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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD OF HOMER,
VERBALLY RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE;
BEING
A SPECIMEN OF A NEW TRANSLATION
OF THAT POET:
WITH
CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE,
PICCADILLY.

M.DCC.XCII.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD OF HOMER
TRANSLATED BY
AND WITH A
CRITICAL APPENDIX

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. BARNETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON HOUSE,
PICCADILLY.
MDCCLXXII.

DEDICATION

TO THE

EDITORS OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS it was a paragraph in your Paper that gave birth to the following Translation, to you I beg leave to inscribe it; firmly hoping that you will take the baby under your protection, and defend him from the dirt and brick-bats with which little idle critics may be inclined to pelt him when he shall appear abroad.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

One of your constant Readers,

And none of your least Admirers,

THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

I WAS so well pleased with a curious *Recipe* for translating Homer, which lately appeared in a respectable newspaper, that I immediately resolved on trying whether I could give a new English version of that immortal Bard, according to its prescriptions. I know that some efforts of this nature have been already made; but they have not, I think, been altogether successful; for neither Mr. M'Pherson's prose translation, nor Mr. Cowper's verse translation, comes up to the standard there erected.

The version which I offer is much more literal, and consequently more faithful, than any that has yet appeared in any modern language; nay, it is as literal as the Latin one, which commonly accompanies the original, and yet considerably more perspicuous;

although the latter is confined to no sort of metrical arrangement: whereas, in mine, I have strictly adhered to the rules of English versification; at least, have not indulged any deviations from them which are not authorised by poets of the first repute. The reader is only desired to observe, that when he occasionally meets with a line which has a syllable or two beyond or below the usual number, the former is a lawful *hypermeter*, and the latter a lawful *catalectic*. The emphatic accent is also sometimes misplaced by a *modern* poetical license; and hiatuses are frequently admitted in imitation of the Greek.

Blank verse I have preferred for two reasons: first, because my great original is in blank verse; and, secondly, because I find it much easier to make blank verse than rhyme—not to mention, as has been often done by others, that it affords a much greater variety of pausation, and, hence, of harmony. The syntactical arrangement may perhaps at first seem uncouth; but it is Homer's: and even in this I wished to tread in his footsteps as nearly as possible. For the fervile fidelity of
of

of my translation, I appeal to all who can read the original: mere English readers must take it on *our* word. So fearful, indeed, have I been of making my author say too little or too much, that whenever I have been obliged, for the sake of sense or measure, to add a few expletives, I have, in imitation of our Bible-renderers, distinguished them by Italic types: and when I have not been able to render literally, I have signified so much in the subjoined Annotations corresponding to the referential letters in the text.

I have yet only translated the first book of the Iliad; but if I find that this specimen is relished by the Public, the rest shall speedily follow: for I think I can with ease cast off a hundred lines in a forenoon. In truth, it is hardly credible how readily the Greek of Homer tumbles into English blank verse. I have omitted the *arguments* or contents of the Books, both because they are not Homer's, and because they, in some sort, forestal the pleasure of the tasteful reader, who wishes not to be previously told what are the special dishes of his bill of fare: it is the

fight of unexpected dainties that gratifies his desire.

Should this endeavour to make the father of Greek poetry speak literal English succeed, it will be a strong proof, either that verbal translations are the best, or that bad is the present taste. Its want of success, however, will not prove that the present taste is a good one; it will only shew that verbal translations are not calculated to please it: but even in this supposition my version will not be useless. For,

In the first place, it will serve as a *clavis* or glossary to young Homerists: and I flatter myself that it will perform that grateful office much better than might be imagined; as well, at least, as the best Latin *Ordo* that has yet been devised. The first 100 verses in particular will be a key to all the rest, as I have been careful to unite, with *hyphens*, every *two, three, or more* words, that are equivalent to but one Greek word. By this means even girls of any capacity may, without the medium of Latin, open the great treasury of Greek poetry.

Secondly,

Secondly, to those who understand not the original, it will give some idea of Homer's manner, gait, and complexion, and enable them to make comparisons between him and our modern poets.

Thirdly, it will put it in the power of Mr. Pope's admirers and non-admirers to judge how far that fascinating poet has done justice or injustice to his prototype.

I beg leave to assure the reader, that neither Fufeli, nor any other profound critic in Homer, has given me the smallest assistance. The whole merit, or demerit, of my version rests solely with myself.



HOMER'S ILIAD.

B O O K I.

THE wrath^a sing, Goddess! of-the-son-of-Peleus
Achilles, dire; which myriads on the Greeks^b
Of woes impos'd; and many worthy souls
To Hadés^c prematurely-sent of heroes;
And them a prey prepar'd to dogs, and all
The-rav'nous-birds: (of-Jove thus was-fulfill'd
The-will) from what *time* firstly^d disagreed
Striving, Atrides^e king of-men, and the-
Divine Achilles.—Which, now, of-the-Gods
Them in-the-strife committed to-engage? 5
Latona's and Jove's son: He at-the-king
Incens'd, a-bad disease^f rais'd 'mong the-host.
(Perish'd the-people!) 'cause the-priestly Chryses
Atrides had-dishonour'd.—He had-come

To-the-swift-*sailing* ships of-the-Achaians, 15
His daughter to-redeem ; bearing a rare
 Redemption-price ; and having in *his* hands
 The-garland of-the-darting-far Apollo,
 With golden sceptre : and he-had-implor'd
 Th'-Achaians all, the-sons-of-Atreus most 20
 The-two chief-rulers of-the-*Grecian*-people.
 “ Ye-sons-of-Atreus, and ye-other-*all*
 “ Well-buskin'd & Greeks ! to-you may-give the-Gods
 “ (Olympian domes possessing) to-destroy
 “ The-town of-Priam ; and well home to-get ! 25
 “ But O ! my-daughter dear to-me release,
 “ And the redemption-price accept, revering
 “ Jove's son, the-darting-far Apollo.”—All
 The-other Greeks, on-this, with-one-accord,-
 Proclaim'd-their-wish to-venerate the-priest, 30
 And-take the precious ransom : but *to this*
 The-son-of-Atreus, Agamemnon, had-
 No-willing mind ; nay, harshly him dismiss'd,
 And a-severe command adjoin'd : “ Old-man !
 “ Thee meet-I not ^h, beside the-hollow ships, 35
 “ Or loit'ring now, or *yet* in-future-time
 “ Returning ; lest thee not a-whit avail
 “ *That* sceptre and *that* garland of-the-God.
 “ Her will-I-not-release, till her old-age
 “ Invadeth, at *our* house in Argos, far 40
 “ From *her own* country, the-loom plying, and
 “ Our

“ Our couch adorning—*may be, sharing in't* i.

“ Go! me provoke not, safe that thou-mayst-go.”

So said-he.—Fear'd the old-man, and obey'd
The-mandate.—Went-he silent by the-shore 45
Of-the-loud-founding sea.—Much, after-that,
(Alone while walking) pray'd-he to-his-king
Apollo, whom fair-hair'd Latona bare.

“ Hear me, O-master-of-the-silver-bow!

“ Who Chrysa round-about-protectest, and 50

“ The-divine Killa; and o'er Tenedos

“ High empire-holdest; rat-destroyer^k! if

“ To-thee I ever have a-gracious fane

“ Adorn'd; or e'er to-thee the-fat-fat thighs

“ Have-burn'd of-bulls and goats; me grant this
wish: 55

“ Let, on-the-Greeks, thine arrows 'venge my tears.”

So said-he, praying—and him heard Apollo.

Down-came-he from Olympus' top; his heart
Imbil'd^m, a-bow-upon-*his*-shoulders having,
And an-all-round-about-close-cover'd quiver. 60

Sounded the-arrows on *his* shoulders, as-

In-ire he-mov'd. Resembling Nightⁿ, he-came.

Then, sitting at-some-distance from-the-ships,

A-dart he-sped; and dreadful was the clang

Of-the-argentine bow. The-mules he, first, 65

Invaded, and the-dogs swift-footed; but, estsoons,

Against-*the-men*-themselves a-deadly shaft

He-took and flang.—And aye^o the-funeral-pyles

Burn'd thick-and-thick. Nine-days, indeed, throughout
The-army flew the-arrows of-the-God. 70

But on-the tenth, a-council of-the-people
Convok'd Achilles.—In-*his* mind this put
The-white-arm'd Goddess, Juno ; anxious for-
The-Greeks ; because fast-dying them she-saw.

They in-assembly be'ng-convened-together, 75
Uprising, *thus* spoke swift-of-foot Achilles :

“ O-son-of-Atreus ! that we-must, *right*-now

“ Remeasure-back *our* wand'ring-steps, I think ;

“ If death we-would-escape : since war, at-once,

“ And pestilence oppresses the-Greeks.—But, come ! 80

“ Some prophet let-us-*yet*-consult, or priest,

“ Or dream-monger, (for dreams^p ev'n are from Jove)

“ Who may-declare, why so incens'd-is Phœbus

“ Apollo ? whether for-neglect-of-vows

“ With-guilt-he-charge *us*, or of-hecatombs ? 85

“ Perhaps, with-the-sweet-favour of-*our*-lambs

“ And goats unblemish'd satisfied, he-may-

“ Be-pleas'd from-us the pestilence to-drive.”

Thus saying, down-he-fat.—And then uprofe
An-augur, of-all augurs far the-best, 90

Kalchas the-son-of-Thestor—he-who knew

The present, and the future, and the past :

And had-conducted for-the-Greeks *their*-ships

To Ilion, through his skill in-divination,

Which him bestow'd-on-had Phœbús Apollo. 95

He, them well-wishing, *thus* harangu'd, and said :

“ Achilles,

“ Achilles, dear to-Jove ! me thou-command’st
 “ T’-explain the-wrath of-the-far-darting king
 “ Apollo. This I’ll-do : but, thou, agree,
 “ And to me swear, me, sure and readily,
 “ With-words and hands to-succour : for indeed 100
 “ I-think a-man will-angry-be, who-holds
 “ A high command o’er-all the-Greeks ; and whom
 “ The-Greeks obey. Great-’vantage-has a-king,
 “ When he-is-wroth with-an-inferior : for
 “ Although *his* wrath for-that-same-day he-may- 105
 “ Suppress ; yet, still, he in his breast retains
 “ Th’-invet’rate-ire, till *it* he-can-fulfil :
 “ But, thou, say-plainly, if me thou-wilt-save r ?”
 Him answering, said the swift-of-foot Achilles :
 “ With confidence speak of the divine will 110
 “ Whate’er thou know’st. For by Apollo’s self,
 “ By Jove beloved ; (to whom, O Kalchas ! thou
 “ Preferring vows, expoundest to the Greeks
 “ The Oracles of heav’n) none, me alive,
 “ And on the earth enjoying fight, on thee, 115
 “ Beside the ships, *his* heavy hands shall lay,
 “ Of all the Greeks ; nay not if thou shouldst name
 “ Ev’n Agamemnon ; who, in all the host,
 “ By far the greatest wishes to be deem’d.”
 Then courage took, and spoke, the blameless
 feer : 120
 “ Neither for vow *neglected*, doth he charge
 “ With guilt, nor yet *neglected* hecatombs :

“ But on his priest’s account, whom Agamemnon
 “ Dishonour’d, and would not release his daughter,
 “ Nor take *for her* the *rare* redemption-price. 125

“ On this account has the far-darting *God*
 “ Sent woes-and yet will fend : nor sooner from
 “ The plague his heavy hands shall he withhold,
 “ Than to her father dear be giv’n again
 “ The black-eyed girl, unpurchas’d, unredeem’d : 130
 “ And there be brought a sacred hetacomb
 “ To Chryses—Then, him may we pacify.”

Thus having spoken, down he sat. Uprose
 Th’ heroic son of Atreus, Agamemnon
 (Of wide domain) indignant ; with black wrath 135
 His soul replete ; his eyes like flashing fire.

He Kalchas, first, deep frowning, thus address’d :
 “ Prophet of ills ! to me a grateful thing
 “ Thou ne’er hast spoken : ever to thy soul
 “ It is a pleasant task to augur evil, 140

“ But never a good saying hast thou said,
 “ Nor brought about—Now to the Greeks thou tell’st,
 “ Oraculizing, that on them *these* woes
 “ The Darting-far inflicteth ; ’cause, forsooth,
 “ Of Chryses’ girl the rare redemption-price 145

“ I would not take ; for that I better lik’d
 “ Herself at home to have : for I prefer
 “ Her ev’n to Klytemnestra (tho’ this was
 “ The virgin-partner of my bed) for she
 “ Is nought inferior ; in her body’s form, 150

“ Her

- “ Her disposition, mind, acquirements too.
 “ Yet, notwithstanding, *her* I will restore
 “ (If that be best :) I wish the people safe
 “ To be, and not to perish : but to me
 “ A premium straight prepare, that not alone 155
 “ Of *all* the Greeks unrecompens’d I be ;
 “ Since that were not becoming :—and ye all
 “ See this, that my reward elſewhither goes.”
 Him answer’d, then, the ſtrong-of-foot, divine
 Achilles : “ Son of Atreus ! the moſt proud 160
 “ *And* the moſt covetous of all mankind.
 “ How, whence, to thee ſhall the high-minded Greeks
 “ A premium give ? Not much of common ſtores
 “ We know remaining. For the ſpoils of towns
 “ Have been diſtributed.—Nor is it fit, 165
 “ That theſe the people recollect anew :
 “ Do thou but her, now, to the God reſign ;
 “ And *we*, the Greeks, a recompence will give,
 “ Threefold, or fourfold ; if Jove haply grant
 “ The town of Troy-well-wall’d to overthrow.” 170
 Him anſw’ring, ſpoke the kingly Agamemnon :
 “ Not ſo (though brave thou be, godlike Achilles !)
 “ Deceive thyſelf ; for not ſhalt thou ſucceed,
 “ Nor me perſuade. Wouldſt thou, thyſelf ſhould
 have
 “ A recompence ; while tamely I fit down 175
 “ Depriv’d of *mine* ? Thou bidſt me her reſtore !
 “ Yes ; if a recompence the gen’rous Greeks

- “ Will give, agreeable to *my* desire,
 “ (As suing is)—But if they give not *one*,
 “ I will, myself, most certainly, *one* take. 180
 “ Thy prize, or that of Ajax, or Ulysses,
 “ Coming, I’ll seize and carry off: while he,
 “ To whom I come, shall vainly boil with ire.
 “ But this be argued at another time.
 “ At present, come! a sable ship launch we 185
 “ Into the sea divine, and rowers fit
 “ Select we for the nonce: and in the ship
 “ An hecatomb stow we; and likewise her,
 “ Chryseis the fair-cheek’d, put we aboard.
 “ Let also one, some counsel-bearing chief, 190
 “ Be sent, as *Telamonian* Ajax, or
 “ Idomeneus, or the divine Ulysses,
 “ Or thou, Pelides! of all men the most
 “ Tremendous; that to us the Darting-far
 “ Propitious thou mayst render, sacrificing.” 195
 Him then, with surly look, address’d the swift-
 Of-foot Achilles: “ Ah! with impudence
 “ O’ermantled! Wolf-and-lion-hearted! How
 “ Can any of the Greeks thy words obey
 “ With promptitude; whether on ambuscade 200
 “ To go, or bravely with the brave^s to fight,
 “ I, surely, not on the account of the
 “ Spear-bearing Trojans hither came to fight;
 “ Since not to me are they obnoxious: for
 “ They never drove my oxen nor my steeds; 205
 “ Nor

“ Nor e'er, in Phthia's hero-nursing glebe,
 “ The product injur'd: for there lie between
 “ Full many a shadowy mountain, and the sea
 “ Sonorous—Thee, most impudent! we follow'd
 “ With one accord; that joyful thou mightst be. 210
 “ Vengeance we came to take upon the Trojans
 “ For Menelaus, and for thee, Dog-fac'd!
 “ We, whom thou neither heed'ft, nor yet regard'ft.—
 “ And now my recompense to snatch away
 “ Thyself thou threaten'ft, which I dearly earn'd, 215
 “ And which the sons of the Achaians^t gave,
 “ Never, indeed, with thee an equal prize
 “ Have I, whatever time th' Achaians sack
 “ A Trojan well-inhabitated town.
 “ And yet the bulk of the impetuous war 220
 “ My hands uphold: but when partition comes,
 “ To thee a prize far greater is assign'd.
 “ I but a little dainty pittance claim,
 “ And carry to my ships!—But now I hie
 “ To Phthia; far much better home to go 225
 “ With high-prow'd vessels.—Nor art thou, I ween,
 “ Since here I am dishonour'd, like to gain
 “ Exhaustless stores of booty and of wealth.”
 To him thus Agamemnon, king of men,
 Replied: “ Fly quickly, if thou hast a mind: 230
 “ Nor I thee beg on my account to stay.
 “ With me are others, who well me respect;
 “ But most of all the providence of Jove.

“ To me most hateful art thou of the kings
 “ Cherish’d by Jupiter, for aye to thee 235
 “ Debate is dear, and war and battles.—Hast
 “ Thou valour great? A god thee surely gave ’t.
 “ Home speeding, with thy ships and thine associates,
 “ Thy myrmidons command, I heed thee not,
 “ Nor care I for thine ire.—But thus I threat thee : 240
 “ Since me depriveth of the fair Chryseis
 “ Phœbus Apollo; her I will remit
 “ In my own ship, and with my proper crew.
 “ But, coming to thy very tent, I’ll seize
 “ Thy prize, Briseis the fair-cheek’d ; that thou 245
 “ May know full well, how much thy better I :
 “ And that the rest may *henceforth* dread, nor dare
 “ To equal or compare themselves with me.”

So spake he.—Pining-ache Pelides felt ;
 And, in his shaggy breast, his doubting heart 250
 Deliberated, whether from his thigh
 Unsheathing his sharp blade and shoving by
 The rest, Atrides he should slay? or if
 His ire he should suppress and spirit quell?

While this he in his mind and soul resolv’d, 255
 And had already from the scabbard drawn
 His mighty sword, from heav’n Athena ’ came,
 Sent by the white-arm’d Juno, who them both
 Lov’d from her soul, and held them in her care.

She (*Athena*) stood behind, and by his yellow
 hair 260
 Took

Took Peleus' son ; to him alone reveal'd :

For none of *all* the others *her* beheld.

Bombaz'd ^w, Achilles turn'd about, and knew
Pallas-Athena, (for terrific shone

Her eyes) and to her these wing'd words* address'd : 269

“ Why hither, of the goat-hide-shielded ^v Jove

“ Born, comest thou ? Is it to behold th' affront

“ Of Agamemnon son of Atreus ?—Well !

“ To thee I say (what must accomplish'd be,

“ I think) his haughtiness will soon or late 270

“ Be his perdition ^z.”—Thus to him replied

The Goddess with cerulean eyes, Athena :

“ I come to sooth thine ire (if thou'lt be sooth'd)

“ From heav'n. Me sent the fair-arm'd Juno, who

“ You both sincerely loves, and has a care of. 275

“ Come ! then, give over strife ; nor sword out-draw

“ With hand : yet sure, with words thou *him* mayst

“ scold

“ As shall be *suitable*. For I predict

“ (What shall accomplish'd be) that sometime yet,

“ To thee three times as many splendid gifts 280

“ Shall be assign'd, for this affront : be quiet,

“ And us ^a obey.”—Her, answering, thus address'd

The swift-of-foot Achilles : “ It becomes

“ *Me*, Goddess, your joint mandate to observe,

“ Though much at soul ygriev'd : since better
so. 285

“ For him, who to the Gods obedient is,

“ The

“ The readier they will hear.”—He said, while on
 The silver hilt he laid his heavy hand,
 And into sheath repell'd the mighty sword ;
 Nor disobey'd the mandate of Athena. 290

She to Olympus mounted, to the domes
 Of goat-hide-shielded Jove ; 'mong other Demons^b.
 But Peleus' son with contumelious words
 Atrides banter'd ; nor as yet gave up
 His wrath ; “ Winebibber (said he) with dog's eyes 295
 “ And heart of deer ! Thy soul yet never dar'd
 “ Or, for the battle, with the rest^c to arm ;
 “ Or into ambush go with other chiefs
 “ Of the Achaians : that, to thee like death
 “ Would seem to be.—Much safer, sure, it is, 300
 “ Throughout th' extensive army of the Greeks,
 “ Gifts to extort, from all who contradict thee,
 “ People-devouring king ! Were it not that
 “ A vile ignoble race thou reignest o'er,
 “ This would, Atrides, be thy last affront. 305
 “ But to thee I declare, and a great oath
 “ I swear ; ev'n by this sceptre, which no more
 “ Shall leaves or branches bear (since when it first
 “ The parent stock upon the mountains left)
 “ Nor blossoms germinate anew : since steel 310
 “ Hath spoil'd both leaves and bark—And now the
 Greeks

“ Who deal out justice and who legislation
 “ Derive from Jove, it carry in their hands^d.

“ (To

“ (To thee can there be made a greater oath ?)

“ Yes ! yet Achilles shall be mis’d by all 315

“ The fons of Greece ; whom thou, howe’er so vex’d,

“ Wilt not be able to relieve ; when they

“ In heaps by Hector, slaughterer-of-men,

“ Shall, dying fall : whilst thou thy soul shalt fret,

“ And fry with fury.—And all this, because 320

“ The bravest of the Greeks thou hast disgrac’d.”

So spake Pelides, and the sceptre threw

Upon the ground—a gold-bestudded *sceptre*.

Then down he sat himself.—On t’other side

The son of Atreus still retain’d his ire. 325

But Nestor now, sweet-worded *Nestor* rose

(The Pylians’ shrewd haranguer) from whose tongue

Than honey sweeter flow’d the suasive-speech^e.

Two generations of short-sighted^f men,

Who had been educated and brought up 330

With him, in Pylos, he already had

Seen pass ; and, now, among the third was king.

He, them well-wishing, speechified, and said :

“ O Gods ! great surely the disaster *is*

“ Which on the Greeks ^g has fall’n—right truly
may 335

“ Priam and Priam’s fons exult ; and *all*

“ The other Trojans be full glad in heart ;

“ When they shall learn, that ye two thus contend,

“ Who, or in counsel, or in fight, precel

“ The Greeks !—But be persuaded : ye are both 340

“ Younger

“ Younger than I : and I have, erst, with men,
 “ Far your superiors, conversation held ;
 “ And yet they never once made light of me :
 “ Such men I never saw, nor never shall,
 “ As were Pirithoüs, and the shepherd of 345
 “ *His* people Dryas, Cœneus, and Exadius,
 “ And Polyphemus equal to a God ;
 “ And Theseus, son of Ægeus, like th’ immortals :
 “ The bravest, sure, of earthly men were these !
 “ The bravest were they—and the bravest *foes* 350
 “ They combated, wild mountain-monsters^h, whom
 “ With havoc horrible they did destroy.
 “ And yet with those I conversation held,
 “ From Pylos coming, a far distant land ;
 “ By them invited : and I also fought 355
 “ According to my might : for them no man
 “ (Of all who mortal now are on the earth)
 “ Could in the combat equal.—Yet my redeⁱ
 “ They heard, and were obedient to my word.
 “ Obedient, then be ye ; for to obey 360
 “ Is best.—Great as thou art, thou must not rob
 “ Him of his girl ; but let him keep the prize
 “ Which first was giv’n him, by the sons of Greece.
 “ Nor must thou, son of Peleus ! thus contend
 “ With kingly power. For never to the lot 365
 “ Of sceptre-bearing chief such honour fell,
 “ As that which Jupiter has giv’n to him.
 “ If thou be braver, and moreover have

- “ A Goddeſs for thy mother ; yet is he
 “ More pow’rful ; ſince o’er many more he reigns ; 370
 “ Do, then, Atrides, calm thine ire ; while I
 “ Will coax Achilles to give up his wrath :
 “ *Achilles*, who to all the Achaians is
 “ The greateſt bulwark, in this luckleſs war.”
 To him king Agamemnon thus replied : 375
 “ All this, Old-boy ! full juſtly haſt thou ſaid :
 “ But that man, there, *Achilles*, ſeeks to be
 “ Lord paramount of all the other *Greeks* ;
 “ All to command and over all to reign :
 “ A power he never ſhall obtain, I think. 380
 “ If him a warrior the eternal gods
 “ Have made ; have alſo they, on that account,
 “ Given him a liſenſe to retail abuſe ?”
 Him interrupting, anſwer’d the Divine
 Achilles : “ Sure a timid and a good- 385
 “ For-nothing-fellow might I well be call’d,
 “ If I to thee ſhould yield in ev’ry thing
 “ Thou ſay’ſt : to others ſuch commands enjoin,
 “ But dictate not to me ; for ne’er will I,
 “ I think, obey thee. Yet another word 390
 “ To thee I ſay ; do thou it in thy mind
 “ Depoſite : for the girl I will not fight
 “ ’Gainſt thee or any other ; ſince ye take
 “ What *erſt* ye gave : but of all other things
 “ Which me belong to, at my ſable ſhips, 395
 “ Not aught ſhalt thou, receiving, take away,
 “ Without

“ Without my leave. Else, come! and make a trial,
 “ That these may witness, whether thy black blood
 “ Shall, instantaneous, stream along my lance^k.”

Thus having both, in contradictious terms, 400
 Contended, up they rose, and broke the council,
 Beside th’ Achaian fleet—Pelides then
 To his own tents and equal^l vessels hied,
 With *good* Patroclus and his *other* friends.

Atrides, now, a ship, swift-failing, launch’d 405
 Into the sea, and twenty rowers chose
 To man her: in *her hold* an hecatomb^m
 He to the God (Apollo) placed: and then
 Chryseis the fair-cheek’d he led aboard;
 And wife Ulysses went along as chief. 410

While these, embark’d, plied through the wat’ry ways,
 Atrides bade be purified the people:
 So purified they were; and in the sea
 The ordures threw they. Then they sacrific’d
 To *king* Apollo blameless hecatombs 415
 Of bulls and goats, beside the *sandy* shore
 Of the unfruitful sea.—The favour *sweet*
 To heav’n ascended, wrapt in wreaths of smoke.

Thus they were occupied throughout the camp:
 Yet had not Agamemnon stemm’d his ire, 420
 Which on Achilles he had vow’d to wreck:
 But to Talthybius and Eurybates
 (Who were his heralds and his trusty knavesⁿ)
 This order gave: “ Go to Pelides’ tent,

“ And

“ And laying hold on the fair-cheek'd Briseïs, 425
 “ Bring *her* away : but should he her deny
 “ Myself will take her, coming with an host ;
 “ Which yet more horrible to him will be.”

So saying, he dismiss'd them : harsh the charge
 He had enjoin'd ! They both unwilling went 430
 Along the shore of the unfruitful sea ;
 And at the Myrmidonian tents and ships
 Arriv'd. Achilles, near his tent and bark,
 They fitting found : and when he them perceiv'd,
 No pleasant look he wore. They trembling stood 435
 Aback, in rev'ence to the king ; nor dared
 A word to utter, or a question put
 To him.—But he full well *their errand* knew,
 And said : “ Hail heralds ! messengers of Jove,
 “ And eke ° of men ! draw nearer ; for not ye 440
 “ To me obnoxious are ; but Agamemnon,
 “ Who on account of Miss Briseïs sent you.
 “ Well, go, divine Patroclus, *and* bring forth
 “ The girl and to them give *her*, to conduct.
 “ But be yourselves *my* witnesses, before 445
 “ The blessed Gods, 'fore mortal men, and 'fore
 “ That king illaudible ; if e'er again
 “ There should be need of me, to drive away
 “ The noxious pest from others !—Sure the man
 “ With a distemper'd mind is mad ; nor knows 450
 “ By retrospect or foresight to divine,
 “ How, at the ships, the Greeks may safely fight.”

So said he—And Patroclus *straight* obey'd
 His dear companion : and forth from the tent
 He brought Briseïs, the fair-cheek'd ; and gave 455
Her to be led away.—They to the ships
 Of Greece return : but with unwilling mind
 With them the woman went. Achilles now
 Weeping and vext^a from his associates sat
 A part, beside the shore of the grey sea, 460
 And gazing on the gloomy^r deep, he much
 His mother dear beïought with arms outstretch'd :
 “ O mother ! since me thou hast borne to be
 “ A short-liv'd *mortal*, sure Olympian Jove
 “ The mighty thund'rer should on me confer 465
 “ *Some* honour : yet not ev'n the smallest share
 “ Hath he conferr'd.—Nay, me the son of Atreus,
 “ Wide-reigning Agamemnon, has disgrac'd ;
 “ For he *my* prize hath violently seiz'd^s.”

So spake he, in a flood of tears :—him heard 470
 His venerable mother, as she sat,
 Beside her aged father, in the deeps
 Of the salt sea : straight, from the hoary main
 Up sprung she, like a little cloud, and down
 She sat by him, who wept : then with *her* hand 475
 She strok'd him ; spoke ; and thus, by name, ad-
 drefs'd :

“ O Son ! why criest thou ? And what grief thy soul
 “ Invades ? Speak out ; nor in thy mind conceal
 “ *The latent cause* ; that we may know it, both.”

Then

Then her, deep-fighing, thus address'd the swift- 480
 Of-foot Achilles : " *Ab ! full well* thou know'ft.
 " Why should I all, to thee that's known, relate ?
 " We came to Thebes, Eëtion's sacred town :
 " And it we sack'd, and hither all *the spoils*
 " We brought ; and these well shared among them-
 felves 485
 " The fons of Greece. To Atreus' fon they gave
 " Chryseïs the fair-cheek'd. But after that,
 " Chryses the priest of darting-far Apollo
 " Came to the fleet of the brass-breast-arm'd Greeks,
 " His daughter to redeem, bearing a rare 490
 " Redemption-price, and having in his hand
 " The garland of the darting-far Apollo,
 " With golden sceptre ; and he much implor'd
 " Th' Achaians all, the fons of Atreus most,
 " The people's two chief rulers. Th' other Greeks 495
 " Proclaim'd their wish to venerate the priest,
 " And take the precious ransom : but to this
 " The fon of Atreus, Agamemnon, had
 " No willing mind : nay, he the man dismiss'd
 " Harshly, and a severe command adjoin'd. 500
 " Enrag'd, th' old man return'd : and as he pray'd,
 " Apollo heard him (for exceeding dear
 " To him he was), and sent among the Greeks
 " A baneful shaft : and, now the people died
 " In heaps ; for sped the arrows of the God 505
 C 2 " Through

“ Through all the wide Achaian camp—Well, then,
 “ A deep-instructed seer to us explain’d
 “ The oracles of the far-darting *God*.
 “ Straight I, the first, advis’d them to appease
 “ Th’ *offended* Deity—But anger seiz’d 510
 “ The son of Atreus : instantly he rose,
 “ And made a threat’ning, which hath been fulfill’d.
 “ The girl^t, indeed, in a swift-sailing ship
 “ The black-brow’d Grecians have to Chryses sent,
 “ With presents to the king, Apollo : but 515
 “ That girl, Briseis, whom to me had giv’n
 “ The sons of Greece, just now from mine own tent
 “ Heralds have led away—But, if thou canst,
 “ Do thou protect thy son. Hie to Olympus,
 “ And Jove beseech : if e’er the heart of Jove 520
 “ By word thou hast delighted, or by deed !
 “ For often in *my* father’s palace, I
 “ Have heard thee, glorying, say, that thou alone
 “ Of all th’ immortals, from sky-black’ning Jove
 “ Averted’st dire mischance, when him to bind 525
 “ Some others of th’ Olympians had resolv’d ;
 “ Juno and Neptune and Athena Pallas^u :
 “ But thou, O Goddess, coming *to his aid*
 “ From bonds him rescued, calling to Olympus
 “ The hundred-handed *Giant*, whom the Gods 530
 “ Briareus name, *but* men Egéon call
 “ (For twice more doughty than his fire is he) :
 “ Who,

“ Who, joying in the honour, sat by Jove.
 “ Him dreaded the conspiring Gods; nor bound
 “ *Their Chief*.—All this recalling to his mind, 535
 “ Kneel down, and grasp his knees: pray, he vouchsafe
 “ To aid the Trojans, and the routed Greeks
 “ Back to their ship-sterns and the sea to drive;
 “ That all may have full joy of such a king:
 “ And that the great imperial Agamemnon 540
 “ May learn, *at length*, to know his loss: since he
 “ The bravest of the Greeks has nought esteemed.”
 To him thus Thetis, bath'd in tears, replied:
 “ Ah me! my Son, why in an evil hour
 “ Brought I thee forth and nourish'd?—Would the
 “ Gods, 545
 “ Thou mightest tearless and unwrong'd remain
 “ Beside thy ships, since fate to thee assigns
 “ So short, so small a space: whereas at once
 “ Thy doom is a short life, and bitter too,
 “ Above all *others*: to such evil fate 550
 “ Have I thee borne—even in a palace!
 “ This whole affair, to fulminating Jove
 “ To tell, to snow-beclad Olympus I
 “ Myself will go: perhaps, may him persuade.
 “ Meanwhile do thou, remaining by the ships 555
 “ Swift-sailing, keep thine ire against the Greeks,
 “ And wholly from the war abstain.—Last day,
 “ Jove went, beyond the ocean, to a feast
 “ Among the blameless Ethiopians; and

“ *Him* followed all the Gods together : but 560
 “ On the twelfth day he to Olympus will
 “ Return—and, after that, for thee, I go
 “ To Jove’s brafs-pillar’d dome ; and will his knees
 “ Embrace : and him, I trust, I shall persuade.”

Thus having spoken, off she went ; but him 565
 Left angry at his heart, on the account
 Of the well-belted * maid ; whom they, against
 His will, had forc’d away—But, now, arriv’d
 At Chrysa *wife* Ulyffes, *with his crew*,
 Bringing the sacred hecatomb : who, when 570
 The haven deep they enter’d, furl’d the fails,
 And stow’d them in the fable ship : the mast
 (The ropes relaxing) also on its rest
 They speedily adjusted ; and, the bark
 Into the harbour forcing with *their* oars, 575
 Out-threw the anchors, and the vessel moor’d.
 Then, they themselves debarked on the pier,
 And to Apollo, the far-darting *God*,
 The hecatomb brought out : Chryseis laft
 Went from aboard the fea-pervading ship. 580
 Her then up to the altar leading, the
 Moft wife Ulyffes gave her to the arms
 Of her dear father ; whom he thus address’d :
 “ O Chryfes ! Agamemnon, king of men,
 “ Me hath difpatch’d, *thy* child to thee to bring ; 585
 “ And, for the Greeks, a sacred hecatomb
 “ To offer to Apollo ; that we may

“ Appeafe

“ Appease the king, who on the Argives, now,
 “ Deep-sigh-provoking miseries inflicts.”

So saying, in his hands he put *Chriseïs*. 590

He, joyous, took his child *so* dear; while they,
 Straight, to the God the noble hecatomb

In order 'bout the well-built altar plac'd.

Then, with wash'd hands, the *brine*-besprinkled meal

They took; while Chryses, lifting up his hands, 595

With very great *devotion* for them pray'd:

“ Hear me, O master of the silver bow,

“ Who Chrysa round-about-protectest, and

“ The divine Killa; and o'er Tenedos

“ High empire holdest: as thou erst my pray'r 600

“ Heardest, and honour'd'st me; but hurted'st much

“ Th' Achaian people; so again, likewise,

“ Accomplish this my wish, and from the Greeks

“ This inconvenient pestilence remove.”

So said he, praying; and him heard Apollo. 605

But when the pray'r was o'er, and they had thrown

The *brine*-besprinkled meal upon *the victims*;

These, first withdrawn, they slaughter'd and they flay'd:

The thighs then cut they off, and in the caul

Envelop'd twice; and cutlets-crude they laid 610

On them.—*The whole*, upon the splitted wood,

Burn'd the old *priest*; and o'er them the red wine

Pour'd out; while youths, beside him, in their hand

Held five-prong'd-forks, to aid him in his charge.

But when the thighs were burn'd, and they the guts

Had tasted ; then the other parts they cut- 616
 In-smaller-pieces ; which about the spits
 They fix'd, and roasted dext'rously ; then drew
Them all from off the spits.—But when they had
 Ceas'd from *their* labour, and the feast prepar'd, 620
 They feasted : nor did any soul, *there*, lack
 Diet^z enough. So when of drink and meat
 No more desire they had, boys crown'd the bowls
 With wine ; which 'ginning at a side, to all
 They dealt in brimmers : while th' Achaian youths, 625
 All day, with melody the God appeas'd ;
 A grateful pæan singing to the praise
 Of the far-darting *pow'r*, who in his heart,
 Hearing, was glad.—But when the sun went-down,
 And up the twilight came ; then, soundly, slept 630
 They in the stern-hold of the ship :—But, when
 The air-begotten rosy-finger'd dawn
 Appear'd, tow'rd the wide camp of the Achaians
 Again they turn'd : to them a fav'ring breeze
 Apollo, the far-darting, sent ; and they 635
 The mast erected, and the sails so white
 Unfurl'd : and *soon* the wind inflated full
 The belly of the sail : and as the ship
 Scudded along, around *her* ploughing keel
 Sounded the purple surge ; while o'er the wave 640
 She rode, fast pressing through the *wat'ry* track.

But after they arriv'd at the wide camp
 Of the Achaians, *then* to land they drew

The fable ship o'er the high-rising sand ;
 And, underneath, with long supporters stay'd : 645
 Then, 'mong their tents and ships, themselves dispers'd.

But he—the God-like son of Peleus (swift-
 Of-foot Achilles) still retain'd his ire,
 Station'd beside his speedy-failing ships :
 Nor, ever, in the council now is seen, 650
 Nor, ever, in the battle : but he frets-
 To-fritters his dear heart, remaining there :—
 Tho' noisy war were *still* his foremost wish !

But when already the twelfth dawning day
 Had come ; and to Olympus all the Gods 655
 Eternal had return'd ; Jove at their head :
 Then Thetis, not forgetful of her son's
 Commission, but emerging from the main,
 At early morn, up through high-heav'n she bounc'd
 Unto Olympus, where all-seeing Jove 660
 She found, apart from others sitting, on
 The highest top of many-topt Olympus.
 And down she kneel'd before him, and embrac'd
 His knees with her left hand ; and with the right
 Him taking by the beard, she suppliant thus 665
 Address'd the regal son of Saturn, Jove :

“ O father Jove ! (if e'er by word or deed
 “ I 'mong th' Immortals did-thee-a-good-turn)
 “ Do honour to my son, who is bedoom'd
 “ To be of all *mankind* the shortest-lived. 670
 “ Yet him, ev'n now, the kingly Agamemnon

“ Dishonour'd

“ Dishonour’d hath : for he hath snatch’d away
 “ And *still* retains *his* prize : but Oh ! do thou,
 “ *Thyself*, him honour, wise Olympian Jove !”
 “ Superior valour to the Trojans grant, 675
 “ Until my son the Greeks again be fain
 “ To honour—nay, new honours on him heap.”

So said she : but her answer’d not again
 The cloud-compelling Jove ; but silent long
 He sat : yet Thetis, as at first she grasp’d, 680
 Still held his knees, and her request again
 Preferr’d : “ Or grant my boon (she said) or it
 “ Refuse—what fear’st thou ?—that I-well-may-know.
 “ How much the most, of all *the Gods*, am I,
 “ (A Goddess *tho’*) dishonour’d !”—Her again, 685
 Deep-sighing, answer’d cloud-compelling Jove.

“ A plaguy-pickle sure ! thou egg’st me on
 “ To strive with *Madam* Juno, when she me
 “ Provokes with words reproachful : for, among
 “ Th’ immortal Gods, she, idly, aye with me 690
 “ Contends ; and says, that I in battle aid
 “ The Trojans.—But do thou, now, hence depart,
 “ Left Juno scent thee : mine shall be the care
 “ *These matters* to accomplish.—So, now, come !
 “ With head to thee I’ll nod ; that thou may be 695
 “ Convinc’d : for this, from me among th’ immortals
 “ The greatest pledge *is* : ne’er to be revok’d,
 “ Never-deceiving, never unfulfill’d ;
 “ Whate’er with head I nod-to.”—Said he, and

With

With eye-brows black annodded Saturn's son^a : 700
 And (while the locks ambrosial of the King
 From his immortal head deflow'd) he shook
 Olympus.—They, thus having council held
 Between them two, departed : she, indeed,
 Thereafter leap'd into the sea profound 705
 From sheen Olympus ; Jove to his own dome
 Went : all the Gods together, from *their* seats
 Uprose, prevenient, to their sire : for none
 Durst wait his coming ; but, prevenient, all
 They stood.—Thus he upon his throne refat. 710

But him misunderstood not Juno ; who
 Had seen the consults, that with him had held
 The silver-footed Thetis, daughter of
 The hoary Main—Straight, in upbraiding terms,
 Saturnian Jove she thus address'd : “ Who now 715
 “ Of *all* the Gods, O guileful, with thee holds
 “ *Close* consultations ? Aye to thee is dear,
 “ Apart from me, clandestine things to plan
 “ And predetermine ; never yet, to me
 “ Hast thou, spontaneous, deign'd to tell a word 720
 “ Of what is in thy mind !”—Her answer'd, then,
 The Sire of Men, and eke *the Sire* of Gods :
 “ Juno ! hope not all my designs to know :
 “ (For that were difficult) although thou art
 “ The-partner-of-my-bed.—Whate'er is meet 725
 “ *For thee* to hear, not one of all the Gods,
 “ Much less of men, shall ever sooner know.

“ But

“ But what disjunctly from the Gods I please
 “ To plan, do thou not specially enquire
 “ About, nor search-for.”—Answer’d him again 730
 The big-eyed venerable Juno *thus* :
 “ Vexatious-Son-of-Saturn ! What’s the word
 “ That thou hast spoken?—Never much have I
 “ Thee question’d ; nor explor’d *thy dark designs* :
 “ For undisturb’d thou plann’st whate’er thou will’st :
 “ But now, upon *my* soul, I’m much afraid 736
 “ Left thee seduc’d-hath silver-footed Thetis,
 “ The daughter of the hoary Main.—For she,
 “ At early-morn, kneel’d down by thee and grasp’d
 “ Thy knees : to whom, I think, thou didst consent
 “ Achilles for to honour ; and destroy 741
 “ A multitude of Greeks : beside *their* ships.”
 Her answer’d thus the cloud-compelling Jove :
 “ Devil^b ! suspicious aye art thou ; nor may
 “ I thee elude : yet nothing canst thou gain 745
 “ *By this* ; but *rather* to my soul be still
 “ More hateful : which will harder for thee be.—
 “ If so that be, *which thou suspectest*, it
 “ To me will be agreeable.—Sit thou
 “ In silence, and obey my word ; lest thee 750
 “ Not all the Gods, who in Olympus are,
 “ Approaching, may avail ; when on thee I
 “ Lay hands unvanquishable.”—Thus he spoke :
 And big-eyed venerable Juno fear’d,
 And silent sat, repressing her dear heart. 755

Glum were the Gods celestial, in Jove's hall ;
 When Vulcan, the famed-artist, (willing much
 To sooth his mother dear, the white-arm'd Juno)
Thus 'gan harangue them : " Sure, a plaguy thing
 " Not-to-be-borne, will this be ; if ye two 760
 " Contend, on man's account ; and 'mong the Gods
 " Excite a tumult ! Now no more the sweets
 " Of feasting shall exist ; since worser things
 " Take place !—My mother (tho' *my mother be*
 " Herself intelligent) I would advise 765
 " To sooth dear father Jove, the best she can :
 " Lest he again should chide, and spoil our feast.
 " For if the Olympian thund'rer choose to hurl
 " *Us* from *our* seats, puissance enough hath he :
 " Do, therefore, thou him sooth with sugar'd words."
 So, sure, he said : and, limping forward, plac'd 771
 A two-ear'd cup in his dear mother's hands,
 And thus address'd her : " Suffer and forbear,
 " My mother ! though aggriev'd ; lest I thee see,
 " Dear as thou art, with *mine own* eyes, chastis'd ! 775
 " Nor may I, then, howe'er solicitous
 " Bring succour : for 'tis mighty hard to strive
 " With Jupiter : me once before, when I
 " Attempted *thee* to succour, by the foot
 " Seizing, he from the heav'nly threshold threw. 780
 " All day I sunk, but with the setting sun
 " I fell on Lemnos ; yet a little life

" Remaining

“ Remaining in me:—sudden, as I fell,

“ Some Sintians *found* me *and* most kindly used.”

So said he: smil'd the white-arm'd Goddess, Juno:
And, as she smil'd, from her son's hand receiv'd 786

The cup.—Then he to all the other Gods
Sweet nectar, from the copious beaker drawn,
Presented with his dext'rous hand^e:—Ensued
Laughter unquenchable 'mong the blest Gods, 790

When, through the hall, they *cripple* Vulcan saw
So-sedulously-act-the-butler's-part.

Thus they, all-day, unto the setting sun
Feasted convivial; nor was there a soul
Who had not of the equal feast a share. 795

Nor wanting was the lyre so beauteous; which
Apollo handled: nor the Muses, who,
Responsive, with sweet voice, alternate, sung.

But when the splendid lustre of the sun
Was set, they went to sleep, each to his home; 800
Where much-fam'd Vulcan (in-both-legs-though-lame)
To every one a dome with skilful art
Had rear'd.—Ev'n Jove, th' Olympian thund'rer, went
To his own couch (in which, whene'er sweet sleep
Seiz'd him, he wonted to repose) and in 't, 805
Mounting, he slept:—and, by him, gold-thron'd Juno.

END OF BOOK I.

CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS.

VER. 1. *The wrath.*] The Greek word denotes *lasting* anger; for which our Teutonic and even our Saxon ancestors had also a peculiar term; *fehð, feoth*; which the Scotch and Dutch still retain in their *feid* and *veede*.

VER. 2. *The Greeks.*] The original has here, and elsewhere more commonly, *the Achaians*. At other times they are called *Argives*, and *Danaians*. But as these are equivalent to Greeks, I have taken the liberty to use them indiscriminately, according as the measure seemed to require.

VER. 4. *Hadés.*] Or rather *Adés*, for the original word is not aspirated. It corresponds to the Hebrew *לֹאֵשׁ* and the Latin *Orcus*: but its etymon is uncertain.

VER. 7. *Firstly.*] This is more analogical than *first*; which nothing but tyrant fashion could authorize at all, as an adverb.

VER. 12. *A bad disease.*] We afterwards learn it was the plague—a very bad disease indeed.

VER. 23. *Well-buskin'd.*] As every foldier should be. Who, on reading this, can help recollecting the formidable Tarleton, drawing on his Cordova-boots?

VER. 35. *Meet I not.*] Instead of *Let me not meet*, an ordinary but vile mode of expressing the subjunctive, which no other language acknowledges; and which cruelly disjoins our verbs, and often sets their limbs at a dismal distance from one another.

VER. 42. *May be sharing in't.*] This is only a different version of the preceding hemistich, which is thought to conceal a *double entendre*. That Chryseis did share in Agamemnon's bed at Troy, we may conclude from v. 145, &c.: but whether at Argos, in the life-time of Clytemnestra, he durst have permitted his favourite girl

to do any more than adorn his couch, I leave to our modern *Greeks* to determine.

VER. 52. *Rat-destroyer.*] In Greek *Smintheus*. He was so furnished by the Phrygians for having destroyed a multitude of rats, that infested their fields.

VER. 56. *Let on the Greeks.*] It is not always possible to render even Homer literally. The original of this line runs thus: *May the Danaians repay my tears by thine arrows*. But the meaning is plain.

VER. 59. *Imbiled.*] I know not if this word be in any of our dictionaries; but I think it is a very good one; and if poets are not allowed to coin new terms, who are?

VER. 62. *Resembling night.*] That is, the plague began with uncommon darkness in the air. For the whole is nothing but an allegory.

VER. 64 and 65. *And dreadful was the clang of the argentine bow.*] Every translator of Homer has endeavoured, tho' in vain, to represent in some sort the sound of the original *deiné de klanghé ghenet' argyrioio bioio*.—Our last renderer, Mr. Cowper, has given us this singular line, as he justly terms it: *Clang'd the cord, dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow*. Now there is neither *sounding* nor *bounding*, nor even *cord* in the original, which I have most faithfully translated. Whether my translation *clang* as well as Mr. Cowper's, let the reader judge. Pope paraphrased thus:

He twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below.

But in Homer there is neither *deadly*, nor *hissing*, nor *flying*, nor *feather'd fates*!

VER. 67. *Aye.*] I have preferred this old word to its modern substitute; because it is in reality a better word; and moreover the very Greek word itself—*ipsissima αἰετ.*

VER. 82. *Dreams.*] There is but one *dream* in the Greek: but it is well known, that in most languages there are singular nouns which express plurality. I need hardly add, that the verb *are* is also

in

in the singular. Nor shall I in future attend to such *minutiae*.

VER. 99. *This I'll do.*] Literally, *This I'll say.*

VER. 108.] Henceforward, I have not *hyphenated* the component parts of the version of single Greek words: the acute reader will, by this time, be able to do it for himself.

VER. 201. *With the brave.*] Literally, *with men.* But the Greek word *αυτο* often denotes a brave man.

VER. 216. *The sons of the Achaians.*] A mere Helenism, for the Achaians. So in Scripture, *The sons of the prophets, &c.*

VER. 243.] I owe the last part of this line, and, perhaps, half a dozen more phrases or words, to Mr. Cowper.

VER. 257. *Athena.*] Alias *Pallas* and *Minerva.*

VER. 263. *Bombaz'd.*] This is a new-coined word, which I trust will yet be current: the Greek word is *thambésen.*

VER. 265. *Wing'd words.*] That is, he spoke hastily. The English reader may be pleased to know that the original of these two words, *Epea pteroenta*, furnished Mr. Horne Tooke with a title to his excellent Dissertation on English Particles.

VER. 266. *Goat-hide-shielded.*] When Jupiter was born, his mother Ops, to preserve him from being devoured like a pig, by his boarish father Saturn, gave the latter a stone to swallow instead of her son; whom she secretly conveyed to Mount Ida in Crete, where he was nursed by goody Amalthéa. This goody had a goat, on whose milk the little God fed so well, that when he grew up, and the poor goat died, he covered his shield with her skin; and wore it ever after for her sake. Hence the above epithet.

VER. 270 and 271. *His haughtiness, &c.*] This is not quite so literal as I could wish: but I am confident it is the true meaning.

VER. 282. *Us.*] That is, Juno and me.

VER. 292. *'Mong' other Demons.*] Demons is not here synonymous with our Devils; but in some sense equivalent to *Gods.*

VER. 297. *Rest.*] Literally, *people.*

VER. 303. *It carry in their hands.*] Not the individual sceptre

of Achilles; but such another, the mark of regal and legislative power.

VER. 328 and 329. *From whose tongue, &c.*] This is another passage that our translators have aimed at rendering in a tone as sweet as the original *Tou kai apo glossés melitos glykion rhëen audé.*—Pope thus: *Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.*—Cowper, *Whose lips dropp'd eloquence, the honey not so sweet.* But Nestor's eloquence did not *drop*; it *flowed*, and *flowed* abundantly. Nor did it, according to Homer, flow from his *lips*, but from his *tongue*.—Shall I be permitted then to say, that my version here is not only more faithful, but more expressive also of the idea meant to be conveyed, than that of any of my fellow-translators?

VER. 329. *Short-sighted.*] It is equivalent to our *short-lived*.

VER. 335. *The Greeks.*] Literally, *the Achaian land*.

VER. 351. *Wild mountain-monsters.*] The Centaurs; half men, half horses. The Thessalians are said to have been the first tamers of those animals; on whose backs when they were mounted, the man and horse appeared to be but one creature.

VER. 358. *Rede.*] *Counsel, advice.* See Hopkins and Sternhold, Pf. I.

VER. 398 and 399. I will here once more venture to compare my version with Mr. Pope's, and even with Mr. Cowper's: first giving the Greek lines in Greek and English characters.

HOMER.

Εἰ δ' ἄγε μὲν* περήσαι, ἵνα γνῶσι καὶ οἶδέ*

Αἶψα τοὶ αἶμα κελαινον ἐρωήσει περὶ δούρι.

Ei d' age men peréσαι, hina gnöofi kai hoidé,
Aipfa toi haima kelainon heröései peri douri.

POPE.

For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

COWPER.

Or if it please thee, put me to the proof
 Before this whole assembly; and my spear
 Shall stream that moment, purpled o'er with blood.

I.

————— Else, come and make a trial,
 That these may witness, whether thy black blood
 Shall instantaneous stream along my lance.

Ye scholars of Eton and Westminster! compare and judge.

VER. 404. *Equal.*] I confess I know not why Achilles' ships
 are so called; unless it were because they were all of one size.

VER. 407. *An hecatomb.*] I forgot before to explain this word:
 it signifies a sacrifice consisting of an hundred victims. Whether
 these, on this occasion, were beeves, sheep, or goats, Homer telleth
 us not: although the etymon of the word would lead us to suspect
 it was a centenary of the first.—From this we may infer, that the
 ships of the Greeks were not so small as some have imagined;
 since one of them was capable of transporting an hundred bul-
 locks.

VER. 417 and 418. ————— *The savour sweet
 To heav'n ascended, wrapt in wreaths of smoke.*

So I literally from Homer.—But

POPE, like an original poet;
 The fable fumes in curling spires arise,
 And waft the grateful odour to the skies.

COWPER.

————— Whose steam
 Slowly, in smoky volumes, climb'd the skies.

Whether smoke can be said to *climb*, I doubt: and whether the
 smoke *climbed slowly* or not, Homer does not say.

VER. 423. *His trusty knaves.*] This last word has been sadly abused in latter times. I have restored to it its genuine import; such as it still retains in our playing cards. Talthybius and Eurybates were *yeomen* of the guard to Agamemnon.

VER. 438. *Knew.*] Literally, *knew in his mind.*

VER. 440. *Eke.*] This poor little word has also been unmercifully eliminated from our Lexicons; though it is a most significant term, and of great use in poetry.—Vide *the Metre Psalms* passim.

VER. 457. *But with unwilling mind, &c.*] This is all that Homer says: but Mr. Cowper adds a whole line—

From whom she lov'd, and looking oft behind.

This might make a fine subject for the pencil of his friend Fuseli: but of which *ne gry quidem apud Homerum.*

VER. 459. *The noxious pest from others.*] He does not say what he will do in that case, but makes a rapid transition to Agamemnon's folly.—Thus Neptune, in Virgil—*Quos ego—sed motos, &c.*

VER. 459. *Vext.*] So I render the Greek word *liaftheis.*

VER. 461. *Gloomy.*] Literally, *wine-coloured.* I have adopted Cowper's version.

VER. 469.] This line I could not make literal, but I am sure I have given the sense.

VER. 513. *The girl.*] In the original, *her.*

VER. 527.] Instead of *Athena-Pallas*, some copies have *Phæbus-Apollo.* And this I think is the preferable reading: for that Pallas, the daughter of Jupiter's own brain, should join the revolters, is scarcely credible.

VER. 532. *His fire.*] *Cœlus*, or, according to others, Neptune.

VER. 539. *That all may have full joy, &c.*] This is a fine irony. We use it often in colloquial language: as if one should say—"I wish the minister much joy of his Spanish convention, and his Russian war!"

VER. 558. *The ocean.*] That is, I presume, the Mediterranean sea:

sea: called in scripture the Great Sea; and which lay between Ilium and Ethiopia.

VER. 567. *Well-belted.*] This is as proper an epithet for a fine girl, as *well-buskin'd* is for a gallant soldier. It may denote either the graceful manner in which she wore her cincture, or her own genteel shape.

VER. 614. *Held five-prong'd forks, &c.*] To arrange the victims on the fire, and to keep it burning.

VER. 622. *Diet.*] It is the Greek word.

VER. 700. *With eye-brows black, &c.*] The picture of a great law-lord, in the attitude of giving a reluctant assent to some of the minister's ill-conceived measures, would be the best interpreter to this sublime passage.

VER. 744. *Devil!*] In Greek *Δαιμονη*, in the feminine gender: but as Demons may be supposed to have no sex, and our language not having a word equivalent to the French *diablesse*, I have ventured to use the ordinary appellation of a *shrew*.

VER. 789. *With his dexterous hand.*] A mere irony, denoting the awkwardness of Vulcan. Others, without reason, I think, explain it of the order in which he gave the cup; *from the right-hand side*.

sea; called in Scripture the Great Sea; and which lay between
Hion and Ethiopia.

Var. 267. *Μαχητής*. This is a proper an epithet for a
guy, as well as it is for a gallant soldier. It may denote either
the general manner in which the word her conduct, or her own
general shape.

Var. 268. *Μηδιστής*. To arrange the
thing on the face, and to keep it burning.

Var. 269. *Διά*. It is the Greek word.

Var. 270. *Μηδιστής*. The picture of a great
law-land, in the attitude of giving a reluctant assent to some of the
minister's ill-conceived measures, would be the best interpreter to
this sublime passage.

Var. 271. *Δαίμων*. In Greek Daemon, in the feminine gender;
but as Demons may be supposed to have no sex, and our language
not having a word equivalent to the French *démons*, I have ventured
to use the ordinary appellation of a *Devil*.

Var. 272. *Μηδιστής*. A more heavy, denoting
the awkwardness of Vulcan. Others, without reason, I think,
explain it of the order in which he gave the cup; from the right
hand side.