Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut crucier, quod
Vellicat absentem Demetrius? Aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius & probet haec Octavius optimus! Hor.

Volume the Fourth.

London,
Printed by Charles Rivington,
For T. Osborne, C. Hitch and L. Hawes, John Rivington,
R. Baldwin, W. Johnston, J. Richardson, S. Crowder,
P. Davey and B. Law, T. Longman, T. Caslon,
T. Field, T. Pote, H. Woodgate and

M.DCC.LX.
THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.
The Argument.

The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close Phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alca-thous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing: Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renew the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.
When now the Thund'r'er on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring host;
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle thro' the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes, that shed insufferable light,

§. 5. Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight.] One
might fancy at the first reading of this passage, that Homer
here turned aside from the main view of his Poem, in a vain
To where the Myrians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippomolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;

offsetation of learning, to amuse himself with a foreign and unnecessary description of the manners and customs of these nations. But we shall find, upon better consideration, that Jupiter's turning aside his eyes was necessary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to Neptune to assist the Greeks, and thereby causes all the adventures of this book. Madam Dacier is too refining on this occasion; when she would have it, that Jupiter's averting his eyes signifies his abandoning the Trojans; in the same manner, as the scripture represents the Almighty turning his face from those whom he deserts. But at this rate Jupiter turning his eyes from the battle, must desert both the Trojans and the Greeks; and it is evident from the context, that Jupiter intended nothing less than to let the Trojans suffer.

v. 9. And where the far-fam'd Hippomolgian strays.] There is much dispute among the Criticks, which are the proper names, and which the epithets in these verses? Some making ἅγουος the epithet to ἁγουοις, others ἁγουοις the epithet to ἅγουος; and ᾅκος, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by Strabo and Ammianus Marcellinus made the proper name of a people. In this diversity of opinions, I have chosen that which I thought would make the best figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to suppose that the long life of the Hippomolgians was an effect of their simple diet, and a reward of their justice; and that the Supreme Being, displeased at the continued scenes of human violence and dissension, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the simplicity of these people.

It is observableness that the same custom of living on milk is preserved to this day by the Tartars, who inhabit the same country.
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food;
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is giv'n,
While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heav'n.

Mean-time the * Monarch of the wat'ry main
Observ'd the Thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring spires were seen;
The crowded ships, and fable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sat; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;

* Neptune.

Par. 27. At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd—]}

*de la Matte* has played the critic upon this passage a
little unadvisedly. "Neptune, says he, is impatient to assist
A. 4.
Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.

"the Greeks. Homer tells us, that this God goes first to
seek his chariot in a certain place; next he arrives at anoth-
other place nearer the camp; there he takes off his horses,
and then he locks them fast, to secure them at his return.
The detail of so many particularities no way suits the maj-
esty of a God, or the impatience in which he is described." Another French writer makes answer, that however impatient Neptune is represented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the war without their arms; and the arms, chariot and horses of Neptune were at Ægeus. He makes but four steps to get thither; so that what M. de la Motte calls being slow, is swiftness itself. The God puts on his arms, mounts his chariot and departs; nothing is more rapid than his course; he flies over the waters: the verses of Homer in that place run swifter than the God himself. It is sufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of Neptune's chariot in the very sound of those three lines, each of which is entirely composed of dactyls, excepting that one spondee which must necessarily terminate the verse.

Longinus confesses himself wonderfully struck with the subli-
mity of this passage. That Critick, after having blamed the de-
fects with which Homer draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better succeeded in describing their figure and persons. He owns that he often paints a God such as he is, in all his majesty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terrestrial images; of which he pro-
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægeæ shook.

duces this passage as a remarkable instance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of Psalms affords us a description of the like sublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness, the earth shook, the heavens dropped at the presence of God, even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel. Psal. lxviii.

_y._ 32.—_Three ample strides he took._] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not transcends, what he has feigned before of the passage of this God. We are told, that at four steps he reached Ægeæ, which (supposing it meant of the town of that name in Eubœa, which lay the nearest to Thrace,) is hardly less than a degree at each step. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him striding from promontory to promontory, his first step on mount Athos, his second on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubœa. Dacier is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole passage, and without which the sublime image of Homer is not compleat.

_y._ 33.—_The distant Ægeæ shook._] There were three places of this name, which were all sacred to Neptune; an island in the Ægean sea, mentioned by Nicosthenes, a town in Peloponnesus, and another in Eubœa. Homer is supposed in this passage to speak of the last; but the question is put, why Neptune who stood upon a hill in Samothrace, instead of going on the left to Troy, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniously solved by the old Scholiast; who says, that Jupiter being now on mount Ida, with his eyes turned towards Thrace, Neptune could not take the direct way from Samothrace to Troy without being discovered by him, and therefore fetches this compass to conceal himself. Eustathius is contented to say,
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands: 35
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies: 41
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,

that the Poet made Neptune go so far about, for the opportunity of those fine descriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the passage of this God.

v. 43. Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep.] This description of Neptune rises upon us; his passage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving through the seas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that marvellous so natural to the imagination of our author. And I cannot but think the verses of Virgil in the fifth Æneid are short of his original:

"Cœruleo per summâ levis volat æquora curru:
Subsidunt undâ, tumidumque sub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi,
Tum variae comitum facies, immanias ceter, &c."

I fancy Scaliger himself was sensible of this, by his passing in silence a passage which lay so obvious to comparison.
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;  
And heavy Whales in awkward measures play:

The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,

Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;

The parting waves before his coursers fly:

The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;

Between where Tenedos the surges lave,

And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:

There the great ruler of the azure round

Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,

Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,

And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,

Infrangible, immortal: there they stay.

The father of the floods pursues his way;

Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,

Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,

Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,

Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along:

To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,

The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply:
They vow destruction to the Grecian name, 65
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire, 71
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriours, all our hopes to raise;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear; 75
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part
o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.

Yet — This part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.]

What address, and at the same time, what strength is there in these words? Neptune tells the two Ajaces, that he is only afraid for their post; and that the Greeks will perish by that gate, since it is Hecylor who assaults it: at every other quarter, the Trojans will be repulsed. It may therefore be properly said, that the Ajaces only are vanquished, and that their de-
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,  
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his fire.  
If yet some heav'ly pow'r your breast excite,  
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,  
Greece yet may live, her threat'ned fleet maintain;  
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.  
Then with his scepter that the deep controlls,  
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:  
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,  
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.  

Then as a falcon from the rocky height,  
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the fight  
feat draws destruction upon all the Greeks, I don't think that  
any thing better could be invented to animate courageous Men, and make them attempt even impossibilities. Dacier.  

v. 83. If yet some heav'ly power, &c.] Here Neptune, considering how the Greeks were discouraged by the knowledge that Jupiter assisted Hector, infinuates, that notwithstanding Hector's confidence in that assistance, yet the power of some other God might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and seems not to doubt his ability of contesting the point with Jove himself. It is with the same confidence he afterwards speaks to Iris, of himself and his power, when he refutes to submit to the order of Jupiter in the fifteenth book. Eustathius remarks, what an incentive it must be to the Ajaxes to hear those who could stand against Hector equalled in this oblique manner, to the Gods themselves,
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the pow'r of Ocean flew;
'The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, Oileus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon.

Some God, my friend, some God in human form
Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm.

Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r appear:

*97. Th' inspiring God, Oileus' active son—Perceiv'd. the first.]* The reason has been asked, why the lesser Ajax is the first to perceive the assistance of the God? And the ancient solution of this question was very ingenious: they said that the greater Ajax, being slow of apprehension, and naturally valiant, could not be sensible so soon of this accession of strength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing so much to his natural courage.

*102. Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r.]* This opinion, that the majesty of the Gods was such that they could not be seen face to face by men, seems to have been generally received in most nations. Spendarus observes, that it might be derived from sacred truth, and founded upon what God says to Moses in Exodus, ch. xxxiii. *20, 23. Man shall not see me and live: thou shalt see my back parts, but my face thou shalt not behold.* For the farther particulars of this notion among the Heathens, see the notes on lib. i. *268. and on the vth,* *971.*
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God.
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.

Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd,
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inspir'd;
Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the Pow'r,
Then stern Penelus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Laid Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes.

Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:

x. 131. The speech of Neptune to the Greeks.] After Neptune in his former discourse to the Ajaxes, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withstand the attack of the Trojans; he now addresseth himself to those, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ships, had given up all for lost. These he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the most noble and spirited speeches in the whole Iliad. He represents that their present miserable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of resolution to withstand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to resist them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their present dejection of mind to a cowardly spirit, but to a resentment and indignation of their General's usage of their favourite hero Achilles. With the same softening art, he tells them, he scorns to speak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their misbehaviour as they are the bravest of the army. He then exhorts them for their own sake to avoid destruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppose so imminent a danger.
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, 'till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldiers baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?

y. 141. *A rout undisciplin'd, &c.* I translate this line,

\[\text{notos \ epitaxias, anavildas, e\'i \ i\'i \ xhemp},\]

with allusion to the want of military discipline among the Barbarians, so often hinted at in Homer: He is always opposing to this, the exact and regular disposition of his Greeks, and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the Grecian phalanxes were such, that Mars or Minerva could not have found a defect in them.
'Tis not your cause, *Achilles* injur'd fame:  
Another's is the crime, but your's the shame. 
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust, 
Must you be cowards, if your King's unjust? 
Prevent this evil, and your country save: 
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave. 
Think, and subdue! on daftards dead to fame 
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame: 
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host, 
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!

Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;  
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.

y. 155. *Prevent this evil, &c.*] The verse in the original,  
"Ἄλλ' ἀνέστη τὰς τοὺς στραταλαμπάκες," 
may be capable of receiving another sense to this effect. If it be your resentment of *Agamemnon*’s usage of *Achilles*, that with holds you from the battle, *that evil* (viz. the dissension of those two chiefs) *may soon be remedied*, *for the minds of good men are easily calmed and composed*. I had once translated it, 

Their future strife with speed we shall redress,  
For noble minds are soon compos’d to peace. 

But upon considering the whole context more attentively, 
the other explanation (which is that of *Didymus*) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,  
On endless infamy, on instant death.  
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore; 165  
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!  
Impetuous Heëtor thunders at the wall;  
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.  
These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,  
And lift'ning armies catch the godlike fire. 170  
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,  
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:

y. 171. [Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found, &c.] We must here take notice of an old story, which however groundless and idle it seems, is related by Plutarch, Philostratus and others. "Ganitlov the son of Amphidamas King of Eubea, celebrating with all solemnity the funeral of his father, "proclaimed according to custom several publick games, a- "mong which was the prize of poetry. Homer and Hesiod "came to dispute for it. After they had produced several "pieces on either side, in all which the audience declared "for Homer, Panides, the brother of the deceased, who sat "as one of the judges, ordered each of the contending Poets "to recite that part of his works which he esteemed the best. "Hesiod repeated those lines which make the beginning of "his second book,

Πνεύματος ἀνθρακείων ἰπιελλομενῶν,  
"Ἀγχος' ἀμίτω ἀμίτω τι ὀνοματόων, &c.

"Homer answered with the verses which follow here: but "the prince preferring the peaceful subject of Hesiod to the "martial one of Homer; contrary to the expectation of all,
So close their order, so dispos'd their Fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes,
The God of war had own'd a just surprize.
A cho'en Phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.

"adjudged the prize to Hesiod." The Commentators upon this occasion are very rhetorical, and universally exclaim a gainst so crying a piece of injustice: all the hardest names which learning can furnish, are very liberally bestowed upon poor Panides. Spondanus is mighty smart, calls him Midas, takes him by the ear, and asks the dead Prince as many insulting questions, as any of his Author's own Heroes could have done. Dacier with all gravity tells us, that posterity proved a more equitable judge than Panides. And if I had not told this tale in my turn, I must have incurred the cen- sure of all the schoolmasters in the nation.

v. 173. So close their order, &c.] When Homer retouches the same subject, he has always the art to rise in his ideas above what he said before. We shall find an instance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact discipline of an army, with what he had made use of on the same occasion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is said, that the most experienced the warriour could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by Pallas through the battle; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that Pallas and the God of War themselves must have admired this disposition of the Grecian forces. Eustathius.

v. 177. A cho'en Phalanx, firm, &c.] Homer in these lines has given us a description of the ancient Phalanx, which consisted of several ranks of men closely ranged in this order. The first line stood with their spears levelled directly forward; the second rank being armed with spears two cubits longer,
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields, 179
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays, 185
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy. 190
levelled them likewise forward through the interstices of the first; and the third in the same manner held forth their spears yet longer, through the two former ranks; so that the points of the spears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks stood with their spears erect'd, in readiness to advance, and fill the vacant places of such as fell.
This is the account Eustathius gives of the Phalanx, which he observes was only fit for a body of men acting on the defensive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly Homer here only describes the Greeks ordering the battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to stand their ground against the furious assault of the Trojans. The same Commentator observes from Hermolytus, an ancient writer of Taciticks, that this manner of ordering the Phalanx was afterwards introduced among the Spartans by Lycurgus, among the Argives by Lygander, among the Thebans by Epaminondas, and among the Macedonians by Charidemus.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne;

Ex. 191. As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, &c.] This is one of the noblest similes in all Homer, and the most justly corresponding in its circumstances to the thing described. The furious descent of Hector from the wall represented by a stone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero pushed on by the superior force of Jupiter, as the stone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the stone, the crackling of the woods, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, and the augmentation of force in its progress: all these points of likeness make but the first part of this admirable simile. Then the sudden stop of the stone when it comes to the plain, as of Hector at the phalanx of the Achaes (alluding also to the natural situation of the ground, Hector rushing down the declivity of the shore, and being stopped on the level of the sea:) and lastly, the immobility of both when so stopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: this last branch of the comparison is the happiest in the world, and though not hitherto observed, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. The simile is copied by Virgil, Æn. xii.

"Ac veluti montis fæxum de vertice præceps,
Cùm ruit avulsum vento, fec turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapfa vetustas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
Exultatque solo; sylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum. Dispecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad muros"

And Tasso has again copied it from Virgil in his xviiith Book.

"Qual gran fasso tal hor, che o la vecchiezza
Solve da un monte, o fvelle ira de' venti
Book xiii. Homer's Iliad. 23

(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; 195
At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and, urg'd a-
main,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to
the plain:

"Ruionosa dirupa, e porta, e spezza"
"Le selve, e con le case anco gli armenti"
"Tal giù trahea de la sublime altezza"
"L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,"
"Die la torre a quel moto une, o duo crolli;"
"Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli."

It is but justice to Homer to take notice how infinitely infe-
riour both the families are to their original. They have taken
the image without the likeness, and loft those corresponding
circumstances which raise the juftness and sublimity of Homer's.
In Virgil it is only the violence of Turnus in which the whole
application consists: and in Tasso it has no farther allusion
than to the fall of a tower in general.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part.
As the verses themselves make us see, the sound of them
makes us hear, what they represent; in the noble roughness,
rapidity, and sonorous cadence that distinguishes them.

Ρίζας, ἀστηρ ὡκεῖον ἀνδρέος ἔχεισα πίτης, &c.

The translation, however short it falls of these beauties, may
serve to shew the reader, that there was at least an endeavour
to imitate them.
There stops—So Heclor. Their whole force he prov'd,
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stop't, unmov'd. 200

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires. 204

Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Thro' yon' square body, and that black array:
Stand, and my Spear shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tow'r.

For he that Juno's heav'ly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms. 219

He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deipthous; but marching, held
Before his wary steps, his ample shield.

Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not thro': unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warriour, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear: 220
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;
Then to the ships with furly speed he went,
To seek a furer jav'lin in his tent. 224

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor rich in gen'rous steeds.
E'er yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred, 230
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright Medesicafe's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Ally'd the warriour to the house of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235
And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear,
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And foils its verdant tresses on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:
He saw, and shun'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimacus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Deplor'd Amphimacus, sad object! lies; Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear across the lawn, Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting thro' the wood, And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood; So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head: Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away, At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.
   The God of Ocean fir'd with stern disdain, And pierc'd with sorrow for his * grandson slain, Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands, And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands. Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet, He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete; * Amphimacus.

* 278. Idomen of Crete.] Idomeneus appears at large in this book, whose character (if I take it right) is such as we see pretty often in common life: a person of the first rank, sufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conscious of his decline of strength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himself in dignity, and to preserve the veneration of others. The true picture
of a fliff old soldier, not willing to lose any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconsiderate in danger; but by the sense of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds against him: very careful and tender of his soldiers, whom he had commanded so long, that they were become old acquaintance; (so that it was with great judgment Homer chose to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded.) Talkative upon subjects of war, as afraid that others might lose the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long conversation with Meriones, and Ajax’s reproach to him in ll. xxiii. 473. of the original, are sufficient proofs. One may observe some strokes of lordliness and state in his character: that respect Agamemnon seems careful to treat him with, and the particular distinctions shewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that infinuates they were points upon which this Prince not a little insisted. ll. iv. 296, &c. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his farcim and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, favour of the same turn of mind. And it seems there was among the ancients a tradition of Idomeneus, which strengthens this conjecture of his pride: for we find in the Heroicks of Philostratus, that before he would come to the Trojan war, he demanded a share in the sovereign command with Agamemnon himself.

I must, upon this occasion, make an observation once for all, which will be applicable to many passages in Homer, and afford a solution of many difficulties. It is, that our Author drew several of his characters with an eye to the histories then known of famous persons, or the traditions that past in those times. One cannot believe otherwise of a Poet, who appears so nicely exact in observing all the customs of the age he described; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumstances relating to particular persons, which we meet...
Book xiii. Homer's Iliad. 29

Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore, 281
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the Surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issu'd from his tent;
Fierce for the fight: to whom the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andromon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

with every where in his poem, could possibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred seeming Oddnesses not only in the characters, but in the speeches of the Iliad: for as no author is more true than Homer to the character of the person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his oratory to the character of the person spoken to. Many of these beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this supposition will give a new light to several particulars. For instance, the speech I have been mentioning of Agamemnon to Idomenens in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much less odd and surprising. Or who can tell but it had some allusion to the manners of the Cretans whom he commanded, whose character was so well known, as to become a proverb: The Cretans, evil beasts, and low bellies.

v. 283. The Surgeons of the camp.] Podalirius and Machaon were not the only physicians in the army; it appears from some passages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themselves. It may not be improper to advert, that the ancient Physicians were all Surgeons. Euflathius.
Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost? 290
To whom the King. On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.
'Tis Heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,
And what thou can't not singly, urge the rest.
Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake.
Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns:
Swift to his tent the Cretan King returns.

From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like light'n'ng bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the Monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!

This conversation between Idomeneus and Meriones is generally censured as highly improper and out of place, and as such is
HOMER's I L I A D. Book xiii.

O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound, 329
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?

given up even by M. Dacier, the most zealous of our Poet's defenders. However, if we look closely into the occasion and drift of this discourse, the accusation will, I believe, appear not so well grounded. Two Persons of distinction, just when the enemy is put to a stop by the Ajaces, meet behind the army: having each on important occasions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded soldier, the other to seek a new weapon. Idomeneus, who is superior in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is surprized to meet Meriones out of it, who was one of his own officers (Σπόνδηνων, as Homer here calls him) and being jealous of his soldier's honour, demands the cause of his quitting the fight. Meriones having told him it was the want of a spear, he yet seems unsatisfied with the excuse; adding, that he himself did not approve of that distant manner of fighting with a spear. Meriones being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the Greeks had the least reason to suspect his courage: whereupon Idomeneus perceiving him highly piqued, assures him he entertains no such hard thoughts of him, since he had often known his courage proved on such occasions, where the danger being greater, and the number smaller, it was impossible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a sinister interpretation to their inactivity during this discourse, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this conversation has its rise from a jealousy in the most tender point of honour, I think the Poet cannot justly be blamed for suffering a discourse so full of warm sentiments to run on for about forty verses; which after all cannot be supposed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.
Inglorious here, my Soul abhors to stay,  
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O Prince! (Meriones replies) whose care  
Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war;  
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;  
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive  
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;  
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all)  
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.

v. 335. This headless lance, &c.] We have often seen several of Homer's combatants lose and break their spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to seek other weapons; why therefore does Homer here send Meriones on this errand? It may be said, that in the kind of fight which the Greeks now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, Meriones was useless without this weapon.

v. 339. Spears I have store, &c.] Idomeneus describes his tent as a magazine, stored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as useless trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to supply his own, and his friend's occasions. And this consideration shews us one reason why these warriors contended with such eagernefs to carry off the arms of a vanquished enemy.

This gives me an occasion to animadvert upon a false remark of Euflathius, which is inserted in the notes on the eleventh book, "that Homer, to shew us nothing is so unseasonable in a battle as to stay to deSpoil the flain, feigns that most of the warriors who do it, are killed, wounded, or unsuccessful." I am aſtonished how so great a mistake...
HOMER'S I L I A D. Book xiii.

Tho' I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, or aim th' uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.

Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.

Should fall from any man who had read Homer, much more from one who had read him so thoroughly, and even supernaturally, as the old Archbishop of Thebæpolonica. There is scarce a book in Homer that does not abound with instances to the contrary, where the conquerors strip their enemies, and bear off their spoils in triumph. It was (as I have already said in the essay on Homer's battles) as honourable an exploit in those days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a standard. But it is a strange consequence, that because our Author sometimes represents a man unsuccessful in a glorious attempt, he therefore discommends the attempt itself; and is as good an argument against encountering an enemy living, as against despoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which Homer has so well marked the distinction; when he constantly speaks of the spoils as glorious, but makes Nestor in the sixth book, and Hector in the fifteenth, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midst of a victory, and sometimes even after it.
What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
Have prov’d thy valour, and unconquer’d might;
And were some ambush for the foes design’d, Ev’n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confess'd.

\[353. To this, Idomeneus.\] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman Poet’s are generally set speeches, those of the Greek more in conversation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a speech; he hardly raises one of his heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in Homer, a thing scarce ever to be found in Virgil; the consequence whereof is, that there must be in the Iliad many continued conversations (such as this of our two heroes) a little resembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but less grave and majestick. However, that such was the way of writing generally practised in those ancient times, appears from the like manner used in most of the books of the Old Testament; and it particularly agreed with our Author’s warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumstance of what he described.

\[357. In that sharp service, &c.\] In a general battle cowardice may be the more easily concealed, by reason of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuscade, where the soldiers are few, each must be discovered to be what he is: this is the reason why the ancients entertained so great an idea of this sort of war; the bravest men were always chosen to serve upon such occasions. Eustathius.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part; 361
Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair! 365
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest. 370

In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight 376
'T oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears, the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back. 381
Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide destroyer of the race of man) 385

y. 384. So Mars armipotent, &c.] Homer varies his similitudes with all imaginable art, sometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, sometimes from natural passions, sometimes from the occurrences of life, and sometimes (as in the simile before us) from history. The invention of Mars's passage from Thrace (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the Phlegyans and Ephryians, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is something of a fine enthusiasm, in Homer's manner of fetching a compass, as it were, to draw in new images, besides those in which the direct point of likeness conflits. Milton perfectly well understood the beauty of these digressive images, as we may see from the following simile, which is in a manner made up of them.

Thick as autumnal leaves that frow the brooks
In Vallombrosa (where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embow' r.) Or scatter'd fedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast (whose wave o'erthrew
Bufris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of Gosben, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses,
And broken chariot-wheels) — So thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these.
Terrou, his best lov’d son, attends his course, 
Arm’d with stern boldness, and enormous force; 
The pride of haughty warriours to confound, 
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground: 
From Thrace they fly, call’d to the dire alarms 390 
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms; 
Invok’d by both, relentless they dispose 
To these glad conquest, murd’rous rout to those. 
So march’d the leaders of the Cretan train, 394 
And their bright arms shot horrour o’er the plain. 

Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the right, 
Or combat in the center of the fight?

As for the general purport of this comparison of Homer, it gives us a noble and majestick idea, at once, of Idomeneus and Meriones, represented by Mars and his son Terrou; in which each of these heroes is greatly elevated, yet the just distinction between them preserved. The beautiful simile of Virgil in his twelfth Æneid is drawn with an eye to this of our Author:

"Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos; illi æquore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulsu
Thraca pedum: circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Iræque, Insidiaeque, Dei comitatus, aguntur,"

v. 396. — Shall we join the right, 
Or combat in the center of the fight? 
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?]
Or to the left our wonted succour lend?  
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.  
Not in the center, (Idomen reply’d)  
Our ablest chieftans the main battle guide;  
Each god-like Ajax makes that post his care,  
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:

The common interpreters have to this question of Meriones given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonsensè; explaining it thus: Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle; or on the left, for no where else do the Greeks so much want assistance? which amounts to this: “Shall we engage where our assistance is most wanted, or where it is not wanted?” The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to understand it in this obvious meaning; Shall we bring our assistance to the right, to the left, or to the center? Since the Greeks being equally pressed and engaged on all sides, equally need our aid in all parts.

y. 400. Not in the center, &c.] There is in this answer of Idomeneus a small circumstance which is overlooked by the Commentators, but in which the whole spirit and reason of what is said by him consists. He says he is in no fear for the center, since it is defended by Teucer and Ajax; Teucer being not only most famous for the use of the bow, but likewise excellent in δολία, πυργίων, in a close standing fight; and as for Ajax, though not so swift of foot as Achilles, yet he was equal to him in αὐτό ταξίν, in the same steady manner of fighting; hereby intimating that he was secure for the center, because that post was defended by two persons both accomplished in that part of war, which was most necessary for the service they were then engaged in; the two expressions before mentioned peculiarly signifying a firm and steady way of fighting, most useful in maintaining a post.
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. 405
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
'Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth, 410
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax falls not on th' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course. 415
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to the appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld 420
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' fultry reign, 424
From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glared the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great Sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crowds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan tow'rs:
While Neptune rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of heav'n with stern disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
HOMER's ILIAD. Book xiii.

But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than Men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid. 450
These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine Chain,

y. 451.] It will be necessary, for the better understanding
the conduct of Homer in every battle he describes, to reflect
on the particular kind of fight, and the circumstances that
 distinguish each. In this view therefore we ought to remem-
ber through this whole book, that the battle described in it,
 is a fixed close fight, wherein the armies engage in a gross
compact body, without any skirmishes or feats of activity so
often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We see at
the beginning of it the Grecians form a Phalanx, y. 177. which
continues unbroken at the very end, y. 1006. The chief
weapon made use of is a spear, being most proper for this man-
ner of combat; nor do we see any other use of a chariot, but
to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the instance of Har-
palion and Deiphobus.)

From hence we may observe with what judgment and pro-
priety Homer introduces Idomeneus as the chief in action on
this occasion: for this hero being declined from his prime,
and somewhat stiff with years, was only fit for this kind of
engagement, as Homer expressly says in the 512th verse of the
present book.

οὐ γὰς ἐτ ἑ punishments γυνα ποτὼν ἔν ὑμνησίαν,
οὔτ' ἄχ' ἐπιτίθαι μεθ' ἐν βίροις, ἐτ' ἀλκνασθεί.
Τῷ ὁ καὶ ἐμ' ἐπαύθη μὲν ἀρείην γινείς ἡμᾶς.
See the translation, y. 648, &c.

y. 452. In War and Discord's adamantine Chain.] This
short but comprehensive allegory, is very proper to give us an
Indisflolubly strong; the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.
  Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.

First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesius' distant walls he came;  
Cassandra's love he fought, with boasts of pow'r,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.

idea of the present condition of the two contending armies,
who being powerfully sustained by the assistance of superior Deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the Poet represents Jupiter and Neptune holding the two armies close bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the enclosed armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in Homer any image at once so exact and bold. Madam Dacier acknowledges, that despairing to make this passage shine in her language, she purpoofely omitted it in her translation; but from what she says in her annotations, it seems that she did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. Hobbes too was not very sensible of it, when he translated it so oddly:

And thus the Saw from brother unto brother
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,
And many slain on one side and the other.
HOMER's I L I A D. Book xiii.

The King consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The King consented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride, 465
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him, as he talk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms refounded as the boaster fell. 470

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!

§. 471. The great Idoméneus bestrides the dead:
And thus (he cries) — — —

It seems (says Eußhatius on this place) that the Iliad being an
heroick poem, is of too serious a nature to admit of raillery: yef Homer has found the secret of joining two things that are
in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is fo far
from raising laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable
to enflame the courage of all who hear it. It also elevates the
character of Idomeneus, who notwithstanding he is in the midft
of imminent dangers, preserves his usual gaiety of temper,
which is the greatest evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confess I am of an opinion very different from this of Eu-
ßhatius, which is also adopted by M. Dacier. So severe and
bloody an irony to a dying Perfon is a fault in morals, if not
in poetry itself. It should not have place at all, or if it should,
is ill placed here. Idomeneus is represented a brave man, nay
a man of a compassionate nature, in the circumstance he was
introduced in, of affifting a wounded soldiier. What provoca-
tion could such an one have, to insult so barbarously an
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,  
And such the contract of the Phrygian King!

unfortunate Prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy. True courage is inseparable from humanity, and all generous warriors regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they cost. "I know it may be answered, that these were not the manners of Homer's time; a spirit of violence and devastation then reigned, even among the chosen people of God, as may be seen from the actions of Joshua, &c. However, if one would forgive the cruelty, one cannot forgive the gaiety on such an occasion. These inhuman jests the Poet was so far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break the general serious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raise a suspicion, that (whatever we see of his superior genius in other respects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the most shocking in this Author, is that spirit of cruelty which appears too manifestly in the Iliad.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate Homer in these licences, and is much more reserved in his sarcasms and insults. There are not above four or five in the whole Æneid. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the second book, though barbarous in itself, may be accounted for as intended to raise a character of horror, and to render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer stains his most favourite characters with these barbarities. That of Ascanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excused by the youth and gaiety of the speaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate answer to the insolences with which he had just been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

"— — I, verbis virtutem illude superbis.  
"Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis responfa remittunt."

He never suffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend
Our offers now, illustrious Prince! receive; 475
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;

Pallas: that short one to Mezentius is the least that could be
said to such a tyrant.

"— — Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa
"Effera vis animi?"

The worst-natured one I remember (which yet is more ex-
cusable than Homer's) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the
twelfth book.

"En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petiti,
"Hesperiam metire jacens; hæc præmia, qui me
"Ferro aui tentare, ferunt: sic moenia condunt."

474. And such the contract of the Phrygian King, &c. It
was but natural to raise a question, on occasion of these
and other passages in Homer, how it comes to pass that the
heroes of different nations are so well acquainted with the
flories and circumstances of each other? Eustathius's solution
is no ill one, that the warriours on both sides might learn the
flory of their enemies from the captives they took, during the
course of so long a war.
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind) 486
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan King.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide, 491
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great Admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground: 496
So sunk proud Ajax in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear, 501
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath 505
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Ajax' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Neptor's youthful son.

Stabb'd at the fight, Deiphobus drew nigh, 509
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw; and stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd) 515
He lay collected in defensive shade.
O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly fung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the spear the vig'rous arm confess,
And pierc'd, obliquely, King Hypsenor's breast: 520

x. 511. The Cretan saw; and stooping, &c.] Nothing could
paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every
circumstance of it, than the following lines. There is the
posture of Idomeneus upon seeing the lance flying towards him;
the lifting the shield obliquely to turn it aside; the arm dis-
covered in that position; the form, composition, materials,
and ornaments of the shield distinctly specified; the flight of
the dart over it; the sound of it first as it flew, then as it fell;
and the decay of that sound on the edge of the buckler, which
being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung,
especially when the first force of the stroke was spent on the
orb of it. All this in the compass of so few lines, in which
every word is an image, is something more beautifully parti-
cular, than I remember to have met with in any Poet.
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!

Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreven'd, lamented Ajax lies:
For thee, tho' hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade. 526

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Grieved as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
'Till sad Memnon and Alastor bore 531
His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, whom heav'n and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom. 536

He sees Alcaeus in the front aspire:
Great Æneas was the hero's fire;
His spouse Hippodame, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care; 540
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.

Before the pond'rous stroke his corselet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His lab'ring heart, heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:

\[x. 543.\] He once of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy.] Some manuscripts, after these words, ἔρεστε ἐν Τροίᾳ οὕτος, insert the three following verses:

\[Πρὶν Ἀθηνόφιδες τραφίμεν ἦς Παυλόν υἷας
Πραμύδας θ' ἐν τρων μελάττησεν ἰπποδάμιον
.Excel ὁ ἢκον ἑκεῖν, ὀρείσκε ὡς κύριον ἀμέλε;\]

which I have not translated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. Barnes is of the same opinion.

\[x. 554.\] His lab'ring heart, heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound.] We cannot read Homer without observing a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of these wounds
Faft-flowing from its source, as prone he lay, 556
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain.
Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend, 560
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came: 565
Deucalion, blameless Prince! was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons I reign,
And thence my ships transport me thro' the main:
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine, 570
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

are painted with very singular circumstances, and those of un-
common art and beauty. This passage is a masterpiece in that
way; Alceuthous is pierced into the heart, which throbs with
so strong a pulse, that the motion is communicated even to
the distant end of the spear, which is vibrated thereby. This
circumstance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond
nature, were we not informed by the most skilful Anatomists
of the wonderful force of this muscle, which some of them
computed to be equal to the weight of several thousand pounds.
Lower de corde, Borellus, & alii.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the King of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he sought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superiour posts in meaner hands.

v. 578. Incens'd at partial Priam, &c.] Homer here gives the reason why Æneas did not fight in the foremost ranks. It was against his inclination that he served Priam, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to assist his country, than by any disposition to aid that Prince. This passage is purely historical, and the ancients have preserved to us a tradition which serves to explain it. They say that Æneas became suspected by Priam, on account of an oracle which prophesied he should in process of time rule over the Trojans. The King therefore shewed him no great degree of esteem or consideration, with design to discredit, and render him despicable to the people. Eustathius. This envy of Priam, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by Achilles to Æneas in the twentieth book.

(See v. 216, &c. of the translation.) And Neptune in the same book,
To him, ambitious of so great an aid, 580
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said:
Now, Trojan Prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend! 584
Come, and the warriour's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

In the translation, v. 355, &c.

I shall conclude this note with the character of Æneas, as it is drawn by Philostratus, wherein he makes mention of the same tradition. "Æneas (says this author) was inferior to Hector in battle only, in all else equal, and in prudence superior. He was likewise skilful in whatever related to the Gods, and conscious of what destiny had reserved for him after the taking of Troy. Incapable of fear, never discomposed, and particularly possessing himself in the article of danger. Hector is reported to have been called the hand, and Æneas the head of the Trojans; and the latter more advantaged their affairs by his caution, than the former by his fury. These two heroes were much of the same age, and the same stature: the air of Æneas had something in it less bold and forward, but at the same time more fixed and constant." Philostrat. Heroic.
Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rusticks rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the brisly horrours rise,
Fires stream in light'ning from his sanguine eyes,
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage;
So stood Idomeneus, his jav'lin shook,
And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, Deipylus were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To these the warriour sent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old,
Book xiii. H O M E R’s I L I A D. 55

Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke, and all as with one soul obey’d; Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands Th’ assisting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th’ embody’d train; 620
Like Ida’s flocks proceeding o’er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, thro’ the well-known meads,

v. 621. Like Ida’s flocks, &c.] Homer, whether he treats of the customs of men or beasts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When sheep leave the pasture and drink freely, it is a certain sign, that they have found good pasturage, and that they are all found; it is therefore upon this account, that Homer says the shepherd rejoices. Homer, we find, well understood what Aristotle many ages after him remarked, viz. that sheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reason, why shepherds are accustomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of salt every five days in the summer, that they may by this means drink the more freely. Eustathius.
So joys Æneas, as his native band,
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On ev'ry side the freely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lin's sing.
Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.

The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shun'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke,
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious, grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the show'r of spears.)
Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course;
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:
'Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, slow steps, he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin cast:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,
And, pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young;
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall; 660
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

§ 655. And, fir'd with hate.] Homer does not tell us the occasion of this hatred; but since his days, Simonides and Ibycus write, that Idomeneus and Deiphobus were rivals, and both in love with Helen. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which Euripides and Virgil have followed: for after the death of Paris, they tell us she was espoused to Deiphobus, Eustathius.
Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car
Rapt from the leaft'ning thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he past, the sands with gore.
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the fanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.
Book XIII. Homer's Iliad.

Bold Aphaereus by great Æneas bled; As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head, He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast; His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warriour lies; And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.

Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round, Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound; The hollow vein that to the neck extends Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends: Supine he falls, and to his social train Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain. Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay, From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away; His time observ'd; for clos'd by foes around, On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound. His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains, But he impervious and untouch'd remains. (Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age) In arms intrepid, with the first he fought, Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger fought;
His winged lance, restless as the wind,  
Obeys each motion of the master's mind,  
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,  
And meditates the distant enemy.  
The son of Asius, Adamas drew near,  
And struck his target with the brazen spear,  
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,  
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.  
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;  
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.  
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;  
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,  
Deep in the belly's rim an ent'rance found,  
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.  
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,  

...The original is,

The verification represents the short broken pantings, of the dying warriour, in the short sudden break at the second syllable of the second line. And this beauty is, as it happens, precisely copied in the English. It is not often that a Translator can do this justice to Homer, but he must be content to imitate these graces and proprieties at more distance, by endeavouring at something parallel, though not the same.
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty’d,
While death’s strong pangs distend his lab’ring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The spear, the conqu’ror from his body drew, 725
And death’s dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav’d high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll’d amid the throng: 730
There, for some luckier Greek it refts a prize;
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the pond’rous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow: 736

\[728. King Helenus.\] The appellation of King was not
anciently confined to those only who bore the sovereign dignity, but applied also to others. There was in the island of Cyprus a whole order of officers called Kings, whose business it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the island, and to regulate affairs accordingly. Eustathius.
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierce'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,

v 739. As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor.] We ought not be shocked at the frequency of these similes taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before polite-
ness had raised the esteem of arts subservient to luxury, above those necessary to the subsistence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of persons of the greatest esteem and distinction. We see, in sacred history, Princes busy at sheep shearing; and in the time of the Roman common-wealth, a Dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that allusions and comparisons of this kind are frequently used by ancient heroic writers, as well to raise, as illustrate their descriptions. But since these arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the lowest people, the images of them are likewise sunk into meannesses, and without this consideration must appear to common readers unworthy to have place in Epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to such tastes, that Chapman omitted this simile in his translation.
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
hand:
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear follicits, and the bandage bound; 750
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

751. A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.]

The words of the original are these:

Αὐτὴν δὲ ξωμήκεν ἱπτάων όις ἀωτὖρ
Σφεδόνη, ἐν ἀρκε οἱ θεάται τραίνα ποιεῖν λαῖν.

This passage, by the Commentators ancient and modern, seems rightly understood in the sense expressed in this translation: the word σφεδόνη properly signifying a Sling; which (as Eustathius observes from an old Scholiaist) was anciently made of woollen frings. Chapman alone differs from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that slings are nowhere mentioned in the Iliad, without giving any reason for his opinion. He therefore translates the word σφεδόνη a Scarf, by no other authority but that he says, it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in, than a sling; and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a most gallant imagination, that his squire might carry this Scarf about him as a favour of his own or of his master's mistress. But for the use he has found for this scarf, there is not any pretence from the original; where it is only said the wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his translation; for being resolved to have a Scarf, and obliged to mention Wool, we are left entirely at a loss to know from whence he got the latter.
Behold! Pifander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! To enhance thy fame; 755
High-tow'ring in the front, the warriour came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pifander thro' Atrides' shield;
Pifander's spear fell shiver'd on the field. 760
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield: 765
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held;

A like passage recurs near the end of this book, where 'the
Poet says, the Locrians' went to war without shield or spear,
only armed,

Which last expression, as all the Commentators agree, signi-
fies a sling, though the word σφήν is not used. Chapman
here likewise without any colour of authority, diffents from
the common opinion; but very inconstant in his errors, va-
ries his mistake, and assures us, this expression is the true Peri-
phrase of a light kind of armour, called a Jack, which all our
archers used to serve in of old, and which were ever quitted with
wool.

766. The cover'd pole-ax.] Homer never ascribes this wea-
pon to any but the Barbarians, for the battle-ax was not used
Book xiii. Homer's Iliad. 65

(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow; 769
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
Deep thro' his front the weighty falchion fell;
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore. 776
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting, said.

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war! 780

in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon
of the Amazons. Euflatius.

v. 779. The speech of Menelaus.] This speech of Menelaus
over his dying enemy, is very different from those with which
Homer frequently makes his heroes insult the vanquished,
and answers very well the character of this good-natured
Prince. Here are no insulting taunts, no cruel sarcasms, nor
any spouting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: the
inventives he makes are general, arising naturally from a re-
membrance of his wrongs, and being almost nothing else but
a recapitulation of them. These reproaches come most justly
from this Prince, as being the only person among the Greeks
who had received any personal injury from the Trojans. The

Vol. IV.
Already noble deeds ye have perform’d,
A Princess rap’d transcends a Navy storm’d:
In such bold feats your impious Might approve,
Without the assistance, or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish’d dame,
Our heroes slaughter’d, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap’d on Crimes, shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon’ flagitious town.

apostrophe he makes to Jupiter, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occasion to censure Homer as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injustice: but since, in the former part of his speech, it is expressly said, that Jupiter will certainly punish the Trojans by the destruction of their city for violating the laws of hospitality, the latter part ought only to be considered as a complaint to Jupiter for delaying that vengeance: this reflection being no more than what a pious suffering mind, grieved at the flourishing condition of prosperous wickedness, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the prophet Jeremiah, ch. xii. v. 1. Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?

Nothing can more fully represent the cruelty and injustice of the Trojans, than the observation with which Menelaus finishes their character, by saying, that they have a more strong, constant, and insatiable appetite after bloodshed and rapine, than others have to satisfy the most agreeable Pleasures and natural desires.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man, supremely wise! 790
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust? 794
The best of things beyond their measure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.

\* 795. The best of things beyond their measure, cloy.] These words comprehend a very natural sentiment, which perfectly shews the wonderful folly of men: they are soon wearied with the most agreeable things, when they are innocent; but never with the most toilsome things in the world, when unjust and criminal. Euflathius. Dacier.

\* 797. The dance.] In the original it is called ἀπείπον, the blameless dance; to distinguish (says Euflathius) what fort of dancing it is that Homer commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practised among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by Minerva, or by Castor and Pollux; the other dishonest, of which Pan, or Bacchus, was the author. They were distinguished by the name of the tragicck, and the comick or satyrick dance. But those which probably our Author commends were certain military dances used by the greatest heroes. One of this sort was known to the Macedonians and Persians, practised by Antiochus the great, and the famous Polyperchon. There was another which was danced in compleat armour, called the Pyrrhick, from Pyrrhicus the Spartan its inventor, which continued in fashion among the
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight. 800
This said, he seiz’d (while yet the carcase heav’d)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv’d:
Then sudden mix’d among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes flew.
Harpalion had thro’ Asia travell’d far, 805
Following his martial father to the war:
Thro' filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc’d to fling
Against the target of the Spartan King; 810
Thus of his lance disarm’d, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.

Lacedæmonians. Scaliger the father remarks, that this dance,
was too laborious to remain long in use even among the an-
cients; however, it seems that labour could not discourage
this bold Critick from reviving that laudable kind of dance in
the presence of the Emperor Maximilian and his whole court.
It is not to be doubted but the performance raised their ad-
miration; nor much to be wondered at, if they desired to see
more than once so extraordinary a spectacle, as we have it
in his own words. Poëtices, lib. i. cap. 18. Hanc saltationem
[Pyrrhicam] nos & sæpe, & diu, coram Divo Maximiliano,
jussu Bonifacii patrui, non fine flupore totius Germaniae, re-
presentavimus.
Him, thro' the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
(like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

§ 819. Like some vile worm extended on the ground.] I cannot be of Eustathius's opinion, that this simile was designed to debase the character of Harpalion, and to represent him in a mean and disgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whose piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole passage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble comparison only as a mortifying picture of human misery and mortality. As to the verses which Eustathius alledges for a proof of the cowardice of Harpalion,

*Ἀφ’ δ’ ἔταρν εἰς ἅλων ἰγκάλη εἰπ’ ἄθελην,
Πάπης παρθαλίνων.

The retreat described in the first verse is common to the greatest heroes in Homer; the same words are applied to Deiphobus and Meriones in this book, and to Patroclus in the xvith, § 817. of the Greek. The same thing in other words is said even of the great Ajax, II. xv. § 728. And we have Ulysses described in the ivth, § 497. with the same circumspection and fear of the darts: though none of those warriors have the same reason as Harpalion for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumstance takes away all imputation of cowardice.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed;
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd:
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!

823. The pensive father.] We have seen in the Ⅹth Iliad
the death of Pylemenes general of the Paphlagonians, How
comes he then in this place to be introduced as following
the funeral of his son? Enlathius informs us of a most ridicu-
lossolution of some Criticks, who thought it might be the
ghost of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, ac-
cording to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the
earth. Zenodatus not satisfied with this (as indeed he had lit-
tle reason to be) changed the name Pylemenes into Kylamenes.
Dyuns thinks there were two of the same name; as there
are in Homer two Schedius's, two Eurymedon's, and three A-
draustus's. And others correct the verse by adding a negative,
μηδ' οὐ κατ' ἄνοιγμα ταύτα; his father did not follow his chariot with
his face bathed in tears. Which last, if not of more weight
than the rest, is yet more ingenious. Enlathius. Dacier.

Nor did his valiant father (now no more)
Pursue the mournful pomp along the shore,
No fire surviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,
Or sprinkle the cold ashes with a tear.
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his feat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft' had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or flow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:

Thus we see Euchenor is like Achilles, who failed to Troy, though he knew he should fall before it: this might somewhat have prejudiced the character of Achilles, every branch of which ought to be single, and superior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that speaks a hero: therefore we find two essential differences between Euchenor and Achilles, which preserve the superiority of the hero of the poem. Achilles, if he had not failed to Troy, had enjoyed a long life; but Euchenor had been soon cut off by some cruel disease. Achilles being independent, and a King, could have lived at ease at home, without being obnoxious to any disgrace; but Euchenor being but a private man, must either have gone to the war, or been exposed to an ignominious penalty.
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,  
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,  
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field) 846  
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,  
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:  
With such a tide superiour virtue sway'd,  
And he that shakes the solid earth, gave aid. 850

v. 845. Nor knew great Hector, &c.] Most part of this  
book being employed to describe the brave resistance the  
Greeks made on their left under Idomeneus and Meriones; the  
Poet now shifts the scene, and returns to Hector, whom  
he left in the center of the army, after he had passed the wall,  
endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where Ajax command'd.  
And that the reader might take notice of this change  
of place, and carry distinctly in his mind each scene of action, Homer is very careful in the following lines to let us know that Hector still continues in the place where he had first passed the wall, at that part of it which was lowest, (as appears from Sarpedon's having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, lib. xii,) and which was nearest the station where the ships of Ajax were laid, because that hero was probably thought a sufficient guard for that part. As the poet is so very exact in describing each scene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwise he will see nothing but confusion in things which are in themselves very regular and distinct. This observation is the more necessary, because even in this place, where the Poet intended to prevent any such mistake, Dacier and other interpreters have applied to the present action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place described in the former book.

* Neptune.
But in the center HECTOR fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks

There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' AJACES keep, 854
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole BAEOTIAN strength re-

The proud IONIANS with their sweeping trains, 869
LOCRIANS and PHTHIANS, and th' EPEAN force;
But join'd, repel not HECTOR's fiery course.
The flow'r of ATHENS, STICHIUS, PHIDAS led;
Bias, and great MENEDEUS at their head.
MEGES the strong th' EPEIAN bands controll'd, 865
And DRACIUS prudent, and AMPHION bold;
The PHTHIANS MEDON, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.

y. 861. Phthians.] The Phthians are not the troops of Archive, for these were called Phthiotes; but they were the troops of Protesilaus and Philoctetes. Enflathius.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line; Iphiclus' son: and that (Oileus) thine: 870
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace; He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain.)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Boeotians, on the shores of Troy. 876

Now side by side, with like unwearied care,
Each Ajax labour'd thro' the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil, 879
Force the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow.

§. 879. So when two lordly bulls, &c.] The image here
given of the Ajaxes is very lively and exact; there being no circumstance of their present condition that is not to be found
in the comparison; and no particular in the comparison that
does not resemble the action of the heroes. Their strength
and labour, their unanimity and nearness to each other, the
difficulties they struggle against; and the sweat occasioned by
the struggling, perfectly corresponding with the simile,
A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field, Who bore by turns great Ajax' fev'nfold shield; Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might, Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight. No following troops his brave Associate grace: In close engagement an unpractised Race, The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield, Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield; But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing, Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling, Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound, Or fell the distant warriour to the ground. Thus in the van, the Telamonian train Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain; Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie, Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky, The mingled tempest on the foes they pour; Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd, And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd; But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave, Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.
Tho' great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of heav'n.
To some the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet musick, and the charm of song;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-confid'ring mind;
Their Guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! distress'd within yon' hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?
Here cease thy fury; and the Chiefs and Kings Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires) To yon' tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, left Greece not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

There never was a nobler encomium than this of Achilles. It seems enough to so wise a counsellor as Polydamas, to convince so intrepid a warriour as Hector, in how great danger the Trojans stood, to say, Achilles sees us. "Though he ab-" "stains from the fight, he stills casts his eye on the battle; "it is true, we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground, "but still Achilles sees us, and we are not safe." This re-" flection makes him a God, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole peo-
ple. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progres-
of the poem, where we shall see in the xvith book the Tro-
"jans fly at the first sight of his armour, worn by Patroclus;
The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground; Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound. 941

and in the xviiith their defeat compleated by his sole appearance, unarmed on his ship.

ὡς 939. Hector, with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot.] Hector having in the last book alighted, and caused the Trojans to leave their chariots behind them, when they pass the trench, and no mention of any chariot but that of Ajax since occurring in the battle; we must necessarily infer, either that Homer has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumstance which should not have been omitted) or else that he is guilty here of a great mistake in making Hector leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a slip of the Poet's memory: for in this very book, ὡς 533: (of the orig.) we see Polites leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, Hector being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his soldiers arms to the place where his horses and chariot waited at a distance from the battle.

υ.) ὡς 428.

But what puts it beyond dispute; that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they first quitted them, is a passage in the beginning of the xvth book, where the Trojans being overpowered by the Greeks, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots stood,

οἴ μὲν ὃ ὡς ἔχεις ἔχεις ἔχεις μένος διὰ μακραν. Lib. xiv. ς. 3.

Neither Eustathius nor Dacier have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuse. I must ho-
To guard this post (he cry'd) thy art employ,  
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;  
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,  
And hasten back to end the doubtful day.  

This said; the tow'ring chief prepares to go,  
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,  
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.

neftly own my opinion, that there are several other negligences of this kind in Homer. I cannot think otherwise of the passage in the present book concerning Pylemenes, notwithstanding the excuses of the Commentators which are there given. The very using the same name in different places for different persons, confounds the reader in the story, and is what certainly would be better avoided; so that it is to no purpose to say, there might as well be two Pylemenes's as two Schedius's; two Eurymedon's, two Ophelo's, &c. since it is more blamable to be negligent in many instances than in one. Virgil is not free from this, as Macrobius has observed. Sat. I. v. c. 13. But the abovementioned names are proofs of that Critick's being greatly mistaken in affirming that Homer is not guilty of the same. It is one of those many errors he was led into, by his partiality to Homer above Virgil.

This simile is very short in the original, and requires to be opened a little to discover its full beauty. I am not of M. Dacier's opinion, that the lustre of Hector's armour was that which furnished Homer with this image; it seems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of shaking which, this hero is so frequently painted by our Author, and from thence distinguished by the remarkable epithet κυμάκιος. This is a very pleasing image, and very much what Painters call picturesque. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in
Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies; And bids anew the martial thunder rise. 950
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command, Hasten the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain; For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer, 955
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear.
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay; 959
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd, Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.

Spenser, where he represents the person of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man almost consumed with study:
   His snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,
   As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
   The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
Book xiii. Homer's Iliad.

Ill-fated Paris! slave to womankind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
The god-like father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:

y. 965. Ill-fated Paris!] The reproaches which Hector here casts on Paris, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things resembles Achilles; being (like him) unjust, violent, and impetuous, and making no distinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obstinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet asks an account of those who were slain in the attack from Paris; and though he ought to blame himself for their deaths, yet he speaks to Paris, as if through his cowardice he had suffered these to be slain, whom he might have preferred if he had fought courageously. Enflathius.
But since yon’ rampart by thy arms lay low, 
I scatter’d slaughter from my fatal bow. 980
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deîphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires: 985
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know, ’Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But ’tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; Strength is of the Gods alone. 990
These words the hero’s angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain’d with blood,
Cebrian, Phæaces, stern Orthaëus stood,
Palmus, with Polydectes the divine, 995
And two bold brothers of Hippotion’s line:
(Who reach’d fair Ilion, from Asia far,
The former day; the next engag’d in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps; 1001
Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to
the shore:

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd, 1010
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes thro' all the battle stray. 1015

[This verse: Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.] I have endeavoured in this verse to imitate the confusion, and broken sound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Kíμαλα παραλόγων πολυφρόνοις Θαλάσσως
Κυψέλη, φαινόμενα.

F 2
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive shook.
The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.

Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,

Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.

Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy des'pairate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse.
Shalt run, forgetful of a warriour's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

x. 1037. Clouds of friendly dust.] A Critick might take occasion from hence, to speak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the Iliad are supposed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned Dissertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it must be the summer season, from the frequent mention made of clouds of dust: though what he discovers might be as well inferred from common sense, the summer being the natural season for a campaign. However he should quote all these passages at large; and adding to the article of dust as much as he can find of the sweat of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own satisfaction. It would look well to observe farther, that the fields are described flowery, II. ii. 546. that the branches of a tamarisk-tree are flourishing, II. x. 537. that the warriours sometimes wash themselves in the sea, II. x. 674. and sometimes refresh themselves by cool breezes from the sea, II. xi. 762. that Diomed sleeps out of his tent on the ground, II. x. 170. that the flies are very busy about the dead body of Patroclus, II. xix. 30. that Apollo covers the body of Hector with a cloud to prevent its being scorched, II. xxiii. All this would prove the very thing which was said at first, that it was summer. He might next proceed to enquire, what precise critical time of summer? And here the mention of new-made honey in II. xi. 771. might be of great service in the investigation of this important matter: he would conjecture from hence, that it must be near the end of summer, honey being seldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book i. and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extreme heats, which heats are not till near the autumn; the learned enquirer might hug himself in this discovery, and conclude with triumph.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may see what Boffu has done to determine the
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad Omen all the Grecians rise, 1040
And hail, with shouts, his progress thro' the skies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;
They ceas'd; and thus the Chief of Troy reply'd.

From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name. 1050
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:

precise season of the Æneid, lib. iii. ch. 12. The memory of
that learned Critick failed him, when he produced as one of
the proofs that it was autumn, a passage in the with book,
where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a simile. He
has also found out a beauty in Homer, which few even of his
greatest admirers can believe he intended; which is, that to the
violence and fury of the Iliad he artfully adapted the beat of sum-
mer, but to the Odyssey the cooler and mature season of autumn,
to correspond with the sedateness and prudence of Ulysses.
That giant-corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along: 1055
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host: the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of
Jove. 1060
THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.
The ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

NESTOR sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that Prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magick girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesse Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.
THE

*FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

IL IA D.

But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.

* The Poet, to advance the character of Nestor, and give us a due esteem for his conduct and circumspection, represents him as deeply solicitous for the common good: in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and issue of the battle: and through
What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: and seizing Thrasonedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;

his long use and skill in martial events, he judges from the
nature of the uproar still encreasing, that the fortune of the
day is held no longer in suspense, but inclines to one side.

Enflathius.

v. 1. But nor the genial feast.] At the end of the eleventh
book we left Nestor at the table with Machaon. The attack
of the entrenchments, descried through the twelfth and thir-
ten books, happened while Nestor and Machaon sat at the
table; nor is there any improbability herein, since there is
nothing performed in those two books, but what might na-
turally happen in the space of two hours. Homer constantly
follows the thread of his narration, and never suffers his rea-
der to forget the train of action, or the time it employs.

Dacier.

v. 10. Let Hecamede the bath prepare.] The custom of
women officiating to men in the bath, was usual in ancient
times. Examples are frequent in the Odyssey. And it is not
at all more odd, or to be sneered at, than the custom now
used in France, of Valets de Chambres dressing and undressing
the ladies.
That day, the son his father's buckler bore) 1
Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. 20
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps:

\[\text{v. 21. As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps.}\]

There are no where more finished pictures of nature than those which Homer draws in several of his comparisons. The beauty however of some of these will be lost to many, who cannot perceive the resemblance, having never had opportunity to observe the things themselves. The life of this description will be most sensible to those who have been at sea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionless, but swells gently in smooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: this state continues till a rising wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is scarce any thing in the whole compass of nature that can more exactly represent the state of an irresolute mind, wavering between two different designs, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its resolution is at last determined. Every circumstance of this comparison is both beautiful and just; and it is the more to be admired, because it is very difficult to find sensible images proper to represent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with such comparisons even in the best Poets. There is one of great beauty in Virgil, upon a subject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great va-
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey;

Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the Gen'ral haste;

Debating long, he fixes on the last:

variety, and quick succession of thoughts, to a dancing light re-
lected from a vessel of water in motion:

"Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat aestu,"
"Atque animum, nunc hac, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,"
"In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat."
"Sicut aequa tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis"
"Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine luna,"
"Omnia pervolitat latè loca; jamque tub auras"
"Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecli."

Æn. 1. viii. 19.

30. He fixes on the last.] Nctor appears in this place a
great friend to his Prince; for upon deliberating whether he
should go through the body of the Grecian host, or else repair
to Agamemnon's tent; he determines at last, and judges it the
best way to go to the latter. Now because it had been ill
concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way
round about in quest of his commander, Homer has ordered it
so, that he should meet Agamemnon in his way thither. And
nothing could be better imagined than the reason, why the
wounded Princes left their tents; they were impatient to be-
hold the battle, anxious for its success, and desirous to in-
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flash, the jav’lins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded Princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The King of Men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.

(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanced along the shelving strand:

spirit the soldiers by their presence. The Poet was obliged to
give a reason; for in Epic Poetry, as well as in Dramatick,
no person ought to be introduced without some necessity, or
at least some probability, for his appearance. Enfathius.

v. 39. Their ships at distance, &c.] Homer being always
careful to distinguish each scene of action, gives a very par-
ticular description of the station of the ships, shewing in what
manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only
hinted at before; but here taking occasion on the wounded
heroes coming from their ships, which were at a distance from
the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of those ships
where the wall was broke down) he tells us, that the shore of the
bay (comprehended between the Rhetaean and Sigean promon-
tories) was not sufficient to contain the ships in one line:
which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged
in parallel lines along the shore. How many of these lines
there were, the Poet does not determine. M. Dacier, with-
out giving any reason for her opinion, says they were but two;
one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the sea.
But it is more than probable, that there were several interme-
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor:
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)

diate lines; since the order in which the vessels lay is here
deferred by a metaphor taken from the steps of a scaling-lad-
der; which had been no way proper to give an image only
of two ranks, but very fit to represent a greater, though un-
determined number. That there were more than two lines,
may likewise be inferred from what we find in the beginning
of the eleventh book; where it is said, that the voice of Dis-
cord, standing on the ship of Ulysses, in the middle of the fleet,
was heard as far as the stations of Achilles and Ajax, whose
ships were drawn up in the two extremities: those of Ajax were
nearest the wall (as is expressly said in the 682d verse of the
thirteenth book, in the original) and those of Achilles nearest
the sea, as appears from many passages scattered through the
Iliad.

It must be supposed that those ships were drawn highest up-
on land, which first approached the shore; the first line there-
fore consisted of those who first disembarked, which were the
ships of Ajax and Proteus; the latter of whom seems men-
tioned in the verse above-cited of the thirteenth book, only
to give occasion to observe this; for he was slain, as he landed
first of the Greeks. And accordingly we shall see in the fif-
teenth book, it is his ship that is first attacked by the Trojans,
as it lay the nearest to them.

We may likewise guess how it happens, that the ships of
Achilles were placed nearest to the sea; for in the answer of
Achilles to Ulysses in the ninth book, y 432. he mentions a
naval expedition he had made while Agamemnon lay safe in the
camp: so that his ships at their return did naturally lie next
the sea; which, without this consideration, might appear a
station not so becoming this hero's courage.
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the Gen'ral of the host address'd.

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.

Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your King, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gerenian Nestor then. So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming Time has Fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the aërial bow'r,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has pow'r.

y. 47. Nestor's approach alarm'd.] That so laborious a person as Nestor has been described, so indefatigable, so little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, should approach to meet them; this it was that struck the Princes with amazement, when they saw he had left the field. Eustathius.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conqu'ring arms extend, 65
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If counsel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: tho' Mars our souls incite;
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight. 70

To him the Monarch. That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflicfive hand we bear, 75
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies. 80
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And lanch what ships lie nearest to the main;

[81. Cease we at length, &c.] Agamemnon either does not
know what course to take in this distress, or only sounds the
sentiments of his nobles, (as he did in the second book, of
Leave these at anchor 'till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes.

the whole army.) He delivers himself first after Nestor's speech, as it became a counsellor to do: but knowing this advice to be dishonourable, and unsuitable to the character he assumes elsewhere ἔρησι μὲν τοῦ Τιτάνων, &c. and considering that he should do no better than abandon his post, when before he had threatened the deserters with death; he reduces his counsel into the form of a proverb, disguising it as handsomely as he can under a sentence. It is better to shun an evil, &c. It is observable too how he has qualified the expression: he does not say, to shun the battle, for that had been unsoldierly; but he softens the phrase, and calls it, to shun evil: and this word evil he applies twice together, in advising them to leave the engagement.

It is farther remarked, that this was the noblest opportunity for a General to try the temper of his officers; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with most people, either out of flattery or respect to submit to their leaders: but in imminent danger fear does not bribe them, but every one discovers his very soul, valuing all other considerations, in regard to his safety, but in the second place. He knew the men he spoke to were prudent persons, and not easy to cast themselves into a precipitate flight. He might likewise have a mind to recommend himself to his army by the means of his officers; which he was not very able to do of himself, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered Achilles, and by consequence thinking him the Author of all their present calamities. Euflathius.
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) 90
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous
heart?
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight: 95
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear, 100
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meaneness, or the thought declares?

\[92. Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the shame of any host but ours! \]

This is a noble compliment to his country and to the Grecian army, to shew that it was an impossibility for them to follow even their General in any thing that was cowardly, or shameful; though the lives and safeties of them all were concerned in it.
And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'lt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops, (our hoisted sails in view,)
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a Prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise,
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast.

As who should say, that another man might indeed have uttered the same advice, but it could not be a person of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governour, but a private man; or if a governour, yet one who had not a well-disciplined and obedient army; or lastly, if he had an army so conditioned, yet it could not be so large and numerous an one as that of Agamemnon. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful strength. Eustathius.
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

Tydides cut him short, and thus began. 120
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
Young tho' he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to Councils and assembled Kings. 125

yi. 118. Whoe'er, or young or old, &c.] This nearly resembles an ancient custom at Athens, where in times of trouble and distress, every one, of what age or quality soever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the publick cryer. Eustathius.

yi. 120.] This speech of Diomed is naturally introduced, beginning with an answer, as if he had been called upon to give his Advice. The counsel he proposes was that alone which could be of any real service in their present exigency: however, since he ventures to advise where Ulysses is at a loss, and Nestor himself silent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and descent, hoping thence to add to his counsel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this historical digression seems more out of season than any of the same kind which we so frequently meet with in Homer, since his birth and parentage must have been sufficiently known to all at the siege, as he here tells them. This must be owned a defect not altogether to be excused in the Poet, but which may receive some alleviation, if considered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a strong inclination to genealogical stories, and too frequently takes occasion to gratify this humour.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son, 
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run) 
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall; 
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall. 
With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous blest, 
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possest; 
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpaft 
The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last. 
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd, 
He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd; 
The Monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd) 
He won, and flourish'd where Adraustus reign'd; 
There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd, 
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield, 
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field. 
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame! 
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.

*ii. 135. He past to Argos.] This is a very artful colour: he calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, travelling and dwelling at Argos, without mentioning the cause and occasion of his retreat. What immediately follows (so Jove ordain'd) does not only contain in it a disguise of his crime, but is a just motive likewise for our compassion. Eustathius.*
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire, Attend, and in the son, respect the fire.
Tho' sore of battle, tho' with wounds opprest,
Let each go forth, and animate the rest, 146
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Tho' not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, 150
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.
He added not: the light'ning Kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

[146. Let each go forth, and animate the rest.] It is worth a remark, with what management and discretion the Poet has brought these four Kings, and no more towards the engagement, since these are sufficient alone to perform all he requires. For Nestor proposes to them to enquire, if there be any way, or means which prudence can direct for their security. Agamemnon attempts to discover that method. Ulysses refutes him, as one whose method was dishonourable, but proposes no other project. Diomed supplies that deficiency, and shews what must be done; That wounded as they are, they should go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their presence would re-establish their affairs by detaining in arms those who might otherwise quit the field. This council is embraced, and readily obeyed by the rest. Enopthalmus.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage) Appears a Warrior furrow'd o'er with age; Preft in his own, the Gen'ral's hand he took, And thus the venerable Hero spoke.

Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye Achilles fees his country's forces fly; Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide, Who glories in unutterable pride.

So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame! But heav'n forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands Fly diverse; while proud Kings, and Chiefs renown'd,

Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around

Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ

To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew; And sent his voice before him as he flew,

Loud, as the shout encount'ring armies yield,

When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thund’ring sound
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.

Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus’ brow,
High-thron’d in gold, beheld the fields below;

ι. 179. The fiery of Jupiter and Juno.] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of Jupiter’s being deceived and laid asleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and absurdity. It is an observation of Mons. de St. Evremond upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to: “That it is surprising enough to find them so scrupulous to preserve probability, in actions purely human; and so ready to violate it in representing the actions of the Gods. Even those who have spoken more fagely than the rest, of their nature, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct. When they establish their being and their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good: but the moment they represent them acting, there is no weakness to which they do not make them stoop, and no folly or wickedness they do not make them commit.” The same author answers this in another place by remarking, “That truth was not the inclination of the first ages: a foolish lye or a lucky falsehood gave reputation to impostors, and pleasure to the credulous. It was the whole secret of the great and the wise, to govern the simple and ignorant herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound reverence to mysterious errors, would have despised plain truth, and it was thought a piece of prudence to deceive them. All the discourses of the ancients were fitted to so advantageous a design. There was nothing to be seen but fictions, allegories, and similitudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in itself.”
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.

I must needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of excuse for it Homer might have from ancient tradition, or what mystical or allegorical sense might atone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be ascertained at this distant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of Jupiter's being laid asleep, appears from the story of Hercules at Cöös, referred to by our author, v. 285. There is also a passage in Diodorus, lib. i. c. 7. which gives some small light to this fiction. Among other reasons which that historian lays down to prove that Homer travelled into Egypt, he alleges this passage of the interview of Jupiter and Juno, which he says was grounded upon an Egyptian festival, wherein the nuptial ceremonies of these two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of flowers, are carried by the priests to the top of a high mountain. Indeed as the greatest part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions consisted in some symbolical representations of certain actions of their Gods, or rather deified mortals, so a great part of ancient poetry consisted in the description of the actions exhibited in those ceremonies. The loves of Venus and Adonis are a remarkable instance of this kind, which, though under different names, were celebrated by annual representations, as well in Egypt as in several nations of Greece and Asia: and to the images which were carried in these festivals, several ancient poets were indebted for their most happy descriptions. If the truth of this observation of Diodorus be admitted, the present passage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the Poet will be more justifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an indecent, wanton fiction, should prove to be the representation of a religious solemnity. Considering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in Homer many incidents entirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reserved in our
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
censures, left what we decry as wrong in the Poet, should prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with grossness in general, purely from the gross or absurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourse to allegory, (which soften and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the congress of Jupiter and Juno, is meant the mingling of the æther and the air (which are generally said to be signified by these two deities.) The ancients believed the æther to be igneous, and that by its kind influence upon the air, it was the cause of all vegetation: to which nothing more exactly corresponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congress. Virgil has some lines in the second Georgick, that seem a perfect explanation of the fable into this sense. In describing the spring, he hints as if something of a vivifying influence was at that time spread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls Jupiter expressly æther, and represents him operating upon his spouse for the production of all things:

"Tum pater omnipotens sæcundis imbris æther
Conjugis in gremium lactæ descendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, foetus.
Parturit omnis ager, &c."

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philosophical view, it is one of the most beautiful pieces that ever was produced by Poetry. Neither does it want its moral: an ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleased to take any occasion of quoting) has given it us in these words:

"This passage of Homer may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recall the affection of her husband. The care of her person and dress,
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try, 185
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her pow' r; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms. 190
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:

"with the particular blandishments woven in the Cetus, are
so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably
necessary in every female who desires to please, that they
need no farther explanation. The discretion likewise in
covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of
others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the
speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste
and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated
by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and
by the concealment of the Cetus in her bosom. I shall
leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives,
who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and
think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living
than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who,
to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their
husbands with indifference, aversion, fullen silence, or ex-
asperating language."

"Swift to her bright apartment she repairs, &c.]
This passage may be of consideration to the Ladies, and, for their
sakes, I take a little pains to observe upon it. Homer tells us
that the very Goddes's, who are all over charms, never dres,
in sight of any one: the Queen of Heaven adorns herself in
private, and the doors lock after her. In Homer there are no
Dieux des Ruelles, no Gods are admitted to the toilet."
With skill divine had Vulcan form’d the bow’r,
Safe from access of each intruding pow’r.
Touch’d with her secret key, the doors unfold: 195
Self-clos’d, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial show’rs:

I am afraid there are some earthly Goddesses of less prudence, who have lost much of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. Lucretius (a very good judge in gallantry) prescribes as a cure to a desperate lover, the frequent sight of his mistress undressed. Juno herself has suffered a little by the very Muse’s peeping into her chamber, since some nice critics are shocked in this place of Homer, to find that the Goddess washes herself, which presents some idea as if she was dirty. Those who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

y. 198. Soft oils of fragrance.] The practice of Juno in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient Cosmeticks, though entirely disused in the modern arts of dress. It may possibly offend the niceness of modern ladies; but such of them as paint, ought to consider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanliness. This passage is a clear instance of the antiquity of this custom, and clearly determines against Pliny, (who is of opinion that it was not so ancient as those times,) where, speaking of perfumed unguents, he says, Quis primus invenerit, non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant, lib. xiii. c. i. Besides the custom of anointing Kings among the Jews, which the Christians have borrowed; there are several allusions in the Old Testament which shew, that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The Psalms, speaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aërial way:
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;

chearful countenance. It seems moft probable that this was
an eastern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the Aflaticks,
among whom the moft proper ingredients for these unguencts
were produced; from them this custom was propagated among
the Romans, by whom it was eftemed a pleasure of a very
refined nature. Whoever is curious to see instances of their
expence and delicacy therein, may be satisfied in the three firft
chapters of the thirteenth book of Pliny's Natural History.

203. Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, &c.] We have
here a compleat picture from head to foot of the drefs of the
Fair Sex, and of the mode between two and three thousand
years ago. May I have leave to obferve the great simplicy
of Juno's drefs, in comparifon with the innumerable equipage
of a modern toilet? The Goddefs, even when she is fettting
herself out on the greatest occafion, has only her own locks
tie, a white veil to caft over them, a mantle to drefs her
whole body, her pendants, and her fandals. This the Poet
exprrefsly fays was all her drefs [πᾶν νῆσμα;] and one may rea-
fonably conclude it was all that was ufed by the greateft Prin-
cefles and finest Beauties of thofe times. The good Euflatius
is ravifhed to find, that here are no washes for the face, no
dyes for the hair, and none of thofe artificial embellifhments
fince in pra6Hce; he alfo rejoices not a little, that Juno has
no looking-glas, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may
preach till doomfday on this subject, but all the commentators
in the world will never prevail upon a lady to ftick one pin
the lefs in her gown, except she can be convinced that the
ancient drefs will better fet off her perfon.
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd, 205
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with *Pallas'* labour'd colours glow'd:

As the * Asiatics * always surpassed the * Grecians * in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, so we find their women far gone in the contrary extre'me of dress. There is a palliage in * Isaiah *, ch. iii. that gives us a particular account of their wardrobe, with the number and uselessines of their ornaments; and which I think appears very well in contrast to this of * Homer *. The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their canes, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crimping-pins, the gusses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.

I could be glad to ask the ladies which they should like best to imitate, the * Greeks * or the * Asiatics *? I would desire those that are handsome and well-made, to consider, that the dress of * Juno * (which is the same they see in * statues *) has manifestly the advantage of the present, in displaying whatever is beau-tiful: that the charms of the neck and breast are not less laid open, than by the modern stays; and that those of the leg are more gracefully discovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat: that the fine turn of the arms is better observed; and that several natural graces of the shape and body appear much more conspicuous. It is not to be denied but the * Asiatick * and our present modes were better contrived to conceal some people's defects, but I do not speak to such people: I speak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any fashion prevail by their being seen in it; and who put others of their sex under the wretched necessity of being like them in their habits, or not being like them at all. As for the rest, let them follow the mode of * Judea *, and be content with the name of * Asiatics *.
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound: 210
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace. 215
Thus issuing radiant, with majestick pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.

y. 216. Thus issuing radiant, &c.] Thus the Goddess comes from her apartment, against her spouse, in compleat armour. The women of pleasure mostly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their persons; for there is but one way for the weak to subdue the mighty, and that is by pleasure. The Poet shews at the same time, that men of understanding are not mastered without a great deal of artifice and address: There are but three ways whereby to overcome another, by violence, by persuasion, or by craft: Jupiter was invincible by main force; to think of persuading was as fruitless, after he had pass'd his nod to Achilles; therefore Juno was obliged of necessity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleasure it is, that she insnares and manages the God. Enstatius.

y. 218. And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.] Notwithstanding all the pains Juno has been at, to adorn herself, she is still conscious that neither the natural beauty of her person, nor the artificial one of her dress, will be sufficient to work upon a husband. She therefore has recourse to the Cestus of Venus, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to
How long (to Venus thus apart she cry'd)

Shall human strife celestial minds divide?

enflame his mind by magical enchantment; a folly which in all ages has possest her sex. To procure this, she applies to the Goddess of Love; from whom hiding her real design under a feigned story, (another propriety in the character of the fair) she obtains the valuable present of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the Cestus lies very open, though the improprieties of Eustatius on this head are unspeakable: in it are comprised the most powerful incentives to love, as well as the strongest effects of the passion. The just admiration of this passage has been always so great and universal, that the Cestus of Venus is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can scarce be equalled: so beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may observe a few additional figures, expressing some of the improvements which the affection, or artifice of the fair sex, have introduced into the art of love since Homer's days. Tasso has finely imitated this description in the magical girdle of Armida. Gierusalemme Liberata, cant. xvi.

"Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille"
"Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,"
"Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille"
"Di pianto, e solpir tronchi, e molli baci."

Monf. de la Motte's imitation of this fiction is likewise wonderfully beautiful.

"Ce tisflu, le simbole, & la cause a la fois,"
"Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ses loix."
"Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche;"
"D'un fourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;"
"Paffionne la voix, en adoucit les fons,"
"Prete ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raisons;"
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?
Let heav'n's dread Empress (Cytheraea said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (said the Queen) those conqu'ring charms,
That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires!

"Inspire, pour toucher, ces tendres stratagèmes,
"Ces refus attirans, l'ecueil des sages mêmes.
"Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,
"Tout ce qui persuade, & ce qui fait aimer,
"En prenant ce tissu, que Venus lui présente;
"Junon n'étoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
"Les graces, & les ris, les plaisirs, & les jeux,
"Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'eft des deux.
"L'amour même trompe, trove Junon plus belle;
"Et fon arc à la main, deja vole après elle."

Spenser, in his fourth book, canto 5. describes a girdle of Venus of a very different nature: for this had the power to raise up loose desires in others; that had a more wonderful faculty, to suppress them in the person that wore it: but it had a most dreadful quality, to burst asunder whenever tied about any but a chaste bosom: Such a girdle, it is to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other: Homer's Coetus would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but Spenser's Coetus would probably destroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.
For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What-time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heav'n to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.

For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age?
She said. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the sifter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breast the Zone unbraç'd,
With various skill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Book xiv. Homer's Iliad. 117

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire, 250
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling
prest

The pow'rful Cejus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilft from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore, 260
O'er Hæmus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.

v. 255. — And prest The pow'rful Cejus to her snowy breast.] Eustathius takes notice, that the word Cejus is not the name, but epithet only, of Venus's girdle; though the epithet has prevailed so far as to become the proper name in common use. This has happened to others of our Author's epithets; the word Pygmy is of the same nature. Venus wore this girdle below her neck, and in open sight, but Juno hides it in her bosom, to shew the difference of the two characters: it suits well with Venus to make a shew of whatever is engaging in her; but Juno, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modest.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep, 264
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

264. She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.]

In this fiction Homer introduces a new divine personage: it does not appear whether this God of Sleep was a God of Homer's creation, or whether his pretensions to divinity were of more ancient date. The Poet indeed speaks of him as of one formerly active in some heavenly transactions. Be this as it will, succeeding Poets have always acknowledged his title. Virgil would not let his Æneid be without a person so proper for poetical machinery; though he has employed him with much less art than his master, since he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commission, only to destroy the Trojan Pilot. The critics, who cannot see all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in Homer's divinities, must be obliged to acknowledge the reality and propriety of this; since every thing that is here said of this imaginary Deity is justly applicable to Sleep. He is called the Brother of Death; said to be protected by Night; and is employed very naturally to lull a husband to rest in the embraces of his wife; which effect of this conjugal opiate, even the modest Virgil has remarked in the person of Vulcan and Venus, probably with an eye to this passage of Homer:

"— Placidumque petivit
"Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem."

264. To Lemnos.] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reason why Juno seeks for Sleep in Lemnos. Some finding out that Lemnos anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of residence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of Sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with Paphbaë, who resided with her sister the wife of Vulcan, in Lemnos, it was very probable he
Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)

Who spread’st thy empire o’er each God and Man;
If e’er obsequious to thy Juno’s will,
O Pow’r of Slumbers! hear, and favour still.

might be found haunting near his mistress. Other commentators perceiving the weakness of these conjectures, will have it that Juno met Sleep here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether Homer might not design this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the sluggishness of the Lemnians; though this character of them does not appear? A kind of satire like that of Aristotle, who makes the Angel find Discord in a monastery? Or like that of Boileau in his Lutrin, where he places Moleffe in a dormitory of the Monks of St. Bernard.

sweet pleasing Sleep, &c.] Virgil has copied some part of this conversation between Juno and Sleep, where he introduces the same Goddesses making a request to Æolus. Scaliger, who is always eager to depreciate Homer, and zealous to praise his favourite Author, has highly cenured this passage: but notwithstanding this critic’s judgment, an impartial reader will find, I do not doubt, much more art and beauty in the original than the copy. In the former, Juno endeavours to engage Sleep in her design by the promises of a proper and valuable present; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the Goddesses, knowing his passion for one of the Graces, engages to give her to his desires: this hope brings the lover to consent, but not before he obliges Juno to confirm her promise by an oath in the most solemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he prescribes to her. These are all beautiful and poetical circumstances, most whereof are untouched by Virgil, and which Scaliger therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes Juno demand a favour from Æolus, which he had no reason to refuse; and promise him a reward,
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes, 270
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

Imperial Dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!

which it does not appear he was fond of. The Latin Poet
has indeed with great judgment added one circumstance con-
cerning the promise of children,

"— — & pulchra faciat te prole parentem."

And this is very conformable to the religion of the Romans,
among whom Juno was supposed to preside over human birth;
but it does not appear she had any such office in the Greek
theology.

'y. 272. A splendid footstool.] Notwithstanding the cavils of
Scaliger, it may be allowed that an easy chair was no improper
present for Sleep. As to the footstool, Madam Dacier's ob-
servation is a very just one; that besides its being a conve-
niency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from present-
ing any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find
it so frequently mentioned in scripture, where the earth is
called the footstool of the throne of God. In Jeremiah, Judea is
called, (as a mark of distinction) the footstool of the feet of
God. Lament. ii. y. 1. And he remembered not the footstool of
his feet, in the day of his wrath. We see here the same image,
founded no doubt upon the same customs. Dacier.
O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain;  
The Sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,  
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.  
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep,  
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?  
Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,  
On those eternal lids I laid my hand:  
What-time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,  
His conqu'ring son, Alcides, plough'd the main.

*y. 279. The Sire of all, old Ocean.]  "Homer (says Plu-
tarch) calls the sea Father of All, with a view to this doc-
trine, that all things were generated from water. Thales  
the Milesian, the head of the Ionick Sect, who seems to  
have been the first author of Philosophy, affirmed water to  
be the principle from whence all things spring, and into  
which all things are resolved; because the prolific seed of  
all animals is a moisture; all plants are nourished by mois-
ture; the very sun and stars, which are fire, are nourished  
by moist vapours and exhalations; and consequently he  
thought the world was produced from this element." Plat.  
Opin. of Philos. lib. i. cap. 3.

*y. 281. But how, unbidden, &c.]  This particularly is  
worth remarking; Sleep tells Juno that he dares not approach  
Jupiter without his own order; whereby he seems to intimate,  
that a spirit of a superior kind may give itself up to a volun-
tary cessation of thought and action, though it does not want  
this relaxation from any weakness or necessity of its nature.

*y. 285. What-time deserting Ilion's wasted plain, &c.]  One  
may observe from hence, that to make falsity in fables useful  
and subservient to our designs, it is not enough to cause the  
story to resemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by paral-
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore;
Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings display'd;
Impower'd the wrath of Gods and Men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

lel places; which method the Poet uses elsewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and surmounted them. So did Hercules, so did Juno, so did Pluto. Here therefore the Poet feigning that Sleep is going to practise insidiously upon Jove, prevents the strangeness and incredibility of the tale, by squaring it to an ancient story; which ancient story was, that Sleep had once before got the mastery of Jove in the case of Hercules. Euflathius.

v. 296. Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.] Jupiter is represented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offensive or ungrateful to Night; the Poet (says Euflathius) instructs us by this, that a wise and honest man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable persons. Such was Night in regard of Jupiter, feigned as an ancestor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the Greek theology teaches that Night and Chaos were before all things. Wherefore it was held sacred to obey the Night in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to Hector and Ajax, in the seventh Iliad,
Vain are thy fears (the Queen of heav’n replies, 
And speaking, rolls her large majestick eyes) 
Think’st thou that Troy has Jove’s high favour won, 
Like great Alcides, his all-conqu’ring son? 300 
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies, 
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize; 
For know, thy lov’d-one shall be ever thine, 
The youngest Grace, Pafithë the divine. 304

Milton has made a fine use of this ancient opinion in relation to Chaos and Night, in the latter part of his second book, where he describes the passage of Satan through their empire. He calls them,

--- --- --- Eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature; ---

And alludes to the same, in those noble verses,

--- --- --- Behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron’d
Satisfable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The comfort of his reign. ---

That fine Apostrophe of Spenser has also the same allusion, book i.

O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods celestial;
Which was begot in Daemogorgon’s hall,
And saw’st the secrets of the world unmade.
Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods.
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell; 310
That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pafithæ the divine.

The Queen affents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
Invokes the fable Subtartarean pow'rs,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil;

*y. 307. Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main, &c.]*

There is something wonderfully solemn in this manner of
swearing proposed by Sleep to Juno. How answerable is this
idea to the dignity of the Queen of the Goddesses, where
Earth, Ocean, and Hell itself, where the whole creation, all
things visible and invisible, are called to be witnesses of the
oath of the Deity?

*y. 311. That she, my lov'd-one, &c.]* Sleep is here made to
repeat the words of Juno's promise, than which repetition no-
thing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The
lover fired with these hopes, insists on the promise, dwelling
with pleasure on each circumstance that relates to his fair one.
The throne and footstool, it seems, are quite out of his head,
Thro' air, unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Leetos, on the point of Ide;
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neigh'ring skies;
Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likenes of the bird of night.

y. 323. Fair Ida trembles.] It is usually supposed, at the
approach or presence of any heav'ly being, that upon their
motion all should shake that lies beneath them. Here the
Poet giving a description of the descent of these Deities upon
the ground at Leetos, says that the loftiest of the wood trem-
bled under their feet: which expression is to intimate the
lightness and the swiftness of the motions of heavenly beings;
the wood does not shake under their feet from any corporeal
weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror.
Eustathius.

y. 328. In likenes of the bird of night.] This is a bird a-
bout the size of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the rea-
son why Homer describes Sleep under its form. Here (fays
Eustathius) Homer lets us know, as well as in many other
places, that he is no stranger to the language of the Gods.
Hobbes has taken very much from the dignity of this supposi-
tion, in translating the present lines in this manner.

And there sat Sleep, in likenes of a fowl,
Which Gods do Chalcis call, and men an Owl.
(Chalcis his name by those of heav’nly birth,
But call’d Cymindis by the race of earth.)
330

To Ida’s top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The God, whose light’ning sets the heav’ns on fire;
Thro’ all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz’d her charms;
Mix’d with her soul, and melted in her arms, 336
Fix’d on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press’d her hand, and thus with transport spoke.

We find in Plato’s Cratylus a discourse of great subtilty,
grounded chiefly on this observation of Homer, that the Gods
and men call the same thing by different names. The Philo-
sopher supposes that in the original language every thing
was expressed by a word; whose sound was naturally apt to
mark the nature of the thing signified. This great work he
ascribes to the Gods, since it required more knowledge both
in the nature of sounds and things, than man had attained to:
This resemblance, he says, was almost lost in modern lan-
guages by the unskilful alterations men had made, and the
great licence they had taken in compounding of words. How-
ever, he observes there were yet among the Greeks some re-
 mains of this original language, of which he gives a few
instances, adding, that many more were to be found in some
of the barbarous languages; that had deviated less from the
original, which was still preferred entire among the Gods:
This appears a notion so uncommon, that I could not for-
bear to mention it.
Why comes my goddess from th' ætherial sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh? 340
Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares 345
I owe the nursing of my tender years.
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and seas, and thro' th' ærial way, 350
Wait under Ide: of thy superior pow'r
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay. 356

\[345.\text{--- To whose indulging cares I owe the nursing, &c.]}
The allegory of this is very obvious. Juno is constantly un-
derstood to be the air: and we are here told she was nour-
ished by the vapours which rise from the Ocean and the Earth.
For Tethys is the same with Rhea. Eustathius.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
Whence rose Perithous like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the show'r of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold:
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came).
Not Phanix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamant and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Laton's face,
Nor comlier Ceres' more majestick grace.

359. This courtship of Jupiter to Juno may possibly be thought pretty singular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his passion to her, by the instances of its warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himself to Juno's favour. Yet, after all, something may be said in defence of Jupiter's way of thinking with respect to the Ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the sex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been successful with a good many, is what some moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a most virtuous one like Juno, especially one who (like her) has had the experience of a married state.
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,  
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.  

He spoke; the Goddess with the charming eyes  
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies.  
Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height  
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal sight;  
Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;  
The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky.  
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,  
Or mix among the senate of the Gods?  
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,  
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?  
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,  
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;  
If such thy will, to that recess retire,  
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.  

She ceas'd; and smiling with superiour love,  
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.  
Nor God, nor mortal shall our joys behold,  
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;  
Not ev'n the sun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,  
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

VOL. IV.
Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,  
His eager arms around the Goddes fs threw.  
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:

...
Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,
And cluft'ring Lotos swell'd the rising bed,
our first parents, as she does here at the congress of Jupiter and Juno. Lib. viii.

—— To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn; all heav'n
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Those lines also in the ivth book are manifestly from the same
original:

—— Roses and jessamine
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broder'd the ground.

Where the very turn of Homer's verses is observed, and the
cadence, and almost the words, finely translated.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has
used that exceptionable passage of the dalliance, ardour, and
enjoyment: that which seems in Homer an impious fiction,
becomes a moral lesson in Milton; since he makes that lasci-
vious rage of the passion the immediate effect of the sin of our
first parents after the fall. Adam expresses it in the words of
Jupiter;

For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, to enflame my sense,
With ardour to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!
And sudden Hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy Crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'ny pair,
Steep'd in soft joys and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe Ambrosia round.
At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r opprest,
The panting Thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her, nothing loath: flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and aphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freshest, softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal;
The solace of their sin: 'till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them, weary of their amorous play.

Milton, l. ix.
Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the pow'r of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal encreas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!

v. 417. The pow'r of slumber flew.] M. Dacier in her translation of this passage has thought fit to differ from the common interpretation, as well as obvious sense of the words. She restrains the general expression ἵνα μνητὰ γον. ἀνθρώπων, the famous nations of men, to signify only the country of the Lemnians, who, she says, were much celebrated on account of Vulcan. But this strained interpretation cannot be admitted, especially when the obvious meaning of the words express what is very proper and natural. The God of Sleep having hastily delivered his message to Neptune, immediately leaves the hurry of the battle, (which was no proper scene for him) and retires among the tribe of mankind. The word μνητα, on which M. Dacier grounds her criticism, is an expletive epithet very common in Homer, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, especially in an author, one of whose most distinguishing characters is particularity in description.
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threatens the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay;
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.
The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The Kings, tho' wounded, and opprest with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.

[Plutarch seems to allude to this passage in the beginning of the life of Pelopidas. "Homer, says he, makes the bravest and stout-]
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and *Neptune* leads the way:

"eft of his warriours march to battle in the best arms. The
"Grecian legislators punished those who cast away their
"shields, but not those who loft their spears or their swords;
"as an intimation that the care of preferring and defending
"ourselves is preferable to the wounding our enemy, espe-
"cially in those who are Generals of armies, or Governours
"of states." *Eustathius* has observed, that the Poet here
makes the best warriours take the largest shields and longest
spears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms,
both offensive and defensive, for a new kind of fight, in which
they are soon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked.
Which indeed seems the moft rational account that can be
given for *Neptune's* advice in this exigence.

Mr. *Hobbes* has committed a great overflight in this place; he
makes the wounded princes (who it is plain were unfit for the
battle, and do not engage in the ensuing fight) put on arms
as well as the others; whereas they do no more in *Homer* than
fee their orders obey'd by the rest, as to this change of arms.

\[ \text{\textit{v. 444. The legions march, and Neptune leads the way.}} \]
The chief advantage the *Greeks* gain by the sleep of *Jupiter*,
seems to be this: *Neptune* unwilling to offend *Jupiter*,
has hitherto concealed himself in disguifed shapes; so that it
does not appear that *Jupiter* knew of his being among the
*Greeks*, since he takes no notice of it. This precaution hin-
ders him from affifting the *Greeks* otherwise than by his advice.
But upon the intelligence received of what *Juno* had done,
he assumes a form that manifessts his divinity; inspiring cou-
rage into the *Grecian* chiefs, appearing at the head of their
army, and brandishing a sword in his hand, the light of
which struck such a terror into the *Trojans*, that, as *Homer*
says, none durft approach it. And therefore it is not to be
wondered, that the *Trojans* who are no longer sustained by
*Jupiter*, immediately give way to the enemy.
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like light'ning flashing thro' the frighted skies.
Clad in his might, th' Earth-shaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Τroy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoist, and dares oppose a God:
And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear:
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ships: Seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;

\* 451. And lo! the God and wond'rous man appear.] What magnificence and nobleness is there in this idea? where Homer opposes Hector to Neptune, and equalizes him in some degree to a God. Euflathius.

\* 453. The roaring main, &c.] This swelling and inundation of the sea towards the Grecian camp, as if it had been agitated by a storm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the same resentments with their commander Neptune, and seconded him in his quarrel. Euflathius.

\* 457. Not half so loud, &c.] The Poet having ended the Episode of Jupiter and June, returns to the battle, where the
Lefs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests fall;

Greeks being animated and led on by Neptune, renew the fight
with vigour. The noise and outcry of this fresh onset, he endeavours to express by these three sounding comparisons;
as if he thought it necessary to awake the reader's attention,
which by the preceding descriptions might be lulled into a
forgetfulness of the fight. He might likewise design to shew
how soundly Jupiter slept, since he is not awaked by so terri-
ble an uproar.

This passage cannot be thought justly liable to the objection
which have been made against heaping comparisons one
upon another, whereby the principal object is lost amidst too
great a variety of different images. In this case the principal image is more strongly impressed on the mind by a multiplica-
tion of similies, which are the natural product of an ima-
gination labouring to express something very fast: but finding
no single idea sufficient to answer its conceptions, it endea-
vours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect:
the different sounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as
it were united in one. We have several instances of this
sort even in so castigated and reserved a writer as Virgil, who
has joined together the images of this passage in the fourth
Georgick, *v. 261. and applied them, beautifully softened by a
kind of parody, to the buzzing of a bee-hive:

"Frígidus ut quondam sylvis immurmurat Aufter,
Ut mare sollicitum stridet refluentibus undis,
Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis."

Tasso has not only imitated this particular passage of Homer,
but likewise added to it. Cant. ix. Stà. 22.

"Rapidò si che torbida procella
De cavernosi monti esce piu tarda;"
Lefs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
With such a rage the meeting hostes are driv'n,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding heav'n.
The first bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustaine'd his sword.)
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,
(Where heaps laid loose beneath the warriour's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble slings;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,

"Fiume, ch' alberi insieme, e cafe svella:
"Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda:
"Terremoto, che 'l mondo empia d' horrore,
"Son picciole sembianze al suo furore."
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground,
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,

\[\text{y. 480. Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.}\]

These words are translated by several, as if they signified that Hecator was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatness of Ajax's strength. Euflathius rather inclines to refer the words to the stone itself, and the violence of its motion. Chapman, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he should not have taken the interpretation to himself. He says, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illustration both of Ajax's strength and Hecator's; of Ajax, for giving such a force to the stone, that it could not spend itself on Hecator; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of Hecator, for standing the blow so solidly: for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. This image, together with the noble simile following it, seem to have given Spenfer the hint of those sublime verses:

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring dart with deadly food
Enroll'd, of flames, and smouldring dreariment;
Thro' riven clouds, and molten firmament,
The fierce three-forked engine making way,
Both lofty tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his dreadful passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mound of clay.
His boist'rous club so buried in the ground,
He could not rear again,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terours of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lin's intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.

Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warriour of Anchises' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear.
Book xiv. Homer's Iliad.

His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind, 505
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground. 510
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints a-new, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,

And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld, 515
With double fury each invades the field.

Oilean Ajax first his jav'lin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore) 520
Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warriour lies supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothaeo* shook the trembling spear;
The driving jav'lin thro' his shoulder thrust;
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of *Panthus* wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a *Grecian* heart.
Propt on that spear to which thou ow'lt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to *Pluto's* dreary hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each *Argive* breast:

The soul of *Ajax* burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warriour fell,
At the fierce foe he lanch'd his piercing steel;

£. 533. Propt on that spear, &c.] The occasion of this
farcefm of *Polydamas* seems taken from the attitude of his fall-
ing enemy, who is transfixed with a spear through his right
shoulder. This posture bearing some resemblance to that of
a man leaning on a staff, might probably suggest the conceit.

The speech of *Polydamas* begins a long string of farcetick
raillery, in which *Eustathius* pretends to observe very different
characters. This of *Polydamas*, he says, is *pleasant*; that of
*Ajax*, *heroick*; that of *Acamas*, *plain*; and that of *Peneleus,*
pathetick.
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;  
But fate, *Archeolochus*, demands thy breath: 540
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,  
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,  
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,  
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,  
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain: 545
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.  
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood  
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!  
(The tow'ring Ajax loud insulting cries)  550
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,  
A worthy vengeance for Prothænor slain?  
Mark well his port! his figure and his face  
Nor speake him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;  
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known, 555
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew  
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slayer's brother draws, 560
He pierced his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the forrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath, 565
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peleus most; 570
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superiour force.
But young Ilionus receiv'd the spear;
Ilionus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train 575
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
Swift his broad falchion fierce Penelpeus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet striking thro' the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke.

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantick woe,
Such, as the house of Promachus must know; 590
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we, victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn. 594

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine! 600

\[599. \text{Daughters of Jove! &c.}\] Whenever we meet with these fresh invocations in the midst of action, the Poets would seem to give their readers to understand, that they are
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero first embrud the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax! on th’ensanguin’d plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myian train.

Phalces and Mermer, Nestor’s son o’erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion flew.

come to a point where the description being above their own strength, they have occasion for supernatural assistance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader’s attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the present case, Homer seems to triumph in the advantage the Greeks had gained in the flight of the Trojans, by invoking the Muses to snatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and set them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by the poets on every occasion, and it is to this task they are so solemnly and frequently summoned by our Author. Tasso, has, I think, introduced one of these invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occasion of a battle by night, he calls upon the Night to allow him to draw forth those mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of her shades, and to display their glories, notwithstanding their disadvantage, to all posterity:

“Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
Chiuderti, e ne l’ oblio fatto si grande;
Piacciati, ch’ io nel tragga, e’n bel sereno
A la future età lo spieghi, e mande,
Viva la fame loro, e trà lor gloria
Splenda del fosco tuo l’ alta memoria.”
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead. 610
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warriour round,
And the fierce soul came rushing thro' the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son, 615
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race.
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.
THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.
The ARGUMENT.

The fifth battle, at the ships; and the acts of Ajax.

Jupiter awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter: Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.
THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;  
And, 'midst the war, the Monarch of the main.  
Not far, great Hecætor on the dust he spies,  
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)  
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,  
His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.  
The God beheld him with a pitying look,  
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke.  
O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,  
For ever studious in promoting ill!  
Thy arts have made the god-like Hecætor yield,  
And driv'n his conqu'ring squadrons from the field.  
Can'ft thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand  
Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand?  
Haft thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,  
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,

17. Adam, in Paradise Lost, awakes from the embrace of Eve, in much the same humour with Jupiter in this place. Their circumstance is very parallel; and each of them, as soon as his passion is over, appears full of that resentment natural to a Superior, who is imposed upon by one of less worth and sense than himself; and imposed upon in the worst manner, by shews of tendernefs and love.

23. Haft thou forgot, &c.] It is in the original to this effect. Have you forgot how you swung in the air, when I hung.
I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain; 25
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?

"a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands?" Though it is not my design, says M. Dacier, to give a reason for every story in the pagan theology, yet I cannot prevail upon myself to pass over this in silence.

"The phystical allegory seems very apparent to me: Homer mysteriously in this place explains the nature of the Air, which is Juno; the two anvils which she had at her feet are the two elements, earth and water: and the chains of gold about her hands are the ether, or fire which fills the superiour region: the two großer elements are called anvils, to shew us, that in these two elements only, arts are exercised. I do not know but that a moral allegory may here be found, as well as a phystical one; the Poet by these maffles tied to the feet of Juno, and by the chain of gold with which her hands were bound, might signify, not only that domestick affairs should like fetters detain the wife at home; but that proper and beautiful works like chains of gold ought to employ her hands."

The phystical part of this note belongs to Heraclides Ponticus, Eustathius, and the Scholia; M. Dacier might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it seems an observation no less singular in a Lady.

"v. 23." Eustathius tells us, that there were in some manuscripts of Homer two verses, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions, (which Hen. Stephens places here.)

By these two verses Homer shews us, that what he says of the punishment of Juno was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been some statue of Juno with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvils being left
Headlong I hurl’d them from th’ Olympian hall,
Stunn’d in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For god-like Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem’d the vengeance worthy such a son;
When by thy wiles induc’d, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck’d hero on the Coan coast:
Him thro’ a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th’ unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Left arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissimbled love.

The Thund’rer spoke: Imperial Juno mourn’d,
And trembling, these submissive words return’d.
By ev’ry oath that pow’rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Thro’ the drear realms of gliding ghosts below:
by time, superstitious people rais’d this story; so that Homer only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what Eustathius adds, That there were shewn near Troy certain ruins, which were said to be the remains of these masses. Dacier.

* 43. By thy black waves, tremendous Styx.] The Epithet Homer here gives to Styx is καλύβαντος, subterrabens, which I
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:

take to refer to its passage through the infernal regions. But
there is a refinement upon it, as if it signified *ex alto stillans,
falling drop by drop from on high. Herodotus, in his sixth
book writes thus. "The Arcadians say, that near the city
"Nonacris flows the water of Styx, and that it is a small
"rill, which distilling from an exceeding high rock, falls in-
"to a little cavity or basin, enveloped with a hedge." Pau-
fanias, who had seen the place, gives light to this passage of
Herodotus. "Going from Phereus, says he, in the country
"of the Arcadians, and drawing towards the West, we find
"on the left the city of Clytorus, and on the right that of
"Nonacris, and the fountain of Styx, which from the height
"of a flaggy precipice falls drop by drop upon an exceeding
"high rock, and before it has traversed this rock, flows into
"the river Crathis: this water is mortal both to man and
"beast, and therefore it is said to be an infernal fountain.
"Homer gives it a place in his Poems, and by the description
"which he delivers, one would think he had seen it." This
shews the wonderful exactness of Homer, in the description
of places which he mentions. The Gods swore by Styx, and
this was the strongest oath they could take; but we likewise
find that men too swore by this fatal water: for Herodotus
tells us, Cleomenes going to Arcadia to engage the Arcadians to
follow him in a war against Sparta, had a design to assemble
at the city of Nonacris, and make them swear by the water of
this fountain. *Dacier. Enflath. in Odyss.
\(^47. \) Not by my arts, &c.] This apology is well con-
trived; Juno could not swear that she had not deceived Ju-
piter, for this had been entirely false, and Homer would be
far from authorizing perjury by so great an example. Juno,
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and disobe'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels giv'n,
And taught submission to the Sire of heav'n.

Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the skies!

(Th' immortal Father with a smile replies!)

Then soon the haughty Sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon' bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the silver bow:
Let her descend, and from th' embattl'd plain
Command the Sea-god to his wat'ry reign:
While Phæbus hastes, great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,
His lab'ring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.

we see, throws part of the fault on Neptune, by shewing she had not acted in concert with him. Enstathius.
Greece chas’d by Troy ev’n to Achilles’ fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero’s feet.

y. 67. Greece chas’d by Troy, &c.] In this discourse of Jupiter, the Poet opens his design, by giving his reader a sketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of Homer may to many appear no way artful, and since it is a principle article of the charge brought against him by some late French critics, it will not be improper here to look a little into this dispute. The case will be best stated by translating the following passage from Mr. de la Matre’s Réflexions sur la Critique.

"I could not forbear wishing that Homer had an art, which he seems to have neglected, that of preparing events without making them known beforehand; so that when they happen, one might be surprized agreeably. I could not be quite satisfied to hear Jupiter, in the middle of the Iliad, give an exact abridgment of the remainder of the action. Madam Dacier allidges as an excuse, that this past only between Jupiter and Juno; as if the reader was not let into the secret, and had not as much share in the confidence."

She adds, "that as we are capable of a great deal of pleasure at the representation of a tragedy which we have seen before, so the surprizes which I require are no way necessary to our entertainment. This I think a pure piece of sophistry: one may have two sorts of pleasure at the representation of a tragedy; in the first place, that of taking part in an action of importance the first time it passes before our eyes, of being agitated by fear and hope for the persons one is most concerned about, and in fine, of partaking their felicity or misfortune, as they happen to succeed, or be disappointed."

"This therefore is the first pleasure which the poet should design to give his auditors, to transport them by pathetick surprizes which excite terror or pity. The second plea-
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.

"Sure must proceed from a view of that art which the au-
thor has shewn in raising the former.
"'Tis true, when we have seen a piece already, we have
no longer that first pleasure of the surprizes, at least not in
all its vivacity; but there still remains the second, which
could never have its turn, had not the poet laboured suc-
cessfully to excite the first, it being upon that indispensable
obligation that we judge of his art.
"The art therefore consists in telling the hearer only what
is necessary to be told him, and in telling him only as
much as is requisite to the design of pleasing him. And
although we know this already when we read it a second
time, we yet taste the pleasure of that order and conduct
which the art required.
"From hence it follows, that every poem ought to be
contrived for the first impression it is to make. If it be
otherwise, it gives us (instead of two pleasures which we
expected) two sorts of disgusts: the one, that of being
cool and untouch'd when we should be moved and tran-
sported; the other, that of perceiving the defect which
caus'd that disgust.
"This, in one word, is what I have found in the Iliad,
I was not interested or touched by the adventures, and I
saw it was this cooling preparation that prevented my be-
ing so."

It appears clearly that M. Dacier's defence no way excuses
the Poet's conduct; wherefore I shall add two or three con-
siderations which may chance to set it in a better light. It
must be owned that a surprize artfully managed, which arises
from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely
pleasing. In this consists the principal pleasure of a Romance,
or well-writ Tragedy. But besides this, there is in the rela-
tion of great events a different kind of pleasure, which arises
What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls?

Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon falls!

from the artful unravelling a knot of actions, which we knew before in the gross. This is a delight peculiar to history and Epick poetry, which is founded on History. In these kinds of writing, a preceding summary knowledge, of the events described, does no way damp our curiosity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good history, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowledge of the facts described: the pleasure in this case is like that of an Architect's first view of some magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an Epick Poem the case is of a like nature; where, as if the historical fore-knowledge were not sufficient, the most judicious poets never fail to excite their reader's curiosity by some small sketches of their design; which, like the outlines of a fine picture, will necessarily raise in us a greater desire to see it in its finished colouring.

Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our passions by surprizes, he could not well have succeeded by this manner in the subject he chose to write upon, which being a story of great importance, the principal events of which were well known to the Greeks, it was not possible for him to alter the ground-work of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark sometimes by anticipation, sometimes by recapitulations, how much of his story was founded on historical truths, and that what is superadded were the poetical ornaments.

There is another consideration worth remembering on this head, to justify our author's conduct. It seems to have been an opinion in those early times, deeply rooted in most countries and religions, that the actions of men were not only foreknown, but predestinated by a superior being. This sentiment is very frequent in the most ancient writers both sacred and profane, and seems a distinguishing character of-
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor 'till then, shall great Achilles rise:
And lo! that instant, god-like Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas afloats, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not 'till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a God
I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
Swift from th' Idaean summit shot to heav'n.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought, a length of lands he trod before,

the writings of the greatest antiquity. The word of the Lord
was fulfilled, is the principal observation in the history of the
Old Testament; and Δίς ο' ἐστιν θεὸς θεός is the declared and
most obvious moral of the Iliad. If this great moral be fit to
be represented in poetry, what means so proper to make it evi-
dent, as this introducing Jupiter foretelling the events which
he had decreed?

§. 86. As some way-faring man, &c.] The discourse of Ju-
upiter to Juno being ended, she ascends to heaven with won-
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods.

derful celerity, which the Poet explains by this comparison. On other occasions he has illustrated the action of the mind by sensible images from the motion of bodies; here he inverts the case, and shews the great velocity of Juno's flight by comparing it to the quickness of thought. No other comparison could have equalled the speed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the Poet describes a traveller who revolvs in his mind the several places which he has seen, and in an instant passes in imagination from one distant part of the earth to another. Milton seems to have had it in his eye in that elevated passage:

   —— The speed of Gods
   Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.

As the sense in which we have explained this passage is exactly literal, as well as truly sublime, one cannot but wonder what should induce both Hobbes and Chapman to ramble so wide from it in their translations.

This said, went Juno to Olympus high,
As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,
To any distance quickly goes his eye:
So swiftly Juno went with little pain.

Chapman's is yet more foreign to the subject:
But as the mind of such a man, that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
His purpos'd journey; is distract, and in his vexed mind
Resolves now not to go, now goes, still many ways inclin'd—
There sat the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeisance as the pas'd,
Thro' all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her Queen; the Nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturbs her soul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replies.

Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.

Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove shall thunder thro' the ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threatened woes to come,

As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

v. 102. Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call.] This is a passage worthy our observation. Homer feigns, that Themis, that is Justice, presides over the feasts of the Gods; to let us know, that she ought much more to preside over the feasts of men. Eustathius.
The Goddess said, and fullen took her place;
Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast, 110
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy exprest;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat steadfast care, and low'ring discontent.
Thus she proceeds—Attend ye pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove: 115
Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey:

You, Juno's speech to the Gods.] It was no sort of exaggeration what the ancients have affirmed of Homer, that the examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The present speech of Juno is a master-piece in that sort, which seems to say one thing, and persuades another: for while she is only declaring to the Gods the orders of Jupiter, at the time that she tells them they must obey, she fills them with a reluctance to do it. By representing so strongly the superiority of his power, she makes them uneasy at it; and by particularly advising that God to submit, whose temper could least brook it, she incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more sly and artfully provoking, than that stroke on the death of his darling son. Do thou, O Mars, teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that Jupiter has put the severest trial: Acalaphus thy son lies slain by his means; bear it with so much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy son.
Fierce in the majesty of pow'r, controuls;
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submifs, immortals! all he wills, obey; 120
And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.
Behold Afealaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own. 125

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.
Thus then, Immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon' forbidden plain, 130
The God of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, tho' the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight

To join his rapid courfers for the fight: 135

Χ. 134. To Fear and Flight—] Homer does not say, that Mars commanded they should join his horses to his chariot, which horses were called Fear and Flight.
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies; 
Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n, 
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n;
But Pallas springing thro' the bright abode, 
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear, 
From frantick Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head, 
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide she said.

By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost? 
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command restrain, 
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driv'n,

And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n?

are not the names of the horses of Mars, but the names of two furies in the service of this God: it appears likewise by other passages, that they were his children, book xiii. § 299. of the original. This is a very ancient mistake; Eustathius mentions it as an error of Antimachus, yet Hobbes and most others have fallen into it.
HOMER's I LI A D. Book xv.

Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state. 155
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.
Why should heav'n's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warriour to his throne;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon' tall summitt of the fount-ful! Ide: 165

y. 164. Go wait the Thund'rer's will.] It is remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the Poet to repeat his errands and messages, here he introduces Juno with very few words, where she carries a dispatch from Jupiter to Iris and Apollo. She only says, "Jove commands you to attend him on mount " Ida," and adds nothing of what had palled between herself and her comfort before. The reason of this brevity is not only that she is highly disgusted with Jupiter, and so unwilling to tell her tale from the anguish of her heart; but also be-
Book xv. Homer's Iliad. 167

There in the father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and fat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came, 170
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
There sat th' Eternal; he, whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady
Poles.

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circle round. 175
Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddes of the show'ry bow.

causè Jupiter had given her no commission to relate fully the
subject of their discourse: wherefore she is cautious of de-
claring what possibly he would have concealed. Neither does
Jupiter himself in what follows reveal his decrees: for he lets
Apollo only so far into his will, that he would have him disor-
der and rout the Greeks: their good fortune, and the success
which was to ensue, he hides from him, as one who favour-
ed the cause of Troy. One may remark in this passlage Homer's
various conduct and discretion concerning what ought to be
put in practice, or left undone: whereby his reader may be
informed how to regulate his own affairs, Euflathius.
Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon' mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there Equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddes wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idaean height.
Swift as the rat'ling hail, or fleecy snows
Drive thro' the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddes calls.
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air,
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birth-right, and superiour sway.
How shall thy rashnesse stand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

What means the haughty Sov'reign of the skies,
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal God, nor of his train am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:

_3. 210. Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame;
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know, &c._

Some have thought the Platonick Philosophers drew from hence the notion of their Triad (which the Christian Platonists since imagined to be an obscure hint of the Sacred Trinity.) The Trias of Plato is well known, τὸ αὐτὸ ὅ, ὁ νεῖς ὁ δημιουργός, ἕ τοῖς πάσιν ψυχῇ. In his Gorgias he tells us, τῶν Ὀμνίων (autoreum sc. fluifé) τῆς τῶν δημιουργῶν Τριάδος ἑπτάκιως. See Proclus in Plat. Theol. lib. i. cap. 5. Lucian Philopatr. Aristotle de Caelo, lib. i. cap. i. speaking of the Ternarian number from Pythagoras, has these words;
Τὰ τρία πάλαι, καὶ τὸ τρίς πάλιν. Καὶ πρὸς τὰς ἁρμικες τῶν θεῶν, χρώματα τῷ ἀριθμῷ τόσο. Καθάπερ γάρ φασίν καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρει, τὸ τέων καὶ τὰ πάλια τοῖς τρισὶν ἀρμία. Τείνων γάρ καὶ μίσον καὶ ἀρχὴ τῷ ἀριθμῷ ἦκεν τῶν τοῦ πάσχος ταῦτα ὧν τῶν τριάδος. From which passage Trapezuntius endeavoured very seriously to prove, that Aristotle had
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him controll,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.

And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods?

A perfect knowledge of the Trinity. Duport (who furnished me with this note, and who seems to be sensible of the folly of Trapezuntius) nevertheless in his Gnomologia Homerica, or comparison of our author's sentences with those of the Scripture, has placed, opposite to this verse, that of St. John: There are three who give testimony in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I think this the strongest instance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of such men, whose too much learning has made them mad.

Laënnecius, de Fals. Relig. lib. i. cap. i. takes this fable to be a remain of ancient history, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to Jupiter the oriental part which was called Heaven,
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.

Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd) 230
When Ministers are blest with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The fame our honours, and our birth the fame.
If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n    236
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of heav'n;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race:
as the region of light, or the sun; to Pluto the occidental, or
darker regions: and to Neptune the sovereignty of the seas.

y. 228. To elder brothers.] Iris, that she may not seem to
upbraid Neptune with weakness of judgment, out of regard to
the greatness and dignity of his person, does not say that Jupi-
ter is stronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive
not in the least invidious, superiority of age, she says sen-
tentiously, that the Furies wait upon our elders. The Furies
are said to wait upon men in a double sense: either for evil,
as they did upon Orestes after he had slain his mother; or else
for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to pro-
tect them and avenge their wrongs. This is an instance that
the Pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine. Eu-
statius.
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon' proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of light.

Behold! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world;
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;

*252. Else had my wrath, &c.* This representation of the terrors which must have attended the conflict of two such mighty powers as Jupiter and Neptune, whereby the elements had been mixed in confusion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is imaged in these few lines with a nobleness suitable to the occasion. Milton has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he represents what must have happened if Satan and Gabriel had encountered:
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell. 255
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar’d;
Ev’n pow’r immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad Ægis on thy active arm,
Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, ’till th’ Achaian train
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again:
'Then Greece shall breathe from toils—the Godhead said;
His will divine the son of Jove obey’d. 265
Not half so swift the failing falcon flies;
That drives a turtle thro’ the liquid skies;
As Phœbus shooting from th’ Idaean brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.

— — — — Not only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heav’n, perhaps, and all the elements
At last had gone to wreck, disturb’d and torn
With violence of this conflict; had not soon
Th’ Almighty, to prevent such horrid fray, &c.
There *Hæctor* seated by the stream he sees, 270
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day. 275

Why fits great *Hæctor* from the field so far?
What grief, what wound, with-holds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:
What blest immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens *Hæctor* from the sleep of death? 281
Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bath'd *Greece* in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty *Ajax* with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below? 285

*J. 274. Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.*] Eufla-
thius observes, that this is a very sublime representation of the power of *Jupiter*, to make *Hæctor's* pains cease from the moment wherein *Jupiter* first turned his thoughts towards him. *Apollo* finds him so far recovered, as to be able to sit up, and know his friends. Thus much was the work of *Jupiter*; the God of health perfects the cure.
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him Apollo. Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the Thund'rer sends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Inspire thy warriours then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery coursers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;

\[. 298. \text{As when the pamper'd steed.}\] This comparison is repeated from the sixth book, and we are told that the ancient criticks retained no more than the two first verses and the four last in this place, and that they gave the verses two marks; by the one (which was the afterim) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the obelus) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader who considers the two places will be of the same opinion.

Tasso has improved the justness of this simile in his sixteenth book, where Rinaldo returning from the arms of Armida to battle, is compared to the steed that is taken from his pastures and mares to the service of the war: the reverse of the circumstance better agreeing with the occasion.
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood, 300
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He sniffs the females in the well-known plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again: 305
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hosts pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie 310
Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die)

"Qual feroce deftrier, ch' al faticofo
"Honor de l'arme vincitor sìa tolto,
"E lascivo marito in vil riposo
"Fra gli armenti, e ne' paschi erri disciolto;
"Se'l defila o fuon di tromba, o luminoso
"Acciar, colà tosto annitendo è volto;
"Già già brama l'arringo, è l'huom sìl dorfo
"Portando, urtato riurtar nel corso."

y. 311. Not fated yet to die.] Dacier has a pretty remark on this passage, that Homer extended destiny (that is, the care of providence) even over the beasts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology. In the book of Jason, the regard of the Creator extending to the meanest rank of his creatures, is strongly expressed in those words of the Almighty, where he makes his compassion to the brute beasts
When lo! a lion shoots across the way!  
They fly: at once the chasers and the prey.  
So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,  
And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in blood,  
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,  
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,  
Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:  
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight,  
And bold to combat in the standing fight;  
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,  
Than winning words and heav'ly eloquence.  
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invades?  
Lo! Héctor rises from the Stygian shades!  
We saw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd:  
What God restores him to the frighted field;  
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,  
Pours new destruction on her sons again?

one of the reasons against destroying Nineveh. Shall I not spare the great city, in which there are more than six score thousand persons, and also much cattle? And what is still more parallel to this passage, in St. Matthew, ch. x. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And yet one of them shall not fall to the ground, without your father.
He comes not, Jove! without thy pow’rful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still! 331
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand.
The Greeks main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm. 335
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warriour spoke, the lift’ning Greeks obey,
Thick’ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command, 340.
The valiant leader of the Cretan band.
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber’d multitudes attend,
To flank the navy; and the shores defend. 345
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came tow’ring to the war.
Phoebus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv’d his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove’s enormous shield 350
Portentous thone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hoots, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies. 355
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
These drink the life of gen'rous warriours slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phæbus bore unmov'd the shield, 360
Sat doubtful Conquest hov'ring o'er the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confest. 365

v. 362. But when aloft he shakes.] Apollo in this passage,
by this mere shaking his Ægis, without acting offensively, an-
noys and puts the Greeks into disorder. Eustathius thinks that
such a motion might possibly create the same confusion, as
hath been reported by historians to proceed from panic fears:
or that it might intimate some dreadful confusion in the air,
and a noise issuing from thence; a notion which seems to be
warranted by Apollo's out-cry, which presently follows in the
same verse. But perhaps we need not go so far to account for
this fiction of Homer: the sight of a hero's armour often has
the like effect in an Epick Poem: the shield of Prince Arthur
in Spenser works the same wonders with this Ægis of Apollo.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.
Impending Phæbus pours around 'em fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menesheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Ilius, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oileus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Tho' born of lawless love: from home expell'd,
A banish'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
Mecyules next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,  
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.  
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;  
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.  
The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,  
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.  
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,  
And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantick Death.

On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;  
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,  
Points to the fleet: for by the Gods, who flies,  
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;

\[v. 386.\] By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,  
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.\]

Here is one that falls under the spear of Paris, smitten in the extremity of his shoulder as he was flying. This gives occasion to a pretty observation in Eustathius, that this is the only Greek who falls by a wound in the back; so careful is Homer of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of Eioneus in the beginning of lib. vi.

\[v. 396.\] For by the Gods, who flies, &c.] It sometimes happens (says Longinus) that a writer in speaking of some person, all on a sudden puts himself in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuosity and hurry of passion. It is this which Homer practises in these verses; the Poet stops his narration, forgets his own person, and instantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.

Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The couriers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!

_Apollo_, planted at the trench's bound,
Push'd at the bank; down sunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heavy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.

mouth of his furious and transported hero. How must his
discourse have languished, had he said to tell us, _Hec-\_
tor then said these, or the like words? Instead of which, by this unex-
pected transition he prevents the reader, and the transition is
made before the Poet himself seems sensible he had made it.
The true and proper place for this figure is when the time
presses, and when the occasion will not allow of any delay:
it is elegant then to pass from one person to another, as in
that of _Hecatus_. The herald, extremely discontented at the or-
ders he had received, gave command to the Heracleids to with-
draw. — It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you
would not perish entirely, and if you would not involve me in your
ruin, depart, and seek a retreat among some other people. _Longi-
thus_, chap. xxiii.
O'er the dread fosse (a late-impervious space) 410
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wond'ring crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall. 415
Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the flight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls. 421

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.

y. 416. As when ashore an infant stands.] This simile of the sand is inimitable; it is not easy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to describe the tumbling and confused heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the comparison here, taken from sand, is the juiffer, as it rises from the very place and scene before us. For the wall here demolish'd, as it was founded on the coast, must needs border on the sand; wherefore the similitude is borrowed immediately from the subject-matter under view. Euflathius.
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatted firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'd our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the relics of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

y. 428. O Jove! if ever, &c.] The form of Nestor's prayer in this place resembles that of Chryses in the first book. And it is worth remarking, that the Poet well knew, what shame and confusion the reminding one of past benefits is apt to produce. From the same topick Achilles talks with his mother, and Thetis herself accosts jove; and likewise Phoenix, where he holds a parley with Achilles. This righteous prayer hath its wished accomplishment. Euflathius.

y. 438. Presumptuous Troy mistook the sign.] The thunder of Jupiter is designed as a mark of his acceptance of Nestor's prayers, and a sign of his favour to the Greeks. However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the Greeks, the Trojans expound it in their own favour, as they seem wait-
Book xv. H O M E R's I L I A D. 185

As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'er-pow'ring all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian Wall; 445
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick found the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the jav'lin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd, 450
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;

ranted by their present success. This self-partiality of men
in appropriating to themselves the protection of heaven, has
always been natural to them. In the same manner Virgil
makes Turnus explain the Transformation of the Trojan ships
into nymphs, as an ill omen to the Trojans.

"Trojanos haec monstra petunt, his Jupiter ipse
Auxilium solitum eripuit."

History furnishes many instances of oracles, which, by reason
of this partial interpretation, have proved an occasion to lead
men into great misfortunes: it was the case of Cræsus in his
wars with Cyrus; and a like mistake engaged Pyrrhus to make
war upon the Romans.

v. 448. On the ships above, the cars below.] This is a new
sort of battle, which Homer has never before mentioned; the
Greeks on their ships, and the Trojans in their chariots, as on
a plain, Euathlus.
Still in the tent Patroclus fat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind. 455
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he exprest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Tho' yet thy state require redress (he cries) 460
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes?
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war. 465
Perhaps some fav'ring God his soul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, tho' numerous, to repulse in vain:
Nor could the Trojans, thro' that firm array,  
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.  
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,  
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;  
With equal hand he guides his whole design,  
By the just rule, and the directing line:  
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,  
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.  
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,  
And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tide.  
At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet  
Ajax the great, and god-like Hector meet;  
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;  
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;  
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;  
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.

v. 472. Nor could the Trojans — Force to the fleet and tents  
th' impervious way.] Homer always marks distinctly the place  
of battle; he here shews us clearly, that the Trojans attacked  
the first line of the fleet that stood next the wall, or the ves-  
sels which were drawn foremost on the land: these vessels  
were a strong rampart to the tents which were pitched behind,  
and to the other line of the navy which stood nearer to the  
sea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they must necessarily  
force the first line, and defeat the troops which defended it.  
Enstatius.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamôn's huge lance expires
Thund'ring he falls, and dropst'extinguish'd fires.
Great Hecêtor view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
Oh! all of Trajan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!

This said, his eager jav'nin fought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign Lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load, along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing fight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight,
Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phæbus taught to bend?

Impatient Teucer, hast'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattl'd plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;
'Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,  
And gave, Abyzous, to thy careful hand;  
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe,  
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd ev'ry blow.  

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,  
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;  
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,  
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.  
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:  
Th' all-wise Disposer of the fates of men,  
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;  
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.  
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,  
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;  
Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head  
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.  
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;  
Some God prevents our destin'd enterprize:  
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,  
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,  
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,  
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since heav'n commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by; (Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield.)
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield.
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain; To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulder ty'd;
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warriour wields; and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy, Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Iliad.

Book xvi.

Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.

Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine!
When happy nations bear the marks divine!

How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!

Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours:

Behold, ye warriours, and exert your pow'rs.

Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.

The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;

Yet.

v. 582. Death is the worst, &c.] It is with very great address, that to the bitterness of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that it would be as advantageous for young soldiers to read this lesson, concise as it is, as all the volumes of Tyrtaeus, wherein he endeavours to raise the spirits of his countrymen. Homer makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the happiness of a city consists. For having told us in another place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is subject; the slaughter of the men, the destruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity; now he reckons up the blessings that are contrary to those calamities. To the slaughter of the men indeed he makes no opposition; because it is not necessary to the well-being of a city, that every individual should be saved, and not a man slain. Euflatthius.
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in ev'ry Trojan breast: 590
The god-like Ajax next his Greeks addrest.

How long, ye warriours of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die! 595
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?

\[\text{y. 591. The god-like Ajax next.}]\] The oration of Hector is
more splendid and shining than that of Ajax, and also more
solemn, from his sentiments concerning the favour and assist-
ance of Jupiter. But that of Ajax is the more politic, fuller
of management, and apter to persuade; for it abounds with
no less than seven generous arguments to inspire resolution.
He exhorts his people even to death, from the danger to
which their navy was expos'd, which, if once consum'd, they
were never like to get home. And as the Trojans were bid
to die, so he bids his men dare to die likewise; and indeed
with great necessity, for the Trojans may recruit after the en-
gagement, but for the Greeks, they had no better way than
to hazard their lives; and if they should gain nothing else by
it, yet at least they would have a speedy dispatch, not a lin-
gring and dilatory destruction. Eustathius.
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall, How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call! Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites, It calls to death, and all the rage of fights. 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour, or our life; Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands. The lift'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame, And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame. Then mutual slaughters spread on either side; By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd; There pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas, Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race. Polydamas laid Otus on the sand, The fierce commander of th' Epeian band. His lance bold Meges at the victor threw; The victor stooping, from the death withdrew; ('That valu'd life, O Phæbus! was thy care) But Cræsus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore; 620
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the son of Lampus rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his founding shield: 625
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore,
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore;
For King Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won, 630
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow. 635
Meantime their fight the Spartan King survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Thro' Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage thro' the panting heart,
And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound
The warriour falls, extended on the ground. 641
In rush the conqu'ring Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.

He (e'er to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

Lo Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies? 655
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
'Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.
He ëlor (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! respect your name,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts,
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, tho' impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.

v. 677. And flank the navy with a brazen wall.] The Poet has built the Grecians a new sort of wall out of their arms; and perhaps one might say, it was from this passage Apollo borrowed that oracle which he gave to the Athenians about their wall of wood; in like manner the Spartans were said to have a wall of bones: if so, we must allow the God not a little obliged to the Poet. Enlathius,
Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

He said; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.

The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift jav'lin hiss'd along in air.

Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
Thus on a Roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart.

The distant hunter sent into his heart.

Observing Hector to the rescue flew;

Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.

So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound, 705
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns 710
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

'Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:\nThe Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; 715
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor 'till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn. 721
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,

v. 723. He raises Hector, &c.] This picture of Hector, impulsed by Jupiter, is a very finished piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which Homer has given us in so
Homer's Iliad. Book xv.

Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a light'ning, on the foe. 725
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow: 731
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the Chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one. 735

various attitudes. He is here represented as an instrument in the hand of Jupiter, to bring about those designs the God had long projected: and as his fatal hour now approaches, Jove is willing to recompense his hafty death with this short-lived glory. Accordingly, this being the last scene of victory he is to appear in, the Poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: his eyes sparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the God of War, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a storm, and the destruction he causes is resembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The Poet, by this heap of comparisons, raises the idea of the hero higher than any simple description could reach.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian Phalanx moveless as a tow'r
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:

*y. 736. — His fate was near — Due to stern Pallas.*

It may be asked, what Pallas has to do with the Fates, or what Power has she over them? Homer speaks thus, because Minerva has already resolved to succour Achilles, and deceive Hector in the combat between these two heroes, as we find in book xxii. Properly speaking, Pallas is nothing but the knowledge and wisdom of Jove, and it is wisdom which pre-
sides over the counsels of his providence; therefore she may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. Dacier.
Burfts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;

\[752\] Burfts as a wave, &c.] Longinus, observing that
oftentimes the principal beauty of writing consists in the judi-
cicious assembling together of the great circumstances, and
the strength with which they are marked in the proper place,
chuses this passage of Homer as a plain instance of it. "Where
" (says that noble critic) in describing the terrour of a tem-
" peft, he takes care to express whatever are the accidents of
" moft dread and horror in such a situation: he is not con-
" tent to tell us that the mariners were in danger, but he
" brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the
" point of being ev'ry moment overwhelmed by every wave;
" nay, the very words and syllables of the description, give
" us an image of their peril." He shews, that a Poet of lefs
" judgment would amufe himself in lefs important circumstances,
" and spoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-chofen,
" or superfluous particulars. Thus Aratus endeavouring to re-
" fine upon that line,

And instant death on ev'ry wave appears!

He turned it thus,

A flender plank preserves them from their fate.

Which, by flourishing upon the thought, has loft the lofti-
"ness and terror of it, and is fo far from improving the image,
"that it leffens and vanishes in his management. By confining
"the danger to a single line, he has scarce left the shadow of it;
"and indeed the word preserves takes away even that. The
"same critic produces a fragment of an old poem on the Ari-
"maffians, written in this falfce taste, whose author, he doubts
"not, imagined he had said something wonderful in the fol-
"lowing affected verses. I have done my beft to give them the
"same turn, and I believe there are thole who will not think
"them bad ones.
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.

Ye pow'rs! what madness! How on ships so frail,
(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtless mortals fail?
For stormy seas they quit the pleafing plain,
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidst the main.
Far o'er the deep (a trackless path) they go,
And wander oceans, in pursuit of woe.
No ease their hearts, no rest their eyes can find,
On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind;
Sunk are their spirits, while their arms they rear;
And Gods are weary'd with their fruitless pray'r.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and flew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Copreas was his fire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as gen'rous as the fire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n Chief th' invading Trojan preft,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero; fled, or shar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desp'rate band.
Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;  
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:  
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most  
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)  
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;  
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.  
O friends! be men: your gen'rous breasts inflame  
With equal honour, and with mutual shame!

-yyyy. Nestor's speech.] This popular harangue of Nestor,  
is justly extolled as the strongest and most persuasive piece of  
oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which  
men can be affected; the preservation of their wives and  
children, the secure possessions of their fortunes, the respect of  
their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of those  
that were departed: by these he diverts the Grecians from any  
thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril.  
Eustathius.

This noble exhortation is finely imitated by Tasso,  
Jerusalem, lib. x.

"— O valoroso, hor via con questa  
"Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita.  
"L' imagine ad alcuno in mente detta,  
"Glie la figura quasi, e glie l' addita  
"De la pregante patria e de la messa  
"Supplice famiglivola fbigottita.  
"Credi (dicea) che la tua patri spieghi  
"Per la mia lingua in tai parole i preghi.  
"Guarda tò le mie leggi, e i sacri tempi  
"Fa ch' io del sangue mio non bagni, e lavi,  
"Afficura le virgini da gli empi,  
"E i sepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi."
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroick fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestick, and his ample size:

"A te piangendo i lor passati tempi
Mostran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi:
A tè la moglie, e le mammelle, e'l petto,
Le cune, e i figli, e'l marital suo letto."

In this book Homer, to raise the valour of Hector, gives him Neptune for an antago-
A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long he swings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantick stride, 820
The god-like hero strides from side to side.
So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city thro' the publick way; 825

nift; and to raise that of Ajax, he first opposed to him Hector,
supported by Apollo, and now the same Hector supported and
impelled by Jupiter himself. These are strokes of a master-
hand. Eustathius.

y. 824. Drives four fair coursers, &c.] The comparison
which Homer here introduces, is a demonstration that the art
of mounting and managing horses was brought to so great a
perfection in these early times, that one man could manage
four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they
run full speed. But some object, That the custom of riding
was not known in Greece at the time of the Trojan war: be-
sides, they say the comparison is not just, for the horses are
said to run full speed, whereas the ships stand firm and un-
moved. Had Homer put the comparison in the mouth of one
of his heroes, the objection had been just, and he guilty of
an inconsistency: but it is he himself who speaks: saddle-
horses were in use in his age, and any poet may be allowed to
illustrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his times.
This is sufficient for the first objection; nor is the second
more reasonable; for it is not absolutely necessary, that com-
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew, 830
No less the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores: 835
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand, 840
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.

parifons should correspond in every particular; it suffices if there be a general resemblance. This is only introduced to shew the agility of Ajax, who passes swiftly from one vessel to another, and is therefore entirely just. Euphathius.
Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won, 846
And the long battle was but then begun.

Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main 850
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand; 855
The same which dead Proteus bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground; 865
With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command.

Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd; and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon' hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a tim'rous thong
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long: 875

ο. 874. The coward counsels of a tim'rous thong
Of rev'rend dotards —— ]

Homer adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to answer beforehand all the objections which he well foresaw
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargick charms,  
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:  
In this great day he crowns our full desires,  
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke— the warriours, at his fierce command,  
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.

Ev'n Ajax paus'd (to thick the jav'lns fly)  
Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.

Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait  
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:  

might be made, because Hector never till now attacks the Grecians in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of Troy, who frozen with fear at the sight of Achilles, never suffered him to march from the ramparts. Our Author forgets nothing that has the resemblance of truth: but he had yet a farther reason for inserting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero: these elders of Troy thought it less difficult to defeat the Greeks, though defended with strong entrenchments, while Achilles was not with them, than to overcome them without entrenchments when he assisted them. And this is the reason that they prohibited Hector before, and permit him now, to fall upon the enemy. Dacier.

\[ \text{v. 877. But now Jove calls to arms, &c.} \] Hector seems to be sensible of an extraordinary impulse from heaven, signified by these words, the most mighty hand of Jove pushing him on. It is no more than any other person would be ready to imagine, who should rise from a state of distress or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity. Eustathius.
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,

Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now pretends;

Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,

Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,

Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!

Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,

Your great forefathers virtues and your own.

\[890. \text{The speech of Ajax.}\] There is great strength, close-ness, and spirit in this speech, and one might (like many critics) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But sure the perpetual rapture of such commentators, who are always giving us exclamations instead of criticisms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what use is this either to a reader who has a taste, or to one who has not? To admire a fine passage, is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good nature of most people, who are not only pleased with this superficial applause given to fine passages, but are likewise inclined to transfer to the critick, who only points at these beauties, part of the admiration justly due to the Poet. This is a cheap and easy way to fame, which many writers ancient and modern have pursued with great success. Formerly indeed this sort of authors had modesty, and were humbly content to call their performances only Florilegia or Posies: but some of late have passed such collections on the world for criticisms of great depth and learning, and seem to expect the same flowers should please us better, in these
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther waftes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.

paltry nosegays of their own making up, than in the native gardens where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reasons is very convenient for most writers, so it excellently suits the ignorance or lazines of most readers, who will come into any sentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the compliment is mutual: for as such critics do not tax their readers with any thought to understand them, so their readers in return, advance nothing in opposition to such critics. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner; What an exquisite spirit of poetry—How beautiful a circumstance—What delicacy of sentiments—With what art has the Poet—in how sublime and just a manner—How finely imagined—How wonderfully beautiful and poetical—And so proceed, without one reason to interrupt the course of their eloquence, most comfortably and ignorantly apostrophising to the end of the chapter.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands;
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warriour at his stern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILLIAD.
The ARGUMENT.

The sixth battle: the acts and death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.
So warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore, while the black vessels smok'd with human gore.

Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;

* We have at the Entrance of this book one of the most beautiful parts of the Iliad. The two different characters are admirably sustained in the dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but strongly marks not only their natural temper, but that particular disposition of mind in either, which arises from the present state of affairs. We see Patro-
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the fable waters flow.
Divine *Pelides*, with compassion mov’d,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best belov’d.

he had before determined to do so at a certain time, (*II. ix. y. 767.*) That time was not till the flames should approach to his own ships, till the last article of danger, and that not of danger to *Greece*, but to himself. Thus his very pity has the sterner qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to suffer his friend to go in his stead, just to save them from present ruin, but he expressly forbids him to proceed any farther in their assistance, than barely to put out the fires, and secure his own and his friends return into their country: and all this concludes with a wish, that (if it were possible) every *Greek* and every *Trojan* might perish except themselves. Such is that *wrath* of *Achilles*, that more than wrath, as the *Greek* *μῦνι* implies, which *Homer* has painted in so strong a colouring.

*y. 8. Indulgent to his best belov’d.*] The friendship of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* is celebrated by all antiquity: and *Homer*, notwithstanding the anger of *Achilles* was his professed subject, has found the secret to discover, through that very anger, the softer parts of his character. In this view we shall find him generous in his temper, despising gain and booty, and as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his mistress, and easy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill used, than grateful and gentle when respectfully treated. “*Patroclus* (says *Philostratus*, who probably grounds his assertion on some ancient tradition) was “not so much elder than *Achilles* as to pretend to direct him, “but of a tender, modest, and unassuming nature; constant “and diligent in his attendance, and seeming to have no af- “fections but those of his friend.” The same author has a very pretty passage, where *Ajax* is introduced enquiring of *Achilles*, “Which of all his warlike actions were the most “difficult and dangerous to him? He answers, those which “he undertook for the sake of his friends. And which (con- “tinues *Ajax*) were the most pleasing and easy? The very
Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears, That flows so fast in these unmanly tears? No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps From her lov’d breast, with fonder passion weeps;

"fame, replies Achilles. He then asks him, Which of all the wounds he ever bore in battle was the most painful to him? Achilles answers, That which he received from Hector. But Hector, says Ajax, never gave you a wound. "Yes, replies Achilles, a mortal one, when he flew my friend Patroclus."

It is said in the life of Alexander the Great, that when that Prince visited the monuments of the heroes at Troy, and placed a crown upon the tomb of Achilles; his friend Hephaestion placed another on that of Patroclus, as an intimation of his being to Alexander what the other was to Achilles. On which occasion the saying of Alexander is recorded; That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had such a Friend to love him living, and such a Poet to celebrate him dead.

v. 11. No girl, no infant, &c.] I know the obvious translation of this passage makes the comparison consist only in the tears of the infant, applied to those of Patroclus. But certainly the idea of the simile will be much finer, if we comprehend also in it the mother’s fondness and concern, awakened by this uneasiness of the child, which no less aptly corresponds with the tenderness of Achilles on the sight of his friend’s affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the comparison, in that pursuit and constant application the infant makes to the mother, in the same manner as Patroclus follows Achilles with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all these circumstances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this similitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps seemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'ft thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care)
Thy good Menestius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon' reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty Lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.
A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke.

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!

* y. 31. Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast.] The commentators labour to prove that the words in the original, which begin this speech, Μη μοι λεον, Be not angry, are not
Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.

Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,

And wife Ulysses, at the navy groan

More for their country's wounds, than for their own.

meant to desire Achilles to bear no farther resentment against the Greeks, but only not to be displeased at the tears which Patroclus sheds for their misfortune. Patroclus (they say) was not so imprudent to begin his intercession in that manner, when there was need of something more insinuating. I take this to be an excess of refinement: the purpose of every period in his speech is to persuade Achilles to lay aside his anger; why then may he not begin by desiring it? The whole question is, whether he may speak openly in favour of the Greeks in the first half of the verse, or in the latter? For in the same line he represents their distress,

In Greek:

τοιον γάρ ἄρχει βεβηκεν Ἀχαίος.

It is plain he treats him without much reserve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even mischiefous (for ἀναγείρω implies no less.) I do not see wherein the Caution of this speech consists; it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof Achilles's nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of Ulysses, (to which he expressed his hatred in the ninth book, § 412.)

§ 35. Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,

And wife Ulysses

Patroclus in mentioning the wounded Princes to Achilles, takes care not to put Agamemnon first, lest that odious name striking his ear on a sudden, should shunt it against the rest of his discourse: neither does he name him last, for fear Achilles
Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave, 40
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!

Thy country flighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope re-
dress?

No — men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curfe that fierce, that unforgiving mind. 45

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring’lt not from a soft embrace,

Nor ever am’rous hero caus’d thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth. 49

Some rugged rock’s hard entrails gave thee form,

And raging seas produc’d thee in a storm,

dwelling upon it should fall into passion: but he slides it into
the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it
might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names
which precede and follow it may diminish the hatred it might
excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it
with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of Euflablius is very ingenii-
ous, and I have given into it so far, as to chuse rather to
make Patroclus call him Atreus’ son than Agamemnon, which
yet farther softens it, since thus it might as well be imagined
he spokè of Menelaus, as of Agamemnon.
A soul well-suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam’d thy mind.

If some dire Oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chafe her foes away.
Press’d by fresh forces, her o’erlabour’d train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

y. 61. And thy mere image chase her foes away.] It is hard
to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more
touch the warlike ambition of Achilles, than this which Homer
puts into the mouth of Patroclus. It was also an encomium
which he could not suspect of flattery; since the person
who made it desires to hazard his life upon the security that
the enemy could not support the fight of the very armour of
Achilles: and indeed Achilles himself seems to entertain no less
a thought, in the answer to this speech, where he ascribes
the flight of Troy to the blazing of his helmet: a circum-
stance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this
hero’s terrible character. Besides all this, Homer had it in
view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to en-
sue in the eighteenth book, where the very fight of Achilles
from his ship turns the fortune of the war.
Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg’st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return’d; and with it, this reply.

_Patroclus!_ thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from _Jove_ , nor _Oracles_ he hears;
Nor aught a mother’s caution can suggest;
The tyrant’s pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him pow’r to wrong
Ev’n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey’d maid, he forc’d away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father’s reign;
Due to the votes of all the _Grecian_ train.
From me he forc’d her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac’d, dishonour’d, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this — the wrongs I grieve are past;
’Tis time our fury should relent at last.
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon' deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my fight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious King our friendship lost,
Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your Gen'ral calls his Heroes on;

\textit{v. 101. No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son.} By what Achilles here says, joining Diomedes to Agamemnon in this taunting reflection, one may justly suspect there was some particular disagreement and emulation between these two Heroes.
Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain; 105
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,

This we may suppose to be the more natural, because Diomedes was of all the Greeks confessedly the nearest in fame and courage to Achilles, and therefore most likely to move his envy, as being the most likely to supply his place. The same sentiments are to be observed in Diomedes with regard to Achilles; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in their greatest extremities he no where acknowledges the necessity of appeasing Achilles, but always in council appears most forward and resolute to carry on the war without him. For this reason he was not thought a fit embassador to Achilles; and upon return from the embassy, he breaks into a severe reflection, not only upon Achilles, but even upon Agamemnon who had sent this embassy to him. I wish thou hadst not sent these supplications and gifts to Achilles; his influence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or stays, but do our duty and prepare for the battle. Eustathius observes, that Achilles uses this particular expression concerning Diomedes,

because it was the same boastful expression Diomedes had applied to himself, II. viii. v. 111. of the original. But this having been said only to Nestor in the heat of fight, how can we suppose Achilles had notice of it? this observation shews the great diligence, if not the judgment, of the good Archbishop.
And from thy deeds expect, th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:
Rage uncontroll'd thro' all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hecitor, Hecitor is my due.

\textit{γ. iiii. Shall render back the beauteous maid.} But this is
what the Greeks had already offered to do, and which he has
refused; this then is an inequality in Achilles's manners. Not
at all: Achilles is still ambitious; when he refused these pre-
sents, the Greeks were not low enough, he would not receive
them till they were reduced to the last extremity, and till he
was sufficiently revenged by their losses. \textit{Dacier.}

\textit{γ. i113. But touch not Hecitor.} This injunction of Achilles
is highly correspondent to his ambitious character: he is by
no means willing that the conquest of Hecitor should be at-
chieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he
is jealous even of his dearest friend. This also wonderfully
strengthens the idea we have of his implacability and resent-
ment; since at the same time that nothing can move him to
assist the Greeks in the battle, we see it is the utmost force up-
on his nature to abstain from it, by the fear he manifests left
any other should subdue this hero.

The verse I am speaking of,

\textit{Τὸς ἀλλας ἰδεῖς ἀπὸ ὄντως ἐντὸς ἐποίηθεν χιίρας},

is cited by Diogenes Laertius as Homer's, but not found to be
in the editions before that of Barnes's. It is certainly one of
the instructions of Achilles to Patroclus, and therefore properly
placed in this speech; but I believe better after

\begin{quote}
\textit{ποτὲ ὅσα άργυα ἐδέξα πόρον},
\end{quote}

than where he has inserted it four lines above: for Achilles's
instructions not beginning till \textit{γ. 83}.

\textit{Πάντας ὅσα, ὃς τινὰ ἣν πάλιν τίλος ἐν φρέσκοι δώμ,}

it is not so proper to divide this material one from the rest.
Whereas (according to the method I propose) the whole
Thou Jove in thunder should command the war;  
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.  
The fleet once fav'd, desist from farther chace,  
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;  
Some adverse God, thy rashness may destroy;  
Some God, like Phoebus, ever kind to Troy.  
Let Greece redeem'd from this destructive strait,  
Do her own work; and leave the rest to fate.  
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,  
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!

context will lie in this order. Obey my injunctions, as you consult my interest and honour. Make as great a slaughter of the Trojans as you will, but abstain from Hector. And as soon as you have repulsed them from the ships, be satisfied and return: for it may be fatal to pursue the victory to the walls of Troy.

v. 115. Consult my glory, and forbear.] Achilles tells Patroclus, that if he pursues the foe too far, whether he shall be victor or vanquished, it must prove either way prejudicial to his glory. For by the former, the Grecians having no more need of Achilles's aid, will not restore him his captive, nor try any more to appease him by presents: by the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himself upbraided with the death of Patroclus. Dacier.

v. 122. Oh! would to all, &c.] Achilles from his overflowing gall, vents this execration: the Trojans he hates as professed enemies, and he detests the Grecians as people who had with calmness overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient criticks not entering into the manners of Achilles, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an universal malevo-
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive;
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town!

ence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may observe at the same time the mighty force of friendship, if for the sake of his dear Patroclus he will protect and secure those Greeks, whose destruction he wishes. What a little qualifies this bloody wish, is, that we may suppose it spoken with great unreservedness, as in secret, and between friends.

Mon. de la Motte has a lively remark upon the absurdity of this wish. Upon the supposition that Jupiter had granted it, if all the Trojans and Greeks were destroyed, and only Achilles and Patroclus left to conquer Troy, he asks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any spectators? but the answer is very obvious; Homer intends to paint a man in passion; the wishes and schemes of such an one are seldom conformable to reason; and the manners are preferred the better, the less they are represented to be so.

This brings into my mind that curse in Shakespeare, where that admirable master of nature makes Northumberland, in the rage of his passion, wish for an universal destruction.

— — — — Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act:
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the strand,
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd, 130
So thick, the darts an iron tempest rain'd:

y. 130. Ajax no more, &c.] This description of Ajax wearied out with battle, is a passage of exquisite life and beauty: yet what I think nobler than the description itself, is what he says at the end of it, that his hero even in this excess of fatigue and languor, could scarce be moved from his post by the efforts of a whole army. Virgil has copied the description very exactly, En. ix.

"Ergo nec clypeo juvenis subsistere tantum,
Nec dextra valet: injecitis sic undique telis
Obruitur. Strepit assiduo cava tempora circum
Tinnitus galea, & faxis solida aura satissent:
Discussequae juba capit, nec sufficit umbo
Istitus: ingeminant haflis & Troës, & ipse
Fulmineus Menelheus; tum toto corpore sudor
Liquitur, & piceum, nec respirare potestas,
Flumen agit; fessos quatit Æger anhelitus artus.

The circumstances which I have marked in a different character are improvements upon Homer, and the last verse excellently express'd, in the short catching up of the numbers, the quick short panting, represented in the image. The reader may add to the comparison an imitation of the same place in Tasso, Cant. ix. St. 97.

"Fatto intanto hà il foldan cio, ch'è conceffò
Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote:
Tutto e sangue e sudore; un grave, e spesso
Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianche scote.
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung,
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and wo succeeds to wo.

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointless spear the warriour shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.

"Langue sotto lo scudo il brachio oppresso,
Gira la destra il ferro in pigre rote;
Spessà, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuso
Perduto il brando omai di brando hà l'uso."
Great Ajax saw, and own’d the hand divine,  
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;  
Warm’d, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour  
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show’r;  
O’er the high stern the curling volumes rise,  
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view’d the rising flames,  
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.

\( \text{v. 148. Great Ajax saw, and own’d the hand divine,} \)
\( \text{Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign.} ] \)

In the Greek there is added an explication of this sign, which has no other allusion to the action, but a very odd one in a single phrase or metaphor.

\( \text{— Ὄ ἐὰ πάγχυ μάχη ἐν μόιδα κάρον} \)
\( \text{Zeus ὑψηλομάτης, Τρώας ὑ ὑλέο νυκν.} \)

Which may be translated,

So seem’d their hopes cut off by heav’n’s high Lord,  
So doom’d to fall before the Trojan sword.

Chapman endeavours to account for the meanness of this conceit, by the grofs wit of Ajax; who seeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy, that Jupiter would in the same manner cut off the counsels and schemes of the Greeks. For to understand this far-fetched apprehension gravely, as the commentators have done, is indeed (to use the words of Chapman) most dull and Alicantical. I believe no man will blame me for leaving these lines out of the text.

\( \text{v. 154. Achilles view’d the rising flames.} ] \) This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That ef-
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, e'er our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, e'er the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops—The hero said; 160
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs, with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
The flamy cuirass, of a thousand dyes; 165
Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone.
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:

\[\text{fect which a multitude of speeches was not able to accomplish, one lamentable spectacle, the sight of the flames, at length, brings to pass, and moves Achilles to compassion. This it was (say the ancients) that moved the tragedians to make visible representations of misery; for the spectators beholding people in unhappy circumstances, find their souls more deeply touched, than by all the strains of rhetorick. Euflathius.}\]

\[\text{y. 162. He cas'd his limbs in bras, &c.] Homer does not amuse himself here to describe these arms of Achilles at length, for besides that the time permits it not, he reserves this description for the new armour which Thetis shall bring that hero; a description which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leisure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. Euflathius.}\]
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.

Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' Jav'lin stands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wielded,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his Lord in love and fame,

v. 172. Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' Jav'lin stands.] This passage affords another instance of the stupidity of the commentators, who are here most absurdly inquisitive after the reasons why Patroclus does not take the spear, as well as the other arms of Achilles? he thought himself a very happy man, who first found out, that Homer had certainly given this spear to Patroclus, if he had not foreseen that when it should be lost in his future unfortunate engagement, Vulcan could not furnish Achilles with another; being no joiner, but only a smith. Virgil, it seems, was not so precisely acquainted with Vulcan's disability to profess the two trades: since he has, without any scruple, employed him in making a spear, as well as the other arms for Aeneas. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of Homer, who intended to raise the idea of his hero, by giving him such a spear as no other could wield: the description of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.
In peace his friend, and partner of the war) 180
The winged courgers harness'd to the car;

Xanthus and Balios, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;

v. 183. Sprung from the wind.] It is a beautiful invention of the poet, to represent the wonderful swiftness of the horses of Achilles, by saying they were begotten by the western wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our author might have designed it even in the literal sense: nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a Poet, since grave naturalists have seriously vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of them relate as an undoubted piece of natural history, that there was anciently a breed of this kind of horses in Portugal, whose dams were impregnated by a western wind: Varro, Columella, and Pliny, are all of this opinion. I shall only mention the words of Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. viii. cap. 42. Conflat in Lusitania circa Olyssiponem oppidum, & Tagum annem, equas Favonianis flante obverjas animalem concipere spiritum, 1dque partum fieri & gigni perniciissimum. See also the same author, l. iv. c. 12. l. xvi. c. 25. Possibly Homer had this opinion in view, which we see has authority more than sufficient to give it place in poetry. Virgil has given us a description of this manner of conception, Georgick iii.

"Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,
"Vere magis (quia vere calor redit ossibus) illae
"Ore omnes versa in zephyrum, flant rupibus altis,
"Exceptantque leves auras: & sepe fine ullis
"Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
"Saxa per & scopulos & depressas convalles
"Diffugiunt."
Whom the wing’d Harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:
Swift Pedasus was added to their side,
(Once great Aëtion’s, now Achilles’ pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match’d th’ immortal race.
Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;

y. 186. Swift Pedasus was added to their side.] Here was a necessity for a spare horse (as in another place Nestor had occasion for the same) that if by any misfortune one of the other horses should fall, there might be a fresh one ready at hand to supply his place. This is good management in the Poet, to deprive Achilles not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his inestimable horses. Eustathius.

y. 194. Grim as voracious wolves, &c.] There is scarce any picture in Homer so much in the savage and terrible way, as this comparison of the Myrmidons to wolves: it puts one in mind of the pieces of Spagnoletto, or Salvator Rosa: each circumstance is made up of images very strongly coloured and horridly lively. The principal design is to represent the stern looks and fierce appearance of the Myrmidons, a gaunt and ghastly train of raw-bon’d bloody-minded fellows. But besides this, the Poet seems to have some farther view in so many different particulars of the comparison; their eager de-
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide infatiate throats with blood,
fire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirsting after water:
their strength and vigour for the battle is intimated by their
being filled with food: and as these beasts are said to have
their thirst sharper after they are gorged with prey; so the
Myrmidons are strong and vigorous with ease and refreshment,
and therefore more ardently desirous of the combat. This
image of their strength is inculcated by several expressions
both in the simile and the application, and seems designed in
contrast to the other Greeks, who are all wasted and spent
with toil.

We have a picture much of this kind given us by Milton,
lib. x. where Death is let loose into the new creation, to glut
his appetite, and discharge his rage upon all nature.

As when a flock
Of rav'rous fowls, tho' many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcasses, design'd
For death the following day, in bloody fight.
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar.

And by Tasso, Canto x. St. 2. of the furious Soldan covered
with blood, and thirsting for fresh slaughter.

"Cum dal chiudo ovel cacciato viene
"Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e fi nasconde;
"Che fe ben del gran ventre omai riapiene
"Ha l'ingorde voragini profonde.
"Avido pur di sangue anco fuor tienne
"La lingua, e'l fugge da le labbra immonde,
"Tal' ei sen gia dopo il sanguingo stratio
"De la sua cupa fame anco non fatio."
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had lanch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.

_Eudorus_ next; whom _Polymele_ the gay
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, fly _Cellenius_ lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from _Diana's_ quire,
The God pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
Strong _Echecteus_, blest in all those charms,
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms; 225

_7. 220. To her high Chamber._] It was the custom of those
times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they
might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore _Peneleope_
in the _Odyssey_ mounts up into a garret, and there fits to
her business. So _Priam_, in the sixth book, _7. 248._ of the or-
iginal, had chambers for the ladies of his court, under the
roof of his palace.

The _Lacedæmonians_ called these high apartments _αρθ_, and as
the word also signifies _eggs_, it is probable it was this that
gave occasion to the fable of _Helen's_ birth, who is said to be
born from an _egg_. _Eustathius._
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,  
With gifts of price he fought and won the dame;  
Her secret offspring to her fire she bare;  
Her fire cares’d him with a parent’s care.  

Pisander follow’d; matchless in his art  
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;  
No hand so sure of all th’ Emathian line,  
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.  

The fourth by Phoenix’ grave command was  
grac’d;  
Laërces’ valiant offspring led the last.  

Soon as Achilles with superior care  
Had call’d the chiefs, and order’d all the war,  
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:  
Ye far-fam’d Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!  
Think with what threats you dar’d the Trojan  
throng,  

Think what reproach these ears endur’d so long,  
“Stern son of Peleus,” (thus ye us’d to say,  
While restless, raging in your ships you lay)  
“Oh nurs’d with gall, unknowing how to yield;  
“Whose rage defrauds us of so fam’d a field.  

Vol. iv. 2
"If that dire fury must for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return, ye Chiefs, return!"

Such were your words—Now warriours grieve no more.

Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands; 250
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breast,
Close, and more close, the lift'ning cohorts prest;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the King.

As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man a-long;

Thick, undistingu'ish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There bold *Automedon, Patroclus* here; 265
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the Gods *Achilles* went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd, 270
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.
(The presents of the silver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in off' rings to the pow'rs divine, 275
But *Peleus' son*; and *Peleus' son* to none
Had rais'd in off' rings, but to *Jove* alone.
This ting'd with sulphur, sacred firft to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place 281
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midft; and thus the God implor'd.

*And thus the God implor'd.*] Though the character of *Achilles* every where shews a mind swayed with unbounded passions, and entirely regardless of all human authority and
Oh thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!

Oh great Pelaugick, Dodonaeon Jove!

law; yet he preserves a constant respect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the sentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The present passage is an exact description and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on these occasions. Achilles, though an urgent affair called for his friend's assistance, yet would not suffer him to enter the fight, till in a most solemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of Jupiter: and this I think a stronger proof of his tenderness and affection for Patroclus, than either the grief he expressed at his death, or the fury he shewed to revenge it.

f. 285. Dodonaeon Jove.] The frequent mention of Oracles in Homer and the ancient Authors, may make it not improper to give the reader a general account of so considerable a part of the Grecian superstition; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. Stanyan, in his excellent and judicious abstract of the Grecian history.

"The Oracles were ranked among the noblest and most religious kinds of divination; the design of them being to settle such an immediate way of converse with their Gods, as to be able by them not only to explain things intricate and obscure, but also to anticipate the knowledge of future events; and that with far greater certainty than they could hope for from men, who out of ignorance and prejudice must sometimes either conceal or betray the truth. So that this became the only safe way of deliberating upon affairs of any consequence, either publick or private. Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a peace; to institute a new form of government, or enact new laws; all was to be done with the advice and approbation of the Oracle, whose determinations were always held sacred and inviolable. As to the causes of Oracles, Jupiter was looked upon as the first cause of this, and all other sorts of divination;
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill, 
Presid'ft on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:

"he had the book of fate before him, and out of that revealed
either more or less, as he pleased, to inferior daemons. But
"to argue more rationally, this way of access to the Gods has
"been branded as one of the earliest and grossest pieces of
"priestcraft, that obtained in the world. For the priests,
"whose dependence was on the Oracles, when they found
"the cheat had got sufficient footing, allowed no man to
"consult the Gods without costly sacrifices and rich presents
"to themselves: and as few could bear this expense, it
"served to raise their credit among the common people by
"keeping them at an awful distance. And to heighten their
"esteem with the better and wealthier sort, even they were
"only admitted upon a few stated days: by which the thing
"appeared still more mysterious, and for want of this good
"management, must quickly have been seen through, and
"fallen to the ground. But whatever juggling there was as
"to the religious part, Oracles had certainly a good effect
"as to the public; being admirably suited to the genius of
"a people, who would join in the most desperate expedition,
"and admit of any change of government, when they un-
"derstood by the Oracle it was the irresistible will of the
"Gods. This was the method Minos, Lycurgus, and all the
"famous law-givers took; and indeed they found the people
"so entirely devoted to this part of religion, that it was
"generally the easiest, and sometimes the only way of win-
"ning them into a compliance. And then they took care
"to have them delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to ad-
"mit of different constructions according to the exigency of
"the times: so that they were generally interpreted to the
"advantage of the state, unless sometimes there happened to
"be bribery or flattery in the case; as when Demeasenes
"complained that the Pythia spoke as Philip would have her.
"The most numerous, and of the greatest repute, were the
"Oracles of Apollo, who in subordination to Jupiter, was
(Whose groves, the *Selli*, race austerely surround, 
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground; 

"appointed to preside over, and inspire all sorts of prophets 
and diviners. And amongst these, the *Delphian* challenged the first place, not so much in respect of its anti-
quity, as its perspicuity and certainty; insomuch that the 
answers of the *Tripos* came to be used proverbially for clear 
and infallible truths. Here we must not omit the first *Pythia* 
or priestesses of this famous Oracle, who uttered her re-
sponses in heroick verse. They found a secret charm in 
numbers, which made every thing look pompous and 
weighty. And hence it became the general practice of le-
gislators and philosophers, to deliver their laws and maxims 
in that dress: and scarce any thing in those ages was writ 
of excellence or moment but in verse. This was the dawn 
of poetry, which soon grew into repute; and so long as 
it served to such noble purposes as religion and govern-
ment, poets were highly honoured, and admitted into a 
share of the administration. But by that time it arrived 
to any perfection, they pursued more mean and servile 
ends; and as they prostituted their muse, and debased the 
subject, they sunk proportionally in their esteem and dign-
ity. As to the history of Oracles, we find them mentioned in the very infancy of *Greece*, and it is as uncertain 
when they were finally extinct, as when they began. For 
they often lost their prophetick faculty for some time and 
recovered it again. I know it is a common opinion, that 
they were universally silenced upon our Saviour's appear-
ance in the world: and if the Devil had been permitted 
for so many ages to delude mankind, it might probably 
have been so. But we are assured from history, that seve-
ral of them continued till the reign of *Julian* the apostate, 
and were consulted by him: and therefore I look upon the 
whole business as of human contrivance; an egregious im-
posture founded upon superstition, and carried on by policy 
and interest, till the brighter oracles of the holy scriptures 
dispelled these mists of error and enthusiasm."
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees;  
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze.)

...285. Pelasgick, Dodonæan Jove.] Achilles invokes *Jupiter* with these particular appellations, and represents to him the services performed by these priests and prophets; making these honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this Deity. *Jupiter* was looked upon as the first cause of all divination and oracles, from whence he had the appellation of ἄναψαντος, II. viii. y. 250. of the original. The first Oracle of *Dodona* was founded by the *Pelasgi*, the most ancient of all the inhabitants of *Greece*, which is confirmed by this verse of *Hesiod*, preserved by the Scholia on *Sophocles's Trachin*:

Δαίτης, ζηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἱδραυν ἤμεν.

The Oaks of this place were said to be endowed with voice, and prophetick spirit; the priests who gave answers concealing themselves in these trees; a practice which the pious frauds of succeeding ages have rendered not improbable.

...288. Whose groves, the Selli, race auster, &c.] Homer seems to me to say clearly enough, that these priests lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by these austerities the God they served: for he says, *οἱ ραίατος ἀναψαντοδε*, and this *οἱ* can in my opinion only signify for you, that is to say, to please you, and for your honour. This example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular; and the earliest antiquity may furnish us with the like of pagans, who by an austerer life tried to please their Gods. Nevertheless I am obliged to say, that Strabo, who speaks at large of these *Selli* in his seventh book, has not taken this austerity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the grossness of their ancestors; who being Barbarians, and straying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never used a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the first *Pelasgians* (who founded this Oracle) only custom and use, might be continued by these priests through devotion. How many things do we at
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ft, at Thetis' pray'r, 292
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.

this day see, which were in their original only ancient man-
ners, and which are continued through zeal and a spirit of re-
ligion? It is very probable that these priests by this hard
living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of
a people who loved luxury and delicacy so much. I was will-
ing to search into antiquity for the original of these Selli,
priests of Jupiter, but found nothing so ancient as Homer; Herod-
tus writes in his second book, that the Oracle of Do-
don was the ancientest in Greece, and that it was a long time
the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an
Egyptian woman, who was the priests of it, is contradicted
by this passage of Homer, who shews that in the time of the
Trojan war this temple was served by men called Selli, and not
by women. Strabo informs us of a curious ancient tradition,
importing, that this temple was at first built in Thessaly, that
from thence it was carried into Dodona; that several women
who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that
in process of time the priests used to be chosen from among
the descendants of those women. To return to these Selli,
Sophocles, who of all the Greek poets is he who has most imi-
tated Homer, speaks in like manner of these priests in one of
his plays, where Hercules says to his son Hillus; "I will de-
clare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with
this ancient one; I myself having entered into the sacred
wood inhabited by the austere Selli, who lie on the ground,
write this answer of the oak, which is consecrated to my
father Jupiter, and which renders his oracles in all lan-
guages." Dacier.

288.] Homer in this verse uses a word which I think
singular and remarkable, ἰπρεῖται. I cannot believe that it
was put simply for ἰπρεῖται, but am persuaded that this term
includes some particular sense, and shews some custom but
little known, which I would willingly discover. In the Scho-
lia of Didymus there is this remark: "They called those who
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield:

"served in the temple, and who explained the Oracles rendered
"by the priests, hypophets, or under-prophets." It is certain
that there were in the temples servitores, or subaltern ministers,
who for the sake of gain undertook to explain the Oracles
which were obscure. This custom seems very well established
in the Ion of Euripides; where that young child (after having
said that the priests is seated on the tripod, and renders the
Oracles which Apollo dictates to her) addresses himself to those
who serve in the temple, and bids them go and wash in the
Castalian fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain
the Oracles to those who should demand the explication of
them. Homer therefore means to shew, that these Selli were,
in the temple of Dodona, those subaltern ministers that inter-
preted the Oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to
agree with the present passage: for, besides that the custom
was not established in Homer's time, and that there is no
footstep of it founded in that early age; these Selli (of whom
Homer speaks) are not here ministers subordinate to others,
they are plainly the chief priests. The explication of this
word therefore must be elsewhere sought, and I shall offer
my conjecture, which I ground upon the nature of this Or-
cle of Dodona, which was very different from all the other
Oracles. In all other temples the priests delivered the Oracles
which they had received from their Gods, immediately:
but in the temple of Dodona, Jupiter did not utter his Oracles
to his priests, but to his Selli; he rendered them to the oaks,
and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the priests, who de-
clared them to those who consulted them: so these priests
were not properly ἀποφηται, prophets, since they did not receive
those answers from the mouth of their God immediately: but
they were but ἑποφηται, under-prophets, because they received
them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may say so. The
oaks, properly speaking, were the prophets, the first inter-
preters of Jupiter's Oracles; and the Selli were ἑποφηται, under-
250 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book xvi.

Tho' still determin'd, to my ships confin'd; 296 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.

Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force, let Hector see 300
His fame in arms not owing all to me.

But when the fleets are fav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again! 305

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.

Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies, 310
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

prophets, because they pronounced what the oaks had said.
Thus Homer, in one single word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity. Dacier.

v. 306. Great Jove consents to half.] Virgil has finely imitated this in his eleventh Æneid:

"Audiit, & voti Phœbus succedere partem
"Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in auras.
"Sterneret ut subitâ turbatam morte Camillam
"Annuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta vidēret
"Non dedit, inque notos vocem vertère procellæ."
Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care, Invade the Trojans, and commence the war. As wasps, provok'd by children in their play, Pour from their mansions by the broad high-way, In swarms the guiltless traveller engage, Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:

As wasps provok'd, &c.] One may observe, that though Homer sometimes takes his similitudes from the meanest and smallest things in nature, yet he orders it so as by their appearance to signalize and give lustre to his greatest heroes. Here he likens a body of Myrmidons to a nest of wasps, not on account of their strength and bravery, but of their heat and resentment. Virgil has imitated these humble comparisons, as when he compares the builders of Carthage to bees. Homer has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the soldiers to flies, for their busy industry and perseverance about a dead body; not diminishing his heroes by the size of these small animals, but raising his comparisons from certain properties inherent in them, which deserve our observation. Enjolathius.

This brings into my mind a pretty rural simile in Spenser, which is very much in the simplicity of the old father of poetry:

As gentle shepherd in sweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phæbus 'gins to welke in west,
High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hafty supper best;
A cloud of cumb'rous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no whit can rest,
But with his clownish hand their tender wings
He bruusteth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.
All rise in arms, and with a gen’ral cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms, 320
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms,
Their rising rage Patroclus’ breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroick fires.

Oh warriours, part’ners of Achilles’ praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your god-like master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you serve.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv’d in fire and smoke.
331
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz’d,
When great Achilles’ shining armour blaz’d: 335
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag’d, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest Proteus to Ilium's shore,
The great Peonian, bold Pyraechmes, stood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.

Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her rescu'd decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.

So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanse like one black cieling spread:

对比，但是一次承认它在这一对比中不适当，而用klähe to the flame* by the
Sudden, the Thund’rer with a flashing ray, Bursts thro' the darkness, and lets down the day: The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise, And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes;

darting of lightening. This explanation is solely founded on the expression ἐρωταίας Ζαῦς, fulgurator Jupiter, which epithet is often applied when no such action is supposed. The most obvious signification of the words in this passage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a jufter application. The simile seems to be of Jupiter dispersing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful prospect, which was before hid in darkness, suddenly appears. This is applicable to the present state of the Greeks, after Patroclus had extinguished the flames, which began to spread clouds of smoke over the fleet. It is Homer’s design in his comparisons to apply them to the most obvious and sensible image of the thing to be illustrated; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements; and thus injure the Poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refusing him what is really his own: It is much the same image with that of Milton in his second book, though applied in a very different way.

As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o’erspread Heavn’ns cheerful face; the low’ring element Scowls o’er the darken’d landskip snow or show’r; If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet Extend his evening beam, the fields revive, The birds their notes renew, the bleating herds Atteft their joy, that hill and valley rings.
The smiling scene wide opens to the fight, And all th' unmeasur'd Æther flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains; Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.

Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero flew, But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew; As Areìlycus had turn'd him round, Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound; The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown, The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone: Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance; Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance. Phylides' dart (as Amphìclus drew nigh) His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh, Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away; In darkness, and in death, the warriour lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand, And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:

By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies, Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.

Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound, Defends the breathless carcase on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murd’rer to engage:
But god-like Thraimmed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below:
He sinks, with endless darkness cover’d o’er;
And vents his soul, effus’d with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon’s friends, Amisodarus’ feed;
Amisodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhor’d Chimæra bred;
Skill’d in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty Sire.

Stopp’d in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oileus’ arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung’d in his throat the smoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

† 390. Amisodarus, who, &c.] Amisodarus was King of Caria; Bellerophon married his daughter. The ancients guessed from this passage that the Chimæra was not a fiction, since Homer marks the time wherein she lived, and the Prince with whom she lived; they thought it was some beast of that Prince’s herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the Calydonian boar. Eustathius.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame, Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came; In vain their jav’lins at each other flew, Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.

On the plum’d crest of his Bœotian foe, The daring Lycon aim’d a noble blow; The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped Full on the juncture of the neck and head: The head, divided by a stroke so just, Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.

O’ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds, Pierc’d thro’ the shoulder as he mounts his steeds; Back from the car he tumbles to the ground: His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom’d his fate to feel, His open’d mouth receiv’d the Cretan steel: Beneath the brain the point a passage tore, Crash’d the thin bones, and drown’d the teeth in gore:

His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils pour a flood; He sobs his foul out in the gush of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hectôr god-like Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienced in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the mailly shield,
Observed the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing show'r.

He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms,

[433. Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.] Homer represents Hectôr, as he retires, making a stand from time to time, to save his troops: and he expresses it by this single word ἀνειλθέντα, for ἀνειλθέντας does not only signify to stay, but likewise in retiring to stop from time to time; for this is the power of the preposition ἀνα, as in the word ἀναμάχοτος, which signifies to fight by fits and starts; ἀναπάρας, to wrestle several times, and in many others. Enlathius.
Book xvi. Homer's Iliad. 259

Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies, 436
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terreur drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; thro' heaps of disarray 440
The fiery coursers forc'd their Lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes:

In vain they labour up the steeppy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight; 450
Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from fight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying Lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry, 454
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Homer's Iliad. Book xvi.

Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desp'rate course,
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaded with incessant show'rs,

...From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew, &c.] Homer had made of Hector's horses all that poetry could make of common and mortal horses; they stand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horses of Achilles find no obstacle; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. Eustathius.

...When guilty mortals, &c.]
The Poet in this image of an inundation, takes occasion to mention a sentiment of great piety, that such calamities were the effects of divine justice punishing the sins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an universal deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen writers; most of them ascribing the cause of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedness of men. Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. cap. 5. speaking of an earthquake
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges brib'd, betray the righteous cause)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
and inundation, which destroyed a great part of Greece, in
the hundred and first Olympiad, has these words. There was a
great dispute concerning the cause of this calamity: the natural phi-
losophers generally ascribed such events to necessary causes, not to
any divine hand: but they who had more devout sentiments, gave
a more probable account hereof; asserting, that it was the divine
vengeance alone that brought this destruction upon men who had of-
fended the Gods with their impiety. And then proceeds to give
an account of those crimes which drew down this punishment
upon them.

This is one, among a thousand instances, of Homer's in-
direct and oblique manner of introducing moral sentences and
instructions. These agreeably break in upon his reader even
in descriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally ex-
pects only painting and amusement. We have virtue put
upon us by surprize, and are pleased to find a thing where we
should never have looked to meet with it. I must do a noble
English poet the justice to observe, that it is this particular art that
is the very distinguishing excellence of Cooper's-Hill; through-
out which, the descriptions of places, and images raised by
the Poet, are still tending to some hint, or leading into some
reflection, upon moral life or political institution: much in
the same manner as the real fight of such scenes and prospects
is apt to give the mind a composed turn, and incline it to
thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the
object.
Loud roars the deluge 'till it meets the main;  
And trembling man fees all his labours vain. 475

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)  
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,  
Bore down half Troy in his resifless way,  
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows, 480
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
First Prous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Theitor was next; who saw the chief appear, 486
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye;
Nor flood to combat, nor had force to fly;

\[y: 480. Between the space where silver Simois flows,  
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose.\]

It looks at first sight as if Patroclus was very punctual in obeying the orders of Achilles, when he hinderers the Trojans from ascending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ships, the river, and the wall. But he seems afterwards through very haste to have flipped his commands, for his orders were that he should drive them from the ships, and then presently return; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the consequence, Eustathins.
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war, 490
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lins sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane, 495
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping daftard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone 500
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warriour fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie; 506
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Telelemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead. 511

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Gro'ling in dust, and gasping on the field,

v. 512. When now Sarpedon, &c.] The Poet preparing
to recount the death of Sarpedon, it will not be improper to
give a sketch of some particulars which constitute a character
the most faultless and amiable in the whole Iliad. This hero
is by birth superior to all the chiefs of either side, being the
only son of Jupiter engaged in this war. His qualities are
no way unworthy his descent, since he every where appears
equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the most ad-
mired heroes: nor are these excellencies blemished with any
of those defects with which the most distinguishing characters
of the Poem are stained. So that the nicest critics cannot
find any thing to offend their delicacy, but must be obliged
to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is nei-
ther rash nor boisterous; his prudence neither timorous nor
tricking; and his eloquence neither talkative nor boastful.
He never reproaches the living, or insults the dead: but ap-
ppears uniform through his conduct in the war, acted with the
same generous sentiments that engaged him in it, having no
interest in the quarrel but to succour his allies in distress. This
noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his last
moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his
friends, and the event of the day.

Homer justly represents such a character to be attended with
universal esteem: as he was greatly honoured when living,
he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of Troy.
The Poet by his death, even before that of Hector, prepares
us to expect the destruction of that town, when its two great
defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more
signal and remarkable, it is the only death of the Iliad at-
tended with prodigies: even his funeral is performed by divine
With this reproach his flying hoft he warms,
Oh ftain to honour! oh disgrace to arms! 515
Forfake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, fhall the war fustain:
The task be mine, this hero’s ftrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He fpake; and speaking, leaps from off the
car;
Patroclus lights, and fternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain’s height
Stoop with refounding pinions to the fight;
assiftance, he being the only hero whose body is carried back
to be interred in his native country, and honoured with mo-
numents erected to his fame. These pecufiar and dibtinguifh-
ing honours seem appropriated by our Author to him alone,
as the reward of a merit superiour to all his other lefs perfect
heroes.

y. 522. As when two vultures.] Homer compares Patroclus
and Sarpedon to two vultures, becaufe they appeared to be of
equal ftrength and abilities, when they had dimounfted from
their chariots. For this reafon he has chosen to compare
them to birds of the fame kind; as on another occasion, to
image the like equality of ftrength, he resembles both Hector
and Patroclus to lions; but a little after this place, diminifh-
ing the force of Sarpedon, he compares him to a bull, and
Patroclus to a lion. He has placed thefe vultures upon a high
rock, becaufe it is their nature to perch there, rather than on
the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit
to walk on the ground, they could not fight fteadily in the air,
and therefore their fitteft place is the rock. Euflabius.
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply: 525
The warriours thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen.
The hour draws on; the destinies ordain,
My god-like son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate, 535

v. 535. Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate.] It appears by this passage, that Homer was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or destiny. It has puzzled many to distinguish exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. Dryden contends that Jupiter was limited by the destinies, or (to use his expression) was no better than book-keeper to them. He grounds it upon a passage in the tenth book of Virgil, where Jupiter mentions this instance of Sarpedon as a proof of his yielding to the fates. But both that, and his citation from Ovid, amounts to no more than that Jupiter gave way to destiny; not that he could not prevent it; the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, Homer's opinion at least, as to the dispensations of God to man, has ever seemed to me very clear, and distinctly agreeable to truth. We shall find, if we
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood, the field?

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O sovereign of the skies!

examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he assigns three causes of all the good and evil that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to distinguish.

First the will of God, superior to all.

Secondly destiny or fate, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the constitutions of men, and disposing them to good or evil, prosperity or misfortune; which the Supreme Being, if it be his pleasure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place) but which he generally suffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own free will, which either by prudence overcomes those natural influences and passions, or by folly suffers us to fall under them. Odyssey: i. 7. 32.

Why charge mankind on heav’n their own offence,
And call their woes the crime of providence?
Blind! who themselves their miseries create,
And perish by their folly, not their fate.
Short is the date prescrib’d to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix’d before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, sore doom’d to death,
Before proud Ilion, must resign their breath! 546
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murm’ring pow’rs condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th’ ascending soul has wing’d her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.

546. Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.

The history or fable received in Homer’s time, imported, that Sarpedon was interred in Lycia, but it said nothing of his death. This gave the Poet the liberty of making him die at Troy, provided that after his death he was carried into Lycia, to preserve the fable. The expedient proposed by Juno solves all; Sarpedon dies at Troy, and is interred at Lycia; and what renders this probable is, that in those times, as at this day, Princes and persons of quality who died in foreign parts were carried into their own country to be laid in the tomb with their fathers. The antiquity of this custom cannot be doubted, since it was practis’d in the Patriarchs times: Jacob dying in Egypt, orders his children to carry him into the land of Canaan, where he desired to be buried. Gen. xlix. 29, Dacier.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;

His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.

She said; the cloud-compeller overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch’d with grief, the weeping heav’n’s
distill’d
A show’r of blood o’er all the fatal field;

The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestin’d to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy nativereign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav’d the shield, and pois’d the lifted

spear:

[560. A show’r of blood] As to showers of a bloody co-

lour, many both ancient and modern naturalists agree in as-

serting the reality of such appearances, though they account for

them differently. You may see a very odd solution of them in

Eustathius, Note on 5. 53, corresponding to 5. 7c, in the trans-

lation of the eleventh Iliad. What seems the most probable,
is that of Fromondus in his Meteorology, who observed, that a

shower of this kind, which gave great cause of wonder, was

nothing but a quantity of very small red insects, beat down

to the earth by a heavy shower, whereby the ground was

spotted in several places, as with drops of blood.
From strong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled, 566
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustains;
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw; 570
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The gen'rous Pedafus of Theban breed,
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint; he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry ground.

His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed 580
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:

\[ \nu. 572. \quad \text{Achilles' mortal steed,} \\
\text{The gen'rous Pedafus} \]

For the other two horses of Achilles, Xanthus and Balius, were immortal, as we have already seen in this book. It is a merry conceit of Eustathius, that Pedafus is only said to be mortal, because of three horses he only was a gelding. It is pity poor Pedafus, had not a better fate to have recompensed the loss of his immortality.
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, 585
Which o'er the warriour's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart. 590
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the ax, 'till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the King; and laid on earth supine, 595
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws, 599
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command.

Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare

The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.

Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreven'd to bear Sarpedon's death.

What grief, what shame must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warriour, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;

§. 605. Glaucus, be bold, &c.] This dying speech of Sarpedon deferves particular notice, being made up of noble sentiments, and fully answering the character of this brave and generous Prince, which he preferves in his last moments. Being fenfible of approaching death, without any transports of rage, or desire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preserve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: and this he says without any regard to himself, but out of the moft tender concern for his friend's reputation, who muft for ever become infamous, if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this said by the expiring hero, his dying looks fixed on his wounded difconsolate friend, the spear remaining in his body, and the victor standing by in a kind of extasy surveying his conquest; these circumstances will form a very moving picture. Patroclus all this time, either out of humanity or surprife, omits to pull out the spear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life.
That taught by great examples, all may try. Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die. He ceas’d; the fates suppress’d his lab’ring breath, And his eyes darken’d with the shades of death. Th’ insulting victor with disdain bestrode The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod; Then drew the weapon from his panting heart, The reeking fibres clinging to the dart; From the wide wound gush’d out a stream of blood, And the soul issu’d in the purple flood. His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain, Unguided now, their mighty master slain. All-impotent of aid, transfixed with grief, Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief. His painful arm, yet useless with the smart Inflicted late by Teucer’s deadly dart, Supported on his better hand he stay’d; To Phæbus then (’twas all he could) he pray’d. All-seeing Monarch! whether Lycia’s coast, Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Pow'rfull alike to ease the wretch's smart; 635

Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!

Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,

That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein;

I stand unable to sustain the spear,

And sigh, at distance from the glorious war. 640

Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,

Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.

But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,

To guard the relics of my slaught'r'd friend.

For thou, tho' distant, canst restore my might, 645

To head my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard; and suppliant as he stood,

His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:

There seems to be an oversight in this place. Glaucus in the twelfth book had been wounded with an arrow by Teucer at the attack of the wall; and here so long after, we find him still on the field, in the sharpest anguish of his wound, the blood not being yet stanched, &c. In the speech that next follows to Hector, there is also something liable to censure, when he imputes to the negligence of the Trojans the death of Sarpedon, of which they knew nothing till that very speech informed them. I beg leave to pass over these things without exposing or defending them; though such as these may be sufficient grounds for a most inveterate war among the criticks.
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.

Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.

First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?

Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!

Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost. 670
He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,
*Troy*, at the lofs, thro' all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'er-
thrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to *Troy*'s beleaguer'd wall 675
A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.
Fir'd they rush on; first *Hector* seeks the foes,
And with superiour vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce *Patroclus* stands,
And rousing *Ajax*, rous'd the lift'ning bands. 680

Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body *Troy* in numbers flies; 685
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him
spread,
And send the living *Lycians* to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command; The martial squadrons close on either hand: Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms, Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms. With horrid shouts they circle round the plain; The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain. Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight, O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night, And round his son confounds the warring hosts, His fate ennobling with a croud of ghosts. Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls; Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls: Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame; Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid, He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.  

v. 695. Great Jove — O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night.] Homer calls here by the name of Night, the whirlwinds of thick dust which rife from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the most natural things into miracles; these two armies are buried in dust round Sarpedon's body; it is Jupiter who pours upon them an obscure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his son by a greater number of victims. Eustathius.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead, 705
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Heëtor's force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o' er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game, 710
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Stbenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Heëtor learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liffs, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
'Till Glaucus turning, all the rest inspir'd. 720
Then Bathylæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately feats, and riches, blest in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and flew;
Pierc'd thro' the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conqu'ring shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
And croud to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)  
And skil'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoft!

(Infulted Merion thus retorts the boast)

Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; Success is still from heav'n:
This, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend (Menætus' son this answer gave)

With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repell,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
To speak, beseems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.

\[746. \text{And skil'd in dancing.}\] This stroke of raillery upon Meriones is founded on the custom of his country. For the Cretans were peculiarly addicted to this exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the Pyrrhic dance, which was performed in complete armour. See Note on \[797.\] in the thirteenth book.
This said, *Patroclus* to the battle flies;  
Great *Merion* follows, and new shouts arise:  
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close; 765  
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.  
As thro' the thrilling vale, or mountain ground,  
The labours of the woodman's ax resound;  
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,  
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side. 770  
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,  
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.  

Now great *Sarpedon* on the sandy shore,  
His heav'nly form defac'd with dust and gore,  
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed, 775  
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.  
His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,  
On ev'ry side the busy combat grows;  
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,  
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood,) 780  
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,  
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.  

*Jove* view'd the combat with a stern survey,  
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his fight, his breast debates 785
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight, 791
Augment the fame and horrore of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and that his last of days
Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe; 795
Nor unattended, see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine. 800
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall. 804
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by *Patroclus* borne, *Patroclus’ ships* the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to *Phæbus,* in the realms above, Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling *Jove.* Descend, my *Phæbus!* on the *Phrygian* plain, 811 And from the fight convey *Sarpedon* slain; Then bathe his body in the crystal flood; With dust dishonour’d, and deform’d with blood: O’er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed, 815 And with celestial robes adorn the dead. Those rites discharg’d, his sacred corse bequeath To the soft arms of silent *Sleep* and *Death.* They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear, His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear; 820 What honours mortals after death receive, Those unavailing honours we may give!

*Apollo* bows, and from mount *Ida’s* height, Swift to the field precipitates his flight; Thence from the war the breathless hero bore, 825 Veil’d in a cloud, to silver *Simoïs’* shore; There bath’d his honourable wounds, and dreft His manly members in th’ immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews. 830
Then Sleep and Death, two Twins of winged race,

Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,

v. 831. Then Sleep and Death, &c.] It is the notion of Eustathius, that by this interment of Sarpedon, where Sleep and Death are concerned, Homer seems to intimate, that there was nothing else but an empty monument of that hero in Lycia; for he delivers him not to any real or solid persons, but to certain unsubstantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was forced (continues my author) to make use of these machines, since there were no other deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work; for the ancients (as appears from Euripides's Hippolytus) had a superstition that all dead bodies were offensive to the Gods, they being of a nature celestial and uncorruptible. But this last remark is impertinent, since we see in this very place Apollo is employed in adorning and embalming the body of Sarpedon.

What I think better accounts for the passage, is what Phistostratus in Heroicis affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. "The Lycians shewed the body of Sarpedon, strewed "over with aromatical spices, in such a graceful compofure, "that he seemed to be only asleep: and it was this that gave "rise to the fiction of Homer, that his rites were performed "by Sleep and Death."

But after all these refined observations, it is probable the Poet intended only to represent the death of this favourite son of Jupiter, and one of his amiable characters, in a gentle and agreeable view, without any circumstances of dread or horror; intimating by this fiction, that he was delivered out of all the tumults and miseries of life by two imaginary Deities, Sleep and Death, who alone can give mankind ease and exemption from their misfortunes.
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command, And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land; The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid, Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains, With foaming courseers, and with loosen'd reins. Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew, Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew: Against what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain, Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.

For he, the God, whose counsels uncontro'll'd, Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold: The God who gives, resumes, and orders all, He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain, Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain;

y. 847. Who first, brave hero, &c.] The Poet in a very moving and solemn way turns his discourse to Patroclus. He does not accost his muse, as it is usual with him to do, but enquires of the hero himself who was the first, and who the last, who fell by his hand? This address distinguishes and signals Patroclus, (to whom Homer uses it more frequently, than I remember on any other occasion) as if he was some genius or divine being, and at the same time it is very patheti-
When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?

Adrestus first; Autonous then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epiflor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The slaughter, Elasus and Mulius crown'd:
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'r,
But flaming Phæbus kept the sacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
His blazing Ægis thrice Apollo shook:
Hetry'd the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

Patroclus! cease; this heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

...and apt to move our compassion. The same kind of apostrophe is used by Virgil to Camilla:

"Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo!
Dejicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?"
So spake the God, who darts celestial fires;  
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:  
While HECTOR checking at the Scaean gates  
His panting courfers, in his breast debates, 870  
Or in the field his forces to employ,  
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.  
Thus while he thought, beside him Phoebus stood,  
In Aias' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;  
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung, 875  
A valiant warriour, haughty, bold, and young.)  
Thus he accosts him. What a shameful fight!  
Gods! is it HECTOR that forbears the fight?  
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear  
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear. 880  
'Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,  
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.  
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,  
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.  
So spake th' inspiring God; then took his flight,  
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight. 886  
He bids Cebrian drive the rapid car;  
The lash resounds, the courfers rush to war.
The God the Grecians sinking souls deprest,
And pour'd swift spirits thro' each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
The falling ruin crush'd Ccebrion's head,
The lawless offspring of King Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon' artist shows?

What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!

v. 904. What skilful divers, &c.] The original is literally thus: It is pity he is not nearer the sea, he would furnish good quantities of excellent oysters, and the storms would not frighten him; see how he exercises and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were such good divers at Troy? This seems to be a little too long; and if this passage be really Homer's, I could almost swear that he intended to let us know, that a good soldier may be an indifferent jester.
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand! Pity! that all their practice is by land.

But I very much doubt whether this passage be his: it is very likely these five last verses were added by some of the ancient critics, whose caprices Homer has frequently undergone: or perhaps some of the rhapsodists, who in reciting his verses, made additions of their own to please their auditors. And what persuades me of its being so, is, that it is by no means probable that Patroclus, who had lately blamed Meriones for his little raillery against Æneas, and told him, "that it was "not by raillery or inventive that they were to repel the Tro-"
"jans, but by dint of blows; that Council required words, "but War deeds:" it is by no means probable, I say, that the same Patroclus should forget that excellent precept, and amuse himself with raillery, especially in the sight of Hector. I am therefore of opinion that Patroclus said no more than this verse, Ο τώρι, &c. Good Gods! what an active Trojan it is, and how cleverly he divies; and that the five following are strangers, though very ancient. Dacier.

I must just take notice, that however mean or ill-placed these railleries may appear, there have not been wanting such fond lovers of Homer as have admired and imitated them. Milton himself is of this number, as may be seen from those very low jests, which he has put into the mouth of Satan and his angels in the sixth book. What Æneas says to Meriones upon his dancing, is nothing so trivial as those lines; where after the dispersal of their diabolical enginry, angel rolling on archangel, they are thus derided:

--- --- --- When we propounded terms
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace --- &c.
Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcase fierce *Patroclus* flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold; 910
Pierc'd thro' the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold *Hecylor* leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage; 916
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow thro' the shades,
Stern *Hecylor* fastens on the warriour's head,
And by the foot *Patroclus* drags the dead. 920
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
S6 pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood; 924

Terms that amus'd 'em all,
And tumbled many; who receives them right
Had need from head to foot well understand:
Not understood this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Silvans groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.

Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now flaming from the Zenith; Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from midst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The last, black remnant of so bright a line;
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!

For lo! the God in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching dealt a stagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;
That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before;

υ. 952. Apollo dreadful, &c. If Homer is resolved to do
any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his readers may
not very well relish, he takes care however to prepare them
by degrees for receiving such innovations. He had before
given us a sketch of this trick of the God in the thirteenth
book, where Neptune serves Alcathoüs much in the same man-
ner. Apollo here carries it a little farther; and both these are
specimens of what we are to expect from Minerva at the
death of Hector in Il. xxii,
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine;
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long— for fate pursues him, and the God.

His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield 966
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field;
The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror
shakes.

Stupid he starts, and all-assistless stands: 970
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse, 974
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty Knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.

His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore,
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
Nor tho' disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood: 980
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear, Wounded at once; *Patroclus* yields to fear, Retires for succour to his social train, And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.

Stern *Hector*, as the bleeding chief he views, Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat pursues: The lance arrests him with a mortal wound; He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound. With him all *Greece* was sunk; that moment all Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall. So scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore, The roaming lion meets a bristly boar, Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood, With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood; At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife, And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life. *Patroclus* thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown, So many lives effus'd, expires his own. As dying now at *Hector*'s feet he lies, He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Book xvi. Homer's Iliad. 295

Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames, 1005
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, those tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from Lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid; 1010
Tho' much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day:
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)"
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.
Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies, 1016
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

y. 1003. Lie there, Patroclus! &c.] There is much spirit in this farce of Hector upon Patroclus: nor is Achilles exempt from the severity of the reflection, who (as he imagines) had persuaded his dearest friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him also, for staying at home in security himself, and encouraging Patroclus to undertake this perilous adventure, and to seek after spoils which he was never like to enjoy. Euclathius.
Vain boaster! cease, and know the pow'rs divine;

Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itself disarm'd me e'er my fall. 1021

Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:

By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.

But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath; 1026
The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.

v. 1026. — — Hear my latest breath,
The Gods inspire it ———]

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the soul is on
the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer
approach to the divine nature; at such a time its views are
stronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a spirit of
true prediction. So Artenon of Miletum says in his book of
dreams, that when the soul hath collected all its powers from
every limb and part of the body, and is just ready to be severed
from it, at that time it becomes prophetical. Socrates also in
his defence to the Athenians, "I am now arrived at the verge
" of life, wherein it is familiar with people to foretell what
" will come to pass." Euphathius.

This opinion seems alluded to in those admirable lines of
Waller:

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.
Inflicting man, thou shalt be soon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand, 1030
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauiteous body left a load of clay)

\[v. 1032. The death of Patroclus.\] I sometimes think I am in respect to Homer much like Sancho Panca with regard to Don Quixote. I believe upon the whole that no mortal ever came near him for wisdom, learning, and all good qualities. But sometimes there are certain starts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my master is a little out of the way, if not quite beside himself. The present passage of the death of Patroclus, attended with so many odd circumstances to overthrow this hero, (who might, for all I can see, as decently have fallen by the force of Hector) are what I am at a loss to excuse, and must indeed (in my own opinion) give them up to the critics. I really think almost all those parts of Homer which have been objected against with most clamour and fury, are honestly defensible, and none of them (to confess my private sentiment) seem to me to be faults of any consideration, except this conduct in the death of Patroclus, the length of Nestor's discourse in lib. xi. the speech of Achilleus' horse in the nineteenth, the conversation of that hero with Aeneas in lib. xx, and the manner of Hector's flight round the walls of Troy, lib. xxii. I hope, after so free a confession, no reasonable modern will think me touched with the Olymphia of Madam Dacier and others. I am sensible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: we are not more violent and unreasonable in attacking those who are not yet established in fame,
Flits to the loan, uncomfortable coast; 
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost! 1035

than in defending those who are, even in every minute trifle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious interest, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is with ancient works as with ancient coins, they pass for a vast deal more than they were worth at first; and the very obscurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the sacred ruff, which enhances their value with all true lovers of antiquity.

But as I have owned what seem my author's faults, and subscribed to the opinion of Horace, that Homer sometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of Longinus as to such negligences. I can no way so well conclude the notes to this book as with the translation of it.

"It may not be improper to discuss the question in general, which of the two is the more estimable, a faulty sublime, or a faultless mediocrity? And consequently, if of two works, one has the greater number of beauties, and the other attains directly to the sublime, which of these shall in equity carry the prize? I am really persuaded that the true sublime is incapable of that purity which we find in compositions of a lower strain, and in effect that too much accuracy sinks the spirit of an author; whereas the cafe is generally the same with the favourites of nature, and those of fortune, who with the best oeconomy cannot, in the great abundance they are blest with, attend to the minuter articles of their expense. Writers of a cool imagination are cautious in their management, and venture nothing, merely to gain the character of being correct; but the sublime is bold and enterprising, notwithstanding that on every advance the danger encreaseth. Here probably some will say that men take a malicious satisfaction in exposing the blemishes of an author; that his errors
Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead.

"are never forgot, while the most exquisite beauties leave "but very imperfect traces on the memory. To obviate this "objection, I will solemnly declare, that in my criticisms "on Homer and other authors, who are universally allowed "to be authentick standards of the sublime, though I have "censured their failings with as much freedom as any one, "yet I have not presumed to accuse them of voluntary faults," but have gently remarked some little defects and negligences," which the mind being intent on nobler Ideas, did not con- "descend to regard. And on these principles I will venture "to lay it down for a maxim, that the sublime (purely on "account of its grandeur) is preferable to all other kinds of "style, however 't may fall into some inequalities. The Ar- "gonauticks of Apollonius are faultless in their kind; and Theo- "critus hath shewn the happiest vein imaginable for pasto- "rals, excepting those in which he has deviated from the "country: and yet if it were put to your choice, would you have "your name descend to posterity with the reputation of either "of those poets, rather than with that of Homer? Nothing "can be more correct than the Erigone of Eratosthenes: but "is he therefore a greater poet than Archilochus, in whose "composures perplicuity and order are often wanting; the "divine fury of his genius being too impatient for restraint," and superiour to law? Again, do you prefer the odes of "Bacchilides to Pindar's, or the scenes of Ion of Chius to those "of Sophocles? Their writings are allowed to be correct, po- "lute, and delicate; whereas, on the other hand, Pindar and "Sophocles sometimes hurry on with the greatest impetuosity," and like a devouring flame seize and set on fire whatever "comes in their way; but on a sudden the conflagration is "extinguished, and they miserably flag when no body ex- "pects it. Yet none have so little discernment, as not to "prefer the single Oedipus of Sophocles to all the Tragedies "that Ion ever brought on the stage."
From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?

Penfive he said; then pressling as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;

"In our decisions therefore on the characters of these great men, who have illustrated what is useful and necessary with all the graces and elevation of style; we must impartially confess that, with all their errors, they have more perfections than the nature of man can almost be conceived capable of attaining: for it is merely human to excel in other kinds of writing, but the sublime ennobles our nature, and makes near approaches to divinity: he who commits no faults, is barely read without censure; but a genius truly great excites admiration. In short, the magnificence of a single period in one of these admirable authors, is sufficient to atone for all their defects: nay farther, if any one should collect from Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and other celebrated heroes of antiquity, the little errors that have escaped them, they would not bear the least proportion to the infinite beauties to be met with in every page of their writings. It is on this account that envy, through so many ages, hath never been able to wrest from them the prize of eloquence which their merits have so justly acquired: an acquisition which they still are, and will in all probability continue possessed of,

"As long as streams in silver mazes rove,
"Or spring with annual green renews the grove."

Mr. Fenton.
Book xvi. Homer's Iliad. 301

And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer. 1045
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courfers drove;
Th' immortal courfers were the gift of Jove.

The End of the Fourth Volume.