

for the lingering enunciation of the word traveller in three syllables
is void, I think, of suitable vivacity. But his predecessors might
misguide our poet; for thus Chapman:

Wraps all her cavern in her folds:

and thus Ogilby:

Coy’d up before his mansion’s narrow gates:

and, lastly, Hobbes:

And as a snake roll’d up before his den.

And so, I see, Mr. Cowper; very erroneously, and in a file but
little suited to the restless impatience of this enraged and alarmed
animal. I know not if Dacier saw the force and beauty of her
author’s expression: "Faisant plusieurs cercles de ton énorme corps."

Ver. 131.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel passage of Virgil,
Æn. ii. 641:

So shines, renew’d in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake.
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire. 135
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:

Ver. 138. The soliloquy of Hector.] There is much greatness in
the sentiments of this whole soliloquy. Hector prefers death to an
ignominious life: he knows how to die with glory, but not how
to live with disfavour. The reproach of Polydamas affects him;
the scandals of the meanest people have an influence on his
thoughts.

It is remarkable that he does not say, he fears the insults of the
brave Trojans, but of the most worthless only. Men of merit are
always the most candid; but others are ever for bringing all men
to a level with themselves. They cannot bear that any one should
be so bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them,
upon the least miscarriage. This sentiment is perfectly fine, and
agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and sensible
mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this speech.
Hector's mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his
own breast, and consulting what method to pursue: he doubts if
he should not propose terms of peace to Achilles, and grants him
very large concessions; but of a sudden he checks himself, and
leaves the sentence unfinished. The paragraph runs thus; "If, says
"Hector, I should offer him the largest conditions, give all that
"Troy contains"—There he stops, and immediately subjoins,
"But why do I delude myself, &c."

It is evident from this speech that the power of making peace
was in Hector's hands: for unless Priam had transferred it to him,
he could not have made these propositions. So that it was Hector
who broke the treaty in the third book (where the very same
conditions were proposed by Agamemnon.) It is Hector therefore
BOOK XXII. HOMER's I LI A D.

Shall proud Polydamas before the gate, 140
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.

Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthles's sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—If I e'er return, return I must 150
Glorious, my country's terreur laid in dust:

that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving
the Greeks and Trojans in blood. This conduct in Homer was
necessary; he observes a poetical justice, and shews that Hector is
a criminal, before he brings him to death. Euthathis. P.

Ver. 140. Shall proud Polydamas, &c.] Hector alludes to the
counsel given him by Polydamas in the eighteenth book, which he
then neglected to follow; it was, to withdraw to the city, and
fortify themselves there, before Achilles returned to the battle. P.

Ver. 142.] In the next twelve lines our translator gives a very
indistinct and general resemblance of his author; of which the
reader may judge from the following close version:

Who bade me lead the Trojans to the town,
That dreadful night, when fierce Achilles rose:
But this far better counsel I disdain'd.
The people thus my folly's victims made,
Our Trojans and their wives I dread to meet;
Left some, inferior to myself, should say,
"This headstrong chief brought ruin on our men!"
Thus they, reproachful. Sure 'twere better far,
Or to return with slain Achilles' spoils,
Or in the face of Troy with glory fall.
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarmed, and parley with the foe, 155
The warriour-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife with-held, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable justice to restore; 160
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;

Ver. 158.] More properly,
The wife with-bolden, treasures ill-detain'd;
but still the rhymes are inaccurate, and at ver. 160, none.

Ver. 167. We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er the plain, &c.
The words literally are these, "There is no talking with Achilles, 
εἰς ὕπατος ἑδ' ἐκ πτωρίων, from an oak or from a rock, or about an oak 
or a rock] as a young man and a maiden talk together. It is thought 
an obscure passage, though I confess I am either too fond of my own 
explication in the above cited verses, or they make it a very
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk: 170
War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that, determine Heav'n!

clear one. "There is no conversing with this implacable enemy in
the rage of battle; as when sauntering people talk at leisure to
one another on the road, or when young men and women meet in
a field." I think the exposition of Eustathius more far-fetched,
though it be ingenious; and therefore I must do him the justice not
to suppress it. It was a common practice, says he, with the hea-
thens, to expose such children as they either could not, or would
not educate; the places where they deposited them, were usually in
the cavities of rocks, or the hollow of oaks: these children being
frequently found and preferred by strangers, were said to be the
offspring of those oaks or rocks where there were found. This
gave occasion to the poet to feign that men were born of oaks, and
there was a famous fable too of Deucalion and Pyrrha's repairing
mankind by casting stones behind them: it grew at last into a
proverb, to signify idle tales; so that in the present passage it
imports, that Achilles will not listen to such idle tales as may pass
with silly maids and fond lovers. For fables and stories (and parti-
cularly such fables as the preservation, strange fortune, and adven-
tures of exposed children) are the usual conversation of young men
and maidens. Eustathius's explanation may be corroborated by a
parallel place in the Odyssey, where the poet says,

Οὐ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἀφικήσετο παλαμάφατα, ἄδητον οἶμα.

The meaning of which passage is plainly this, Tell me of what race
you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not,
according to the old story, descended from an oak or a rock. Where
the word παλαμάφατα shews that this was become an ancient proverb
even in Homer's day.

P.

Chapman is neat and concise; nor has he neglected the pleasing
repetition of his author:

To men of oke and rocke, no words; virgins and youths talk
thus;
Virgins and youths, that love, and woe; there's other warre
with us.
Thus pond'ring like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian jav'lin in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
Like Jove's own light'ning, or the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terroors rise,
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.

Ver. 173.] Thus, more accurately expressive of his author:
That waits be pondering, whilst the Greek drew nigh;
Like Mars, his crest rodd dreadful from on high.

Ver. 176.] This is unauthorized by the original, and wants
diversity, by anticipating the subsequent image. Thus more
exactly:
Pois'd from the shoulder, as his steps advance,
More and more horrid, shakes the Pelian lance:
From his broad breast-plate vivid splendors blaze,
Like flashing fire, or Titan's rising rays:
for the rhymes of the second couplet are not sufficiently precise, and
were found in Ogilby:

his arms like lightning shone,
Like blazing fire, or like the rising sun.

Ver. 179.] There is interpolation here, and similar rhymes
occur too soon. I can only give an accurate literal translation:
Hector beholds, and trembles; nor dares stay:
The gates he leaves, and frightened flies: the foe
Springs after, trusting to his nimble feet.

Ver. 180. Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.] I
doubt not most readers are shocked at the sight of Hector; it is
indeed a high exaltation of Achilles (which was the poet's chief
hero) that so brave a man as Hector durst not stand him. While
Achilles was at a distance he had fortified his heart with noble resolutions,
but at his approach they all vanish, and he flies. This (as
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind; Achilles follows like the winged wind.

exceptionable as some may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for distance, as it lessens all objects, so it does our fears; but where inevitable danger approaches, the stoutest hearts will feel some apprehensions at certain fate. It was the saying of one of the bravest men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, Show me but a certain danger, and I shall be as much afraid as any of you. I do not absolutely pretend to justify this passage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that Hector was in this desperate circumstance.

First. It will not be found in the whole Iliad, that Hector ever thought himself a match for Achilles. Homer (to keep this in our minds) had just now made Priam tell him, as a thing known (for certainly Priam would not insult him at that time) that there was no comparison between his own strength, and that of his antagonist:

Secondly, We may observe with Dacier, the degrees by which Homer prepares this incident. In the eighteenth book the mere fight and voice of Achilles unarmed, has terrified and put the whole Trojan army into disorder. In the nineteenth the very sound of the celestial arms given him by Vulcan, has affrighted his own Myrmidons as they stand about him. In the twentieth, he has been upon the point of killing Æneas, and Hector himself was not saved from him but by Apollo's interposing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible slaughter of all that oppose him, he overtakes most of those that fly from him, and Priam himself opens the gates of Troy to receive the rest.

Thirdly, Hector stays, not that he hopes to overcome Achilles, but because shame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a shame (says Enosthathius) which was a fault that betrayed him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay, Homer adds further, that he only stayed by the immediate will of heaven, intoxicated and irresistibly bound down by fate:

"Εκτος δ' αυτοῦ μόνης ἕκαστώς ποιερίς ἦκονος ."

Fourthly, He had just been reflecting on the injustice of the war he maintained; his spirits are depressed by heaven; he expects certain death, he perceives himself abandoned by the gods, (as he
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)

_direly says in ver. 300, &c. of the Greek, and 384 of the translation_ so that he might say to Achilles what Turnus does to Æneas,

"Dii me terrent, & Jupiter bostis."

This indeed is the strongest reason that can be offered for the flight of Hector. He flies not from Achilles as a mortal hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable armour, seconded by Minerva, and one who had put to flight the inferior gods themselves. This is not cowardice, according to the constant principles of Homer, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the Supreme Being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author suffered the courage of Hector entirely to forfend him even in this extremity: a brave man's soul is still capable of routing itself, and acting honourably in the last struggles. Accordingly Hector, though delivered over to his destiny, abandoned by the Gods, and certain of death, yet stops and attacks Achilles; when he loses his spear, he draws his sword; it was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriously; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

If the reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that Virgil had an uncommon esteem for it, as he has testified in transferring it almost entirely to the death of Turnus; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents; but doubtless he was touched with this episode, as with one of those which interest us most of the whole Iliad, by a spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the suffrage of Aristotle, who was so far from looking upon this passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteemed it marvellous and admirable. "The _wonderful_ says he, ought to have place in tragedy, "but still more in epic poetry, which proceeds in this point even "to the unreasonable; for as in epic poems one sees not "the persons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason is "proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For "example, what Homer says of Hector pursued by Achilles, "would appear ridiculous on the stage; for the spectators could
Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th'aerial way;
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
No lefts fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course main-
tain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage
broad,
(A wider compafs) smoke along the road.

"not forbear laughing to see on one side the Greeks standing
without any motion, and on the other Achilles pursuing Hector,
and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all this
does not appear when we read the poem: for what is wonderful
is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who
relate any thing, usually add something to the truth, that it may
the better please those who hear it."

The same great critic vindiates this passage in the chapter
following. "A poet, says he, is inexcusable if he introduces such
things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry: but
this ceases to be a fault, if by those means he attains to the end
proposed; for he has then brought about what he intended: for
example, if he renders by it any part of his poem more astonish-
ing or admirable. Such is the place of the Iliad; where Achilles
pursues Hector." Arist. Poet. chap. xxv; xxvi.

The person alluded to in the former part of our translator's note,
and whose reply is there quoted, is said to have been the Earl of
Peterborough, by writers of anecdotes.

Ver. 180.] The following couplet is accurately correspondent
to the original:

Thus he shot eager: trembling Hector flies
Beneath Troy wall, and plies his nimble knees.
HOMER's Iliad. BOOK XXII.

Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.

Ver. 196. Where two fam'd fountains.] Strabo blames Homer for saying that one of the sources of Scamander was a warm fountain; whereas (says he) there is but one spring, and that cold; neither is this in the place where Homer fixes it, but in the mountain. It is observed by Eustathius, that though this was not true in Strabo's time, yet it might in Homer's, greater changes having happened in less time than that which passed between those two authors. Sandys, who was both a geographer and critic of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witness, that there are yet some hot water springs in that part of the country, opposite to Tenedos. I cannot but think that gentleman must have been particularly diligent and curious in his enquiries into the remains of a place so celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the most learned, but one of the best poets of his time; I am glad of this occasion to do his memory so much justice as to say, the English version owes much of its improvement to his Translations, and especially that admirable one of Job. What chiefly pleases me in this place, is to see the exact Landscape of old Troy, we have a clear idea of the town itself, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is set before our eyes.

Ver. 200.] His original prescribes,
Cold, as or hail, or ice, or winter snows;
and so, I perceive, Hobbes renders very faithfully;
As cold as is the hail, or ice, or snow.
Our translator seems to have followed Ogilby:
The other in the summer solstice would
Be more than snow, than hail or cystal cold:
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polith'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace,
By these they past, one chasing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might)
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's fun'rais are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.

who might be miffed by Chapman:

—and when the sunne, made ardent somner glow,
There waters concrete crisfall thin'd.

Ver. 209.] These are the rhymes of Ogilby also:
For no mean prize they strove or sporting strife,
A princes blood the prince's, and Hector's life:
and in nearly the same words at the parallel passage of Virgil,
En. xii. where Dryden's couplet is this, verse 1109:
No trivial prize is play'd: for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.

Ver. 211.] These rhymes are by no means allowable: and the
same may be said of verse 219.

Ver. 216.] This verse is interpolated by the translator.
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke. 220

Unworthy fight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hec'tor's pain;
Hec'tor, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain.

Ver. 218. The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky.] We have here an instance of the great judgment of Homer. The death of Hec'tor being the chief action of the poem; he assembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: it is for the same reason that he represents Jupiter with the greatest solemnity weighing in his scales the fates of the two heroes: I have before observed at large upon the last circumstance in a preceding note, so that there is no occasion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion it is a very necessary observation, and shews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greatest and finishing action of the poem of such importance that it engages the Gods in debates.

Our poet has the same beautiful image in his St. Cecilia:
And angels lean from heaven to hear:
and so his master Dryden, as I find him quoted in Johnson's Dictionary:
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their sights, and leaning from their stars.

Ver. 219.] A very defective rhyme. Thus?
Then, as attentive at the heavenly quire,
Of mortals and immortals spoke the fire.
BOOK XXII.  HOMER's ILIAD.

Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy.
From Ida's summits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye Pow'rs! (tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?

Then Pallas thus: Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,

Ver. 225.] More poetically, perhaps, thus, and with less appearance of superfluous sentiment:
Whose costly fumes the gods inhab'ted with joy.

Ver. 226. From Ida's summits—] It was the custom of the Pagans to sacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in scripture language upon the high places, for they were persuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited such eminences; wherefore God ordered his people to destroy all those high places, which the nations had prophaned by their idolatry. Thou shalt utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which thou shalt possess served their Gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree. Deut. xii. 2. It is for this reason that so many kings are reproached in scripture for not taking away the high places. Dacier.

Ver. 228.] The words And Fate are an animated and sublime addition of the translator.

Ver. 229.] I should propose the reduction of these four verses to two, not only because the original may be well expressed in a less compass, but from the imperfection of the rhyme in the second couplet; as follows:

Yield we the chief to death; ye Gods, declare,
Achilles' victim; or his virtues spare?
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath! 235
A man, a mortal, prov'ldain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way. 240
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;

Ver. 242.] Consistency and his author both suggested,
And amiss, and is faithful to the language of his
original:
She, prompt before, this said, glides swiflty down
From tow'ry spires, which steep Olympus crown:
but Pope was more attentive, in this inaccuracy, to Chapman's version:
    Then soops she from the f(ir),
To this great combat.

Ver. 243.] Thus, more accurately:
The well-breath'd beagle thus, o'er hill and lawn
Drives, from her covert rou'd, the flying fawn:
In vain she tries the shelter of the brakes —

Ver. 246.] Had our poet written,
Or, squat beneath the trembling thicket, shakes;
he would have exhibited the full force of the original term
καταμαθέως: see my note on the Hercules furoris of Euripides, ver.
976, and 977: and the term in question is dignified by the use of
Milton, Dryden, and our author himself,
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,

Ver. 247. This verse is interpolated by our translator: and
much in the same strain Ogilby:
He hunts close on the foot, senting the trace.

Ver. 249. Thus step by step, &c.] There is some difficulty in
this passage, and it seems strange that Achilles could not overtake
Hector, whom he excelled so much in swiftness, especially when
the poet describes him as running in a narrower circle than Hecelot.
Kautsius gives us many solutions from the ancients; Homer has
already told us that they run for the life of Hector; and conse-
sequently Hector would exert his utmost speed, whereas Achilles might
only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: besides,
Achilles could not directly pursue him, because he frequently made
efforts to shelter himself under the wall, and he being obliged to
turn him from it, he might be forced to take more steps than
Hector. But the poet, to take away all grounds of an objection,
tells us afterwards, that Apollo gave him a supernatural swiftness. P.

Ver. 255.] Thus Ogilby:
Achilles turns him to the open plain.

Ver. 257. As men in slumbers.] This beautiful comparison has
been condemned by some of the ancients, even so far as to judge
Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain,
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.

What God, O Muse! afflied Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?

it unworthy of having a place in the Iliad: they say the diction is
mean, and the similitude itself absurd, because it compares the
swiftness of the heroes to men asleep, who are in a state of rest and
inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundless criticism: the
poet is so far from drawing his comparison from the repose of men
asleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: it is a race in fancy
that he describes; and surely the imagination is nimble enough to
illustrate the greatest degree of swiftness: besides the verses them-
selves run with the utmost rapidity, and imitate the swiftness they
describe. Eustathius.

What sufficiently proves these verses to be genuine, is, that
Virgil has imitated them, Æn. xii:

"Ac veluti in somnis"—

Ogilby aims well; and some correction would make his efforts
cloze and elegant. I shall quote him as he is:

As in his sleep one dreams pursuit he makes,
Who flies not scapes, nor who pursues o'ertakes;
So nor could Hector from Achilles go,
Nor yet Achilles reach the flying foe.

But our poet would have written, I think, more properly, thus:

As men in slumbers seem with struggling pace—

And the rhymes are those of Chapman just after:

So, nor Achilles chase could reach, the flight of Hector's pace;
Nor Hector's flight enlarge itselfe, of swift Achilles chase.

Ver. 259.] Thus Dryden in the parallel passage of Virgil,
Æn. xii. 1315:

Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course.
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour, 
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r:
And great Achilles, left some Greeks advance
Should snatch the glory from the lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day. 270

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.

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Ver. 269. Sign'd to the troops, &c.] The difference which Homer here makes between Hec tor and Achilles deserves to be taken notice of; Hec tor is running away towards the walls, to the end that the Trojans who are upon them may overwhelm Achilles with their darts; and Achilles in turning Hec tor towards the plain, makes a sign to his troops not to attack him. This shews the great courage of Achilles. Yet this action which appears so generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; Plutarch in the life of Pompey gives us to understand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory. Indeed this is not a single combat of Achilles against Hec tor, (for in that case Achilles would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from assaulting him) this was a rencounter in a battle, and so Achilles might, and ought to take all advantage to rid himself, the readiest and the surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an entire victor y to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the safety of all the Greeks, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person? I grant it is a fault, but it must be owned to be the fault of a hero. Eustathius Dacier. P.

Ver. 270.] After this verse, our translator slips by one of his author, which the reader shall have from Chapman:

But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate; heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phoebus left him. Fierce Minerva flies to stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fame so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of light.

Ver. 277. Then Phoebus left him—] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of describing a plain circumstance; the hour of Hector's death was now come, and the poet expresses it by saying that Apollo, or Destiny, forsakes him: that is, the Fates no longer protect him. Euftathius.

Verse id. — Fierce Minerva flies To stern Pelides, &c.] The poet may seem to diminish the glory of Achilles, by ascribing the victory over Hector to the assistance of Pallas; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of Achilles: but poetry loves to raise everything into a wonder; it steps out of the common road of narration, and aims to surprise; and the poet would farther intimate that it is a greater glory to Achilles to be beloved by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: for many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. Euftathius.

Ver. 279.] His original says literally,
Now we, I trust, shall bear, chief lov'd by Jove!
Back to the ships great glory to our Greeks:
but Pope seems to have regulated the turn of his version by his predecessor Ogilby:

Now, now the Greeks great honour shall acquire,
And slaught'ring Hector by thy hand expire.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: my self will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and refted, on his lance reclin'd.

While like Deiphobus the martial Dame
(\text{Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same})

Ver. 285.] His author suggests the following alteration:
\textit{B'en though, a supplicant in the courts above—}}

Ver. 287.] The rhymes are not allowable. Ogilby's couplet on this occasion is altogether superior, in my opinion, both for elegance and fidelity:

\begin{quote}
But stay and breathe, 'till Hec\textit{\textsc{tor}} I engage
to stand thy charge, and meet thy fatal rage.
\end{quote}

Ver. 289.] The phrase \textit{joyful mind} has something in it not sufficiently poetical, and a glimpse of a botching aspect. Thus:

\begin{quote}
The chief \textit{obey'd} with \textit{joy the voice divine:}
\textit{Prop'd on his lance, his wearied limbs recline:}
\end{quote}

\begin{quote}
for we cannot admit in the verses of such an artiff as Pope,
That one for sense, and one for rhyme,
Is quite sufficient at one time.
\end{quote}

Ver. 290. \textit{Obey'd; and refted.}] The whole passage where Pallas deceives Hec\textit{tor} is evidently an allegory: Achilles perceiving that he cannot overtake Hec\textit{tor}, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy: this the poet expresses by saying that Pallas, or Wisdom, came to affit Achilles. Hec\textit{tor} observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceived; thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; so that his own \textit{false} judgment is the \textit{treacherous} Pallas that deceives him. Eustathius.

\textsc{P.}

\textsc{VOL. VI.}

\textsc{D}
In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.

Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight: 296
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he. O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!

Since you of all our numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own. 304

Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, preft me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.

Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly; 310

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Ver. 301.] Thus Ogilby:
Deiphobus, said he, I love thee more
Than all my brothers; us one mother bore.

Ver. 303.] Or, more clofeely to the words of his author:
Since you, of all, the towers forsake, alone
To shield my life—

Ver. 308.] After this, there is an omission of Homer's sense
to the following purport:
Stung by thy woes; whilst all with terror quake.
BOOK XXII. HOMER'S I LIAD. 35.

Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,  
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
   Fraudful he said; then swiftly march'd before;  
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke; 315  
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.
   Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd  
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some God within me bids me try  
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die. 320

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Ver. 317. The speeches of Hector and of Achilles.] There is an opposition between these speeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes. That of Hector is full of courage, but mixed with humanity; that of Achilles of resentment and arrogance. We see the great Hector disposing of his own remains; and that thirst of glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as Eustathius observes, that what once was Hector may not be dishonoured. Thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speech of Hector: but in that of Achilles there is a fieri, and an insolent air of superiority. His magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory; be bids him prepare to defend himself with all his forces: and that valour and resentment which made him defiours that he might revenge himself upon Hector with his own hand, and forbade the Greeks to interpose, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably sustained, and though Achilles be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost absurdity to have softened one line upon this occasion, when the soul of Achilles was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend Patroclus. I must desire the reader to carry this observation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where Achilles says he could eat the very flesh of Hector; though I have a little softened it in the translation, ver. 437.

P.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate:
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear; if victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,

Ver. 319.] The words of Homer prescribe rather,
But now my soul courageous bids me try—.

Ver. 323.] By the following alteration of this verse,
Yet first call the Gods to arbitrate;
the preceding couplet is rendered wholly superfluous.

Ver. 331.] I should banish this colloquial and undignified
contraction altogether, and write simply, in the present form for
the future, as significant of a firm and settled purpose,
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I restore.

Ver. 337.] The rhymes are not correct. The following
attempt is literally expressive of Homer's language:
BOOK XXII. HOMER's Iliad.

To such I call the Gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
'Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

As men and lions in no leagues combine,
Nor wolves and sheep to friendly thoughts incline;
But with fell rancour wars eternal rage;
So must our souls nor love nor oaths engage.
No room for kindness here! or thou shalt die,
Or I to Mars a bleeding victim lie;
of which attempt the concluding line is borrowed from Ogilby.

Ver. 345.] Thus Ogilby:
Mutter thy power:
for their original runs thus;
Shew all thy manhood; it becomes thee most
'To be a warrior now, expert and bold.
Hobbes is destitute of elevation, but well exhibits the meaning of
his author:
It now behoves you all your pow'rs to show,
And be an able man of war indeed.

Ver. 346.] Dryden's pathetic conclusion of the Æneis was probably present to our translator's memory on this occasion:
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the deadly blow.

Ver. 348.] This is very sublime, and happily imagined. His
original says only,
He spoke, and lanch'd his javelin at the foe; 350  
But Hector shun'd the meditated blow: He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear  
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air. Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,  
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

Of my associates, slain by thy mad spear.  
There is a very magnificent passage in Valerius Flaccus, iv. 258, 
ennobled by imagery, like this of our translator, where the ghosts of those slain by Amycus request of Pluto permission to be spectators of the combat between that savage king and Pollux:  

Et pater orantes caerorum Tartarus umbras.  
Nube cavat tandem ad merita spectacula pugnae  
Emittit: summi nigrecunt culmina mentis.  
The slaughter'd ghosts grim Pluto grants to view,  
By their entreaties won, th' approaching fight,  
Due to their prowess, in a hollow cloud:  
The mountain-tops grow black with sudden gloom.  
Statius* has happily imitated this passage in his Thebaid, xi. 420, when he is preparing his reader for the single combat between Eteocles and Polyneices:  

Ipse quoque Ogygius monstra ad gentilia manes  
Tartareus rector portat jubebat ire reclusa:  
Montibus insignit patriis, tristisque coronae  
Infecere diem.  
Th' infernal monarch bids the Theban ghosts  
View the sad spectacle of kindred guilt,  
And opes his portals. On their native hills  
The black assemblage sit, and blot the day.

Ver. 350.] More accurately, thus:  
But Hector, watchful shuns the threaten'd blow.

Ver. 352.] This *metaphor is not from his author, but Chapman:  
This said, he brandished  
His long lance; and away it sung.
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, 
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boasted to that javelin giv'n, 
Prince! you have mist. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own. Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!

Ver. 355.] So Chapman:

— Athena, drew it, and gave her friend,
Unseen of Hector.

Ver. 357.] This translation is beautiful; but there is more fidelity in the following closer adjustment of the passage:
The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have mist; nor knew the will of heaven.
An artful vaunter thou, with fears to blind,
And damps the wonted vigour of my mind.

Ver. 363.] This verse appears to me miserably prosaic. Thus?
But know, by Fate whate'er the death decreed,
By no disgraceful wound shall Hector bleed.
If slain by thee, no fugitive at least—

Ver. 367.] Our poet curtails the sense of his author in a passage
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heav’nly shield repulld
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground,
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
All comfortles[s] he stands: then, with a sigh,
’Tis so—Heav’n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem’d Deiphobus had heard my call,
But he secure[s] lies guarded in the wall.

too pathetic to endure abbreviation. The following attempt gives
no unfaithful representation of Homer’s sense:
Now of mine arm beware: but may this dart
Drink deep the vital current of thy heart!
Then Troy some respite from her ills may know:
Thy death will lighten half her load of woe.

Ver. 369.] This passage is not executed either with fidelity,
or the customary skill of our translator. In the next couplet
“resulting with a bound,” and “from off the orb,” are redundant
and feeble phrases. I feel presumption enough to attempt a greater
degree of accuracy in the subjoined effort:
The brandish’d spear it’s course unerring held
To the shield’s centre; but the shield repulld,
Sent by his arm in vain wide flew the dart;
His frustrate effort sadden’d Hector’s heart.
All motionless, a spectacle of woe he stands:
No second javelin arms his helpless hands.

Ver. 377.] More conformably to Homer’s language, and in
compliance also with the variations above suggested, I would
write
Then heav’d the conscious chief a boding sigh.
’Tis so—-. 
A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.

No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balance'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.

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Ver. 387.] Thus Ogilby:
Not coward-like, but so will I expire,
That my last act all ages shall admire.
I cannot think the conclusion of this speech executed by any means in the best style of our translator.

Ver. 391. So Jove's bold bird, &c.] The poet takes up some time in describing the two great heroes before they close in fight: the verses are pompous and magnificent, and he illustrates his description with two beautiful similes: he makes a double use of this conduct, which not only raises our imagination to attend to so momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleasing suspense, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of Hector or Achilles.

Ver. 391.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel passage of Virgil, Æn. ix. 761:

Thus on some silver swan, or timorous hare
Jove's bird comes fouling down from upper air.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! Above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at ev'ry step: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver hoist of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So fhone the point of great Achilles' spear.

The simile in Homer may be literally represented thus:

thus an eagle, soaring high,
Darts to the plain through a black veil of clouds,
To seize, or tender lamb, or skulking hare.

Ogilby gives a much more faithful likeness of his author, though modern ears will not acquiesce in the second rhymes:

This said, his sword he draws, and at him flyes:
As a swift eagle swooping cuts the skies,
To seize a tim'rous hare or tender lamb;
So Hecet brandishing his falchion came.

Ver. 394.] Our translator dwells too much throughout the passage upon one idea. I would insert a different epithet, in correspondence with his original into this verse:

Before his breast the high-wrought shield he bears.

And yet the rhymes are not sufficiently diversified from those of the preceding couplet, as the following couplet is vicious in this article, and may be adjusted by this alteration of the second verse:

The hair of gold in wavy sparkles fhone.

Ver. 398.] This line is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 399.] Chapman gives the comparison very briefly, but with the vivacity of genius:

and when he rais'd his lance,
Up Hesperus rose, 'mongst th' evening starrs.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warriour's body o'er.
One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave ent'rance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'rr
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warriour lies,
While thus triumphant, stern Achilles cries.

At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:

Ver. 409. Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove, &c.] It was necessary that the poet should be very particular in this point, because the arms that Hector wore, were the arms of Achilles, that were taken from Patroclus; and consequently as they were the work of Vulcan, they would preserve Hector from the possibility of a wound: the poet therefore to give an air of probability to his story, tells us that they were Patroclus's arms, and as they were not made for Hector, they might not exactly fit his body: so that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the neck of Hector fo open, as to admit the spear of Achilles. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 412.] This form of address is the translator's own, and proves his sympathy with the catastrophe of the Trojan prince.

Ver. 415.] With an exception of some defect in one or two of the rhymes, this speech is translated in a stile of uncommon excellence, but with no superstitious observance of the original order of expression, as the subjoined literal version may prove:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what
now you feel;
Achilles absent, was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector fainting at th' approach of death.
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!

Hector, you doubtless thought, Patroclus slain,
Regardles of me absent, to be safe.
Fool! an avenger, distant but more brave,
Still in the fleet, e'en I, was left behind;
Who now thy powers relax. While dogs and fowls
Thee vilely tear, him will the Greeks entomb.

Ver. 422.] Thus Dryden, in his Absalom and Achitophel:
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, so heav'n will have it, always mour'd,
And always honour'd.

A similar contrast may be seen at our poet's Eloisa, verse 9. and in
my note there the passage of Virgil, which the lines of Dryden,
quoted above, closely imitate. See also Odyssey, x. 495. of this
version.

Ver. 427.] This beautiful line is due to the translator: at least
it was wrought from one word of his author, whose verse runs
thus:

Thee by thy life, thy parents! I beg.
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurs'd! relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
Not those who gave me breath shou'd bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.

Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands offer thousands more;

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Ver. 437. *Could I myself the bloody banquet join!*] I have before hinted that there is something very fierce and violent in this passage; but I fancy that what I there observed will justify Homer in his relation, though not Achilles in his savage sentiments: yet the poet softens the expression by making Achilles only with that his heart would permit him to devour him; this is much more tolerable than a passage in the Thebais of Statius, where Tydeus in the very pangs of death is represented as gnawing the head of his enemy. P.

The rhymes, as I have frequently observed in similar circumstances, and frequently avoided to observe from a consideration of the reader's patience, are defective. The original may be accurately given thus:

Oh! that my raging soul myself impell'd
To gnaw thee now in pieces, for thy deeds!
So far the rescue of thy head from dogs.

Ver. 439. *Should Troy, to bribe me, &c.*] Such resolutions as Achilles here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he tells Hector that no motives shall ever prevail with him to suffer his body to be ransomed; yet when time had cooled his heat, and he had somewhat satisfied his revenge by insulting his remains, he restores them to Priam. This perfectly agrees with his conduct...
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,  
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:  
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,  
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.  

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;  
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:  
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,  
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.

In the ninth book, where at first he gives a rough denial, and afterwards softens into an easier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of Achilles; his anger abates very slowly; it is stubborn, yet still it remits: had the poet drawn him never to be pacified, he had outraged nature, and not represented his hero as a man, but as a monster. Ulyathius.

Ver. 441.] His author dictates, as might have been learned from Hobbes and Dacier, the following amendment:

Should Priam offer, and the weeping dame,  
Thy weights in gold to buy one funeral flame.

I will venture on a verification of the passage, which will be found exact to the original:

Would Dardan Priam bring thy weight in gold;  
Nor then thy wailing mother should enfold  
Thy lifeless limbs, nor funeral couch should bear;  
But dogs and vultures every morsel tear.

Ver. 447.] See the note on book ix. verse 749. Thus our great dramatic genius in Richard ii. v. 2:

That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Homèr lays only, for the materials of this couplet,

 for sure thy mind is steel within.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phoebus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

He ceas'd. The Fates supprest his lab'ring
breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.

Ver. 449. A day will come.] Hector prophesies at his death that Achilles shall fall by the hand of Paris. This confirms an observation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but whether such conjectures are true or false, it appears from hence, that such opinions have prevailed in the world above three thousand years.

Ver. 454.] This image is from Chapman:

the original is,

Thus, Deaths hand close his eyes:

Him, as he spoke, o'erveil'd the close of death.

Ver. 455.] This passage has occurred before, book xvi. verse 1032.

Ver. 459.] There is much addition here from the fancy of our translator. Thus his author:

Divine Achilles him, though dead, address:
Die thou; I then my death will greet, whene'er
Jove shall appoint it, and the rest of heaven.
43. HOMER’s Iliad. Book XXII.

Die thou the first! When Jove and heav’n dainy,
I follow thee—He said, and stripp’d the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond’ring eyes

/ His manly beauty, and superiour size:

While wounds ungen’rous, or with taunts disgrace.
With some ignobler, the great dead deface

"How chang’d that Hector! who like Jove of late,
"Sent light’ning on our fleets, and scatter’d fate?"

Ver. 467. The great dead deface With wounds, &c.] Eustathius tells us that Homer introduces the soldiers wounding the dead body of Hector, in order to mitigate the cruelties which Achilles exercises upon it. For if every common soldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what insults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflamed Achilles? But I must confess myself unable to vindicate the poet in giving us such an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy should have been so far from moving them to revenge, that it should have recommended him to their esteem; what Achilles afterwards acts is suitable to his character, and consequently the poet is justified; but surely all the Greeks are not of his temper? Patroclus was not so dear to them all, as he was to Achilles. It is true, the poet represents Achilles (as Eustathius observes) enumerating the many ills they had suffered from Hector; and seems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his resentment. Had Hector been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation against him: but these men seem as if they only dared approach him dead; in short, what they say over his body is a mean insult, and the rabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

Ver. 469.] Ogilby corrected gives a good resemblance of the turn and language of his author:

Strange! or we Hector now more gentle meet,
Than when with hostile flames he fir’d our fleet.
BOOK XI. HOMER’s I LI AD.

High o’er the slain the great Achilles stands, Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands; And thus aloud, while all the host attends. Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends! Since now at length the pow’rful will of heav’n The dire destroyer to our arm has giv’n, Is not Troy fall’n already? Hast ye pow’rs! See, if already their deserted tow’rs Are left unmann’d; or if they yet retain The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?

Ver. 472. Surrounding is a feeble and redundant word.

Ver. 474. The speech of Achilles.] We have a very fine obser- vation of Euhfathius on this place, that the judgment and address of Homer here is extremely worthy of remark: he knew, and had often said, that the gods and fate had not granted Achilles the glory of taking Troy: there was then no reason to make him march against the town after the death of Hector, since all his efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reasonable that the first thought of Achilles should be to march directly to Troy, and to profit himself of the general conser- nation into which the death of Hector had thrown the Trojans. We here see he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General; but after this on a sudden he changes his design, and derives a plausible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the last devoirs to his friend. The manner of Achilles, and what he has already done for Patroclus, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathick has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero’s vengeance, perceives, that Achilles is still a man, and capable of softer passions. P.

Ver. 477. The passagse seems to hobble. I know not, that I can suggest a real improvement, but propose the following alterations:

Hastc, and assault the city: see, ye powers!
If Troy, despairing, her deserted towers

Vol. V.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.

Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your Paans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Verses 481. This couplet corresponds to a single line of Homer, whose purport may be properly represented thus:
But why delay, fond soul! debating thus?
so that our translator evidently profited from Chapman's version:

But why use I a word
Of any act, but what concerns my friend?

Verses 486. More exactly to the language of his author, thus;
While nerves my limbs, or blood shall move my heart.

Verses 487. These four verses are a beautiful amplification upon the following *distich* of his original:
E'en in the grave, where black Oblivion broods,
Shall dear Patroclus in my memory live.

Verses 494. "Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more." I have followed the opinion of Eustathius, who thought that what Achilles
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,  
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead)  

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,  
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead)  

says here was the chorus or burden of a song of triumph, in which  
his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious  
combat. Dacier observes that this is very correspondent to the  
manners of those times; and instances in that passage of the book of  
Kings, when David returned from the conquest of Goliath: the  
women there go out to meet him from all the cities of Israel, and  
bear a triumphal song, the chorus whereof is, Saul has killed his  
thousands, and David his ten thousands.  

Accurately thus:  

Our’s is the praise: great Hector we have slain;  
To whom Troy paid, as to a God, her vows.  

Ver. 496. Unworthy of himself, and of the dead.] This inhumanity of Achilles in dragging the dead body of Hector, has been  
severely (and I think indeed not without some justice) censured by  
several, both ancients and moderns. Plato in his third book de  
Republica, speaks of it with detestation: but methinks it is a great  
injustice to Homer, to reflect upon the morals of the author himself,  
for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.  

It may justly be observed in general of all Plato’s objections  
against Homer, that they are still in a view to morality, constantly  
blaming him for representing ill and immoral things as the opinions  
or actions of his persons. To every one of these, one general  
answer will serve, which is, that Homer as often describes ill things,  
in order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow  
them, (which is the case with all writers whatever.) But what is  
extremely remarkable, and evidently shews the injustice of Plato’s  
censure, is, that many of those very actions for which he blames  
him are expressly characterised and marked by Homer himself as evil  
and detestable, by previous expressions or cautions. Thus in the  
present place, before he describes this barbarity of Achilles, he  
tells us it was a most unworthy action:  

When Achilles sacrifices the twelve young Trojans in lib. xxiii, he  

2  

2
The nervous ancles bor’d, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted thro’ the double wound;
These fix’d up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail’d along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lox is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform’d, dishonour’d, in his native land!

repeat the same words. When Pandarus broke the truce in lib. iv.
he told us it was a mad, unjust deed;

Ver. 502.] The latter clause is added by the translator, as
commodious for a rhyme.

Ver. 506. The face divine, and long-descending hair.] It is
impossible to read the actions of great men without having our
curiosity raised to know the least circumstance that relates to them.
Homer, to satisfy it, has taken care in the process of his poem to
give us the shape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair;
thus he has told us that Achilles’s locks were yellow, and here the
epithet ἀκραίωσις shews us that those of Hector were of a darker colour:
as to his person, he told us a little above, that it was so handsome,
that all the Greeks were surprized to see it. Plutarch recites a
remarkable story of the beauty of Hector: it was reported in
Lacedæmon, that a handsome youth who very much resembled
Hector was arrived there; immediately the whole city run in such
numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the
crowd. Eustathius.

Ver. 507.] The former circumstance represents no expression
Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
And, in his parent's sight, now dragg'd along! 510
The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses venerably grey,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow, 516
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less, than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,

of his author, but seems derived from Dacier: "Et sa tête,
"emportée par la rapidité du char, ensanglante le fable."

Ver. 510.] This line is interpolated by our countryman, and
seems amplified from Chapman:

——— in his own land, and by his parents seen.

Ver. 516.] Homer makes no mention of the tears of Priam;
and I have noted more than once this unseasonable and inaccurate
version of the Greek word οποδα: so unfit on occasions too big
with calamity for tears in the leading sufferers. Yet thus Mr.
Cowper, whose accuracy in general is exemplary:

———His father wept aloud:

and the former French translator: "L' infortuné Priam estoit baigné
"des larmes." The other translators are unexceptionable in this
particular, more by accident, perhaps, than design. I would
propose this alteration in the passage before us:

Tears o'er the cheeks of each spectator flow.

See, however, verse 550, below, where the Greek word is
σκάμων, weeping: so that, unless it be reasonable to suppose the
agony of sorrow to have relieved itself by this termination, part of
my remark will be invalidated.
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his des' rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force: 525
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one.
Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
I, only I, will issue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535
He has a father too; a man like me,
One, not exempt from age and misery,
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)

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Ver. 525.] This verse is from the translator.
Ver. 529.] The rhyme is intolerable, and recurs too soon.
Thus Ogilby:
Kneeling in dust, requesting one by one.

Ver. 532.] Somewhat better, perhaps, thus, as more exactly:
Myself will supplicate, my-self alone,
This ruthless, furious murderer of my son.
BOOK XXII.  HOMER's I LI A D.

How many valiant sons in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
The fort expiring in the fire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears)

Ver. 543. Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.] It is in the Greek,

It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful pathos the wretched father laments his son Hector; it is impossible not to join with Priam in his sorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almost word for word the same with that of the Patriarch Jacob; who upon a like occasion breaks out in the same complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his son Benjamin, they will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Ver. 545.] The rhyme is not correct: and, in general, our translator, in my judgement, has not risen to the fullness of his proper excellence in his exhibition of this tender passage.

Ver. 548.] So in his Eseifa, verse 49:

Their share thy pain; allow that sad relief.

P.
Ah why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horours, to behold thy death?  555
O Hec tor! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
O fatal change! become in one sad day  560
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hec tor dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.  565
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Penfive she ply'd the melancholy loom;

Ver. 556.] Or thus? more accurately:
My Hec tor! night and day thy mother's joy;
The pride and bulwark of thy native Troy.

And these rhymes are employed also by Ogilby:
Thou fountain of all joy,
And honour both to me and thoe in Troy!

Ver. 563, &c.] The grief of Andromache, which is painted
in the following part, is far beyond all the praiises that can be given
it; but I must take notice of one particular which shews the great
art of the poet. In order to make the wife of Hec tor appear yet
more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to encrease her
affliction by surprife: it is finely prepared by the circumstances
of her being retired to her inmost apartment, of her employment in
weaving a robe for her husband (as may be conjectured from what
she says afterwards, ver. 657.) and of her maids preparing the
bath for his return: all which (as the critics have observ'd)
augment the surprife, and render this reverse of fortune much more
dreadful and afflicting.
BOOK XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD.

A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return: 571
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear; 575
Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.

Ver. 568.] Thus Ogilby:
In private she beguil'd the tedious bours,
Working a curious web with gaudy flow'rs.

Ver. 572.] A very elegant couplet, but not equal to his original in simplicity; which may be thus exhibited:

Ah! much deceiv'd! far, from the bath he lay,
Through Pallas slaughter'd by Achilles' hand:
Some of these pathetic apostrophes Milton had in memory at that exquisite passage of Paradise Lost, ix. 404:
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found't either sweet repast, or found repose.

Ver. 577.] An old word, which wants revival, would be more forcible, I think, on this occasion:
As thus, aoubted, to her maids she calls.

Ver. 578.] Vicious rhymes! not worse, perhaps, thus:
Ah! follow me! What plaints invade mine ear?
(She cry'd) 'Tis sure my mother's voice I hear:
except the too quick recurrence of these sounds.
My faint'ring knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disastere, some reverse of fate
(Ye Gods avert it) threatens the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face;
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursu'e)
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.

---

Ver. 580.] Nor are these rhymes to be endured. The subsequent substitution is correctly representative of Homer's language:

With palpitations wild my bosom heaves;
My knees flint'ror of their strength bereaves.

Ver. 586.] Thus Ogilby:

And chas'd from Troy about the spacious plain
Where he (too daring) may, woe's me! be slain.

Ver. 590.] In the same language Chapman:

Of his still desperate spirit is cool'd:

and Addison in the Campaign:

O total love of fame! O glorious heat!

Ver. 592.] Thus Ogilby:

This said, like one distracted, out she flow.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away;
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day.)

Ver. 596.] Better, perhaps, with a repetition of the words:
Her view too soon the killing object found:
on account of the return of eyes in the next couplet.

Ver. 600. Her hair's fair ornaments.] Eustathius remarks, that
in speaking of Andromache and Hecuba, Homer expatiates upon
the ornaments of drefs in Andromache, because she was a beautiful
young princess; but is very concise about that of Hecuba, because
she was old, and wore a drefs rather suitable to her age and gravity,
than to her state, birth, and condition. I cannot pass over a matter of
such importance as a Lady's drefs, without endeavouring to explain
what sort of heads were worn above three thousand years ago.

It is difficult to describe particularly every ornament mentioned
by the poet, but I shall lay before my female readers the Bishop's
explanation. The ἁμαρτα was used, ὅ τι τας ἑπιστειλεῖς τρίχας ἑνοδεῖν,
that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the fore-part of the
head: Καυρνεῖα was a veil of net-work that covered the hair when
it was so tied: Ανδρομήν was an ornament used μυλη περὶ τις
προεύρον ἑνοδεῖ, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples;
and the Κράτησια was a fillet, perhaps embroidered with gold, (from
the expression of χρυσὸν Ἀφρονίν) that bound the whole, and com-
pleted the dres.

The Ladies cannot but be pleased to see so much learning and
Greek upon this important subject.
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd 610
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplectia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aetion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd? 615

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of
characters which he maintains through his whole poem: what
Andromache here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but
Andromache: there is nothing general in his forrows, nothing that
can be transferred to another character: the mother laments the son,
and the wife weeps over the husband.

Ver. 604.] Here some circumstances are passed over by our
translator, which appear thus in Ogilby:

When Hector in renowned Etion's house
Her with an ample dowry did espouse:
and may be exhibited with more polish in the following drefs:

When from Etion's hall in that blest'd hour
The chief convey'd her with an ample dower.

Ver. 610.] This notion of the star is from the translator only,
in imitation of Ogilby:

Us two, ah! Hector, one disatrous star,
Mark'd at our birth like miseries to share:
or Dacier: "Helas! sous quel astre sommes-nous nes tous deux?"
BOOK XXII.  HOMER'S ILIAD.  64

Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,  620
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his fire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom!
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Rob's the sad orphan of his father's friends:

Ver. 618.] Thus Ogilby:
Since thou to Pluto's shady court art gone,
Thy wife a woful widow left alone.

And I must observe, that our poet's version does not appear excellent
in this place: and, in general, he keeps pace with his author more
in the majesty of description and sublimity of sentiment, where mag-
nificence of diction is required; than in the simplicity of pathos.
Indeed, what is more difficult than an unaffected representation of
natural passion; which admits no timid exaggerations, and but few
embellishments of poetical phraecology?

Ver. 622.] Ogilby, corrected, is not amiss, but plain and
faithful:
Thy child, an orphan! Thou no more shalt be
A help to him, nor he a help to thee!

Hobbes has a good and pathetic line in this place; see ver. 629.
A child that is an orphan has no friend.

Ver. 628. The day, that to the shades, &c.] The following
verses, which so finely describe the condition of an orphan,
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears 630
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread: 635

have been rejected by some ancient critics: it is a proof
there were always critics of no manner of taste; it being
impossible any where to meet with a more exquisite passage.
I will venture to say, there are not in all Homer any lines more
worthy of him: the beauty of this tender and compassionate image
is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with
which the Iliad is too much stained. These censurers imagined
this description to be of too abject and mean a nature for one of the
quality of Astyanax: but had they considered (says Eustathius) that
these are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for
her son; that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfor-
tunes will happen, because there is a possibility that they may; that
Andromache is in the very height of her sorrows, in the instant she
is speaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinions.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they
sink us in a moment from the highest flow of prosperity to the
lowest adversity: the poet judiciously makes use of this circumstance,
the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the
utmost tenderness, lamenting this reverse of fortune in her son;
changed all at once into a slave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not
examples in our own times of unhappy Princes, whose condition
renders this of Astyanax but too probable?

Ver. 634.] His author says only "his father's associates:" but our poet might be thinking of the master performance of his
preceptor, the Feast of Alexander:

Defended in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed.
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feasts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Aftyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Muss—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Asyhanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'th expos'd in air,
Far from thy parent's and thy comfort's care.

The former clause is an interpolation from the translator. I would supplant it by the sentiment of his author, thus:

From his fond father's knee on dainties fed.
The discarded thought might have been suggested by Chapman:

He that late fed on his father's knee,
To whom all knees bow'd:
who is full of these conceited and punning antitheses.

With respect to Dacier's remark, quoted by our poet, we may observe from the following specimen, that Hobbes was not troubled by the sensations of a delicate translator:

That us'd was by his father to be fed
With mutton fat and marrow on his knee.

Ver. 648.] An agreeable image of his original should have been preserved here, which I cannot exhibit with adequate felicity:

And, when with playful humours tir'd to rest—:

or thus:

And, when the sroward wanton sank to rest,
Repos'd in down—.

Ver. 655.] So Chapman, who is very exact to his author:

yet at fleet, thy naked corse must fill
Vile wormes, when dogs are fatiate: funne from thy parents care.
BOOK XXII.  HOMER's ILIAD.  65

Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sigh, and answer tear with tear.

Ver. 656.] Our translator indulges his fancy. Ogilby, with correction, becomes accurate, and not contemptible:

But those rich vestments, by our damsels made
For thee, and choice in our wardrobes laid—

Ver. 657. The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.] This idea very naturally offers itself to a woman, who represents to herself the body of her husband dashed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known, that it was anciently the custom among princes and great ladies to have large quantities of stuffs and moveables. This provision was the more necessary in those times than now, because of the great consumption made of them on those occasions of mourning. Dacier.

I am of opinion that Homer had a farther view in expatiating thus largely on the death of Hector. Every word that Hecuba, Priam, and Andromache speak, shews us the importance of Hector: every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the same time represents the sad effects of the anger of Achilles, which is the subject of it.

P.

Ver. 660.] This is Chapman's language:

Thy sacrifice they shall be made:
to which nothing in Homer exactly corresponds.

Ver. 663.] Homer says,
She wept; her women answered her with groans:

But Chapman thus:

Thus spake thee weeping; all the dames endeavouring to
cheare,
Her desert slate; (fearing their owne) wept with her tears
_for teare._
THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.
THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the Ceæsus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the Discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.
NOTE PRELIMINARY.

This, and the following book, which contain the description of the funeral of Patroclus, and other matters relating to Hector, are undoubtedly superseded to the grand catastrophe of the poem; for the story is compleatly finished with the death of that hero in the twenty-second book. Many judicious criticks have been of opinion, that Homer is blameable for protracting it. Virgil closes the whole scene of action with the death of Turnus, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be said in favour of Homer, which may perhaps justify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the anger of Achilles: and as that anger does not die with Hector, but perduces his very remains, so the poet still keeps up to his subject; nay, it seems to require that he should carry down the relation of that resentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully satisfied: and as this survives Hector, and gives the poet an opportunity of still chewing many sad effects of Achilles's anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excrescences, but essential to the poem.

Virgil had been inexcusable had he trod in Homer’s footsteps; for it is evident that the fall of Turnus, by giving Aneas a full power over Italy, answers the whole design and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark: and though Homer proceeds after Hector’s death, yet the subject is still the anger of Achilles.

We are now past the war and violence of the Ilias, the scenes of blood are closed during the rest of the poem; we may look back with a pleasing kind of horror upon the anger of Achilles, and see what dire effects it has wrought in the compass of nineteen days: Troy and Greece are both in mourning for it, heaven and earth, gods and men, have suffered in the conflict. The reader seems landed upon the shore after a violent storm; and has leisure to survey the consequences of the tempest, and the wreck occasioned by the former commotions, Troy weeping for Hector, and Greece for Patroclus. Our passions have been in an agitation since the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like some great master in music, softens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderness and pity.
THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

Thus humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All but the martial Myrmidonian band:
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Release your smoking courser from the car; 10

Ver. 1.] There is uncommon amplification here. The three first verses of his author run thus:

Thus they in Troy lamented: but the Greeks,
When to their fleet and Hellespont they came,
Each to his ship, dispersing, bent his way:

which correspond to the five introductory lines of the translation.
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
E'er yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their courfers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.

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Ver. 12.] Or, more accurately:

*His only solace!* wail Patroclus dead,

Thus Chapman:

and mourn about the cors:
'Tis proper honour to the dead.

Ver. 15.] Dryden, at the parallel passage of the *Encid*, xi. 290:

Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.

Ver. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew,*

*Thetis aids their woe.*

It is not easy to give a reason why Thetis should be said to excite
the grief of the Myrmidons and of Achilles; it had seemed more
natural for the mother to have composed the sorrows of the son,
and restored his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But such a procedure would have outraged the character of
Achilles, who is all along described to be of such a violence of
temper, that he is not easy to be pacified at any time, much less
upon so great an incident as the death of his friend Patroclus.
Perhaps the poet made use of this fiction in honour of Achilles; he
makes every passion of his hero considerable, his sorrow as well as
anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddes attends him
and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy that Homer animates the very sands of
the seas, and the arms of the Myrmidons, and makes them sensible
of the loss of Patroclus; the preceding words seem to strengthen
that opinion, because the poet introduces a Goddes to raise the
For such a warriour Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes
to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

sorrow of the army. But Eustathius seems not to give into this
conjecture, and I think very judiciously; for what relation is there
between the sands of the shores, and the arms of the Myrmidons?
It would have been more poetical to have said, the sands and the
rocks, than the sands and the arms; but it is very natural to say,
that the soldiers wept so bitterly, that their armour and the very
sands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear
very just by reading the verse, with a comma after τίχων, thus:

Διόνυσος Παρθέης, Διόνυσος τίχων, Φατών
Δάμφος.

Then the construction will be natural and easy, period will answer
period in the Greek, and the sense in English will be, the sands were
wet, and the arms were wet, with the tears of the mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the
run of these verses in Homer, every word has a melancholy cadence,
and the poet has not only made the sands and the arms, but even his
very verse, to lament with Achilles.

This verse in the first edition stood thus:

Tears drop the sands, and tears their arms bedew.

And the verbal criticism of our translator, where ever he found
it, is trivial and unnecessary. Τίχων φωτών of Homer is the arma
virum of the Roman: and a reader of the least attention or skill
will naturally connect the substantive duxum with the verb in both
clauses.

Ver. 23. His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast——]

I could not pass by this passage without observing to my reader the
great beauty of this epithet, ἄνδροφος. An ordinary poet would
All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is compleat;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
BOOK XXIII. HOMER's Iliad. 75

Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around 35
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
The briskly victims hissing o'er the fire: 40
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feeble cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.

Ver. 38.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost, i. 797:
In close reces and secret conclave fat
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full.

Ver. 39.] These variations from his author betray more
ingenuity, perhaps, than strict correspondence to truth and nature.
The English reader will with to see a plain translation of the
passage:
Many white oxen, struggling round the steel,
Were slactherd: many sheep and bleating goats;
And many white-tooth'd swine were stretch'd to roast,
With fat luxuriant, round Vulcanian fire.

Chapman's version might set him forwards:

Oxen in heapes lay bellowing, preparing food for men
Bleating of sheepe, and goats, fild aire;
or Dacier: "Tout retentit du mugissement des taureaux, et des cris
" des brebis."

Ver. 40.] Much in the same style Chapman:

numbers of white-tooth'd swine,
(Swimming in fat) lay spudging there.

Ver. 43.] The rhyme is not admiffible. The true power of the
original expression the learned reader will allow to be preserved in
the following couplet:
No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the Gods above!
'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the King of kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warriour went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround;
To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore.

On all sides round the prostrate carcasse stoo'd
In frequents pools the reeking victims' blood.

Ver. 51. To cleanse his conqu'ring hands——

The chief refus'd——]

This is conformable to the custom of the Orientals: Achilles will not be induced to wash, and afterwards retires to the sea-shore, and sleeps on the ground. It is just thus that David mourns in the Scriptures; he refuses to wash, or to take any repast, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

This is from Chapman:

to cleanse the blood fok't in

About his conquering hands.

Ver. 56.] Achilles intended to clip his own hair, as an oblation, not that of Patroclus; agreeably to many other passages in these poems, and other ancient authors. What could lead our poet into this error, when so many of his predecessors are right, I know not, except the ambiguity of the Latin interpretation, totunderoque sumam, and of Chapman's version:

—not a drop shall touch me till I put
BOOK XXIII.  HOMER'S I LI A D.  77

Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
And share your feast; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
And bid the forests fall: (such rites are paid
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade)
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.

He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.

Patroclus in the funerall pile; before these carles be cut;
His tombe erected.
And the vicious rhymes are from Ogilby:
Till I my friend lay on pyre, then rear
His obelisk, presenting him my hair.

Perhaps, the following change would mend the couplet:
'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear
The mound, and clip my locks to grace thy bier:
or thus:
'Till the fire seize thee; 'till the mound I rear,
And from my head it's curling honours sheer.

Ver. 57.] There is no resemblance to Homer here; nor can
I think what could occasion such deviation in this instance. His
author runs thus:
whilst with the living I converse,
No second woe like this will reach my heart:
or, in rhyme:
No sorrow, whilst I traverse life's dull round,
Will on my heart inflict so deep a wound.
But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore, 70
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chace around the Trojan wall; 75
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.

Ver. 71.] This representation of the passage is very improper,
and inconsistent with his original; and all the other translators had
a wrong or inadequate conception of their author's intention in this
description, except Chapman only, whose version is this:

the friend, the shores maritimall
Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and upon which
plaide

The murmuring billows.

Homer's language is most obviously intended to describe a shore of
gentle declivity, free from inequalities and unbroken by rocks,
gently washen by the sea. The following translation appears to me
perfectly descriptive of the original, in poetical expression:

In a smooth place, where lav'd an easy shore
The kissing billows.

A verse in the fine epitalamium of Thetis and Peleus, by Catullus,
will illustrate that before us:

Omnia quae toto delapsa est corpore passim
Ipsum ante pedes fluctus saltis alludebant.

Our poet's version, therefore, might be thus accommodated to
the intention of his master:

On the smooth strand the great Pelides laid,
Where the tir'd billows gently murmuring play'd.

Ver. 74.] Rather in some such tenour as the following:

At their full length his languid members fall.

Ver. 76.] I would propose, as below, with a view to fidelity:
BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S I LI A D. 79.

When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,  
Of sard Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;  
In the same robe he living wore, he came,  
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.  
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head;  
And sleeps Achilles, (thys the phantom said)  
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?  
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care,  
But now forgot, I wander in the air.  
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,  
And give me entrance in the realms below:

There the soft murmurs of the dashing deep  
Soon lull'd his sorrows in the arms of sleep.

Ver. 78. The ghost of Patroclus.] Homer has introduced into the former parts of the poem the personages of gods and goddesses from heaven, and of furies from hell; he has embellished it with ornaments from earth, sea, and air; and he here opens a new scene, and brings to the view a ghost, the shade of the departed friend. By these methods he diversifies his poem with new and surprising circumstance, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the same he very poetically adapts his language to the circumstances of this imaginary Patroclus, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the state of separate souls. P.

Ver. 79.] This hesitating exception is very seasonable and beautiful in his Eloisa, under a system of religion, which admitted such a doubt:

"Come, sister! come:" it said, or seem'd to say:  
but is improper on this occasion, and unauthorised by his author.  
We may thus correct the passage:

When lo! before the warrior's closing eyes  
The shade of sad Patroclus seem'd to rise.
'Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there th'unbody'd spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremovable flood.

Ver. 91.] The rhymes are not unexceptionable. The following substitution is no less expressive of his original:
Round Pluto's spacious dome my vagrant ghost;
Nor must th' irremovable flood be crossed.

Ver. 92. Forbid to cross th' irremovable flood.] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the souls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they supposed those that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river; Virgil perhaps had this passage of Homer in his view in the fifth Æneis, at least he coincides with his sentiments concerning the state of the departed souls:

"Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataque turba est:
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
Transportare prius, quam sedibus offa querunt;
Centum errant annos, volitantique hæc litora circum;
Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revivent."

It was during this interval between death and the rites of funeral, that they supposed the only time allowed for separate spirits to appear to men; therefore Patroclus here tells his friend,

To the farther shore

When once we pass, the soul returns no more.

For the fuller understanding of Homer, it is necessary to be acquainted with his notion of the state of the soul after death; he followed the philosophy of the Egyptians, who supposed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call φρασσ ',', or Ψυχα', the vehicle σάμων, image or soul, and the gross body σώματα. The soul, in which the mind was lodged, was supposed exactly to resemble the body in shape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body, as the statue in its mold, so soon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was enclosed: this it was that appeared to Achilles, with the full resemblance of his friend Patroclus. Vid. Dacier's Life of Pythagoras, p. 71.
Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we lov’d make known,
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
Me fate has sever’d from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doom’d that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev’n great and god-like thou art doom’d to fall,
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!

Ver. 98.] The sentiment in the former part of this verse is chargeable, I think, with affectation and obscurity, and receives no countenance from his author. I would presume on this correction, which is conformable to the spirit of Homer’s language: Nor in sweet converse counsel take alone.

Ver. 103.] Our poet here much abbreviates his author, whose detail I shall give, for the sake of variety, from Chapman: and the quotation, which follows, is that part of the original represented in Pope’s translation by the remainder of the speech, except the concluding couplet:

O then, I charge thee now take care
That our bones part not: but as life, combine in equall fare,
Our loving beings; so let death. When from Opunta’s towres,
My father brought me, to your roofes, (since ‘gainst my will,
my powres
Incend, and indiscreet, at dice, flue faire Amphidamas)
Then Peleus entertained me well; then in thy charge I was
By his injunction, and thy love: and therein, let me still
Receive protection.

Ver. 104. Ab suffer that my bones may rest with thine.] There
Together have we liv'd, together bred, 105
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight 109
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade:
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy.

is something very pathetical in this whole speech of Patroclus; he
begins it with kind reproaches, and blames Achilles with a friendly
tenderness; he recounts to him the inseparable affection that had
been between them in their lives, and makes it his last request, that
they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may rest
in the same urn. The speech itself is of a due length; it ought not
to be very short, because this apparition is an incident entirely
different from any other in the whole poem, and consequently the
reader would not have been satisfied with a cursory mention of it;
neither ought it to be long, because this would have been contrary
to the nature of such apparitions, whose stay upon earth has ever
been described as very short, and consequently they cannot be
supposed to use many words.

The circumstance of being buried in the same urn, is entirely
conformable to the eastern custom: there are innumerous instances
in the scriptures of great personages being buried with their
fathers: so Joseph would not suffer his bones to rest in Egypt, but
commands his brethren to carry them into Canaan, to the burying-
place of his father Jacob.

Ver. 107.] Thus Ogilby:

Ah! in that golden urn our reliques save,
Which thee thy goddess mother Thetis gave.

Ver. 113.] If we consider, that Patroclus was older than
Achilles, we shall deem, perhaps, the phrase unhappy boy as more
He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists, without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!

subservient to the convenience of rhyme, than the purport of his author. The subsequent attempt is faithful to the original beyond the present couplet:

But in one last embrace, a sad relief!
Oh! let us sate awhile our rage of grief.

Ogilby is not contemptible:
All shall be done: but stay a little space
To make grief pleasant by our sweet embrace.

Ver. 119.] Thus Chapman a little above:
Sleepe cast his sodaine bond
Over his sense, and losse his care.

Ver. 121.] This translation exhibits much too sedate a picture for the occasion; neither agreeable to Nature nor her scribe, his original. The verse may be thus accommodated to Homer's language:

In wild surprize, he clasps his eager hands.
And the following note is chiefly taken from Dacier.

Ver. 124. The form subsists without the body's aid.
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade.
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;

The words of Homer are,

"Αὖτε φῶς ἐκ ἐν πάμπαις.

In which there seems to be a great difficulty; it being not easy to explain how Achilles can say that the Ghost of his friend had no understanding, when it had but just made such a rational and moving speech; especially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very shape, air, and voice of Patroclus.

But this passage will be clearly understood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the souls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple division of mind, image, and body. They imagined that the soul was not only separated from the body at the hour of the death, but that there was a farther separation of the φῶς, or understanding, from its ἐνδυκτήν, or vehicle; so that while the ἐνδυκτήν, or image of the body, was in hell, the φῶς, or understanding might be in heaven: and that this is a true explanation, is evident from a passage in the Odyssey, book xi. verse 600:

Τὸν δὲ μοι', εἰσενέκας βίον Ἑρμακλήν,
Εἴδωλον εὔπεπτον ἀνασκίπτων τοιοῦ
Τίττολοι ἐν θάλασσῃ, καὶ ἥχοι καλλίστας φώνης Ἡκέω.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A tow'ring spectre of gigantick mold;
A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There in the bright assemblies of the skies
He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.

By this it appears that Homer was of opinion that Hercules was in heaven, while his ἐνδυκτήν, or image was in hell: so that when this second separation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtless form.

We have this whole doctrine very distinctly delivered by Plutarch in these words: "Man is a compound subject; but not of two "parts, as is commonly believed, because the understanding is "generally accounted a part of the soul; whereas indeed it as far "exceeds the soul, as the soul is diviner than the body. Now the "soul, when compounded with the understanding, makes reason:
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how diff'rent! yet how like the same!
Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons sends a chosen band
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge confign'd to Merion's faithful care.

"and when compounded with the body, passion: whereof the one
"is the source or principle of pleasure or pain, the other of vice or
"virtue. Man therefore properly dies two deaths; the first makes
"him two of three, and the second makes him one of two."
Plutarch, of the face in the moon.

Ver. 128.] So Dunciad, iii. 41.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son.

Ver. 129.] Homer says merely,

----- resemblance great he bore:
so that our translator seems to have had in mind a celebrated passage
of Ovid, metam. ii. 13:

----- facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamem, qualem decet esse fororum:
thus imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of the Brothers:
The days of life are fitter; all alike,
None just the same.

Ver. 130.] The greater part of these four verses are interpolated,
or but unfaithful to their original. The following couplet more
fully expresses the sense of Homer:

Then round the dead they wail; 'till on their woes
The rosy-finger'd Morn at length arose.
With proper instruments they take the road,  
Axes to cut, and ropes to fling the load.  
First march the heavy mules, securely flow,  
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:

Ver. 141. O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go—  
On all sides round the forest burns her oaks Headlong—]

The numbers in the original of this whole passage are admirably  
adapted to the images the verses convey to us. Every ear must  
have felt the propriety of sound in this line,

Πολλὰς ἑλμοὺς, κάταμα, πάραστα τε, ἡχολά τ’ ἐλθέν.

The other in its kind is no less exact,

Τάμων ἱσερίμμου, ταῖ δι βουγάλα ξυπελλεῖ.

Πέτα

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has collected many instances of these  
forts of beauties in Homer. This description of felling the forests,  
as excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left  
room for a larger and more particular one in Statius, one of the best  
(I think) in that author:

"—— Cadit ardua fagus,
" Chaoniumque nemus, brumaque illae sa cupressus;
" Procumbunt piceae, flammis alimenta supremis,
" Ornieque, ilicæaque trabes, metuandaque fulco
" Taxus, & infandos bella potura cruores
" Fraxinus, atque situ non expugnabile robur:
" Hinc audax abies, & odoror vulnere pinus
" Scinditur, acclinat intonfa cacuminia terrae
" Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus, &c."

I the rather cite this fine passage, because I find it copied by two of  
the greatest poets of our own nation, Chaucer and Spenser. The  
first in the Assembly of Fowls, the second in his Fairy Queen, lib. i:

The failing pine, the cedared proud and tall,  
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
The builder oak, sole king of forests all,  
The aspen good for flames, the cypress funeral,
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods,
(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods) 145
Loud sounds the ax, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurl'd her oaks.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets sage: the fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the fallow for the mill,
The myrrh, sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holme, the maple feldom inward found.  P.

Ver. 142.] My decision is but of small importance, but I cannot let this passage go by, without expressing my disapprobation of imitative verse carried to this excess, whether in Homer or in Pope. The preceding verse, as less extravagant, and happily enough descriptive of length and labour, may be approved; and resembles a passage in Milton, which might present itself to the translator's memory: Par. lost. ii. 620:

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.

Ver. 143.] It seems unnecessary to inform us that jumping axles bound and clattering cars rattle. I would substitute as follows:

Rattle th' unbalance'd cars, and the shock'd axles found.

Ver. 145.] Better, perhaps,
Fair Ida, parent of descending floods.

Ver. 146.] As the tenour of the original demands no such studied mimickry of the circumstances in the sounds and cadence of...
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return. 151
The sturdy woodman equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the sandy shore;
There on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.

---

the verse, I would venture to propose the following alterations,
which bring the passage to a closer resemblance of its model:
The well-edg'd ax, redoubling strokes on strokes,
Spreads thro' the Forest her aerial oaks:
The men with speed their eager labours ply;
Flat, with loud crash, th' umbrageous ruins lie.

Ver. 152.] Thus Ogilby:
And as their captain bade, the drivers bore,
And laid the trunks in order on the shore.

Ver. 153.] I see no reason for not adhering to the very words
of his author, thus:
(So Merion dictated) to the sandy shore.

Ver. 154.] Our poet should have included the sense of his
author in one couplet; and would easily have poured forth one more
elegant, but not more faithful, than the following:
(So Merion charg'd) and rang'd them on the shore,
Where one huge tomb the hero's thoughts intend,
Soon to enclose himself, and now his friend.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refugent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, Combatants and Squires.
The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
Next these the melancholy band appear,
Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppress with mighty woe.

---

Ver. 158.] The two verses of his author in this place are very partially represented in the preceding couplet, and may be seen more distinctly in the following attempt:

When thus in order lay the piles of wood,
Close round the spot the crowd expectant stood.

The defect of rhyme, if necessary, may be thus redressed:

The hero bids, each in his lofty car,
His troops appear, in all the pomp of war.

Ver. 160. Each in refugent arms, &c.] It is not to be supposed that this was a general custom used at all funerals; but Patroclus being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honours. Eutathius.

Ver. 163.] The heated imagination of our poet seems to have smooked along much faster than that of his author, who was thinking only of a slow and solemn funereal procession. Thus?

Then clouds of foot move slowly round the plain.

Ver. 166. O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw.] The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practised not only among the Greeks, but also among other nations; thus Statius, Thebaid VI:

"Tergoque &pectore fusam
"Castrarium ferro minuit, sectisque jacentis
"Obiubit tenuia ora comis."

This custom is taken notice of in holy scripture: Ezekiel describing a great lamentation, says, They shall make themselves utterly bald for
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.

thet. ch. xxvii. verse 31. I believe it was done not only in token
of sorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair
was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so
was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I must observe that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was
not always in token of sorrow; Lycophron in his Calandra,
ver. 976. describing a general lamentation, says,

Καπετί δ' ἄκαρος πότε δαρίλλετος φίλος.

A length of unshorn hair adorn'd their backs.
And that the ancients sometimes had their hair cut off in token of
joy, is evident from Juvenal, Sat. xii. ver. 82:

"——- Gaudent ibi vertice raso
"Garrula securi narrare pericula nautae."

This seeming contradiction will be solved by having respect to the
different practices of different nations. If it was the general custom
of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token
of sorrow; but if it was the custom to wear short hair, then the
letting it grow long and neglecting it, shewed that such people were
mourners.

P. Ver. 168. Supporting with his hands the hero's head.] Achilles
follows the corpse as chief mourner, and sustains the head of his
friend; this last circumstance seems to be general; thus Euripides
in the funeral of Rhesus, ver. 886:

Τὸς ἐνὶ καφαλίς δίκει, ὥς Βασιλεύ,
Τὸν ποδαμανθὸν ἐν χρώϊ
Φηλάδῳ πέμποις;

What God, O king, with his hands supports the head of the deceased? P.

Ver. 169.] More agreeable to his original, thus:

The hero, now conducted to the dead!
or,

The much lov'd hero, mingled with the dead!
Chapman is not unsuccessful:

Next to him march'd his friend

Embracing his cold necke, all sde; since now he was to send,
His dearest, to his endless home.
Patroclus decent on the appointed ground
They place, and heap the silvan pile around.
But great Achilles stands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:

Ver. 170.] To prevent the repetition of a word from the preceding verse, this was altered from the first edition; which stood thus:

The body decent—.

Ver. 172.] This pray'r is a miserable botch for convenience; and the rhymes of the next couplet are exceptional. Thus, more correctly:

Then from the pyre Achilles steps aside:
The lock, long cheri'd, there his hands divide,—
That yellow lock to lov'd Patroclus gave,
Once vow'd, Sperchius! to thy honour'd wave.

Ver. 175. And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood.] - It was the custom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewise to consecrate that of their children to the river-gods of their country. This is what Paufanias shews in his Atticks: Before you pass the Cephisja (says he) you find the tomb of Theodorus who was the most excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you see two statues, one of Memnon, and the other of his son, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the custom of the Greeks, may be inferred from Homer's poetry, where Peleus promises by a solemn vow to consecrate to the river Sperchius the hair of his son, if he returns safe from the Trojan war. This custom was likewise in Egypt, where Philotratus tells us, that Memnon consecrated his hair to the Nile. This practice of Achilles was imitated by Alexander at the funeral of Hephaestion, Spondanus, P.

The vicious accent he might take from Chapman:

Long kept for Sperchius, the flood:
or from Ogilby, who is not worthy of quotation. Hobbes is correct in this particular:

And speaking to Sperchius river said.
Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waste.

Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errours lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return, 180
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bow’rs
Thy altars stand, perfum’d with native flow’rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain; 186
No more Achilles sees his native plain;

Ver. 176.] Though not authorised by a precise expression of
his model, instead of this redundancy, an explanatory interpolation
would not have been unfeasable; to define the purport of this
direction of his countenance:

Then homeward, with a sigh, his looks he cast.

Ver. 178.] This couplet is a mere fancy of our translator's; nor
are the rhymes beyond the reach of cenfure. A trivial alteration
would render this interpolation useless, upon our poet's plan:

Sperchius! to thee we vow'd at our return
These locks in vain, and hecatombs to burn:

but I should prefer a more accurate and circumstantial version:

To thee, Sperchius! Peleus vow'd in vain,
When his dear son in safety saw again
His native land, whole hecatombs to slay,
And from my head to cut this curl away.

Ver. 185.] The perfume, or scent, intended by Homer, is not
that of flowers, but that of incense, or animal vapours, from the
altar: which did not fall in so readily with the convenience of our
translator.
BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD.

In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow, 
Patroclus bears them to the shades below.

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd, 
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.

Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow: 
And now the Sun had set upon their woe; 
But to the king of men thus spoke the chief. 
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:

Permit the mourning legions to retire, 
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre: 
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He said: the people to their ships return:

---

Ver. 189.] Our translator seems to have profited by Chapman:

and since, I never more
Shall see my lov'd soyle, my friends hands, shall to the Stygian
shore
Convey these tresses:

for their original may be literally given thus:

Since I return not to my much-lov'd home,
I give Patroclus now this lock to bear.

Ver. 190.] Another miserable supplement: see the note on
verse 172. We might substitute here, perhaps not amiss, the
following alteration:

The hero spoke; then turning to the shade,
On it's cold hand the sever'd lock he laid.

Thus Ogilby:

He in Patroclus hands his tresses laid.

Ver. 196.] These are the rhymes of Ogilby, whose version is
generally faithful:

Command, great king! (since thou art best obey'd,
And they have wept enough) all to retire
To their repast, whilst we attend the pyre.
While those deputed to interr the slain: 200
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side;
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep, and fable oxen slay: 205
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan 210
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestick at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.

Ver. 200.] Interr seems an ineligible word in this place, and
one of a more general nature, equivalent to attend or manage, had
been better.

Ver. 204.] More agreeably to his author, thus:
High on the top, with fags, the corse they lay.

Ver. 208.] The imperfect rhymes of this couplet are from
Chapman.

Ver. 210.] Our translator here misrepresents his author. The
version may be rendered correct by the following substitution:
Four stately coursers his attendants slew;
These on the pyre the chief, deep-groaning, threw.

Ver. 212.] A thousand proofs will occur to the intelligent reader
of the unimproved state of society in Homer's days, and proportionate
presumptions of the great antiquity of this poem. It is not
improbable, that this passage might suggest to his translator that
book xxiii. homer's iliad.

Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell. 215
On these the rage of fire victorious prey,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry.

All hail, patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost 220
Hear, and exult on pluto's dreary coast.
Behold, achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.

So spake he, threat'ning: but the gods made
vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heav'nly fragrance, shed:

circumstance in his noble description of the Indian's character, in
the essay on man, i. 111:

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ver. 218.] this verse is a supplement from the translator.

ver. 226.] a circumstance of his original, omitted by our
poet, might be thus included:

so threats the chief: his threat the gods make vain,
And keepe, the dragg'd, inviolate the slain.

ver. 228. celestial venus, &c.] homer has here introduced a
series of allegories in the compass of a few lines: the body of
hector may be supposed to continue beautiful even after he was
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deft in'd prey.

Nor sacred Phœbus lefs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the fullen flames arise;

slain; and Venus being the president of beauty, the poet by a
natural fiction tells us it was preserved by that goddes.

Apollo’s covering the body with a cloud is a very natural
allegory: for the sun (says Buffathius) has a double quality which
produces contrary effects; the heat of it caues a dryness, but at
the same time it exhaues the vapours of the earth, from whence the
clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon
truth; there might happen to be a cool season while Hector lay
unburied, and Apollo, or the sun, raising clouds which intercept
the heat of his beams, by a very easy fiction in poetry may be
introduced in perfon to preserve the body of Hector.

Ver. 233.] More accurately, thus:
Pour'd round the place from heaven a veil of air.

Ver. 235.] This Sirian fire is unauthorized by his author, and
may probably be unintelligible to many readers. I should prefer
some amendment to the following purport:

From the fierce influence of the solar fire:
or,
Safe from the searing touch of solar fire:

compare my note on the Trachiniae of Sophocles, verse 685.

Ver. 236.] As the rhymes of this couplet soon recur, an
introduction of some variety would improve the passage. Thus:

Nor yet Patroclus' pyre the breezes raise,
Nor yet the fullen wood begins to blaze.
BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 97.

But, fast beside, Achilles stood in pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentler Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd th' aerial pow'rs, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
She flode amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show,
All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various Goddesss to partake the rites.
Not so, (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:

Ver. 243. There is a want of elegance in a too close repetition
of these little words, which a correct poet will study to avoid.
Thus?
—-and, whispering, bid the fires to rise.

Ver. 248.] Here we are indebted to the fancy of the translator:
his author says only,
———Iris ran, and stood
On the stone threshold.

Ver. 250.] The spirit of the original is better preserved by
Ogilby:
———all rose as in the same;
Offering their seats to the celestial dame.

VOL. VI. H—
Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And heav'n is feasting, on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th'extremeest limits of the main.
But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
The Western Spirit, and the North to rise;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

---

Ver. 258.] Our poet is not faithful to his author. Thus?
But Peleus' son implores your winds to rise
From North and West, (and vows a sacrifice)
To roufe that pile, which dead Patroclus bears,
Which Greece assembled wash with showers of tears.

Ver. 263. The allegory of the winds.] A poet ought to express
nothing vulgarly; and sure no poet ever trespassed less against this
rule than Homer, the fruitfulness of his invention is continually
raising incidents new and surprising. Take this passage out of its
poetical dress, and it will be no more than this: a strong gale of
wind blew, and so increased the flame that it soon consumed the
pile. But Homer introduces the gods of the winds in person: and
Iris, or the rainbow, being (as Eustathius observes) a sign not
only of showers, but of winds; he makes them come at her
fummons.

Every circumstance is well adapted. As soon as the winds see
Iris, they rise; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind rises:
the refuses to fit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is
never seen long at one time, but soon appears, and soon vanishes:
the returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is composed of waters,
and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have described her as
passing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of Zephyrus, which may
imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; of that
Forth burst the stormy band with thund’ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before. 265;
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in wat’ry mountains rise:

the nature of all the winds is the same; or that the western wind is
in that country the most constant, and consequently it may be said
that at such seasons all the winds are assembled in one corner, or
rendezvous with Zephyrus.

Iris will not enter the cave: it is the nature of the rainbow to
be stretched entirely upon the surface, and therefore this fiction is
agreeable to reason.

When Iris says that the gods are partaking hecatombs in
Æthiopis, it is to be remembered that the gods are represented there
in the first book, before the scenes of war were opened; and how
they are closed, they return thither. Eustathius.

Thus Homer makes the anger of his hero so important, that it
roused heaven to arms, and now when it is almost appeased, Achilles
as it were gives peace to the gods.

Ver. 265.] I should like better,

but our translator seems to have trodden in Chapman’s steps:

out ruft, with an unmeasur’d roar,
Thro’ two winds, tumbling clouds in heapes.

Ver. 266.] Or thus?

Then, the shrill blast descending from the skies—

Ver. 267.] Ogilby thought himself very sublime on this occa-
sion, and may serve to relax the risible organs of the reader:

Vast billows ploughing up, whose briny spary
Lather’d with froathie fuds the spangled sky.

This specimen, I think, comes very little short of one much more
memorable in the annals of the Bathos:

To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods.
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
'Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires, 270
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
All night, Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears, e'er yet they close the urn:
So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.

Ver. 270.] Thus Ogilby:

Thund'ring they charge the pile; then crackling fire
All night, and clouds of curled smoak aspire.

Ver. 272.] This is graceful, but falls short of the tender sim-
plicity of his author; who may be thus literally represented:

and all night great Peleus' son
From a gold goblet in a well-turn'd cup
Drew wine, and with libations bath'd the ground,
The soul invoking of his hapless friend.

Ver. 274.] Our poet, after Chapman and Ogilby, passes over
the most important circumstance of the simile, which may be thus
translated:

As wails a father, whilst he burns the bones
Of his dear son to years of marriage grown,
When death a parent wounds with keenest woe.

Ver. 278.] Rather, perhaps, as more expressive of the author's
language:

So moan'd Achilles, lingering round the fire;
So wept Patroclus, 'till the flames expire.
"Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night,  
The morning planet told th' approach of light;  
And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray  
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:  
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,  
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd: 285  
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;  
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.  
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,  
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,  

I like Chapman's efforts at this place:  
Still creeping neare and neare the heape; still sighing, weeping still:  
But when the day starre look't abrode, and promist from his hill  
Light, which the saffron morne made good, and sprinkled on the seas;  
Then languish't the great pile; then sunke, the flames.  

Ver. 281.] Or thus? more exactly:  
The star of morn announ'cd approaching light;  
And saffron-robd Aurora's warmer ray  
O'er ocean's wave prepar'd to scatter day.  

Ver. 285.] More neatly, perhaps, with this trivial alteration:  
Each to his cave, the whistling winds return'd.  

Ver. 287.] More poetically, perhaps,  
The Thracian seas, brus'd by their pinions, roar:  
and I found afterwards, that Chapman had anticipated this image:  
The Thracian billow rings  
Their high retreat; rus't'd with cusses, of their triumphant winds.
Exhausted with his grief: meanwhile the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood; 291
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke.

Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame 295
With fable wine; then, (as the rites direct,) The hero's bones with careful view sele\v:
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie,
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margins will be seen Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men)
These wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest with decent honour laid, 'Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade. 305
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;

---

Ver. 290.] His original requires some substitution like the following:

meanwhile a throng.

Ver. 292.] The rhymes cannot be allowed. Thus, more faithfully:

The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
Their bands; and thus the chiefs bespake.

Ver. 294.] More accurately,

O king! and princes

Ver. 307.] Rather, perhaps,

A tomb of humble structure on the sands.
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

Ver. 308. Hereafter Greece a nobler pile may raise.] We see
how Achilles consults his own glory; the desire of it prevails over
his tenderness for Patroclus, and he will not permit any man, not
even his beloved Patroclus, to share an equality of honour with him-
self, even in the grave. Enalathius.

Thus his author, more closely represented:
in after-times the Greeks
May raise one, broad and lofty; they, that stay
Here in the ships, when my short race is run.

Ver. 311.] Thus Chapman:
first they quench, with sable wine, the heap,
As far as it had fed the flame. The ash fell wondrous deep.

Ver. 320.] The latter clause is from the invention of our
translator: but, to avoid tautology, I would propose,
Of sacred earth, memorial of the dead.
The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac’d ’em round: then from the ships
proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and Tripods, for the fun’ral games,
Resplendent brasses, and more resplendent dames.

Ver. 321. The games for Patroclus.] The conduct of Homer
in enlarging upon the games at the funeral of Patroclus is very judi-
cious: there had undoubtedly been such honours paid to several
heroes during the wars as appears from a passage in the ninth book,
where Agamemnon to enhance the value of the horses which he
offers Achilles, says, that any person would be rich that had trea-
sures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races
must have been run during the siege; for had they been before it,
the horses would now have been too old to be of any value, this
being the tenth year of the war. But the poet passes all those games
over in silence, and reserves them for this season; not only in
honour of Patroclus, but also of his hero Achilles; who exhibits
games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes,
and he himself sits the judge and arbitrator: thus in peace as well as
war the poet maintains the superiority of the character of Achilles.

But there is another reason why the poet deferred to relate any
games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: the death of
Patroclus was the most eminent period; and consequently the most
proper time for such games.

It is farther observable, that he chooses this peculiar time with
great judgment. When the fury of the war raged, the army could
not well have found leisure for the games, and they might have
met with interruption from the enemy: but Hector being dead,
all Troy was in confusion: they are in too great a consternation to
make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not possibly have
chosen a more happy opportunity. Euthathius.

Ver. 326.] Homer says,
Females in graceful veils, and iron bright:
but our translator found his prettiness in Chapman:
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbrokè,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.

Employing them to fetch from fleet, rich tripods for his games,
Caldrons, horse, mules, brode-headed beeses, bright steels,
and brighter dames.

Ver. 329.] His original has 

Ver. 333.] The reader must admire the delicacy of Ogilby's efforts on this passage:

Next an unbroken mare, of fix years old;
Who, cover'd by an ase, had yet not foal'd:
to whom Chapman is not much inferior; but a single specimen of this beauty in composition may suffice.

Ver. 335.] I would render rather a caldron with Chapman and Ogilby, or even a kettle with Hobbes.

Ver. 338.] So Chapman:

a great new standing bowl:
These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train.

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day:
Loft is Patroclus now, that won to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.

and I should prefer, as the present word seems utterly inapplicable to a future event,

An ample double bowl rewards the laft:
or rather "a spacious double bowl," for the sake of a more varied sound.

Ver. 345.] The rhymes of this couplet will not endure the
rod of criticism. Thus?

A gift to Peleus from the God of sea;
And Peleus gave th' unrival'd pair to me.

Ver. 349. Loft is Patroclus now, &c.] I am not ignorant that
Homer has frequently been blamed for such little digressions as these;
in this passage he gives us the genealogy of his horses, which he has
frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But
Eustathius justifies his conduct, and says that it was very proper to
commend the virtue of these horses upon this occasion, when horses
were to contend for victory; at the same time he takes an oppor-
tunity to make an honourable mention of his friend Patroclus, in
whose honour these games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther justification of Homer, that this last
circumstance is very natural; Achilles, while he commends his
Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand!
Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car.

' Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise; 355
But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd thro' Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.

horses, remembers how careful Patroclus had been of them: his
love for his friend is so great, that the minutest circumstance recalls
him to his mind; and such little digressions, such avocations of
thought as these, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love
and sorrow.

P.

Ver. 350.] Our translator seems to have had his eye on Chap-
man, who is more circumstantially faithful to his author:

that undue with humorous oyle, to flick their loftie

manes;

Cleave water having cleans'd them first.

Ver. 351.] There seems to be no grammatical propriety in this
construction of a sentence. We may thus correct:

Sad, as if bearing human grief, they stand:

or, if we wish more fidelity to the original, thus:

With heads declin'd and sorrowing hearts, they stand.

Ver. 353. Ogilby wants a little polish, but is more correct in his
rhymes, than Pope:

You who in fleeter steeds confide, and dare
Venture your char'ots, straight yourselves prepare.

Ver. 355.] He follows Chapman:

this fir'd aff.

Ver. 357.] Pieria is not mentioned by Homer, but it was a
district of Thessaly, the country of Eumelus.
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand.)
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courser of the King of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave)
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,

Ver. 363.] The attention of our poet to his pattern may be discovered from the following exact translation:

Then rose the Spartan king with golden hair,
Illustrious, and the rapid courser yoakt;
His own Podargus and his brother's mare,
Æthe, to him by Echepolus given,
To scape attendance on the Trojan war,
And stay at home in joy, Jove gave to him
Great wealth; in ample Sicyon dwelt the chief.
Her, all on fire to run, Atrides yoaks.
Next, harned his flock steeds Antilochus,
Fam'd son of Neftor, noble-minded king,
whose fire was Neleus: steeds, in Pylos bred,
Whirl'd his swift car: the senor standing by,
His son, not else unapt, thus kindly warns.

Ver. 365. Whom rich Echepolus, &c.] One would think that Agamemnon might be accused of avarice, in dispensing with a man from going to the war for the sake of a horse; but Aristotle very well observes, that this prince is praise-worthy for having preferred a horse to a person so cowardly, and so incapable of service. It may be also conjectured from this passage, that even in those elder times it was the custom, that those who were willing to be excused from the war, should give either a horse or man, and often both. Thus Scipio going to Africa, ordered the Sicilians either to attend him, or to give him horses or men: and Ageïalus being at Ephesus and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days;
Safe wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.

Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary fire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.

would not serve in the war should be dispensed with, provided they furnished a man and a horse in their stead; in which, says Plutarch, he wisely followed the example of king Agamemnon, who excused a very rich coward from serving in person, for a present of a good mare. Eustathius. Dacier.

Ver. 371. Experienc'd Nestor, &c.] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite Nestor, and I think he is nowhere more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had disabled him from bearing any share in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere spectator, but as an actor in the sports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for Antilochus; Antilochus wins not by the swiftness of his horses, but by the wisdom of Nestor.

This fatherly tenderness is wonderfully natural: we see him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his son; he comes to the barrier, stands beside the chariot, animates his son by his praises, and directs him by his lessons: you think the old man's soul mounts on the chariot with his Antilochus, to partake the same dangers, and run the same career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this speech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wisdom over strength, which is a tacit compliment to himself; and had there been a prize for wisdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right. Eustathius.
My son! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast, 375
The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.
Neptune and Jove on thee confer'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds. 380
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftness known;
Compare those rivals judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wife. 384
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes,
The dext'rous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;

Vet. 375.] This couplet misrepresents the meaning of his author, and the rhymes of the next are vicious. Thus: simply,

but correctly:

My son! thy lot has been, though young, to share
Of Jove and Neptune the peculiar care;
They taught in feats of horsemen to excell;
Nor needs he counsel, who performs so well;
Thou know'st, as whirls the glowing chariot round,
With nice dexterity to shun the bound,
Yet, tho' thy skill so little precept needs.

Vet. 385.] Our poet does but follow his predecessors in this acceptation of the passage; but he should have written in my opinion,

Far less avails a woodman's sturdy stroke,
Than dextrous art, to fell the stubborn oak:
and the epithet dextrous is incongruous in this contrast of art and strength, when the word art had been employed in the preceding line. Mr. Cowper, I perceive, with his usual accuracy of taste, has been the passage in it's true point of view.
By art, the pilot thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempest steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those, who trust in chariots, and in horse. 390
In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courserdrive:
While with sure skill, tho' with inferiour steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course, 395
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground; 400
Of some once stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:
Inclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car. 404
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race)

Ver. 387.] The rhymes are truly infamous, and indicate
inexcusable haste and carelessness. Thus?
By art the pilot, when the tempest raves,
Steers his swift vessel thro' the tossing waves.

Ver. 395.] Ogilby also has these rhymes; but they are by no
means correct, and have occurred not far above.

Ver. 400.] So Chapman:
Here stands a drie ftub of some tree, a cubite from the ground.
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left hand steed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins; 409
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; 'till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round nave appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
Left thro' incaution failing, thou may'st be 415
A joy to others, a reproach to me.

Ver. 411. This unaccountable idea of "doubling as they roll," which Ogilby thus exhibits:
untill thou joyne
The nave and wheel's circum'mence in a line:
and Mr. Cowper thus;
that the nave
And felly of thy wheel may seem to meet:
this inexplicable idea, I say, which has puzzled scholiasts and
commentators arose from a gross misconception of the most perspicuous
passage imaginable. The words ἐπιτρίβων ἐπιπέδων in the original are in
close connexion with the substantive περιφέρεια, and not with the words
ἐπέβλησα. Homer, in short, means no more than what Horace
very elegantly expresses in his first ode:

mētαq̓e tεrvidis

Evitata rotis:
the whole force of which sentence resides in the participle; just
'scaped, and no more: because, in proportion to it's approach to the
goal, the circle of the chariot would be contracted, and an
advantage gained, well understood by the practitioners of our days
also.

Ver. 416. Another proof of great carelessness, in a neglect
of his author for the convenience of the rhyme. Chapman is
exact:
So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskillful swiftness far behind:
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adraustus, of celestial breed;
Or the fam'd race, thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.

Thus, (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
Concludes; then fat, stiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.

---

that will breed
Others delight, and thee a blame.

More conformity to his original may be superinduced thus:
Left, failing thus, to others thou mayst be
A joy, disgraceful to thyself and me.

Ver. 417.] The phrase secure of mind may be pronounced, I think, truly villainous, as here employed: nor is the author's meaning defrayed through the medium of our poet's version. The following attempt is literally faithful:

But, my dear boy! be cautious and discreet;
If at the turn thou swiftly pass with skill
Thy peers, no bounding rival beats thee then;
Tho' at thy back Adraustus' flying steed
He drive, Arion, breed of Gods! or thine,
Laomedon; brave courser! nur'd in Troy,

Ver. 419.] Our poet has polisht Ogilby:

No, should he drive Adraustus' fiery steed,
Renowned Areion, of celestial feed.

Ver. 424.] The latter part of this verse is a mere interpolation, and, as it appears to me, a clumsy interpolation, of the translator. I will propose a substitution, with the help of Ogilby's rhymes:

Thus to his son the mysteries of the race
Unfolded Nestor, and refum'd his place.
They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose;
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws.)
Young Nestor leads the race: Eumeles then;
And next, the brother of the king of men: 430
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
They stand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,

Ver. 427. The lots their place dispose.] According to these lots
the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they stood
all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty:
Eustathius says the ancients were of opinion that they did not stand
in one front; because it is evident that he who had the first lot, had
a great advantage of the other charioteers: if he had not, why
should Achilles cast lots? Madam Dacier is of opinion that they
all stood abreast at the barrier, and that the first would still have a
sufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and stood within
the rest; whereas the others must take a larger circle, and
consequently were forced to run a greater compass of ground.
Phormix was placed as an inspector of the race, that is, says
Eustathius, he was to make report whether they had observed the
laws of the race in their several turnings.

Sophocles observes the same method with Homer in relation to
the lots and inspectors, in his Electra:

Οἱ τίτασάθινι βραδίς
Κλάσασιν ὅσοι και κατέγονα δίδον.

The constituted judges assigned the places according to the lots.

The ancients say that the charioteers started at the Sigeum, where
the ships of Achilles lay, and ran towards the Rhæteum, from the
ships towards the shore. But Aristarchus affirmed that they ran
in the compass of ground those five Iadia, which lay between the
wall and the tents toward the shore. Eustathius.
And sends before old Phœnix to the place, To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the coursters from the barrier bound;
The lifted scourges all at once refound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before;
And up the champaign thunder from the shore:
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.

Ver. 435. Chapman is circumstantial and exact:
In which he set
Renowned Phœnix, that in grace, of Pelus was so great,
To see the race, and give a truth, of all their passages.

Ver. 444. Dryden, at the end of Æneid viii:
And behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

Ver. 446. This appears to me extravagantly hyperbolical, but
our translator followed Dryden, at Virg. Geo. iii. 172, the parallel passage:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
But, independently of this hypertragical humour, the couplet, in my judgement, is not skilfully conducted, and would be excelled by something after the following turn of thought:
The smoaking chariots, now with rapid bound
Rise into air, now skim along the ground.
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.

Now, (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the shore, and thunders to'rd the main.
First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros, bold Diomed succeeds:
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the fultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees.

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Ver. 453.] Thus, more conformably to his original:
Each burns with double hope; the courser strains
With growing speed, and thunder to'rd the main.
Still, however, an exception lies against the rhymes, for too early a repetition of them.

Ver. 458. And seem just mounting on his car behind.] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us spectators of the race, we see Diomed pressing upon Eumelus so closely, that his chariot seems to climb the chariot of Eumelus. P.
The expression of the verse is uncommonly happy, and perfectly correspondent to it's original.

Ver. 460.] This image our translator did not find in Homer, but in Ovid; see my note on his Windfor-Forest, verfe 191. The following is a literal version of Homer's dithich:
Eumelus' back and shoulders with their breath
Grew warm: their heads hung o'er him, as they flew.
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize; 461
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
His matchless horses labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey 465
Snatch'd from his hope the glories of the day.

Ver. 461.] His author prescribes this adjutment of the couplet:
Then had Tydides doubtful left the prize,
Or gain'd, when angry Phœbus to him flies.

Ver. 465. Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey, &c.] We have seen Diomed surrounded with innumerable dangers, acting in the most perilous scenes of blood and death, yet never shed one tear: and now he weeps on a small occasion for a mere trifle. This must be ascribed to the nature of mankind, who are often transported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; so that he who could meet the greatest dangers with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an indecency. Eustathius.

The reason why Apollo is angry at Diomed, according to Eustathius, is because he was interested for Eumelus, whose mares he had fed, when he served Admetus; but I fancy he is under a mistake; this indeed is a reason why he should favour Eumelus, but not why he should be angry at Diomed. I rather think that the quarrel of Apollo with Diomed was personal; because he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and Apollo still resents it. The fiction of Minerva's assisting Diomed is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of whips to prevent any mischance: so that Wisdom, or Pallas, may be said to lend him one. Eustathius.

P. Our poet is too concise with his author. Thus, more exactly;
Tears of vexation gush in streams, to see
His rival's courser more and more outstrip
His own, unscour'd, impeded in the race.
The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
She breaks his rivals chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the startled horses held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
Nose, mouth and front, one undistinguish'd wound:
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, tho' distant, Menelias succeeds;
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,

Ver. 469. More fully to his author, thus:
With vigour fills his steeds: an angry stroke
Then breaks—:
but the rhymes of the preceding couplet return too soon, and those of the two following are not sufficiently exact.

Ver. 477. Thus Ogilby:
His elbow and his forehead hurt, his eyes
Brim-full with tears: Tydides all out of eyes.

Ver. 483. The speech of Antilochus to his horses. I fear Antilochus his speech to his horses is blameable; Eustathius himself
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way, 485
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! Shall his mare out-go
Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?
Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain; 490
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
Haste then; yon' narrow road before our sight
Presents th' occasion, could we use it right. 494
Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat
With quicker steps the founding champaign beat.
And now Antilochus with nice survey,
Observes the compass of the hollow way.

seems to think it a fault that he should speak so much in the very
heat of the race. He commands and soothes, counsels and
threatens his horses, as if they were reasonable creatures. The
subsequent speech of Menelaus is more excusable as it is more short,
but both of them are spoken in a passion, and anger we know makes
us speak to every thing, and we discharge it upon the most senseless
objects.

Ver. 485.] So Chapman:
Athenia wings his horse, and him, renounes:
for their original is,

Pallas now to them
Has fleetness given, and to their master praise.

Ver. 486. Chapman has the same repetition:

to yeeld, in swiftnesse to a mare;  
To small Aithe.
‘Twas where by force of wint’ry torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn: 500
Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng
The Spartan hero’s chariot smōk’d along.
Close up the vent’rous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow’rd the steep.
Atrides, trembling casts his eye below, 505
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
This narrow way? Take larger field (he cry’d)
Or both must fall—Atrides cry’d in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein. 510
Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse compell’d; foreboding in his fears 515
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,

\[Ver. 503.\] He had recourse to Chapman, but varied one rhyming word:

\[ cleaving deepe\]

\[All that neare passage to the lifts. This Nestor’s sonne would keepe,\]
And left the rode way, being about: Atrides fear’d, and cryde:
Antilochus! thy course is mad: containe thy horse; we ride
A way most dangerous.

\[Ver. 510.\] More clearly and correctly, thus:
The youth, regardles, goads, and gives the rein

\[Ver. 515.\] The rhymes are not to be commended for correctnes.
I will propose a substitution, which is more observant of the language of the author;
The flound'ring coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost thro' frantick haste to gain.
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwise! 520
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.—
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, 525
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld 530
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,
The monarch fat: from whence with sure survey
He well observ'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries, 536
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;

He, cautious, backward drew
The yielding coursers; whilst his fears forebode
Their chariots clashing in the straighten'd road.

Ver. 528.] We may thus remedy the ambiguity of this verse:
Close at their rivals' heels they wing their way.

Ver. 534.] The impropriety of this line may be readily removed:
The monarch fat; and thence with sure survey.
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and rising, to the Greeks begun.
Are yonder horse discern’d by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, tho’ the swiftest, by some god withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver’s hand,
And, turn’d too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courser’s stray
With frantic fury from the desert’d way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)

Ver. 538.] The rhymes of this couplet are in Chapman.

Ver. 540.] Unpardonable rhymes: and I know not, if the following attempt be sufficiently elevated even for simple dialogue:
He saw; and, rising said: Ye Greeks am I
The first of all these horses to descry?

Ver. 544.] These vicious rhymes occurred not long ago; and they are repeated here with the aggravation of a grammatical offence,
with-held for without-held.

Ver. 550.] Tautology may be avoided, and fidelity secured,
by a simple alteration; thus:
From his stra’d chariot.
Yet sure he seems, (to judge by shape and air,)  
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.  
Old man! (Oileus rashly thus replies)  
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.  
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,  
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.  
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chase,  
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:  
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,  
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.  
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoind.  
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!  
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside  
The last in merit, as the first in pride:

Ver. 554.] The rhymes are bad. The following substitution is, perhaps, only preferable as more expressive of the original:
   An Argive king, his shape and size declare,  
   Th' Ætolian Diomed, brave Tydeus' heir.

Ver. 556.] Various inaccuracies are found in our poet's version of these speeches; but the reader would not thank me for a scrupulous enumeration of trivial deviations in passages, not susceptible of poetical embellishment, and on which our attentions cannot "linger with delight." Mr. Cowper will gratify such as with the most exact fidelity to the language and sentiments of the author.

Ver. 562.] Thus Ogilby:
   Those are Eumelus steeds who scoure the plains,  
   And that himself so steady guides the reins.

Ver. 563.] This line is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 565. The dispute between Idomeneus and Ajax.] Nothing
To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.

could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horse-
race: the leaders were divided into parties, and each was interested
for his friend: the poet had a two-fold design, not only to embl-
lish and diversify his poem by such natural circumstances, but also
to shew us, as Eustathius observes, from the conduct of Ajax, that
passionate men betray themselves into follies, and are themselves
guilty of the faults of which they accuse others.

It is with a particular decency that Homer makes Achilles the
arbitrator between Idomeneus and Ajax: Agamemnon was his
superiour in the army, but as Achilles exhibited the shows, he was
the proper judge of any difference that should arise about them.
Had the contest been between Ajax and Idomeneus, considered as
soldiers, the cause must have been brought before Agamemnon;
but as they are to be considered as spectators of the games, they
ought to be determined by Achilles.

It may not be unnecessary just to observe to the reader the judi-
ciousness of Homer's conduct in making Achilles exhibit the games,
and not Agamemnon: Achilles is the hero of the poem, and conse-
quently must be the chief actor in all the great scenes of it: he had
remained inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet
makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on of the design
of his Ilias: and to supply his absence from many of the busy scenes
of the preceding parts of it, he now in the conclusion makes him
almost the sole agent: by these means he leaves a noble idea of his
hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raised our expectations
when he brought him upon the stage of action, so he makes him go
off with the utmost pomp and applause.

P.

So Chapman:

Thou best, in speeches worst;

*Barbarous language'd*:

but Pope's rhymes are incorrect.

Ver. 568.] Ogilby renders,
BOOK XXIII: HOMER'S ILIAD.

He said: and Ajax by mad passion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' god-like son,
Awful, amidst them rose, and thus begun. 575

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest end.
No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a stream of dust, the charioteer. 580
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:

A tripod or a charger I dare stake,
(And let us Agamemnon umpire make).

Ver. 576.] Our poet much abbreviates, and misrepresents his
author. I will give a correction of Ogilby to the reader, with one
verse from Pope:
Ye chiefs! it misbecomes you to contend;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend.
Sit still, expectant who shall gain the palm;
Soon their arrival must your passions calm;
Their hopes will give them wings: ye then will see,
Whose horses foremost, and whose second be.

Ver. 579.] Our translator seems to have had his eye on Hobbes:
This said, they saw Tydides very near
Plying his whip; his horses seem'd to fly;
And cover'd was with dust the charioteer;
And hard it was the track o' th' wheels to spy.

And our poet's criticism on verse 581, wherever he found it,
seems erroneous: compare ll. O. 352.

Ver. 581. High o'er his head the circling lash he wields.] I am
persuaded that the common translation of the word Kallipodōs, in
HOMER's Iliad. BOOK XXIII.

His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye can find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;

the original of this verse, is faulty; it is rendered, he lofted the
horses continually over the shoulders; whereas I fancy it should be
translated thus, affidat (equos) agitabat scutica ab humero duexa.
This naturally expresses the very action, and whirl of the whip over
the driver's shoulder, in the act of lashing the horses, and agrees
with the use of the same word in the 431st line of this book in the
original, where ipsa duexa repellendae must be translated iactus dijci
ab humero vibrati.

Perficiuity absolutely requires us to correct,
High o'er his head the lash Tydides wields.

Ver. 585.] This is a stretch beyond his author, who may be
faithfully represented thus:

nor distinct
Appear'd the pathway of the wheels behind
In the fine dust: so rapidly they flew.

But our translator seems to have made use of both his predecessors:
for thus Chapman:

no wheelse scene, nor wheele print in the mould
Imprest behind them. These horse flew, a flight; not ranne a race.

And thus Ogilby, in no despicable strains:

So swiftly ran his coursers, that their heels
Made no impression, nor his chariot wheels.
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-PLY'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-past Atrides) second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courser in his swift career
The following car, just touching with his heel
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such, and so narrow now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift AEthe her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son;
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun.

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!

Ver. 601.] Thus Ogilby:
Who yet him reach't so far as monarchs steeds
Scowring sot: downes pursue the horses steels.
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away.) 615
To him the second honours of the day.

The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Neftor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award opposes, and afferts his claim. 620
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?

Ver. 614. Fortune denies, but justice, &c.] Achilles here intends to shew, that it is not just, fortune should rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himself his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deferred: and this principle is just, provided we do not reward him at the expense of another's right: Eumelus is a Thesalian, and it is probable Achilles has a partiality to his countryman. Dacier. P.

Ver. 617.] Of the latter part of this verse there are no traces in his author, or any of his predecessors; it was introduced for the sake of the rhyme only. Thus? more accurately:

All to this sentence of the chief agreed:
And straight Eumelus had receiv'd the need—

Ver. 621.] Our translator is but inattentive to his author in the present passage. The following attempt is literally exact:

Achilles, much resentment shall I feel
At this: you mean to take away my prize,
For this disfavour to his car and steeds;
They swift, he skilful: but he should have pray'd
To Heaven; nor surely then had been the last.
BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 129

Perhaps he sought not heav'n by sacrifice, 625
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow,)
Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore,
An ample present let him thence receive, 631
And Greece shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.

But this, my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, warriours! is my foe.

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Ver. 629.] Literally thus:

Thy will incline, thy tents in plenteous hold
Steeds, sheep, and captive women, brats and gold.

Ver. 633. But this, my prize, I never shall forego.—] There is an air of bravery in this discourse of Antilochus: he speaks with the generosity of a gallant soldier, and prefers his honour to his interest; he tells Achilles if he pleases he may make Eumelus a richer present than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it; but as it was the reward of victory, he would not resign it, because that would be an acknowledgment that Eumelus deserved it.

The character of Antilochus is admirably sustained through this whole episode; he is a very sensible man, but transported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: his rashness in driving so furiously against Menelaus must be imputed to this; but his passions being gratified by the conquest in the race, his reason again returns, he owns his error, and is full of resignation to Menelaus. P.

Ver. 634.] Or, as Chapman expresses his author more distinctly:

His hand and mine must change some blows.
Thus spake the youth, nor did his words offend; Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend, Achilles smil'd: The gift propos'd (he cry'd) Antilochus! we shall ourself provide. With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er, (The same renown'd Asteropæus wore) Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine; (No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.

He said: Automedon at his command The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand. Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows With gen'rous joy: then Menelaüs rose; The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands, And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands. Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son, And inly grieving, thus the King begun:

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd, An act fo rash (Antilochus) has stain'd. Robb'd of my glory and my just reward, To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd;

Ver. 636.] He might easily have exhibited his author with more simplicity, as follows:

Pleas'd with th' ingenious frankness of his friend.

Ver. 651.] They, who wish for rigid accuracy (and rigid accuracy is the first merit of a translator) must have recourse to Mr. Cowper's version of this speech: but the minutiae of variation, scrupulously stated, in passages of this complexion, might weary and disquiet the reader.
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.

Ver. 663. And touch thy steeds, and swear — ] It is evident, says Buthusius, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in this chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit Antilochus used against Menelaus: perhaps Antilochus in his haste had declined from the race-ground, and avoided some of the uneven places of it, and consequently took an unfair advantage of his adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against Menelaus, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned sole play; and therefore Antilochus refuses to take the oath.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine:
E'er I become (from thy dear friendship torn) 675
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spoke Antilochus; and at the word
The mare contested to the king restor'd.
Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain, 680
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;

Ver. 671.] Ogilby is not to be despised:
Thou know'st what follies head-strong youth possess;
Their fancy quicker, but their judgment less.

Ver. 679. Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain, &c.]
Eutathius is very large in the explication of this similitude, which at the first view seems obscure: his words are thes,

As the dew raises the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depressed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flourish, so did the behaviour of Antilochus raise the dejected mind of Menelaus, exalt his spirits, and restore him to a full satisfaction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and translated it with the liberty of poetry: it is very much in the language of Scripture, and in the spirit of the Orientals.

This representation of the simile is not, I think, exact. The following effort is literal and commensurate with the original:

Refreshment came, as dew on earing corn,
When ripening harvests brittle through the fields.

Ver. 682.] So Chapman:
That as corn-earcs shine with the dew:
Such joy the Spartan’s shining face o’erspread
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said.
Still may our souls, O gen’rous youth! agree,
’Tis now Atrides’ turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) ’tis still the wiser way.
To wave contention with superiour sway;
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father’s merit and thy own:

and Milton, Par. Loff, iv. 644:

Gliss’ring with dew,
on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Nor has Ogilby aimed amiss:

As dew inammells with its pearly drops
Fields ranck with corn, and cheers the drooping tops—.

Ver. 683.] Literally,
So, Menelaus! was thy mind refresh’d;
And thus in winged words the monarch spake.

Ver. 685.] The purport of this verse is not found in Homer;
but our translator seems to have followed Ogilby;

We now are friends, Antilochnus! I find
That youth’s ambition did thy judgment blind.

Ver. 693.] With more fidelity, thus:

But plead indulgence and thy fault atone
Thy father’s, brother’s merits, and thine own.

And the rhymes of the next couplet are too similar to these; and
those, that follow, have too lately occurred: otherwise, this reply
is executed with uncommon taste and spirit.
Gen'rous alike, for me, the fire and son have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride pretend'd before my friend.

He said; and pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to Noëmon's hand, friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares.
Accept thou this, O sacred fire! (he said)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;

Ver. 702.] Rather the caldron, as Chapman and Hobbes have rendered; but our poet followed Ogilby:
And the bright charger then himself receives:
a word particularly unhappy in this place.

Ver. 707. Accept thou this, O sacred fire!] The poet in my opinion prefers a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counsellor: he gives him an honorary reward for his superior wisdom, and therefore calls it ἄφαντον, and not θάρσος, a prize, and not a present. The moral of Homer is, that princes ought no less to honour and recompense those who excel in wisdom and counsel, than those who are capable of actual service.

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this respect, not only out of deference to his age, and wisdom, but also because he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his son; so that Nestor may be said to have conquered in the person of Antilochus. Eustathius.

More correctly to the language of his original, thus:
Accept, and treasure up, O! fire (he said)
This dear memorial of Patroclus dead,
Dead, and for ever lost Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
Thy present vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
With joy, the venerable king reply'd.

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!

---

Ver. 713.] What our poet means by his mace, I know no more
than my Lord-Mayor: I suppose the word is intended as a substitute
for the subirlbas of our old translators. Thus, exactly:
To toss the javelin, or the cestus wield.

Ver. 715.] This couplet represents the following sentence only
of his author:

--- for age lies heavy on thee now.

Ver. 719. Neftor's speech to Achilles.] This speech is admirably
well adapted to the character of Neftor: he aggrandizes, with an
infirnity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think
Horace had him in his eye,

"Laudator temporis acti
Se puero"

Neither is it any blemish to the character of Neftor thus to be a
little talkative about his own achievements: to have described him
otherwise, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much
as the wisest man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and
as every stage of life has some imperfection peculiar to itself.
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' Buprasium and the Pylian shore!

---

The reader may observe that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reasons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: he is very solicitous to make it appear that it was not through any want of skill or power in himself: and in my opinion Neptor is never more vain-glorious, than in this recital of his own disappointment.

It is for the same reason he repeats the words I have cited above: he obtrudes (by that repetition) the disadvantages under which he laboured, upon the observation of the reader, for fear he should impute the loss of the victory to his want of skill.

Neptor says that these Moliones overpowered him by their number. The critics, as Eustathius remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal story, that when Neptor was ready to enter the lists against these brothers, he objected against them as unfair adversaries, (for it must be remembered that they were monsters that grew together, and consequently had four hands to Neptor's two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determined, that as they grew together, so they ought to be considered as one man.

Others tell us that they brought several chariots into the lists, whose charioteers combined together in favour of Eurytus and Ceatus, these brother-monsters.

Others say, that the multitude of the spectators conspired to disappoint Neptor.

I thought it necessary to give my reader these several conjectures that he might understand why Neptor says he was overpowered by Πλῆθος, or numbers; and also, because it confirms my former observation, that Neptor is very careful to draw his own picture in the strongest colours, and to shew it in the fairest light.

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Ver. 721.] His original is very lively and expressive:
No more, dear youth! my limbs and feet are firm;
Nor from each shoulder play my pliant hands.
BOOK XXIII.  HOMER'S ILIAD,  137

Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game,  725
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,  730
Surpast Iphyculus in the swift career,
Pyleus and Polydorus, with the spear.
The sons of Achor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force;
For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey  735
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the courfers, while one rul'd the reins.

Ver. 729.] Thus, more exactly to the original, and with a
happy riddance of a vile accent, contrary to the example of his
predecessors in translation:
I Clytomedes quell'd in fights of hand,
And, wrestling, threw Ancæus on the sand.

Ver. 731.] I prefer Ogilby, thus corrected:
Iphicles I outran: my javelin bore
The prize from Pyleus and from Polydore.

Ver. 737.] The signification of his original may be thus
presevered:
Before me stood, while, with united pains—
Ogilby has an elegant turn at this passage, conformably to his
author:
These brothers twins; one well the reins did guide,
Guide well the reins, the whip the other ply'd:
the numbers of which might be thus smoothed and cemented:
Twin-brothers they: one well the reins could guide,
Guide well the reins; his whip the second ply'd.
Compare the note on Iliad xxii. 167. xx. 421.
Such once I was! Now to these talks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent) Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well can't pay.
May the just Gods return another day.

Proud of the gift, thus spake the Full of Days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the caestus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large and round.

---

Ver. 751.] This couplet has but little resemblance to its original, and the rhymes are almost the same with the preceding. Thus?

He heard this praise attentive, and again,
When Neftor ended, join'd th' expectant train.

Our translator, I presume, had in mind a verse of Dryden, at

The champion then, before Aeneas came;
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame.
Achilles rising, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay; 765
The vanquish’d bear the massy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epæus chose,
High o’er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz’d the beast, and thus began to say:
Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away! 770
(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right? th’ undoubted victor I.
Others, ’tis own’d, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe 775
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter’d carcase off the plain. 780

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Ver. 761.] This couplet is lengthened out from a portion of his author, thus fully exhibited in Chapman’s version:

who best can strike, with high contracted fists.
The Giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,
The great Meceus; who in days of yore 783
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmean race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round; 791
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows, 796
And painful sweat from all their members flows.

Ver. 792. ] This periphrasis is from Dryden, Æn. v. 537;
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death.

Ver. 795. ] Dryden, ver. 569, of the same book;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war:
who found it in Lauderdale's spirited attempt:
And clashing gauntlets flake their fists with fire.

Ver. 796. ] Dryden, ver. 582:
of the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke, along the crackling jaws.
And Ogilby has the thymes of our translator:
On ratling cheeks they bal ance blows with blows,
Till sweat their limbs in trickling stream o'er-flow.
At length Epæus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's resisless sway
Down dropt he, nerveless and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting; not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;

Ver. 802.] No comparison could possibly be devised more
accurate and lively, or more truly descriptive of that instantaneous
spring upwards, frequently occasioned by a blow upon the temples;
but the purpose and language of the master poet are most miserably
misconceived by Dacier, Cowper, and our translator; less so by
Chapman and Ogilby, but properly understood by Hobbes alone;
whose version is this:

As when the sea is curl'd by Zephyrus,
A little fish leaps up and falls again;
So started at the stroak Euryalus,
And fainted.

I shall endeavour to communicate, but with some diffusion, for
the sake of clearness, a more exact resemblance of the great poet's
phraseology in the dregs of a blank version:

As, by the weedy shore, beneath the curl
Of shivering Boreas, springs a fish in air,
And in the black wave disappares at once:
Thus from the blow the champion sprang aloft.

This sportive humour of fish in a gentle breeze is well known to
those who have frequented the banks of river; and takes place
probably in the sea also, if it be necessary to understand the original
passage as respecting the sea in particular.

Ver. 805.] There is nothing of this in Homer, but the trans-
lator annexed it to round his exhibition of the simile.
Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng,
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrpnt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought:
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.

Ver. 811.] Thus Dryden, Æn. v. 625:

His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd through the hiffing throng,
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.

Ver. 817.] The rhyme is beyond all mortal sufferance. The following attempt may be something better:

At twice six oxen Greece esteem'd the prize.

Ver. 819. A female captive, valu'd but at four.] I cannot in civility neglect a remark upon this passage by Madam Dacier, who highly refects the affront put upon her sex by the ancients, who set (it seems) thrice the value upon a tripod as upon a beautiful female slave: nay, she is afraid the value of women is not raised even in our days; for she says there are curious persons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the finest woman alive: I confess I entirely agree with the lady, and must impute such opinions of the fair sex to want of taste in both ancients and moderns: the reader may remember that these tripods were of no
Scarcè did the chief the vig'rous strife propose,
When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulysses rose. 821
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at distance fixt: 825

use, but made entirely for show; and consequently the most saty-
rical critic could only say, the woman and tripod ought to have
borne an equal value.

Ver. 820.] The translator abridges his original, who may be
literally given thus:

He stood erect, and thus addressed the Greeks:
Rife ye, who this game also will attempt,
He said: great Telamoniaan Ajax rose,
And sage Ulysses, in all sleights expert.

Ver. 822.] More accurately,
Amid the ring, equipp'd, each rival stands.

Ver. 823.] Milton had preceded our poet in his use of this
word in its primitive and classical acceptation: Par. Lost. vii. 323:
And both with frizzled hair implicit.
Pope seems too to have cast his eye on Hobbes:
And one another with twin'd arms embrace.

But the whole passage is strangely misrepresented and disguised
by our translator, as the reader will discover from the following
literal attempt:

Their hands with sturdy gripe each other seiz'd;
Compacted, as beams of some tall dome, conjoin'd
By skilful artists, sedulous to ward
The piercing winds. Their backs, with vigour wrench'd,
Crackt in their hands; the watery sweat stream'd down:
Wheals, o'er their sides and shoulders, frequent sprang,
Purpled with blood; whilst each incessant strives,
Of conquest eager, for the well-wrought vase:

which carries us down to verse 834 of our translator.
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wint'ry wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the center stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife ev'n tir'd thelookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon.
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.

Ver. 826. *Like two strong rafters, &c.* I will give the reader the words of Eustathius upon this similitude, which very happily represents the wrestlers in the posture of wrestling. Their heads leaned one against the other, like the rafters that support the roof of a house; at the foot they are disjointed, and stand at a greater distance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in these two wrestlers, while they contend for victory.

Ver. 837. Thus, with more fidelity to the language of his author:

*The firm resistance of his sturdy foe.*

Ver. 839. Rather,

*Thus spake the mighty son of Telamon,*
BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD.

He said; and straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle struck: the giant fell supine: Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling thro' the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:

Ver. 844.] To avoid this ungraceful elision, I should correct:
To foil his foe; and where ——.

Ver. 845.] He should have rendered, I apprehend, the ham or hip, with the other translators, rather than the ankle.

Ver. 847.] Homer says only,
the people with amazement gaz'd;
but our poet might be led by Ogilby:
volly'd about refound;
or by Dacier: "Les troupes, ravies d' admiration, poussent de grands cris, et élevent jusqu' aux cieux le fils de Laërte."

Ver. 849. He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise.] The poet by this circumstance excellently maintains the character of Ajax, who has all along been described as a strong, unwieldy warriour: he is so heavy, that Ulysses can scarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that Ajax locked his leg within that of Ulysses, or that Ulysses did it. Eustathius observes, that if Ajax gave Ulysses this shock, then he may be allowed to have some appearance of an equality in the contest; but if Ulysses gave it, then Ajax must be acknowledged to have been foiled: but (continues he) it appeared to be otherwise to Achilles, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, because they were equal in the contest.

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His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd; 850
And grappling close, they tumble side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize. 855
Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, restrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey, 860
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.

Madam Dacier misrepresents Eustathius on this place, in saying
he thinks it was Ulysses who gave the second stroke to Ajax,
whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines
otherwise in conjunct with the judgment given by Achilles.  P.

Ver. 850.] I see no ambiguity in the original. The second
stroke was given by Ulysses.

Ver. 856.] Chapman displays considerable dexterity in a close
and faithful version of this short address:
No more tug one another thus, nor moyle yourselves; receive
Prize equall; conquest crownes ye both; the lifts to others
leave.

Ver. 861.] Thus Hobbes:
And from their bodies wipt the dust away.
But I should banish the concluding line of the triplet, which is
partly interpolated, by this substitution in the present verse;
Their veiots put on, and wipe the dust away.
And now succeed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended good Eurnæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spare'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the fame hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.

A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.

Ver. 866.] His original prescribes,
By none in curious workmanship excell'd: but our translator took his supplement from Chapman, who more fully exhibits the emphatical language of his author:

A boule, beyond comparison
(Both for the fine and workmanship) past all the boules of earth;
and his rhymes from Ogilby:
Next gifts he plac'd for runners who excel'd,
A silver goblet which six gallons hold.

Ver. 870.] The Lemnian port is engrafted on his original from Dacier: "Elle auroit été apportée sur les vaisseaux des Pheniciens, "qui étaient abordés à Lemnos, en avoient fait présent au roi "Thoas."

Ver. 876.] Insufferable rhymes! from Ogilby.
Achilles rising then bespok the train: 879
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.

The hero said, and starting from his place,
Oilean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpaft
His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand; 885
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All start at once; Oileus led the race;
The next Ulysses, meaf'ring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped;
As closely following as the running thread 890

This for the first; then for the second place'd
A steer, and half a talent for the last:
Thus, perhaps; not less exactly:
An ox the second gains, of ample size;
Half a gold-talent for the hindmost lies.

Ver. 881. Ogilby just below:

Each one takes his place;
Achilles marks the period for the race.

Ver. 890. Ogilby's translation appears to me very laudable, and is in length correspondent to his author:
Near as the shuttle to a woman's breast,
When in her loom she weaves some curious stuff,
Swift intermingling with her warp the woofe;
by which the reader will see, that nothing could be easily suppos'd
more dissimilar to his author, than Pope's translation; but he seems
to have caught his conception of the passage from Chapman, who is
most luxuriantly diffuse:
BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 149

The spindle follows, and displays the charms;
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep e'er the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays; 895
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise,

And as a ladie at her loome, being young and beauteous,
Her sike-shittle close to her breast (with grace that doth inflame,
And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from her frame
Her gentle thread; which she unwinds, with ever at her breast,
Gracing her faire hand.

Ver. 893.] Ogilby is much more just:
So near Ulysses after Ajax flies,
His steps reprinting e'er the dust could rise:
for this fancy of gracefull motion is altogether foreign to his author
and the subject. The original runs exactly thus:

---------- so near Ulysses ran, and prest
His footstps, e'er the dust was scatter'd round:

but our poet still sticks to Chapman:

---------- juvat usque morari
Et conferre gradum;

for thus that translator:

---------- So close still, and with such interest
In all mens likings, Ithacus, unwound, and spent the race.
By him before; tooke out his steps, with putting in their place,
Promptly and gracefull his owne; sprinkl'd the dust before,

Ver. 896.] The sense of Homer, which corresponds to these three verses, may be thus exhibited:

---------- the Greeks with loud acclaim
His thirst of victory prompt, and urge his speed.

L 3
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
Assist, O goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought, descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the flipp'ry shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore.

Ver. 898.] This verse is modelled from one of Dryden's,
Æn. v. 857;
He sent his voice before him as he flew;
compare the note on book xiv. verse 172.

Ver. 899.] Where our poet found his specific number of three
times, I have not been able to discover.

Ver. 901. Assist, O goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd.)] Nothing
could be better adapted to the present circumstance of Ulysses than
this prayer; it is short, and ought to be so, because the time would
not allow him to make a longer; nay he prefers this petition
mentally, &c. \\

Ver. 903.] This fine couplet has occurred in nearly the same
words before, book xix. verse 418.

Ver. 907.] Ogilby's couplet is preferable in point of adherence
to the language of his author. I shall give it to the reader with
slight correction:

(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire) 910
Besmeared with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to fight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast, 915
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addrest.

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a goddes was my foe;
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day. 920

Where slaughter'd oxen's blood had dy'd the plain,
Patroclus' victims by Achilles slain.

Ver. 911.] Thus Dryden, Æn. v. 433:
He fell, besmeared with filth and holy gore:
where an attentive reader will discover one of those oblique strokes of satire on the priesthood, which this great poet omitted no occasion to indulge, "in season and out of season;" though, in this instance, it was ready to his hands in Lauderdale. But there is something in Pope's couplet neither easy nor accurate. Thus?

Obscene to fight, his nostrils and his eyes
With ordure fill'd, the ruthless racer lies.

Ver. 912.] This epithet is very happy, but was suggested by Chapman:

and left his lips, nose, eyes,
Ruthlessly smother'd.

Ver. 916.] Or, conformably to his original:

And, sputtering filth, be thus the Greeks addrest:
but our poet, I see, has introduced the thought after the speech.
Thus fourly wail’d he, sput’t’ring dirt and gore,
A burst of laughter echo’d thro’ the shore,
Antilochus, more hum’rous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jeft.

Why with our wi’ser elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise;
(A green old age unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace;

Ver. 924. And takes it with a jeft.] Antilochus comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he insinuates, that he has something to comfort himself with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the same protection, since it is a privilege of seniorty. Dacier. P.

Ver. 925.] This speech is but loosely rendered. Let the reader accept a literal representation of it; in what appears to me it’s proper spirit:

Friends! I but tell you what ye know; that still
Th’ immortals honour men of riper years,
Ajax is somewhat older than myself;
But he belongs to generations past,
A vigorous gray-beard! all allow; and hard
To beat in racing, but by Peleus’ son,

Ver. 929.] The former clause is the precise expression of his author, which Virgil is known to have adopted. Dryden’s translation at the place alluded to, Æn. vi. 420, is excellent:

He look’d in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.

For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th'effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries, 935
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his fire. 940

Next these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings;
Cast on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.

ver. 933. For who can match Achilles? There is great part in these transient compliments to Achilles: that hero could not possibly shew his own superiority in these games by contending for any of the prizes, because he was the exhibiter of the sports; but Homer has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race Achilles is represented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he speaks it himself, the poet brings it in so happily, that he speaks it without any indecency: and in this place Antilochus with a very good grace tells Achilles, that in the foot-race no one can dispute the prize with him. Thus though Diomed and Ulysses conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only because Achilles is not their antagonist.

P.

Ver. 938.] Our poet loses sight of his author in the three lines before us, as may be seen from Ogilby's version, which is faithful:
Take half a talent more. And as he speaks
The gold presents him, which he gladly takes.

Ver. 942.] The latter part of this verse is superfluous interpolation by the translator, for his own convenience. Ogilby is good:
This done, Achilles brought into the field
A wondrous javelin, cast and glittering shield.
Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries) 945  
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize!  
Now grace the lifts before our army's fight,  
And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.  
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,  
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore; 950  
The sword, Asteropeus possess'd of old,  
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)  
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side;  
These arms in common let the chiefs divide;  
Foreach brave champion, when the combat ends,  
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends. 956  
Fierce at the word, uprose great Tydeus' son,  
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

Ver. 949, *Who first the jointed armour shall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been shocked at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in sport should thus contend for their lives; and therefore Aristophanes the grammarian made this alteration in the verses;  
Οὐκ ἑκάτερος τὸν πρῶτον ἐκφράζετο καθαρῷ ἔργῳ, Θέα μεν ἀκατάστατον διὰ ἑαυτῆς, &c.  

But it is evident that they entirely mistook the meaning and intention of Achilles; for he that gave the first wound was to be accounted the victor. How could Achilles promise to entertain them both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them should fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of skill, and as such single combats were frequent in the wars of those ages against adversaries, so this was proposed only to show the dexterity of the combatants in that exercise. Eustathius.

Ver. 951.] The proper enunciation of the name might have been preferred by writing thus:  
The sword Asteropeus own'd of old;  
but the phrase of old is a botch for the rhyme's sake; as he had taken the armour from Asteropeus but the day before.
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand;
Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the sight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight,
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.

A furious pass the spear of Ajax made
Thro' the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd;
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.

Ver. 967.] Mr. Cowper thus translates:
Then Tydeus' son, heer o'er the ample disk
Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck:
which is wholly contrary to the intention of Homer, who should be represented thus:

In turn, Tydides o'er the spacious shield
His lance was aiming ever at the neck:
or, with more emphatical delineation, to exhibit the unvarying and repeated efforts of the combatant to effect that vital stroke, whose perseverance at such a dangerous attempt alarmed the Greeks, we may thus model the couplet:

But his sharp lance Tydides o'er the shield
Was aiming still, and aiming, at the neck:
in humble imitation of the two finest verses that ever were written:

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens, on the soul.

Diomed made no stroke, as Dacier also mistakenly supposed, and carried the misconception to a still greater length: "Diomede prenant habilement fon tems porte fon coup par-dessus le bouclier d'Ajax avec tant de justesse, que du bout de sa pique il lai efflue le cou:" when the original expressions are so perfectly clear as to forbid a moment's doubt upon the subject.
But Greece now trembling for her hero’s life,  
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.  
Yet still the victor’s due Tydides gains,  
With him the sword and studded belt remains.  
Then hurl’d the hero, thund’ring on the ground  
A mass of iron, (an enormous round)  
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,  
Rude from the furnace, and but shap’d by fire.

Ogilby is right:  
When Diomed charging, aim’d still at his neck:  
and Hobbes:  
But still at Ajax neck Tydides aim’d,  
Above his shield still pushing with his spear.  
Our poet’s couplet may be thus more accurately adjusted:  
His javelin still Tydides aim’d above  
The buckler’s rim; still at the neck he drove.

Ver. 971. Yet still the victor’s due Tydides goes.] Achilles in  
this place acts the part of a very just arbitrator: though the combat  
did not proceed to a full issue, yet Diomed had evidently the  
advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as victor,  
because he would have been victorious, had not the Greeks  
interposed.  
I could have wished that the poet had given Ajax the prize in  
some of these contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant soldier,  
and has been described as repelling a whole army: yet in all these  
sports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this  
representation, not only to shew, that strength without conduct is  
usually unsuccessful, but also his design might be to compliment the  
Greeks his countrymen; by shewing that this Ajax, who had  
repelled a whole army of Trojans, was not able to conquer any one  
of the Grecian worthies: for we find him overpowered in three of  
these exercises.  
  
Ver. 975.] This line is an addition from the translator.
This mighty quoit Aëtion went to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismifs in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he šlow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.

For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise,
Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be
supply'd
From hence: nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Ver. 985. If he be one, enrich'd, &c.] The poet in this place
speaks in the simplicity of ancient times: the prodigious weight and
size of the quoit is described with a noble plainness, peculiar to the
Oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of those heroick ages.
He does not set down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron,
neither as to its bigness nor weight, but as to the use it will be of
to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the ancients in
the prizes they proposed, had in view not only the honourable, but
the useful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the
provision of iron. Besides, it must be remembered, that in those
times iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this scarcity, is, that
their arms were brass. Eustathius. Dacier.

Ver. 990.] Homer makes no enumeration of particulars: these
our poet found in Chapman:

—and so needs for his carre,
His plow, or other tools of thrift, much iron.
Stern Polypetes stept before the throng. And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Uprose great Ajax; up Epæus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epæus threw;
High o'er the wond'ring crowds the whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a little space surpast,
And third, the strength of god-like Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; 'till fiercely flung
From Polypetes' arm, the discus sung:
Far, as a swain his whirling sheeplook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,
So past them all the rapid circle flies:

His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.

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Ver. 996. Thus Ogilby:

but the words of his author dictate,
High o'er the laughing crowds;
at the awkwardness of the man's appearance probably, from immoderate straining at the weight. So Chapman judiciously:

—Up it went; and up he toss'd it so,
That laughter took all up the field.

Dacier makes an unsuccessful attempt at an union of both ideas:
"Les Grecs jettent des cris de joie qui marquent leur admiration."

Ver. 997. Our poet goes beyond his author, who says no more than Ogilby has given:

—next him strong Leontius throwes:
but Dacier guided Pope: "Leontée la lance après lui et le paffe."
Those, who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,
('Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whose weapon strikes yon' flutt'ring bird, shall bear
These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the founding arrow flies;
But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice.

Ver. 1006.] Mr. Cowper's version perspicuously represents the passage:
The archer's prize Achilles next proposed,
Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
Of steel convertible to arrow-points.

Ver. 1012.] Thus Dryden, Æn. v. 650:
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly:
which is taken from Lauderdale, one word alone excepted.

Ver. 1015.] The words terrible in war are interpolated by the translator, to gain a rhyme, which is itself not tolerable. Thus?
Who strikes the flutt'ring bird, shall win the day,
And the best axes to his tent convey.
No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
To Phoebus, patron of the shaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd: 1025
A-down the main-mast fell the parted string,
And the free bird to heav'n displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above, 1030
And following with his eye the soaring dove,

Ver. 1024.] Thus, more expressive of his author:
Thy shaft, by his displeasure turn'd aside—.
Ver. 1028.] His author says, rather,
With loud applauds shout the Gracians round:
but our translator was on every occasion eager to exaggerate, and
catching at the marvellous. Ogilby led the way:
Sheering the knot: the foars; down drops the string,
And with loud clamour heavens vast arches ring.

Ver. 1029.] The following translation, I apprehend, gives a
just view of this difficult passage:
Merion in haste snatch'd from his hand the bow;
His shaft long since prepar'd, whilst Teucer aim'd.
Dacier alone gives the truth, but not the whole truth: "Merion
" qui tenoit sa flêche toute prête, ne perd point de temps, il sait
" l'arc de Teucer—.

Ver. 1030. He takes the bow.] There having been many
editions of Homer, that of Marsilles represents these two rivals in
archery as using two bows in the contest; and reads the verses thus:

Σεαρκχάμας ο θυμόν αεί πολιον ιάθεν κατ' αίχη
Τάξιν ο γὰς χείρον ἢς πάλμα, ὡς ἰθύνη.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of Antimachus,
with this only difference, that he reads it
Implores the god to speed it thro’ the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro’ and thro’ the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, e’er yet she breath’d her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.

It is evident that these archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by these means the one had no advantage over the other, because both of them shot with the same bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the best, where the lines stand thus:

Συμμετείχαντες μεν Μεριώνος και Πείρος οι Τεῦκροι,
Τόθεν, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἔχουσαν τὰ χείλη ἀνοίγειν. Eustathius.

This Teucer is the most eminent man for archery of any through the whole Iliad, yet he is here excelled by Meriones: and the poet ascribes his miscarriages to the neglect of invoking Apollo, the god of archery; whereas Meriones, who invokes him, is crowned with success. There is an excellent moral in this passage, and the poet would teach us, that without addressing to heaven we cannot succeed: Meriones does not conquer because he is the better archer, but because he is the better man.

Ver. 1031.] This much resembles the version of Barbin:
"Mais Merione regardeait le vol de l’oiseau, et il le poursuivoit."

Ver. 1041.] His original says,
Then distant dropt ——:

but our poet has given an exact version of a line in Virgil, Geo.

iii. 547.

M
From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.
To close the fun'ral games, Achilles laft
A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unfullied frame,
With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize; Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.

Et illæ
Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.
Ver. 1042. Thus, more fully and accurately,
While gaz'd the concourse with admiring eyes,
He takes the first, his foe the second prize.

Ver. 1051. Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.] There is an admirable conduct in this passage; Agamemnon never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; so that he is a candidate for this, only to honour Patroclus and Achilles. The decency which the poet ufed both in the choice of the game, in which Agamemnon is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a contest, is very remarkable: the game was a warlike exercife, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a contest is a decency judiciously observed, because no one ought to be suppos'd to excel the general in any military art; Agamemnon does justice to his own charafter, for whereas he had been reprefented by Achilles in the opening of the poem as a covetous person, he now puts in for the prize that is of the leaft value, and generously gives even that to Talthybius. Eustathius.

As to this laft particular, of Agamemnon's prefenting the charger to Talthybius, I cannot but be of a different opinion. It had been
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said.

Thee first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim; 1055
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their best.

Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beauteous javelin in thy brother's war.

an affront to Achilles not to have accepted of his present on this occasion, and I believe the words of Homer:

Ταλθυβίς πάνυ δίδυ περιμελλός δόλων.

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ships; Talthybius being by his office an attendant upon Agamemnon.

Eustathius is misrepresented on this occasion. He only speaks of the interpretation in question, as adopted by some, without signifying his own approbation of it; which so good a judge of his author's language was not likely to confer on such a groundless imagination.

Ver. 1055.] We may correct the rhyme by this substitution:

all thy Gracians deem.

Ver. 1056.] His original says merely,

All in his martial game——:

but he seems to have followed Dacier, who is equally general:

"Il n'y a personne ici qui ne se cache que vous n'êtes pas moins au-dessus de tous les généraux de l'armée, par votre force et par votre adresse, que par votre puissance."

Ver. 1058.] Thus his author, literally:

Thou to the navy with this prize retire;
But to bold Merion let us give the spear.
Thus I prescribe, but not without thy will:
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear: 1061
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

it is plain, therefore, that Dacier's translation suggested, though
indirectly, the fanciful interpolation of our poet: "Et si vous le
voulez bien, nous donnerons à Merion cette lance, qu'il tiendra
bientôt du sang de vos ennemis."

Ver. 1062.) This intervening clause is interpolated by the
translator.
A COMPARISON

BETWEEN THE GAMES

OF

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

It will be expected I should here say something tending to a comparison between the games of Homer and those of Virgil. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural passions, in the games and persons of Homer. On the other hand, there seems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verse in those of Virgil. The chariot-race is that which Homer has most laboured, of which Virgil being sensible, he judiciously avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and substituted in its place the naval-course, or ship-race. It is in this the Roman poet has employed all his force, as if set on purpose to rival his great master; but it is extremely observable how constantly he keeps Homer in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had varied the subject itself. Accordingly
the accidents of the naval course have a strange resemblance with those of Homer's chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that description into a simile. Do not we see he has Homer's chariots in his head, by these lines;

"Non tam precipites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcerem currus.
Nec sic immittis auriga undantia lora
Concussere jugis, prolique in verbera pendent."

Æn. v. ver. 144.

What is the encounter of Cloanthus and Gyas in the strait between the rocks, but the same with that of Menelaus and Antilochus in the hollow way? Had the galley of Sergeustus been broken, if the chariot of Eumelus had not been demolished? Or Mnesheus been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat? Does not Mnesheus exhort his rowers in the very words Antilochus had used to his horses?

"Non jam prima peto Mnesheus, neque vincere certo.
Quamquam O! sed superent quibus hoc Neptune dedisti;
Extremos pudeat redissite! hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas"——

"Εμεθήνοι, καὶ ζφωί τιλαινείον οτίς τάχισιν.
"Η τοι μίν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν ὡς κελεύω
Τυδείδεω ἵπποισι δαίψρον ὑπεροί, οἴσιν Ἀθήνι
Νῦν ὄρεξε τάχος —
Ἔτεκες δ' Ἀλπείδα μεν ξανάειε, μηδε λιππόθαν,
Καρπαλίμως, μν' ζφωίν ἐλεῖχέν μαλαξεύη
Αἴθην Ἅλλος ἔωσα ——

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Upon the whole, the description of the sea-race I think has the more poetry and majesty, that of the chariots more nature, and lively incidents. There is nothing in Virgil so picturesque, so animated, or which so much marks the characters, as the episodes of Antilochus and Menelaus, Ajax and Idomeneus, with that beautiful interposition of old Nestor, (so naturally introduced into an affair where one so little expects him.) On the other side, in Virgil the description itself is nobler; it has something more ostentatiously grand, and seems a spectacle more worthy the presence of princes and great persons.

In three other games we find the Roman poet contending openly with the Grecian. That of the Cæstus is in great part a verbal translation: but it must be owned in favour of Virgil, that he has varied from Homer in the event of the combat with admirable judgment and with an improvement of the moral. Epéeus and Dares are described by both poets as vain boasters; but Virgil with more poetical justice punishes Dares for his arrogance, whereas the presumption and pride of Epéeus is rewarded by Homer.

On the contrary, in the foot-race, I am of opinion that Homer has shewn more judgment and morality than Virgil. Nisos in the latter is unjust to his adversary in favour of his friend Euryalus; so that Euryalus wins the race by a palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the first prize; whereas Homer makes Ulysses victorious, purely through the mis-
chance of Ajax, and his own piety in invoking Minerva.

The shooting is also a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumstances which make a beautiful gradation. In Homer the first archer cuts the string that held the bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In Virgil the first only hits the mast which the bird was fixed upon, the second cuts the string, the third shoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the strength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This last is certainly superior to Homer in what they call the wonderful: but what is the intent or effect of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at least as much surprized at it, as at the most unreasonable parts in Homer, I leave to those criticks who are more inclined to find faults than I am: nor shall I observe upon the many literal imitations in the Roman poet, to object against which were to derogate from the merit of those fine passages, which Virgil was so very sensible of, that he was resolved to take them, at any rate, to himself.

There remain in Homer three games untouched by Virgil; the wrestling, the single combat, and the Ilios. In Virgil there is only the Lusus Troiae added, which is purely his own, and must be confess to be inimitable; I do not know whether I may be allowed to say, it is worth all those three of Homer?
I could not forgive myself if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the sixth Thebaid of Statius; it is by much the most beautiful book of that poem. It is very remarkable, that he has followed Homer through the whole course of his games: there is the chariot-race, the foot-race, the Discus, the Cæsus, the wrestling, the single combat (which is put off in the same manner as in Homer) and the shooting; which last ends (as in Virgil) with a prodigy: yet in the particular descriptions of each of these games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predecessors, and his poem is so much the worse for it.
THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.
THE ARGUMENT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

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

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.
Now from the finish’d games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
All stretch’d at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign’d,
His friend’s dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv’d to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.

Ver. 5.] Little more than three verses of his author are here expanded by the translator into eight. Let the reader accept a literal translation:

but Achilles still
Thought of his friend, and wept: all-conquering sleep
Subdu’d not him, whilst here and there he tost;
Regretting dear Patroclus’ gentle worth.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.

Ver. 14. What feat they measur'd, &c.] There is something very noble in these sentiments of Achilles: he does not recollect any past moment, any tenderness that had passed between him and Patroclus, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by sea, in which they had been companions; thus the poet, on all occasions, admirably sustains the character of Achilles; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he sung the achievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatness in his very sorrows: Achilles is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This passage in Homer has not escaped the censure of Plato, who thought it a diminution in his character to be thus transported with grief; but the objection will vanish, if we remember that all the passions of Achilles are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have represented him as mourning moderately for his friend. Plato spoke more like a philosopher than a critic when he blamed the behaviour of Achilles as unmanly: these tears would have ill become Plato, but they are graceful in Achilles.

Besides, there is something very instructive in this whole representation; it shews us the power of a sincere friendship, and softens and recommends the character of Achilles; the violence he used towards his enemy is alleviated by the sincerity he expresses towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but amiable friend.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay; Now shifts his side, impatient for the day: Then starting up, disconsolate he goes Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 

These as the solitary mourner raves, The ruddy morning rises o’er the waves: Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join’d; The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind. 

And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument Was Hector dragg’d, then hurry’d to the tent. There sleep at last o’ercomes the hero’s eyes; While foul in dust th’ unhonour’d carcase lies, 

But not deserted by the pitying skies.

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Ver. 21.] The term *raves* is not common in this use, but may be approved, I think, on this occasion, as emphatically significant of that outrageous and distracting sorrow, which the loss of his friend had excited in Achilles. It seems, however, as if Chapman’s version had suggested the expression:

_____________he saw the morn
Shew sea and shore his extase.

Ver. 22.] The older French translator is the only one of our poet’s predecessors, that has at all preferred the force and propriety of the original in this place. I would propose the following alterations:

The *rays of morn,* advancing o’er the waves,
To yoke his furious steeds the chief remind—.

Ogilby at this place makes an unusual exertion, nor altogether unsuccessfully, to attain poetic elegance:

Soon as Aurora with a tender ray
Spread silver blossoms of the budding day,
He joins his steeds.

Ver. 27.] This misrepresents his author, who only says that Achilles restored himself. Our poet might be misled by Chapman:
For Phoebus watch'd it with superiour care, Preferv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air; And ignominious as it swept the field, Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shiel'd. All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go By stealth to snatch him from the insulting foe: But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies, And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:

All this past, in his pavilion Rest feiz'd him.

Ver. 30. For Phoebus watch'd it, &c.] Euflathius says, that by this shield of Apollo, are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the sun, which cooling and qualifying the sultriness of the air, preserved the body from decay: but perhaps the poet had something farther in his eye when he introduced Apollo upon this occasion: Apollo is a physician and the God of medicines: if therefore Achilles used any arts to preserve Hector from decay, that he might be able the longer to insult his remains, Apollo may properly be said to protect it with his Eegis.

Ver. 32.] Thus Ogilby:
The corps protecting with his golden shield From scratches batter'd thus about the field.

Ver. 36. But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies.] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem: he shews that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of Hector, but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interposition of Mercury, makes use of ordinary methods, and Priam redeems his son: this gives an air of probability to the relation, at the same time that it advances the glory of Achilles; for the greatest of his enemies labours to purchase his favour, the Gods hold a consultation, and a king becomes a suppliant. Euflathius.

Thofe seven lines, from Κλήσεις ἔτρεψασκε to Μαχαλάτων ἀλληγωθε, have been thought spurious by some of the ancients: they judged it as an indecency that the Goddess of Wisdom and Achilles should
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
The charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.

be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majesty of the gods to be said to steal. Besides, say they, had Homer been acquainted with the judgment of Paris, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and consequently that story was of a later invention: and Arisarchus affirms that μακλαρον is a more modern word, and never known before the time of Hesiod, who uses it when he speaks of the daughters of Prætus; and adds, that it is appropriated to signify the incontinence of women, and cannot be at all applied to men: therefore others read the last verse,

"Η ει μακαρονια δεις ὅπως.

These objections are entirely gathered from Buthathlus: to which we may add, that Macrobius seems to have been one of those who rejected these verses, since he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of Paris. It may be answered, that the silence of Homer in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of Paris, is no argument that he was ignorant of that story: perhaps he might think it most proper to unfold the cause of the destruction of Troy in the conclusion of the Iliad; that the reader seeing the wrong done, the punishment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the justice of it.

The same reason will be an answer to the objection relating to the anger of Pallas: Wisdom cannot be satisfied without Justice, and consequently Pallas ought not to cease from resentment, till Troy has suffered the deserts of her crimes.

I cannot think that the objection about the word μακλαρον is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of Homer and Hesiod, so neither can any person be assured that such words were not in use in Homer's days.

Ver. 39.] Ogilby is more accurate and concise:

When they and Venus to his cottage came,
For lust-rewards prefer'd the Cyprian dame.

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HOMER's ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.

But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spake.
Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain?

And can ye still his cold remains pursuie?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans view?
Deny to comfort, mother, son, and fire,
The last sad honours of a fun'r'al fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?

That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.

Ver. 52. A lion, not a man, &c.] This is a very formal con-
demnation of the morals of Achilles, which Homer puts into the
mouth of a god. One may see from this alone that he was far from
designing his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully intro-
duces Apollo in the midst of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's
praises with his blemishes; Brave the be be, &c. Thus what is the
real merit of Achilles is distinguished from what is blamable in his
character, and we see Apollo or the God of Wisdom, is no less
impartial than just in his representation of Achilles.

Ver. 53.] A small obligation seems due to Chapman:

but lion-like; uplandish, and neere wilde;
Slave to his pride.

Ver. 55.] Fidelity may be promoted by a trivial correction:

Invades the fold, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul, nor understood;
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,

Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this infatiate the commission giv'n
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth insensible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.

If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.

Ver. 57.] More perspicuously, I think, and correctly, thus:
Their greatest evil, or their greatest good.

Ver. 58.] Thus? more closely to the original, and more concisely:
A nearer loss may prove some other's doom;
A brother's, or a son's, untimely tomb;
But soon in tears that sorrow finds relief.
Fate gives mankind a soul to suffer grief.

Ver. 68.] The rhymes are vicious. May we thus correct?
Brave tho' he be, no rules of right confine;
No human feeling, and no law divine.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,  
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:  
Achilles of your own æthereal race  
Springs from a goddess, by a man's embrace;  
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,  
A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)  
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode  
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god  
(Well pleas'd to share the feast,) amid the quire  
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thund'r'er checks th' imperial dame:  
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;  
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.  
But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace  
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:  
Still on our shrines his graceful off'ring lay,  
(The only honours men to gods can pay)  
Nor ever from our smoking altar cease  
The pure libation, and the holy feast.

Ver. 78.] More accurately, thus:
A goddess, fondly nurs'd by me, and giv'n
A bride to Peleus, chosen friend of heav'n.

Ver. 82.] Thus, with more fidelity:
Unfriendly! faintless still! amid the quire
(Well-pleas'd to share the banquet) tun'd his lyre.

Ver. 92.] A most graceful and melodious line!
Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure Queen; let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.

He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies,
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the fable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreds,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves
refound)
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.

Ver. 93.] Our translator follows Chapman and Ogilby in an omission here. The original runs thus:

By stealth avoid we (nor could stealth escape
Achilles) Hector to redeem: so guards
His mother ceaseless, present night and day.

Ver. 100.] Our poetry might bear, perhaps, an exact translation of the original:

With feet of tempest, on the message flies.

Ver. 101.] This is the language of Milton, Par. Lost, xii. 629:

Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides.

Ver. 103.] Homer gives Samos no epithet here, but the island is called woody in the beginning of the thirteenth Iliad.

Ver. 106.] Thus Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 438:
As bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So past the goddess thro' the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:

There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sifters of the sacred main)
Penfive the fat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her god-like son's approaching doom.

Then thus the goddess of the painted bow.

Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below.

— the void profound

Of unessential night:

the inane profundum of Lucertius.

Ver. 114. And wept her god-like son's approaching doom.] These words are very artfully inserted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of Achilles without breaking the action; and therefore to satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumstances as these greatly raise the character of Achilles; he is so truly valiant, that though he knows he must fall before Troy, yet he does not abstain from the war, but courageously meets his death; and here I think it proper to insert an observation that ought to have been made before, which is, that Achilles did not know that Hector was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a single combat, in which he was sure to conquer? the contrary of this is evident from the words of Achilles to Hector just before the combat,

— Πεῖρι γ' ἵππον γ' χειρίστεν

Aἰρατες ἄνω ἀπώ, &c.

I will make no compacts with thee, says Achilles, but one of us shall fall.

P.

An additional coupler, with the rhymes of Ogilby, may be added with great advantage to fidelity:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies) 
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies? 
Sad object as I am for heav'ny fight! 
Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120
     Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd— 
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade, 
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad; 
And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair 125 
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air. 
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise, 
And touch with momentary flight the skies.

There in the light'nings blaze the Sire they found, 
And all the gods in shining synod round. 130
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face, 
(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place)

Too soon approaching! now at hand his fall, 
Far from his country, at the Trojan wall.

Ver. 122.] Chapman expresses his author more fully: 
She said, and tooke a sable vaile; a blacker never wore 
A heavenly shoulder.

Ver. 124.] The two last words are from the translator only, 
but in harmony with the spirit of the context.

Ver. 131.] More distinctly thus: 
She by Jove's side, with anguish in her face, 
Sat down: Minerva gave the mourner place.

N 4
Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;
Maternal sorrows, long; ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;

Ver. 141. Nine days are past, since all the court above, &c.] It may be thought that so many interpositions of the Gods, such messages from heaven to earth, and down to the seas, are needless machines: and it may be imagined that it is an offence against probability that so many Deities should be employed to pacify Achilles: but I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almost at the conclusion, and Achilles is to pass from a state of an almost inexorable resentment to a state of perfect tranquillity; such a change could not be brought about by human means; Achilles is too stubborn to obey any thing less than a God: this is evident from his rejecting the persuasion of the whole Grecian army to return to the battle: so that it appears that this machinery was necessary, and consequent a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that these several incidents proceed from Jupiter: it is by his appointment that so many Gods are employed to attend Achilles. By these means Jupiter fulfils the promise mentioned in the first book, of honouring the son of Thetis, and Homer excellently sustains his character by representing the inexorable Achilles as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of Jupiter.

If the poet had conducted these incidents merely by human
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'Twas voted, Hermes from his god-like foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.

means, or supposed Achilles to restore the body of Hector entirely out of compassion, the draught had been unnatural, because unlike Achilles: such a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Besides, he has made use of the properest personages to carry on the affair: for who could be supposed to have so great an influence upon Achilles as his own mother, who is a goddess?

P.  

Ver. 142.] The following verse is more conformable to his original:
In jars for Hector and Achilles strove.

Ver. 145.] An elegant couplet, but without fidelity. Thus his author:
I to thy son this praise attach, and thus
Secure henceforth thy reverence and thy love.

Ver. 147.] The rhymes are of the most vicious character. Thus? unexceptionably in that respect, and more closely to the language of Homer:
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bring:
Too far he tempts th' immortals, and their king.
His word the silver-footed queen attends; And from Olympus' snowy tops descends. Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament, And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent. His friends prepare the victim, and dispose Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes; The Goddess seats her by her penive son, She prest his hand, and tender thus begun.

How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow; And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?

Ver. 156.] Thus, with a more accurate adherence to the force of his author's language:

And down Olympus, with a spring descends.

Ver. 157.] As Milton, Par. Loff, viii. 244:

But long ere our approaching heard within Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,

Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Ver. 159.] Or rather, if exact fidelity be preferable,

His friends the victim hasten, and dispose.

Ver. 162.] Our poet follows Ogilby in a wrong formation of the verb; (as in numerous other instances not mentioned by me, to avoid an imputation of pedantic and minute discussion) for the convenience of the rhyme:

Then the sad mother by her weeping for
Sate down, and him bemoaning thus begun.

Ver. 164. And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe.] This expression in the original is very particular. Were it to be translated literally, it must be rendered, how long wilt thou eat, or prey upon thy own heart by these sorrows? And it seems that it was a common way of expressing a deep sorrow; and Pythagoras uses it in this sense, μυριτιθυμωμενα, that is, grieve not excessively, let not sorrow make too great an impression upon thy heart. Eustathius.

It were easy to preserve the significant expression of his author:

And thy life waste with heart-devouring woe.
Mundless of food, or Love whose pleasing reign;
Soothes weary life, and softens human pain.
O snatch the moments, yet within thy pow'r;
Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

Ver. 165.] A very delicate and happy turn is here given to the undisguised simplicity of his original.

Ver. 168. — Indulge the am'rous heart] The ancients (says Eustathius) rejected these verses because of the indecent idea they convey: the goddesses in plain terms advise Achilles to go to bed to his mistress, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good bishop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reason he gives is as extraordinary as that of Thetis: Soldiers, says he, have more occasion for something to strengthen themselves with, than for women; and this is the reason, continues he, why wrestlers are forbid all commerce with that sex during the whole time of their exercise.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus endeavours to justify Homer by observing, that this advice of Thetis was not given him to induce him to any wantonness, but was intended to indulge a noble passion, his desire of glory: she advises him to go to that captive who was restored to him in a publick manner to satisfy his honour: to that captive, the detention of whom had been so great a punishment to the whole Grecian army. And therefore Thetis uses a very proper motive to comfort her son, by advising him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewise laboured in Homer's justification; he observes that the poet has set the picture of Achilles in this place in a very fair and strong point of light: though Achilles had so lately received his beloved Briseis from the hands of Agamemnon; though he knew that his own life drew to a certain period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not have to indulge his love: he does not lament Patroclus like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abstains from all pleasure by an excess of sorrow, and the love of his mistress is lost in that of his friend.

This observation excellently justifies Achilles, in not indulging himself with the company of his mistress: the hero indeed prevails
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far.

so much over the lover, that Thetis thinks herself obliged to recall Briseis to his memory. Yet still the indecency remains. All that can be said in favour of Thetis is, that she was mother to Achilles, and consequently might take the greater freedom with her son.

Madam Dacier disapproves of both the former observations: she has recourse to the lawfulness of such a practice between Achilles and Briseis; and because such commerces in those times were reputed honest, therefore she thinks the advice was decent: the married ladies are obliged to her for this observation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their sons are afflicted, will advise them to comfort themselves in this manner.

In short, I am of opinion that this passage outrages decency; and it is a sign of some weakness to have so much occasion of justification. Indeed the whole passage is capable of a serious construction, and of such a sense as a mother might express to a son with decency; and then it will run thus, "Why art thou, my son, thus afflicted? Why thus resigned to sorrow? Can neither sleep nor love divert you? Short is thy date of life, spend it not all in weeping, but allow some part of it to love and pleasure!" But still the indecency lies in the manner of the expression, which must be allowed to be almost obscene, (for such is the word παισσόθ miseri) all that can be said in defence of it is, that as we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in Homer's time, so we ought not entirely to condemn him, because it is possible the expression might not found so indecently in ancient, as in modern ears. P.

Our poet forfeits here by an unnecessary repetition his title to the commendation lately given. Thus, with entire fidelity to Homer's language:

Thy joys cuts short thy transitory date:
Death now stands by thee, and resists thee Fate.

And with respect to the subject of our poet's copious animadversions on the passage, I would observe, that Homer, as a poet, was bound to exhibit human nature in her proper colours, and to delineate a character of his hero conformable to the real manners of the times in which he lived, without considering the delicacy and refinements of society in more advanced periods: which indeed might have required an actual union of prophetic gifts with his poetical.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain;
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To whom Achilles: Be the ransom giv'n,
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n.

While thus they commun'd, from th'Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.
Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem her son:

Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive;
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.

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Ver. 170.] See the note on verse 147, and a similar correction may be substituted for the vicious rhymes in this place also.

Ver. 183.] The accuracy of rhyme may be consulted by this alteration:

Alone; no Trojan must attend him there.

Ver. 189. Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey.] The inter-vention of Mercury was very necessary at this time, and by it the
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;

poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but also pays a compliment to his countrymen the Grecians: they kept so strict a guard that nothing but a God could pass unobserved; this highly recommends their military discipline; and Priam not being able to carry the ransom without a chariot, it would have been an offence against probability to have supposed him able to have passed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the assistance of some deity: Horace had this passage in his view, Ode the 8th of the first book.

"Iniqua Troja castra fessilis."

Those monotonous terminations are not elegant. Better, perhaps, Him Hermes to thee bent shall convey.
The next verse is very fine indeed, and sweetly melodious.

Ver. 191. ———— Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.]

It is observable that every word here is a negative, ἄφεβος, ἀνέρας, ἀληθένς; Achilles is still so angry that Jupiter cannot say he is wise, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him negatively; and barely says he is not a madman, nor perversely wicked.

It is the observation of the ancients, says Eustathius, that all the causes of the sins of man are included in these three words: man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφεβος; or through inadvertency, then he is ἀνέρας; or wilfully and maliciously, and then he is ἀληθένς. So that this description agrees very well with the present disposition of Achilles; he is not ἄφεβος, because his resentment begins to abate; he is not ἀνέρας, because his mother has given him instructions; nor ἀληθένς, because he will not offend against the injunctions of Jupiter.

Thus, more faithfully:

Soon as the car shall reach Achilles' tent,
Himself will spare, and others' rage prevent.
Not senseless he, to virtuous feeling lost,
But prone to venerate a suppliant hoft.

Nor will Ogilby, slightly chastised, dising the reader:
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:

There once arriv'd, Achilles will protect
From murderous bands, and treat with due respect.
Rash he is not, nor fell; but prove to spare,
When humble suitors for his grace repair.

Ver. 195. The winged Iris drives, &c.] Mons. Rapin has been very free upon this passage, where so many machines are made use of, to save Priam to obtain the body of Hector from Achilles. "This "father (says he) who has so much tenderness for his son, who is "so superstitious in observing the funeral ceremonies, and saving "those precious remains from the dogs and vultures; ought he not "to have thought of doing this himself, without being thus expressly "commanded by the Gods? Was there need of a machine to "make him remember that he was a father?" But this critic entirely forgets what rendered such a conduct of absolute necessity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and state, upon Priam's putting himself into the power of his most inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering Hector, and of discharging his funeral rites (which were looked upon by the ancients of so high importance) and therefore the message from Jupiter to encourage Priam, with the assistance of Mercury to conduct him, and to prepare Achilles to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: it was dignus vindice nodus, as Horace expresses it.

Ogilby is very exact, and might easily be made poetical:
This said, to Troy with speed the goddess flies:
Entering the court, which rung with distant cries.
Our translator might possibly be led to his fancy by Chapman's version:
This said, the rainbow to her feet, tied whirlwinds, and the place
Reacht instantly.
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sat bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary fire,
(Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire
Conceal'd from sight; with frantick hands he spread
A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penfive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;

Ver. 200. His face, his wrapt attire Conceal'd from sight.] The poet has observed a great decency in this place; he was not able to express the grief of his royal mourner, and so covers what he could not represent. From this passage Semanthes the Sicilian painter borrowed his design in the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and represents his Agamemnon, as Homer does his Priam: Æschylus has likewise imitated this place, and draws his Niobe exactly after the manner of Homer. Euflathius.

The significance of Homer's phraseology may be preferred; but I know not, how far the representation would accord with the taste of an English reader. Thus, however, the whole passage may be given with considerable improvement of fidelity:

The sons with tears, beside the father's throne,
Their cope she heard, and answer'd groan for groan.
'Midst the sad concourse lay the hoary fire,
Dire spectacle of woe! His wrapt attire
Express each limb: with frantic hands he shed
A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.

Ver. 203.] This couplet is wrought from a single verse, to the following purport:

Through the wide mansion all his daughters wail.
Our translator might take a hint from Ogilby:

Whil'st female cries resound from golden roots:
Or from Dacier: "Les princesses ses filles et ses belles-filles saisissent retentir tout le palais de leurs cris et de leurs gémissements."
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.—

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear; 209
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care:
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand 215
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way. 220
Fierce as he is, Achilles shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car. 226
There, for the gifts, a polish’d casket lay:
His pious sons the king’s command obey.
Then past the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call’d his queen, and thus began to say.

Unhappy confort of a king distrest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband’s breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles’ mind to move;
Forfake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon’ navy, slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Thro’ hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper’d mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw’d mankind;

but Ogilby renders,

This said, the vanished like fleeting wind.

Ver. 227.] These rhymes soon return. With a view to
greater variety, I would propose as follows:

There, for the gifts, a polish’d casket stands:
His pious sons obey the king’s commands.

Ver. 233.] This introductory couplet was supplied by the
invention of the translator.

Ver. 241.] Thus, more faithfully:

The hoary monarch spake. With piercing cries
The queen his purpose bears, and thus replies.
book xxiv. Homer's iliad. 195
Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known; Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown! 246
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face (Oh heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race! To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore! 250
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare, And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare; So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age. No—pent in this sad palace, let us give 255
To grief the wretched days we have to live. Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow, Born to his own, and to his parents woe! Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun, To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! 260

Ver. 246. A mere expletive verse, destitute both of elegance and spirit. The passage is altogether too much expanded; and the full sense of the original, as conveyed in this and the three preceding lines, may be well comprised in a single couplet:

Ah! whither then that wise considerate mind? To Trojans known, and fam'd thro' all mankind.

Ver. 247. Thus his author, literally represented:
What? wilt thou seek the Græcian ships, alone; And face that man, the murderer of thy sons, Numerous and brave? Thy heart is surely steel.

Ver. 250. This circumstance is not from his author, but from Dacier's translation: "Vous le trouverez encore couvert du sang d'Hector."

Ver. 259. Or thus, with more attention to fidelity and grammar:
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
Expir’d not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour’d his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country’s right.

Doom’d from that hour his luckless life began,
To glut the dogs and this relentless man.
But our poet followed Dacier: “Les chiens et les vauteurs.”

Ver. 261.] His original prescribes,
O! in his liver might my teeth allay
Their rage——:
but our poet wihst to soften the horrors of his author, partly after
the manner of Dacier: “Que ne puis je étancher ma joie dans le sang
“de ce barbare, et lui dévorer le cœur!”

Ver. 263.] His author says only,
no coward wretch he flew:
so that our translator turned the passage from Dacier, and treads
closely in her steps: “Mon fils n’a pas mérité ces indignités; il n’a
“point été tué comme un lâche, mais en défendant jusqu’à la der-
“nier goutte de son sang les Troyens et les Troyennes.”

Ver. 265. He pour’d his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero——

This whole discourse of Hecuba is exceedingly natural, she aggra-
vates the features of Achilles, and softens those of Hector: her
anger blinds her so much, that she can see nothing great in Achilles,
and her fondness so much, that she can discern no defects in Hector.
Thus she draws Achilles in the fiercest colours, like a barbarian,
and calls him òpsiors; but at the same time forgets that Hector ever
bled from Achilles, and in the original directly tells us, that he
knew not how to fear, or how to fly. Eustathius.

Ogilby is faithful:

Who for the Trojans and their wives did fight,
Scorning base fear and ignominious flight.
Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night;
(Reply'd unmoved the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice the injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of resplendent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments sti ff with gold.

Ver. 269.] To correct the vicious rhymes, we might substitute:
The reverend monarch spake, unmoved, again.

Ver. 276.] These four verses correspond to two of his author, who is more faithfully represented by Ogilby. I shall give his couplet corrected:

Let him, when these sad eyes have wept their fill,
The father in the son's embraces kill.

Ver. 279.] The rhymes of this couplet are inadmissible.

Ver. 284.] This latter circumstance is not from Homer, but Virgil, Æn. i. 649:
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!

Lo! the sad father, frantick with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:

----------- pallam signis auroque rigentem
----------- a robe with figures stiff and gold.

Ver. 289.] Thus his author, literally:
----------- not e'en this treasure of his house
The senior spar'd: so anxious was his mind
His son to ransom!

but our translator had his eye on Chapman:
The old king, nothing held too deare, to rescue from
disgrace,
His gracious Hector.

Ver. 291. Lo! the sad father, &c.] This behaviour of Priam
is very natural to a person in his circumstances: the loss of his
favourite son makes so deep an impression upon his spirits, that he
is incapable of consolation; he is displeased with every body; he is
angry he knows not why; the disorder and hurry of his spirits make
him break out into passionate expressions, and those expressions are
contained in short periods, very natural to men in anger, who give
not themselves leisure to express their sentiments at full length: it
is from the same passion that Priam, in the second speech, treats all
his sons with the utmost indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers and
flatterers. Eufrathius very justly remarks, that he had Paris particu-
larly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character
to the rest of his children, not being calm enough to make a distinc-
tion between the innocent and guilty.

That passage where he runs into the praises of Hector is particu-
larly natural: his concern and fondness make him as extravagant
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes. 296
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
Am I the only object of despair?

in the commendation of him, as in the disparagement of his other sons: they are less than mortals, he more than man. Rapin has censured this anger of Priam as a breach of the manners, and says he might have shown himself a father, otherwise than by this usage of his children. But whoever considers his circumstances, will judge after another manner. Priam, after having been the most wealthy, most powerful and formidable monarch of Asia, becomes all at once the most miserable of men; he loses in less than eight days the best of his army, and a great number of virtuous sons; he loses the bravest of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant Hector. This last blow sinks him quite, and changes him so much, that he is no longer the same: he becomes impatient, frantic, unreasonable! the terrible effect of ill-fortune! Whoever has the least insight into nature, must admire so fine a picture of the force of adversity on an unhappy old man.

P.

Our poet amplifies much on his author, but with great ingenuity, and in a kinder spirit. The following portion of Homer corresponds to this and the three next verses:

Drave from the porch, and thus reproachful chid,

Ver. 295.] These five verses represet two of his author, which are faithfully enough exhibited by Ogilby:

Have you not follrows of your own at home,
That thus to torture me you hither come?

Ver. 297.] I have noticed before this highly injudicious and improper use of the pronoun ye in the fourth case. A singular specimen of this ungrammatical inelegance occurs in Creech's translation of Virgil's second Eclogue:
Am I become my people’s common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe? 300
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian pow’r is gone!
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown, 305
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
Oh send me, Gods! e’er that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto’s dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantick rage obey. 310
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,

And whilst I trace thy steps in every tree
And every bush, poor inflicts sigh with we:
unless it be an error of the press for me.

Ver. 299.] These ideas, which so much occupy the translation
of this speech, are not found in his author, and were probably
derived from his predeceffors. Thus Chapman:

what come ye here to view ?

and thus Ogilby:

And thus incens’d the idle gazers rates.

Ver. 305.] The following attempt is more close and faithful:
Ye too, my Hector dead, the losf will know;
And fall to Greece an unresiftting foe.
Me, e’er our city fack’d these eyes behold
And laid in dust, may Pluto’s shades infold !

Ver. 311.] Or thus:
Next on his sons his wayward fury falls,
BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S I LI A D.

His threats Deiphobus and Dios hear, 
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer, 
And gen'rous Antiphon: for yet these nine 315 
Surviv'd, sad relics of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy fire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain! 320
Meftor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely flew,

And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'ners, the contempt of Troy!

---

Ver. 314. Deiphobus and Dios.] It has been a dispute whether 
Διὸς or Ἄθροῦς, in ver. 251 of the Greek, was a proper name; but 
Pherecydes (says Eutathius) determines it, and assures us that Dios 
was a spurious son of Priam.

Ver. 315.] All but the name and number, in this couplet is 
invented by the translator.

Ver 318.] He should have written:

—— in Hector's stead expire:

and so all his predecessors, except the older French translator, 
Barbin: "Retirez-vous, leur dit-il, lâches que vous estes de 
n'avoir osé fortir pour aller au secours d'Hector votre frere: il 
" falloit perir avec lui."

Ver. 328.] Rather, as more conformable to Homer's language: 
All, public spoilers, the contempt of Troy.
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,  
And speed my journey to redeem my son? 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,  
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.  
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:  
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;  
Box was the yoke, emboss with costly pains, 335  
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;  
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;  
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,  
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,  
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd. 340

Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)  
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:

Ver. 329.] For this lively stroke our poet seems indebted to Chapman:

Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; fit:  
though a correspondent accetation offends against the punctuation of that translation, which is very loose and indeterminate.

Ver. 331.] The rhymes are most unpardonable, and the sense but little consonant to the words of his author. The following effort has at least the recommendation of fidelity:

He spake: the sons with awe their parent-king  
Obey, and forth the well-wheel'd carriage bring.

Ver. 341.] Ogilby is exact, and not contemptible:

Then with rich presents they the chariot fraught,  
Their brother's ransom, from the wardrobe brought.

Ver. 342. The sad attendants load the groaning wain.] It is necessary to observe to the reader, to avoid confusion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the presents, and to bring back the body of Hector; the other drawn by horses, in which the herald and Priam rode. Eustathius. P.
Laft to the yoke the well-match’d mules they bring,
(The gift of Myfia to the Trojan king.)
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv’d, and harness’d to his car:
Grief’d as he was, he not this talk deny’d;
The hoary herald help’d him, at his side.
While careful these the gentle courfers join’d,
Sad Hecuba approach’d with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam’d with fragrant wine,
(Libation deftin’d to the pow’r divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds the stands,
And thus configns it to the monarch’s hands.

Take this, and pour to Jove; that safe from harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and flighting mine,
Heav’n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:

---

Ver. 345.] The rhymes are in every view exceptional. Thus? with more attention to Homer’s diction, than in the present couplet:

Those steeds, the reverend king with care had bred
At polifh’d mangers, to the yoak they led:
These in the lofty dome the fenior ty’d;
The prudent herald——.

Ver. 349.] A correct reader will disapprove the rhymes. I would venture the following adjument of the passage:

The queen approach’d: a golden bowl of wine
(Libation deftin’d to the pow’r divine)
Her right sustains: before the steeds the stands;
And, forrowwing, gives it to the monarch’s hands.

Ver. 358.] Homer says only,
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heav'ly augury:
Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
Tow'r on the right of yon æthereal space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;

Since thy mind excites
This passage to the ships, against my will:
so that our poet might be thinking of Virgil's Æneid, ix. 184:
Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale ? an sua cuique deus fit dira cupidio?
thus rendered by Dryden:
or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?

Ver. 360.] A most noble verse, and happily descriptive of the
speaker's temper, which was inclined to contemplate every object
through the gloom of dissatisfaction and despondency. His original
says only:
who surveys all Troy:
but the prior obligation of the reader is to Chapman:
Idæan Jove, that viewes
All Troy, and all her miseries.

Ver. 362.] If my memory fail me not, this is the third verse
only, that has yet occurred, terminating in a word of three syllables,
ending with a y, proper names excepted, a termination, so
frequent with former verifiers: and one of these verses was
borrowed.

Ver. 365.] The proper participle is beholden. Thus I more
faithfully:
Go, if thou view th' auspicious sign above;
Nor fear to trust the fav'rite bird of Jove.
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But if the God his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.
’Tis just (said Priam) to the Sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove? 370
He spoke, and bade th’attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill’d;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine; 375
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow’r divine.
Oh first, and greatest! heav’n’s imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida’s holy hill ador’d!

Ver. 367.] A wretched couplet, in my opinion, if the rhymes
had been faultless. Thus?

But to the Graecian ships forbear to go,
Save his own messenger the god below.

Ver. 369.] Thus his original, in a simple dress:
Her godlike Priam, answering, thus bespake:
Wife! this advice I slight not: good it is
With hands up-rais’d Jove’s pity to entreat.

Ver. 373.] Who can approve these rhymes? I will propose a
substitution:
(The vessels fit her ready hands had brought)
Then from his queen he took the cup full-franught.

Ver. 377. Oh first, and greatest! &c.] Eustathius observes,
that there is not one instance in the whole Ilias of any prayer that
was justly preferred, that failed of success. This proceeding of
Homer’s is very judicious, and answers exactly to the true end of
poetry, which is to please and instruct. Thus Priam prays that
Achilles may cease his wrath, and compassionate his miseries; and
Jupiter grants his request: the unfortunate king obtains compassion,
and in his most inveterate enemy finds a friend.

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial Augury!
Let the strong fov'reign of the plummy race
Tow'r on the right of yon æthereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove. 386
Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial Augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name. 390
Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with refounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears; 395
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears:

Ver. 379.] This verse has not only little resemblance to it's original, but ways in the plural is a wretched botch for the sake of the rhyme. There is more fidelity in the following attempt:

Grant that Achilles, when his grace I sue,
May greet with friendship, and with pity view.

Ver. 396.] This verse is interpolated by the translator, and was suggested, perhaps, by Dacier: "A cette vue Priam, Hécube, et les princes sentent renaitre dans leur cœur une joie et une espérance qu'ils ne connaissaient presque plus."
Swift on his car th’ impatient monarch sprung; The brazen portal in his passage rung: The mules preceding draw the loaded wain, Charg’d with the gifts: Ídæus holds the rein: The king himself his gentle steeds controlls, And thro’ surrounding friends the chariot rolls. On his slow wheels the following people wait, Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate; With hands uplifted, eye him as he past: And gaze upon him as they gaz’d their laft.

Now forward fares the Father on his way, Thro’ the lone fields, and back to Ilion they. Great Jove beheld him as he crost the plain, And felt the woes of miserable man.

Then thus to Hermes. Thou whose constant cares Still succour mortals, and attend their pray’rs; Behold an object to thy charge consign’d:
If ever pity touch’d thee for mankind,

Ver. 403.] These four verses are excellent, but greatly amplified from the original, one verse and a half only, fully represented thus by Chapman:

His friends all follow’d him, and mourned; as if he went to die.

Ver. 409.] The rhymes of this couplet are faulty, and the sentiment is more general than that of his author. Thus?

Jove views the pair, as o’er the plain they go, And feels compassion for the monarch’s woe.

Ver. 413.] This preserves the spirit of the original with but little alteration to the phraseology, and shews the hand of a true genius. The following version is literal:
Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent, 415
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,

Go then, and Priam to th' Achaian fleet,
So, that no other Greek may see, conduct;
No other know, 'till come to Peleus' son.

Ver. 415.] Thus Ogilby:
Lead Priam to the fleet, that none prevent
Or see him till he reach Pelides' tent.

Ver. 417. The description of Mercury.] A man must have no
taste for poetry that does not admire this sublime description: Virgil
has translated it almost verbatim in the ivth book of the Aeneis,
verse 240:

(" Ille patris magni parere parabat
" Imperio, & primum pedibus talaria nequit
" Aurea, quæ sublimem alis, fove aequora supra,
" Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flammea portant.
" Tum virgam capit, hæc animas ille evocat orco
" Pallentes, alias sob tristia tartara mitterit;
" Dat fumnos, adimitque, & lumina morte resignat."

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the
original: Mercury appears in both pictures with equal majesty;
and the Roman drefs becomes him as well as the Grecian. Virgil
has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole sixth line, to
Homer, which makes it still more full and majestical.

Give me leave to produce a passage out of Milton of near affinity
with the lines above, which is not inferior to Homer or Virgil: it
is the description of the descent of an angel:

(" Down thither, prone in flight
He speeds, and thro' the vast aethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing:
Now on the polar winds; then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air ——
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
That high, thro' fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:

Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellepont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!

Circled his head; nor left his locks behind
Illustrious, on his shoulders siedg'd with wings,
Lay waving round,——&c.

It may be doubted, whether the following couplet, as more faithful, be not as good:
The god his deadly golden sandals binds,
And mounts, obedient, on the wings of winds.

Hobbes has the same rhymes, but our poet followed his master's version of the parallel passage in Virgil, Æn. iv. 350.

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds,
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds.

Ver. 424.] The rhymes are vicious. Thus? more fully:
Thus arm'd, his airy way swift Hermes steers,
And straight at Hellepont and Troy appears.

With respect to the metaphor, enough of that may be seen in the commentators on Æneid vi. 19, but thus Dryden also in the passage referred to above:

Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies.

Ver. 425.] Thus his original, more exactly:
Onwards he went, like one of princely birth,
With downy chin; sweet prime of loveliest youth!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What-time the herald and the hoary king,
Their chariots stopping at the silverspring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose,
Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.

Ver. 427. Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.] The poet by such intimations as these recalls to our minds the exact time which Priam takes up in his journey to Achilles: he set out in the evening; and by the time that he had reached the tomb of Ilus, it was grown somewhat dark, which shews that this tomb stood at some distance from the city: here Mercury meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the presence of Achilles. By these methods we may discover how exactly the poet preserves theunities of time and place; and that he allots space sufficient for the actions which he describes, and yet does not crowd more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: thus it being improbable that so stubborn a man as Achilles should relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair; so that Priam has leisure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to persuade Achilles.

This beautiful couplet is wrought from the following words of Homer:

--- for twilight now o'erspread the land:

not without an eye to Milton, Par. LOff, iv. 598:

Now came still evening on, and Twilight gray.
Had in her sober lovery all things clad.

Nor was it with no reason, that Gray so much admired those lines of his friend Mr. Mason:

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek Twilight softly fails, and waves his banners grey.
I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware; 435
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For much I fear, Destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel; is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call? 440
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand. 446
Say whither, father! when each mortal fight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?

Ver. 435.] Our translator follows Chapman throughout this speech:

Ver. 441.] Our poet enlarges and exaggerates, as on all these occasions. The following attempt is literal:

Ver. 447, &c. The speech of Mercury to Priam.] I shall not trouble the reader with the dreams of Eustathius, who tells us that this fiction of Mercury, is partly true and partly false: it is true that his father is old; for Jupiter is king of the whole universe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: in like manner,
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450

when Mercury says he is the seventh child of his father, Etnathius affirms, that he meant that there were six planets besides Mercury. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be so learnedly absurd; the supposition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. Priam, says he, might by chance meet with one of the Myrmidons, who might conduct him unobserved through the camp into the presence of Achilles: and as the execution of any wife design is ascribed to Pallas, so may this clandestine enterprize be said to be managed by the guidance of Mercury.

But perhaps this whole passage may be better explained by having recourse to the Pagan theology: it was an opinion that obtained in those early days, that Jupiter frequently sent some friendly messengers to protect the innocent, so that Homer might intend to give his readers a lecture of morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam Dacier carries it farther. Homer (says she) instructed by tradition, knew that God sends his angels to the succour of the afflicted. The scripture is full of examples of this truth. The story of Tobit has a wonderful relation with this of Homer: Tobit sent his son to Ragas, a city of Media, to receive a considerable sum; Tobias did not know the way; he found at his door a young man cloathed with a majestic glory, which attracted admiration; it was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being asked who he was, answered (as Mercury does here) by a fiction; he said that he was of the children of Israel, that his name was Azarias, and that he was son of Ananias. This angel conducted Tobias in safety; he gave him instructions; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and son offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight toward heaven, and disappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the style; and the example of our author so long before Tobit, proves, that this opinion of God's sending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much spread amongst the Pagans in those former times. Dacier.
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What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view; These, who with endless hate thy race pursue? For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide; Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide? Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head; From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind Are true, my son! (the god-like fire rejoin'd)

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Ver. 450.] Rather,
Thro' Grecian foes, so vencrous and so strong?

Ver. 451.] More accurately, thus:
What wouldst thou think, such flores of wealth convey'd!
Thy course discover'd through the gloomy shade?

Ver. 458.] The original runs thus:

I hold thee like my fire;

which might mean, that he would regard him with the same kindness as he would regard his father: and so Chapman, Ogilby, and the older French translator understood the passage: but Hobbes, as our poet:

So like, methinks, you to my father are:
and Dacier: "Car vous rappellez en moi l'image de mon pere;"
and so Mr. Cowper:

thou resemblest to my fire:

whose judgement is on this, and most other occasions of doubt through the poem, coincident with my own.

Ver. 459.] The rhymes are bad, and the sentiment not correspondent to the tenour of his author; not to mention, that similar rhymes recur within too short a space. Thus?
Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! For scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd)
But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land.

Then godlike Priam: True thy words are found,
Dear son! and great the dangers that surround.
Nor should this form of expression, which is truly classical, be esteemed a mere accommodation to the rhymer; see in my commentary on St. Matthew, i. 18. the note on the word απέρα.

Ver. 463.] To those, who disapprove the couplet just proposed, for the sake of variation in the rhyme, the following substitution may be recommended here:
Thy graceful form, and lineaments divine,
And wisdom, speak a more than mortal line.

Chapman has the rhymes of our poet:

all answer'd with a mind

So knowing that it cannot be, but of some blessed kind
Thou art descended.

Ver. 465.] This translation contradicts his author, Chapman, I suppose, hastily inspected, betrayed our poet into this error:
Not untrue (said Hermes) thy concept
In all this holds; but further truth, relate.

May I propose the following substitution:
Thy words, O fire, a just discernment prove
(Replied the sacred messenger of Jove.)

Ver. 470.] This line is interpolated by the translator, and
Or fly'st thou now? — What hopes can Troy retain?

Thy matchless son, her guard and glory slain!

The king, alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how god-like Hector dy'd. 475
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you enquire too much.
Oft have these eyes that god-like Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embro'd: 480

what follows is not accurate. Ogilby, trivially corrected, will convey a more just resemblance of his original:

Doft thou this wealth to foreign bands transmit,
For safety there; or all your city quit?
Since Hector thou, thy valiant son, haft lost,
To none inferior of the Grecian host.

Ver. 473.] Our translator seems to have thrown a false colour on the passage. Chapman's version is accurately representative of his author:

O what art thou (said he)
Most worthy youth? of what race borne? that thus recountst to me,
My wretched sonne's death with such truth?

Ver. 477.] Thus? more conformably to Homer's sentiments and language:

You mean to try me, venerable sire!
When this of godlike Hector you enquire.
I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
I saw, but help'd not; stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my fire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
Of sev'n his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince; it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter, my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Slieplefs they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)

Ver. 481.] The magnificence of this couplet is wrought by the fancy of the translator from these plain materials of his model:

when to the ships he drove the Greeks
With slaughtering havoc of his pointed steel.

Chapman, I presume, led the way to this enormous exaggeration:

but I am one, that oft have seene him beare
His person like a god, in field.

Ver. 487.] The subjoined couplet better expresses the words of Homer:

My honour'd fire the name Polyctor bears;
Fam'd for his wealth, and like thyself in years.
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains?

O favour'd of the skies! (Thus answered then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)

Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'n'ing since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majestical in death! no stains are found
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;

Ver. 497. To this vicious rhyme, the following substitution,
perhaps, were preferable:
My son's dear relics?

Ver. 505. Ogilby is profane and undignified, but fully expressive of his author:

Twelve dayes intire and sweet he there hath lain,
From vermine free, that breed in bodies stain.

Ver. 509. The original may be exhibited with accuracy, thus:

Unmaim'd (thyself-awol'dst view him with surprize)
All fresh, with every living grace, he lies.

and that lively apostrophe should be preferred, by all means, in a translation.
Tho' many a wound they gave, Some heav'nyly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal fire reply'd.
Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love!
Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.

Ver. 519. Bless is the man, &c.] Homer now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and display his poetical justice in rewards and punishments: thus Hector fought in a bad cause, and therefore suffers in the defence of it; but because he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other respects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it necessary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of Homer throughout his whole poem, in respect to morality. He justifies the character of Horace,

"Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non"
"Plenius & melius Chryfippo & Crantore dicit."

If the reader does not observe the morality of the Ilias, he loses half, and the nobler part of its beauty: he reads it as a common romance, and mistakes the chief aim of it, which is to instruct. P.

Ver. 521.] A more despicable verse I never read in the writings of our poet: it might rank among the mediocrities of even Ogilby.

Thus?

My son forgot not those exalted Powers,
The blest possessor of th' Olympian bow'rs.
BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 219

But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take, 525
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O king forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err: 530
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
What from our master's inte'rest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence; 535
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.

Ver. 526.] This line has no representative in Homer, and seems to have been derived, either from Ogilby,

Now take this cup I gratefully present:
or from Dacier: “Mais mon fils, recevez de ma main cette coupe
“que je vous offre pour vous marquer au moins le resentiment
“que j'ai de votre générosité.”

Ver. 529.] A correct taste will not approve the rhymes; nor is the sense agreeable to his author. Thus?

O! king, (replies the latent god again)
To tempt my youth is thy persuasion vain.

Ver. 531. But can I, absent, &c.] In the original of this place (which I have paraphrased a little) the word Σαλίεων is remarkable. Priam offers Mercury (whom he looks upon as a soldier of Achilles) a present, which he refuses because his prince is ignorant of it: this present he calls a direct theft or robbery; which may show us how strict the notions of justice were in the days of Homer, when if a prince's servant received any present without the knowledge of his master, he was esteemed a thief and a robber. Eufathius. P.

Ver. 532.] The same thought of secrecy seems insisted upon too much in this version. Better, perhaps, thus:

Accept a present, that must shun the light?
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:  
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,  
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.  

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,  
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:  
Before th' inspiring God that urg'd them on,  
The courters fly, with spirit not their own.  
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found  
The guards repast'ing, while the bowls go round;  
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,  
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:  
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,  
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.

and the next couplet is a preceptive inference, for which we are indebted to the translator only.

Ver. 537.] The version of this passage is very elegant and poetical, but the following essay is more exact:

'Thee, e'en to far-fam'd Argos would I guide,  
On land, a sure associate by thy side;  
Or pleas'd partake, thy safety to maintain  
With care unblam'd, the dangers of the main.

Ver. 541.] Later editions give "at the bound;" which is undoubtedly erroneous. I have restored the reading of the first edition.

Ver. 543.] A fine couplet: but is the rhyme unexceptionable? I shall propose, at my own peril, a substitution:

'Fresh with the vigour of supernal power,  
The mules and courters o'er the champaign scour.

Ver. 550.] Our translator, as appears from this passage, plainly supposed that Priam went with a carriage for the presents, besides
Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
On firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;

the chariot, in which he rode. The original is by no means explicit with respect to this circumstance; but on a review and careful consideration of the whole story, I incline to this opinion. Thus Hobbes:

And with the char and waggon in he came.

I had written this remark, before I read our translator's extracts from Eustathius in verse 342, to which I remand the reader.

Ver. 551.] Thus Ogilby:

And through with Priam and his riches went.
But when they reach'd Achilles royal tent—.

Ver. 552. *On firs the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the course of these observations described the method of encamping used by the Grecians: the reader has here a full and exact description of the tent of Achilles: this royal pavilion was built with long palisadoes made of fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inside was divided into several apartments: thus Achilles had his adia μετάλλα, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book Phoenix has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, Patroclus has another for himself and his captive Iphis, and Achilles has a third for himself and his mistress Diomeda.

But we must not imagine that the other Myrmidons had tents of the like dimensions: they were, as Eustathius observes, inferior to this royal one of Achilles: which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a soldier, and the simplicity of those early times.

I am of opinion that such fixed tents were not used by the Grecians in their common marches, but only during the time of sieges, when their long stay in one place made it necessary to build such tents as are here described; at other times they lay like Diomed in the tenth book, in the open air, their spears standing upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beasts spread on the ground, instead of a bed.
And, fenc'd with pallisades, a hall of state, 555
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sat.
Large was the door, whose well compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560
This Hermes (such the pow'r of Gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus, reveal'd—Hear, Prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The King of arts, the messenger of Jove.

It is worthy observation, that Homer even upon so trivial an occasion as the describing the tent of Achilles, takes an opportunity to shew the superior strength of his hero; and tells us that three men could scarce open the door of his pavilion, but Achilles could open it alone.

Ver. 555.] So Chapman:

Of state they made their king in it:

And from him Ogilby:

And on supporters rais'd a ball of state.

Ver. 559.] The assertion is made in Homer without any qualification; but our poet follows Dacier in this particular: "Que "trois hommes levoient et baissoint avec peine;" which suited that exaggerating propensity, but too predominant in our countryman. Thus then, in exact conformity to his author:

Three Greeks were wont to lift it's mighty weight.
BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD.

Farewell: to shun Achilles sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs.

Ver. 568.] His original rather dictates.
It misbegoesen gb' immortals of the sky
To stand confess'd to frail mortality.

Ver. 569. Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.] Eustathius thinks it was from this maxim, that the princes of the east assumed that air of majesty which separates them from the sight of their subjects; but I should rather believe that Homer copied this after the originals, from some kings of his time: it not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. Dacier.

Ver. 570.] Chapman's version is full, accurate, and good:
enter thou, embrace Achilles' knee;
And by his fire, fonde, mother pray, his ruth, and grace to thee.

Ver. 571. Adjure him by his father, &c.] Eustathius observes that Priam does not entirely follow the instructions of Mercury, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father Peleus: and this was judiciously done by Priam: for what motive to compassion could arise from the mention of Thetis, who was a Goddes, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could Neoptolemus be any inducement to make Achilles pity Priam, when at the same time he flourished in the greatest prosperity? Therefore Priam only mentions his father Peleus, who, like him, stood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the same misfortunes he suffered. These are the remarks of Eustathius; but how then shall we justify Mercury, who gave him such improper instructions with relation to Thetis? All that can be said in defence of the poet is, that Thetis though a Goddes, has through the whole course of the Ilias been described as a partner in all the afflictions of Achilles, and consequently might be made use of as an inducement to raise the passion of Achilles. Priam might have said, I conjure thee by the love thou bearest to thy mother, take pity on me! For if the who is a
His son, his mother urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies:
The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Goddes would grieve for the loss of her beloved son, how greatly
must the loss of Hector afflict the unfortunate Hecuba and
Priam?

Ver. 577. I would propose this substitution for vicious rhymes,
and to consult fidelity:

And left the steeds and mules Idaeus' care.

Ver. 578. Thus Homer literally represented:

straight to the room the senior went,
Where sat Achilles, lov'd by Jove: within
He found him:

but our poet trod in the steps of Congreve:

alone he went

With solemn pace, into Achilles' tent:
Heedles, he pass'd through various rooms of state,
Until approaching where the hero sat;

who might find his rhymes in Ogilby:

thence on he went,

And found Achilles sitting in his tent.

Ver. 582. Our poet misrepresents and mutilates his author,
after Congreve:
Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
And prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac’d his knees, and bath’d his hands in
tears;
Those direful hands his kissses press’d, embriu’d
Ev’n with the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch, (who conscious of his crime,
Pursu’d for murder, flies his native clime)

There, at a feast, the good old Priam found
Jove’s best belov’d:
who follows Chapman:

There, with his princes fate
Jove lov’d Achilles, at their feast.

Ogilby is undignified, but exact:

Others apart; the prince attended on
By Alcimus and stout Automedon,
Who had so late himself refresh’d with food,
That still the board with dishes cover’d stood.

Ver. 584.] Thus Congreve:

Priam, unseen by these, his entrance made,
And at Achilles’ feet his aged body laid.

Ver. 586. Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears.] I fancy this
interview between Priam and Achilles would furnish an admirable
subject for a painter, in the surprize of Achilles, and the other
spectators, the attitude of Priam, and the sorrows in the countenance
of this unfortunate king.

That circumstance of Priam’s kissing the hands of Achilles is
inimitably fine: he kissed, says Homer, the hands of Achilles;
those terrible, murderous hands that had robbed him of so many
sons: by these two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble
actions performed by Achilles in the whole Ilias; and at the same
vol. vi.
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz’d!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz’d:
Thus stood th’ attendants stupid with surprize;
All mute, yet seem’d to question with their eyes:
Each look’d on other, none the silence broke, 596
’Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour’d of the pow’rs divine!
Think of thy father’s age, and pity mine!

time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king,
who is reduced so low, as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had
slain his subjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

Ver. 592.] Thus his author dictates:
Some wealthy mansion enters, while amaz’d
All view the suppliant; thus Achilles gaz’d.

Ver. 594.] There is much amplification here: Homer had
said only,
The rest each other with amazement view’d;
When thus the supplicating king began:
but our poet has adopted the version of Congreve:
All on each other gaz’d, all in surprize,
And mute, yet seem’d to question with their eyes:
’Till he at length the solemn silence broke;
And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.

Ver. 598. [The speech of Priam to Achilles.] The curiosity of
the reader must needs be awakened to know how Achilles would
behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to
sustain the violent character of Achilles, and yet at the same time
to soften him into compassion. To this end the poet uses no preamble,
but breaks directly into that circumstance which is most likely to
mollify him, and the two first words he utters are, προσέφυεν Πατρί, see thy father, O Achilles, in me! Nothing could be more happily
imagined than this entrance into his speech; Achilles has every
where been described as bearing a great affection to his father, and
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, fee!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human Fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;

by two words the poet recalls all the tenderness, that love and duty
can suggest to an affectionate son.

Priam tells Achilles, that Hector fell in the defence of his
country: I am far from thinking that this was infected accidentally;
it could not fail of having a very good effect upon Achilles, not
only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that
Hector had no particular enmity against Achilles, but that though
he fought against him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will observe that Priam repeats the beginning of his
speech, and recalls his father to his memory in the conclusion of it.
This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce
his petition with the strongest motive, and leaves it fresh upon his
memory; and possibly Priam might perceive that the mention of his
father had made a deeper impression upon Achilles than any other
part of his petition, therefore while the mind of Achilles dwells
upon it, he again sets him before his imagination by this repetition,
and softens him into compassion.

These six verses are drawn out from two of his author, which
may be literally rendered,

Thy father call to memory, godlike prince!
On the last verge, like me, of hapless age:

but our poet was fascinated to one point by Congreve's version:

Think on your father, and then look on me;
His hoary age and helpless person see:
So sallow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
Such and so many his declining years;
Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
Could you imagine such his misery!

Ver. 604.] There is but little attention here to his author.
Accept an exact translation:
Think, from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, still may hope a better day:
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! e'er Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft', alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.

——

Perhaps, the neighbours round infest him now,
Without one friend to ward destruction off,
But he, on hearing that his son survives,
Sweet transport feels, and hopes the live-long day
To see his darling soon return from Troy.

Ver. 606.] Thus Congreve:
Nay, at this time perhaps some pow'rful foe,
Who will no mercy, no compassion show,
Entering his palace, see him feebly fly,
And seek protection, where no help is nigh.

Ver. 613.] Thus his original:
Full fifty goodly youths, my sons, are slain,
Of prime deserts; e'er Greece —.

Ver. 618.] Literally thus:
One only left, Troy and her sons' defence,
Hector, thou lately in his country's cause
Haft slain:
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel 620
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!
For him, thro' hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere! 625
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The staff of men in sov'reign misery!

but Congreve seduced our poet to this luxuriance of expansion:

Still one was left in whom was all my hope,
My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
Whose life alone their deaths could compensate.

Ver. 621.] More faithfully:
How lately in his country's cause he fell!

Ver. 623.] Lay for lie is a gross impropriety, and a provincial barbarism. The whole verse indeed is an interpolation; otherwise, the couplet may be adjusted thus with more fidelity:
For him I ventured to this hostile fleet;
For him I lit thus prostrate at thy feet.

Ver. 629.] So above, verse 603:
In all my equal; but in misery:
and Congreve here,

alone in this,

* I can no equal have in miseries:
Homer says merely,

but I more wretched am.

Q.3
HOMER's ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.

Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:

Ver. 630.] He might have included his original in a com-
menurate compass, by a single couplet. Thus?

I hear to kiss, what never mortal bore!
Those hands yet reeking with my children's gore.

Ver. 631.] Thus Congreve:

— to court mine and my country's bane.

Ver. 634. These words soft pity, &c.] We are now come almost
to the end of the poem, and consequently to the end of the anger
of Achilles: and Homer has described the abatement of it with
excellent judgment. We may here observe how necessary the con-
duct of Homer was, in sending Thetis to prepare her son to use
Priam with civility: it would have been ill suited with the violent
temper of Achilles to have used Priam with tenderness without such
pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected sight of his enemy might
probably have carried him into violence and rage: but Homer has
avoided these absurdities; for Achilles being already prepared for
a reconciliation, the misery of this venerable prince naturally melts
him into compassion.

Ver. 636.] Congreve, as follows:

Then gently with his hand be put away
Old Priam's face, but be still prostrate lay.

Ver. 638.] Our luxuriant translator expands four verses of his
model into nine. Thus? more faithfully:

P.
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;
One universal solemn show'r began; 645
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd, 650
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man.

Alas! what weight of anguish haft thou known?
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone

Sighs for his Hector Priam's bosom rend,
Roll'd at Achilles' feet: now for his friend,
Now for his fire, Achilles' forrows flow:
Sounds through the room the mingled strife of woe!
Satiate at length with unavailing tears,
From the high throne his form Achilles rears.

Ver. 646.] Beattie's Hermit:
He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

Ver. 653. Achilles' speech to Priam.] There is not a more beau-
tiful passage in the whole Ilias than this before us: Homer to shew
that Achilles was not a mere soldier, here draws him as a person of
excellent sense and sound reason: Plato himself (who condemns this
passage, could not speak more like a true philosopher: and it was a

Q. 4
To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face 655
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race?
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear. 660
Such is, alas! the Gods severe decree:
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;

piece of great judgment thus to describe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere strength: it also shews the art of the poet; thus to defer this part of his character to the very conclusion of the poem; by these means he fixes an idea of his greatness upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the stage with applause.

Neither does he here ascribe more wisdom to Achilles than he might really be master of; for as Eustathius observes, he had Chiron and Phoenix for his tutors, and a Goddes for his mother.  P.

Ver. 661.] Ogilby is above contempt:
Th' immortal gods have so decreed, that we
Must live in woe, themselves from sorrow free.

Ver. 663. Two Urns by Jove's high throne, &c.] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. Plato has accused it as an impiety to say that God gives evil: but it seems borrowed from the eastern way of speaking, and bears a great resemblance to several expressions in scripture: thus in the Psalms, In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the same; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them.

It was the custom of the Jews to give condemned persons, just before execution, ἵνα ἐκπονεσθῆναι, wine mixed with myrrh to
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From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665. Blessings to these, to those distributes ills; To most, he mingleth both: the wretch decreed To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed; Pursu'd by wrongs, by meager famine driv'n, He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670 The happiest, taste not happiness sincere; But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care. Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r? What stars concurring blest his natal hour!

make him less sensible of pain: thus Proverbs xxi. 6. Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish. This custom was so frequent among the Jews, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itself, as in that passage, Father let this cup pass from me.

Some have supposed that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus Pindar,

"Ex vino tertio, nymphaea vivunt"

But, as Eustathius observes, the word ἰρήν shews that there were but two, for that word is never used when more than two are intended. P.

This note may be almost read entire in Dacier and Ogilby.

Ver. 665.] This version, to become accurate must undergo correction:
For whom a mingled cup the Thunderer fills,
Now blessings raise, now pres' alternate ills
His fluctuating life: the wretch decreed —.

Ver. 671.] An interpolated couplet; dictated, it should seem, by Dacier's translation: "Jamais Jupiter me donne de fés bien aux hommes qu' avec ce mélange affreux, qui les empoisonne."

Ver. 673.] This part of the speech is executed with astonishing ability.
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n; 675
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway;
An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land. 680
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, 685
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellepsont's unmeasur'd main.

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Ver. 679.] More faithfully thus:
One only son: and see him, lingering, wait,
Far from his country, an untimely fate!

Ver. 683.] There is neither grammar nor construction in this
couplet. The following correction is equally just to the original:
Thou too wert happy once! thine ample reign
Was all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
Phrygia, and Hellepsont's unmeasur'd main.

Ver. 685. Extended Phrygia, &c.] Homer here gives us a piece
of geography, and shews us the full extent of Priam's kingdom.
Lesbos bounded it on the south, Phrygia on the east, and the
Hellepsont on the north. This kingdom, according to Strabo in the
thirteenth book, was divided into nine dynasties, who all depended
upon Priam as their king: so that what Homer here relates of Priam's
power is literally true, and confirmed by history. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 686.] So Chapman:

what Lesbos doth contain,
(In times past being a blest man's estate:) what th' unmeasur'd
maine

Of Hellepsontus, Phrygia holds.
But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,  
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,  
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes falls?  
War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!  
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed  
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;  
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,  
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!  
To whom the king. Oh favour'd of the skies!

Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies  
On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.  
Oh give me Hector! to my eyes restore  
His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.  
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;  
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from  
Troy;

---

Ver. 687.] Here a couplet should have followed, to this purport:  
Such was thy wealth o'er land and ocean round;  
A blooming race thy happy mansion crown'd.

Ver. 690.] There is a strang'e awkwardness, with too much  
harshness and hissing here. Thus:
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes fall;  
But warre and carnage round thy city wall?

Our translator seems, however, to have profited by Chapman:

---

Thy blest state to partake with bane; warre, and the bloods  
of men,  
Circ'd thy citie.

And by Ogilby:

And bloody battels still surround thy walls.

Ver. 701.] His original stands thus:
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more (Achilles thus replies, 705
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)

——— mayst thou enjoy them, and arrive
At thy paternal land:
so that our translator follows Chapman in one particular:
——— accept what I have brought,
And turne to Phthis:
and in others Ogilby:
——— ah mayst thou them enjoy
In thy own country, far from hapless Troy.

Ver. 706. While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes.] I believe
every reader must be surprised, as I confess I was, to see Achilles
fly out into so sudden a passion, without any apparent reason for it.
It can scarce be imagined that the name of Hector (as Enitharmon
thinks) could throw him into so much violence, when he had heard
it mentioned with patience by Priam in this very conference:
especially if we remember that Achilles had actually determined to
restore the body of Hector to Priam. I was therefore very well
pleased to find that the words in the original would bear another
interpretation, and such a one as naturally solves the difficulty. The
meaning of the passage I fancy may be this: Priam perceiving that
his address had mollified the heart of Achilles, takes this opportunity
to persuade him to give over the war, and return home; especially
since his anger was sufficiently satisfied by the fall of Hector.
Immediately Achilles takes fire at this proposal, and answers, "Is it
not enough that I have determined to restore thy son? Ask no
more, lest I retract that resolution." In this view we see a
natural reason for the sudden passion of Achilles.

What may perhaps strengthen this conjecture is the word
φόρμω; and then the sense will run thus; since I have found so
much favour in thy sight, as first to permit me to live, O would'st
thou still enlarge my happiness, and return home to thy own
country! &c.

This opinion may be farther established from what follows, in
the latter end of this interview, where Achilles asks Priam how
Nor seek by tears my steadie soul to bend;  
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:

many days he would request for the interment of Hector? Achilles had refused to give over the war, but yet consents to intermit it a few days; and then the sense will be this: "I will not consent to "return home, but ask a time for a cessation, and it shall be "granted." And what most strongly speaks for this interpretation is the answer of Priam; I ask, says he, eleven days to bury my son, and then let the war commence again, since it must be so, ἐοικόεκαλγρα; since you necessitate me to it; or since you will not be persuaded to leave these shores.

Ver. 107. While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes.] The reader may be pleased to observe that this is the last fall of the resentment of Achilles; and the poet judiciously describes him moderating it by his own reflection: so that his reason now prevails over his anger, and the design of the poem is fully executed.

With respect to these remarks of our poet, I must observe, that his translation is much too strong in its language for the occasion; and that the passion of Achilles was raised by the impatient impatience of Priam; who conducted himself like one, that had concluded a bargain of equality, rather than as a suppliant to a superior for a favour of no common magnitude.

When I had written this remark, I found in Mr. Cowper some animadversions on the passage, which are too valuable to be withheld from the reader:

"Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown "to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king "threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what "he could not be expected to do willingly."

Ver. 707.] This sentiment occurs in the sequel of the speech, and is unseasonably anticipated here, without authority from the original. The following couplet is more accurately representative of Homer's language:

Achilles frowning: Importune no more:  
My self intends thy Hector to restore.
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came, (Old Ocean’s daughter, silver-footed dame) 710
Nor com’st thou but by heav’n; nor com’st alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr’d,
Nor could the boldest of our youths have dar’d
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard. 715
Cease; left neglectful of high Jove’s command
I shew thee, king! thou tread’st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o’er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

Ver. 709, 710. For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came.]
The injustice of La Motte’s criticism, (who blames Homer for representing Achilles so mercenary, as to enquire into the price offered for Hector’s body before he would restore it) will appear plainly from this passage, where he makes Achilles expressly say, it is not for any other reason that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full:

Ver. 713.] Thus Ogilby:
None, were he young, durst venture through our guard,
And open gates so fortify’d and barr’d.
The rhyming word of the next verse is incorrect, as such.

Ver. 717.] This sentiment misrepresents his author. The following substitution is congenial with the spirit of the passage:
Moleft me not, nor roufe my dormant woe,
Left my resentment Jove’s high will forego:
Thy suppliant fortune, and thy reverend age,
E’en in this tent may feel my vengeful rage.
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The fire obey’d him, trembling and o’er-aw’d.
Achilles, like a lion, rush’d abroad; 721
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
(Whom most the honour’d, since he lost his friend;)
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent; 725
Next heap’d on high the num’rous presents bear
(Great Hector’s ransom) from the polished car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; left th’ unhappy fire
Provok’d to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove’s command, should check the rising rage. 735
This done, the garments o’er the corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun’ral bed:

———

Ver. 733.] The expression is not happy in this correction.
Better, I think,

His grief indulging, once more rouse to ire:

but he might take in part, without hesitation, what he found in
Ogilby, who may be read without disgust:

Left Priam discomposed at the sight
Should, by his passion master’d, so excite
Achilles fatal wrath, that he Jove’s will
Should disobey, and him, though suppliant, kill.
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade.
If, in that gloom which never light must
know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam sat:
To whom, compos'd, the god-like chief begun.
Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.

Ver. 744.] Conformably to the original, thus:
_A portion of this ransom shall be thine._

Ver. 745.] This verse is interpolated by the translator, and
partly from Dacier: "Je ne manquerai pas de t'appler au partage
" de ces présens _pour appaier tes Mames._"

Ver. 751.] This open vowel is very ungrateful to our ears.
Thus:

---

pains _you_ eastern skies.

Our translator, moreover, profited by Ogilby:

---

he _lies_

Upon thy _couch_ when morning _gilds the skies_
To _Ilium_ drive:

_for Homer had said merely, "When morn appears."_
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life, forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.

Ver. 753. These four elegant verses are constructed from as many words of his original:
and let us now on supper think.
But the whole speech is executed with admirable taste and skill.

Ver. 757. Not thus did Niobe, &c. Achilles, to comfort Priam, tells him a known history; which was very proper to work this effect. Niobe had lost all her children, Priam had some remaining. Niobe's had been nine days extended on the earth, drowned in their blood, in the sight of their people, without any one presenting himself to inter them: Hector has likewise been twelve days, but in the midst of his enemies; therefore it is no wonder that no one has paid him the last duties. The Gods at last interred Niobe's children, and the Gods likewise are concerned to procure honourable funeral for Hector. Eustathius.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone:) 770
The Gods themselves at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will)
Thro' deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings, 776

---

Ver. 772.] After this line, our poet has pass'd over a verse of
his matter, to the following purport:

But she took food, when wearied out with tears.
Let the reader excuse my presumption for attempting to intrude a
couplet into a passage, so replete with poetical embellishment,
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Thus then I would interpolate:

Nor e'en this hapless queen, when swelling grief
Had ebb'd in tears, from food disdain'd relief.

Ver. 774.] The translator had an eye on Chapman:

and now with rockes; and wilde hills mixt
the beares
(In Sypilus) the Gods wrath still; in that place, where this
said,
The goddesse Fairies use to dance, about the funerall bed
Of Achelous:

and on Dacier: "Monument éternel de la vengeance des dieux, elle
"sont encore en larmes."

A literal version will shew the amplification of our poet:

Now on the rocks and solitary hills,
At Sipylus, where goddes-nymps reside
In Achelous' beds, and weave the dance;
She, though a stone, her woes from heaven digests.
There high on Sipylos's shaggy brow,
She stands her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
Such grieves, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants flew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
And hafty, snatches from the rising blaze.

Ver. 780.] These six verses correspond to two of Homer: for our translator omits, and amplifies immoderately. The following correction of Ogilby is a faithful exhibition of the original:

Our flagging spirits now let food revive;
And, when at Troy the corpse and thou arrive,
There, reverend father! let thy sorrows flow;
A son, like this, claims all a parent's woe.

Ver. 784.] Thus Ogilby:
Then for thy son let tears thy cheeks bedew.

Ver. 787.] So Chapman:
And caus'd a silver-fleece'\text{'}s sheepe, kill'd—
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shal'd in sweet repast. 795
When now the rage of hunger was represt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest:
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His god-like aspect and majestick size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke.
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 805

Ver. 798. The royal guest the hero eyes, &c.) The poet omits
no opportunity of praising his hero Achilles, and it is observable
that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: he
softens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warior,
with several virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive soldier
is become calm and compassionate. In this place he makes his very
enemy admire his personage, and be astonished at his manly beauty.
So that though courage be his most distinguishing character, yet
Achilles is admirable both for the endowments of mind and
body.

Ver. 801.) Somewhat more faithfully, thus:
The wisdom here, and sanity of age,
Hobbes is accurate, and may gratify the reader:
But when of food they had no more desire,
Priam admir'd Achilles form and face;
Achilles Priam did no less admire;
In his aspect and speech there was such grace.
Book xxiv. Homer's Iliad.

For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep, a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
'Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming-lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'ring's lay.

Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here.
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear.

Ver. 806.] His author prescribes, more pointedly,
For since the day thon numbredst with the dead—.

Ver. 809.] This thought is not Homer, but in Chapman above; after mentioning the mutual admiration of Priam and Achilles:

With this food feasted too
Old Priam spake thus:
and in Psalm xliii. 3. "My tears have been my meat day and night;"
and elsewhere.

Ver. 812.] Our poet follows Ogilby in brevity and expression:

This said, Achilles bids them make a bed,
And purple o'er and royal tap'ry spread.
Thus, exactly to the author's language:

He said: Achilles bade his men and maids
Beneath the portico to dres the beds,
Above spread tap'ry, purple quilts below;
The topmost covering, mantles flagg'd with nap.

Ver. 816.] 'Evanpyptiwv. The sense of this word differs in this place
Left any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open’d tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour’d person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer.
But say with speed, if ought of thy desire
Remains unask’d; what time the rites require
T’inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaught’ring arm, and bid the hoasts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,

from that it usually bears: it does not imply πραξείται ὑπερφθω, any
reproachful asperity of language, but ἑωτὸν γενομένος, the raising
of a false fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at
his being lodged in the outermost part of the tent; and by this
method he gives Priam an opportunity of going away in the morn-
ing without observation. Eustathius.

Ver. 820. To ask our counsel, or our orders take.] The poet here
shews the importance of Achilles in the army; though Agamemnon
be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for
advice: and thus he promises Priam a cessation of arms for several
days, purely by his own authority. The method that Achilles
took to confirm the truth of the cessation, agrees with the custom
which we use at this day, he gave him his hand upon it:

Ver. 822.] The rhymes are not unexceptionable. Thus?
For were these tidings to our king convey’d,
Then may thy son’s redemption be delay’d.

Ver. 826.] I would banish this elision thus:
Thy Hector to entomb. So long we stay—
This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos’d within her town; 831
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills ofIde, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the fun’ral and the feast; 835
The next, to raise his monument be giv’n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom’d by heav’n!
This thy request (reply’d the chief) enjoy:
’Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
The old man’s fears, and turn’d within the tent;
Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms;
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch, the king and herald rest;
Sad dreams of care yet wand’ring in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake; 846
Industrious Hermes only was awake,

Ver. 834.] Inaccurate rhymes. Thus? more exactly:
Nine days within shall we indulge our woes;
The tenth the fun’ral and the feast shall close.

Ver. 845.] His original says,
The king and herald with sage counsels stir’d:
and where our translator found this fancy, I cannot discover; the
older French version paraphrases the sentiment at large; but in a
manner, that bears no resemblance to the turn given to the original
by Pope.

Ver. 846.] Thus Dryden, at Ἀeneid, iv. 767.
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head: 830
And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, nor Grecian lord?
Thy presence here thou'd stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee, 835
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes,
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence thro' the hostile land. 861
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)

All else of Nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.

Ver. 831.] So Chapman:

O father, sleepst thou to secure?
The original runs thus:

And thus, old man! suspeétest thou no ill,
Midst foes, asleep; because Achilles spar'd?

Ver. 837.] The concluding clause is transplanted from Dacier:

"Vous fils offront pour vous une rançon vingt fois plus forte, et
"l'offront peut-être inutilement."

Ver. 861.] He should have written, with the difference of
one letter, "the hostile band," conformably to his author and all
his predecessors.

Ver. 862.] This verse is alike deftite of grammar and legiti-

The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.

mate construction, without suitable correspondence to his author.
Thus?

When now they came, where gulpy Xanthus guides,
Son of immortal Jove! his swelling tides.

Ver. 865.] So Chapman, who gives no inaccurate view of his original:

but when they drew
To gulpy Xanthus bright-wav'd stream, up to Olympus flew
Industrious Mercury.

Homer says exactly thus:
To high Olympus straight went Mercury.

Ver. 866.] Our poet follows Congreve in beginning a fresh paragraph with these lines, more closely connected in their original with the preceding:

Now did the saffron Morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day.

Our translator's is the more poetical couplet; but the second line is foreign to his author. Thus?

Aurora now, in saffron robe bedight,
Shed o'er the spacious earth her stream of light:
for it may well be allowed rhyming poetry to relieve her penury by the revival of genuine English diction, upon the authority of our older writers.

Ver. 868.] The colour of this couplet was derived from Congreve's most woeful version:

When mourning Priam to the town return'd;  
slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go;
As bearing, (now) unusual weight of woe:
HOMER's I LI A D.  BOOK XXIV.

Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire, 870
The sad procession of her hoary fire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.  875

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;  879
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

though our poet's taste was too correct for the adoption also of
these frigid and contemptible conceits. Thus I with fidelity:

Their mules the carcase bear; loud shricks of woe
Sound from the car, as tow'rd the gates they go.

Ver. 871.] So Congreve.

Thence, the afar the sad procession spies.

Ver. 874.] No tears flow in Homer: either Hobbes or Dacier
furnisht our poet with this addition. Thus the former:

And weeping to the people cri'd and said:
and the latter thus: "A cette vuë elle se met à pleurer et à crier
"sur la ville."

Ver. 877.] From Congreve:

Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!

Ver. 878.] Thus Dryden, Æn. vii. 1107:

Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.

Ver. 881.] The latter clause, unknown to the original, is
from Congreve:

What once was all your joy, now all your misery!
BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILiAD.

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains.
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan. 885
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantick with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay; 890
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
But god-like Priam from the chariot rose:
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes.

———

Ver. 883.] So Congreve:
Nor man nor woman in the city staid.

Ver. 886.] This couplet is constructed from the following disjointed portions of his author:
The king and corse close by the gates they meet:
crowd stood weeping round.

One thought was derived by our translator from Congreve:
They strove the rolling wheels to bold.

Ver. 888.] Ogilby, with slender correction, is poetical and exact:
First to the chariot, frantic, rush and tear
His wife and mother their dishevel'd hair;
Run in, and fondly clasp his honour'd head:
The thronging concourse tears in torrents shed.

Ver. 890.] So Congreve:
But wildly wailing, to the chariot flew.
The expression is happy, and could not elude the discernment
of our most elegant translator.

Ver. 892.] This also is from Congreve's version:
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and musick's solemn sound:

But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake:
for their original stands thus:
The senor from his car the crowd address.

Ver. 894.] The rhyme may be rectified thus:
First to the palace let the car be led—.

Ver. 896.] Take a literal representation of the original from Chapman:

Then cleft the preffe; and gave
Way to the chariot:

but our translator borrowed his beautiful metaphor from Congreve:

At this the crowd gave way,
Op'ning a pafs, like waves of a divided sea.

Ver. 900. A melancholy choir, &c.] This was a custom generally received, and which passed from the Hebrews, to the Greeks, Romans, and Asiatics. There were weepers by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes round the dead. Ecclesiasticus, chap. xii. ver. 5. When a man shall go into the house of his eternity, there shall encompass him Weepers. It appears from St. Matthew, xi. 17. that children were likewise employed in this office. Dacier. P.

The three following couplets are a fine effusion of genuine poetry, but without resemblance to their original; which may be literally represented in the following commensurate translation:

A choir of mourners round
Their wailings led: these chant the funeral dirge;
The female chorus with their groans replied.
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper forrows groan from each full heart;
And Nature speaks at ev'ry pause of Art. 905

First to the corse the weeping confort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,

But I cannot deny my readers the less scrupulous, but most
elegant, execution of Mr. Cowper:

And sings a placed beside him, who should chant
The train funereal: they with many a groan
The dirge began; and still, at every close,
The female train with many a groan replied.

Our poet did not properly apprehend the passage; of which the
reader may learn a just conception from my note on the Alcestis of
Euripides, ver. 430, and the references there.

Ver. 903.] This seems to be improved from Congreve:

All in a chorus did agree
Of universal, mournful harmony.

Ver. 906, &c. The lamentations over Hector.] The poet judici-
ciously makes Priam to be silent in this general lamentation; he has
already borne a sufficient share in these forrows, in the tent of
Achilles, and said what grief can dictate to a father and a king
upon such a melancholy subject. But he introduces three women
as chief mourners, and speaks only in general of the lamentation of
the men of Troy, an excess of sorrow being unmanly; whereas
these women might with decency indulge themselves in all the
lamentation that fondness and grief could suggest. The wife, the
mother of Hector, and Helen, are the three persons introduced;
and though they all mourn upon the same occasion, yet their lamen-
tations are so different, that not a sentence that is spoken by the
one, could be made use of by the other: Andromache speaks like a
tender wife, Hecuba like a fond mother, and Helen mourns with
forrow rising from self-accusation: Andromache commends his
bravery, Hecuba his manly beauty, and Helen his gentleness and
humanity.
And oh my Hector! Oh my lord! the cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with encreasing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?

Homer is very concise in describing the funeral of Hector, which was but a necessary piece of conduct, after he had been so full in that of Patroclus.

Ver. 907.] Homer says,
The warrior's head sustaining in her hands:
but Chapman seems to have suggested the variation to our poet:

Ver. 908.} The first eight lines of this speech represent the following portion of his original:

Ol husband, loft art thou to life in youth,
Me left at home a widow, and thy son
An infant: hapless parents! helpless child!
Ne'er to attain his prime!

Ver. 918.] This turn of the passage is from Congreve, as well as the vicious rhymes:

Who is there now, that can protection give,
Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
Who save her children from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er, (Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore! Thou too my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord: Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hec tor slain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his confort more.

Ver. 920. More accurately thus:
The foe must waft those wives and infants o'er,
(Myself among's them) to a foreign shore.

Ver. 925. Thus Congreve:
And he to some inhumane lord a slave.

Ver. 928. This line is formed from one of his author, in imitation of Congreve's version:
And with his blood his thirsty grief allwage.

Ver. 930. Our translator is too concise. Thus? much more faithfully:
Wide did thy father's hand deal slaughter round,
And many a Greek, expiring, bit the ground.
In sight his fury never spar'd a foe.—

Ver. 932. The past tense spoils the whole passage, and perverts it's meaning. Thus?
This load of evils thence his parents' life
Sink down, but most sink down his wretched wife.
256: **HOMER's ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.**

Why gav'ft thou not to me thy dying hand?  
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?  
Some word thou would'ft have spoke, which 
sadly dear,  
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;  
Which never, never could be loft in air,  
Fix'd in my heart, and oft' repeated there!

---

**Ver. 934.**  
*Why gav'ft thou not to me thy dying band?  
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?]*

I have taken these two lines from Mr. Congreve, whose translation of this part was one of his first essays in poetry. He has very justly rendered the sense of *πωμέν ἰπός, δίδημον προδέν,* which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in some dangerous exigence; at which times what is spoken is usually something of the utmost importance, and delivered with the utmost care: which is the true signification of the epithet *πωμέν* in this place.  

These are lines of Congreve, as Pope himself confesses:  
*Why held he not to me his dying band?  
And why receiv'd not I his last command?*

Thus Ogilby:  
*That thou expiring reach'd not forth thy band,  
Imposing so on me thy last command?*

Tibullus says, with incomparable pathos, eleg. i. 1. 59:  
*Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora;  
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*  
My closing eyes shall gaze those angel charms;  
That lovely form shall fill my dying arms!

**Ver. 935.**] The remainder of this address represents but one distich of his original:  
*Nor one fond word didst speak, on which with tears  
Had ever dwell'd Remembrance, night and day.*

**Ver. 938.**] A miserable couplet, in my opinion; nor the better for the similarity of it's rhyme to the preceding.  
*Thus?  
Thefe, my fond memory at the dawn of light  
Had seiz'd, and cherish'd 'till returning night.*
book xxiv. Homer's Iliad. 257

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part.
Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heav'n approx'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb.

Ver. 941.] The uniformity of repetition was necessary to the perfection of the passage, as follows:

Her weeping maids re-echo groan for groan;
an unexceptionable word, elsewhere employed by our poet.

Ver. 948.] This fine couplet is a mere addition of the translator. It might be banished altogether, and the version brought to more correspondence with its original, by the following adjustment:

He, when his murderous hand had wrought thy doom,
Dragg'd thy dear reliques round Patroclus' tomb,
Slain by thine arm: an insult, vile and vain!
Nor thus Patroclus rose to life again.

Ver. 950.] Thus Congreve:

Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain;
And yet that cruelty was urg'd in vain.

vol. vi. s
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)
Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'lt thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismifs'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:

Ver. 954.] He is indebted, as usual, to Congreve:
Now fresh and glowing, even in death, thou art.

Ver. 955.] I cannot admire this verse; I am probably wrong
in my taste; but I should prefer something less sluggish, like
the following attempt:
Thy limbs unblemish'd, nor deform'd thy face.

Ver. 956.] Thus Ogilby:

yet still thou rosi'd art.

But I should choose to correct the ambiguity of our translator's
language by the following substitution:
Rosy and fair! as if Apollo's bow
Had sent thee ———:

or,

as Phœbus' silver bow

Had sent thee ———.

Ver. 957.] His adverbial epithet was probably derived from
Dacier: "On droit que c'est Apollon lui-même, qui a terminé tes
jours avec ses plus douces flèches:" or rather from Hobbes:
As fresh and as well-colour'd as if by
Apollo's gentle shafts he had been slain.

Ver. 958.] Our poet indulges his fancy in these four verses
enormously. The version below is literally faithful:
She spake, with tears; and rais'd excess of grief:
Then Helen, next, their lamentations led.

Ver. 959.] This fine expression might be suggested by Chapman:
And next her, Hellen held that state of speech and passion.
Faft from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.
Ah dearest friend! in whom the Gods had
join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er.
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(Oh had I perish'd, e'er that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the auth'refs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my forrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.

Ver. 961.] The rhyme is incorrect, and the sense foreign to his author. The proposed substitution is more faithful:
Of brothers far most dear! this tender name,
To me, kind Hector! from my Paris came.

Ver. 965.] Thus, to accord with the substitution just proposed:
Since first be brought me ——.

Ver. 969.] A little varied from Congreve:
Not one ungentle word, or look of scorn.

Ver. 973.] Congreve has exhibited his author with more fulness and fidelity; preserving a circumstance of affection, too beautifully characteristic to be omitted:
If by my sisters, or the queen revil'd,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery! The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
In Troy deserted, as abhor'd at home!

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each passer-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a fun'r'al pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,

---

Ver. 978.] The rhyme is incorrect. Thus:
Sad Helen lives all friendless and alone!
for he should have accommodated both the rhymes of Congreve to his purpose, rather than deviate into exceptionable variation. Thus that translator:

Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no friend alive, but you alone.

Ver. 980.] The latter clause is superadded for the versification only, without authority from his author.

Ver. 981.] Our poet, like a postillion, flourishes away on his Pegasus at the conclusion of his journey. His original supplied no more than the following plain materials for these very graceful and pleasing couplets:

She weeping spake: the croud immense replied
With groans: when Priam thus address the train,
Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,  
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town. 
These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
And high in air a silvan structure raise. 
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
Forth to the pile was borne the Man divine,  
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,  
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.  
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn; 
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,  
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire. 
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place  
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;

Ver. 991.] This specification of Mount Ida is neither in Homer,  
nor any of his translators, but Barbin: "Priam parloit au peuple,  
"et lui donnoit ordre d'aller à la foret du mont Ida."

Ver. 994.] Our poet might have his eyes on Chapman:
  and an unmeasur'd pile, of silvane matter cut;  
Nine daies emploide in cariage; but when the tenth morne binde  
On wretched mortals—.

Ver. 997.] Our translator condescends to copy Congreve:
  Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,  
Beheld the rolling flames, and smoke arise.

Ver. 1000.] Or thus:
  With spangling lustre deckt the dewy lawn.

Ver. 1003.] So Congreve:
  And gathering up his snowy bones with care:
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd, Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.

Laft o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread, And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.

(Strong guards and spies, 'till all the rites were done,

Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun)

All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,

A solemn, silent, melancholy train:

but originally Chapman:

His brothers then, and friends the snowy bones

Gather'd into an urn of gold.

Ver. 1006. Palls inwrought with gold could not be of softest texture, but stiff and hard. In short, the word was convenient to the translator, but in direct opposition with his author's words. Thus?

Then o'er the golden vase soft palls they threw,

Of softest texture, and of purple hue.

Congreve renders thus:

an urn of gold was brought,

Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought:

and thus Chapman:

Then wrapt they in soft purple veiles, the rich urne.

Ver. 1008. His author dictates,

And pil'd with stones, memorial of the dead.

Ver. 1009. Congreve is very accurate:

Mean time, strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,

To watch the Græcians, and prevent surprize:

but our translator had an eye also on Chapman:

guards were held, at all parts, days and nights.

Ver. 1012. This verse is added by the translator, and might be formed upon Congreve:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

The work once ended, all the vaft refort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court.

Ver. 1013.] Vicious rhymes. Thus?
There, all assembled, ceased their pious cares,
And each the last sepulchral banquet shares.

Ver. 1015.] A grand couplet, and a noble conclusion of a poem,
durable with the language and literature of Britain! His original
says only,
Thus they brave Hector's funeral rites perform'd.

END OF THE ILIAD.
WE have now past through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epick poetry would not permit our Author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, lib. xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan, but being defeated in his aim, he flew himself through indignation.
Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by Ægythhus at the instigation of Clytemnestra his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Ægythhus.

Diomed after the fall of Troy was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos his native country.

Ulysses also after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's Odysseus.

I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the
more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead: the merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations were sent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole Essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left
to the world, to truth and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25, 1720.

A. POPE.

AN

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to

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