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THE ILIAD OF HOMER\*\*\*

The Iliad of Homer

Translated by Alexander Pope,

with notes by the

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and

Flaxman's Designs.

1899

# THE ILIAD.



# BOOK I.

## ARGUMENT.<sup>40</sup>

### THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god; who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to

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<sup>40</sup> The following argument of the Iliad, corrected in a few particulars, is translated from Bitaube, and is, perhaps, the neatest summary that has ever been drawn up:—"A hero, injured by his general, and animated with a noble resentment, retires to his tent; and for a season withdraws himself and his troops from the war. During this interval, victory abandons the army, which for nine years has been occupied in a great enterprise, upon the successful termination of which the honour of their country depends. The general, at length opening his eyes to the fault which he had committed, deposes the principal officers of his army to the incensed hero, with commission to make compensation for the injury, and to tender magnificent presents. The hero, according to the proud obstinacy of his character, persists in his animosity; the army is again defeated, and is on the verge of entire destruction. This inexorable man has a friend; this friend weeps before him, and asks for the hero's arms, and for permission to go to the war in his stead. The eloquence of friendship prevails more than the intercession of the ambassadors or the gifts of the general. He lends his armour to his friend, but commands him not to engage with the chief of the enemy's army, because he reserves to himself the honour of that combat, and because he also fears for his friend's life. The prohibition is forgotten; the friend listens to nothing but his courage; his corpse is brought back to the hero, and the hero's arms become the prize of the conqueror. Then the hero, given up to the most lively despair, prepares to fight; he receives from a divinity new armour,

declare the cause of it; who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her suit, incenses Juno: between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

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

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!  
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;  
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.<sup>41</sup>  
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,  
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!<sup>42</sup>

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is reconciled with his general and, thirsting for glory and revenge, enacts prodigies of valour, recovers the victory, slays the enemy's chief, honours his friend with superb funeral rites, and exercises a cruel vengeance on the body of his destroyer; but finally appeased by the tears and prayers of the father of the slain warrior, restores to the old man the corpse of his son, which he buries with due solemnities.' — Coleridge, p. 177, sqq.

<sup>41</sup> Vultures: Pope is more accurate than the poet he translates, for Homer writes "a prey to dogs and to *all* kinds of birds. But all kinds of birds are not carnivorous.

<sup>42</sup> —*i.e.* during the whole time of their striving the will of Jove was being gradually accomplished.

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour<sup>43</sup>  
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power  
 Latona's son a dire contagion spread,<sup>44</sup>  
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;  
 The king of men his reverent priest defied,<sup>45</sup>  
 And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain  
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.  
 Suppliant the venerable father stands;  
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands  
 By these he begs; and lowly bending down,  
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown  
 He sued to all, but chief implored for grace  
 The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race<sup>46</sup>

"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,  
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.  
 May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er  
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.  
 But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,  
 And give Chryseis to these arms again;  
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
 And dread avenging Phoebus, son of Jove."

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<sup>43</sup> Compare Milton's "Paradise Lost" i. 6

"Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of Horeb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd."

<sup>44</sup> —*Latona's son: i.e.* Apollo.

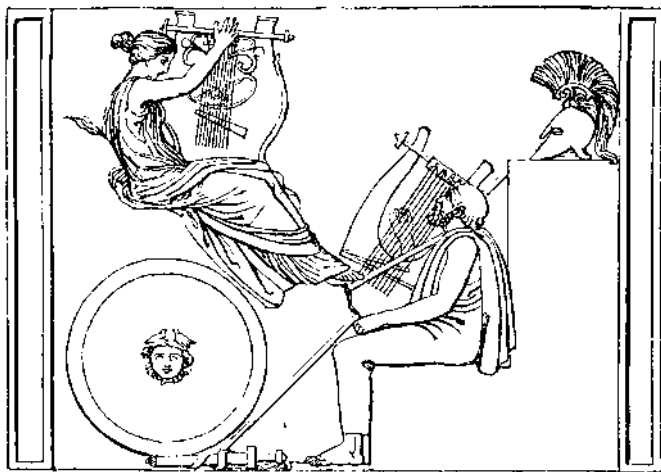
<sup>45</sup> —*King of men:* Agamemnon.

<sup>46</sup> —*Brother kings:* Menelaus and Agamemnon.

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,  
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.  
Not so Atrides; he, with kingly pride,  
Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied:

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,  
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains  
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,  
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.  
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;  
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;  
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,  
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,  
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,  
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd  
Hence then; to Argos shall the maid retire,  
Far from her native soil and weeping sire."

[003]



HOMER INVOKING THE MUSE.



The trembling priest along the shore return'd,  
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.  
 Disconsolate, not daring to complain,  
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main;  
 Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,  
 The god who darts around the world his rays.

"O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,<sup>47</sup>  
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,<sup>48</sup>  
 Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,  
 And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores.  
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,<sup>49</sup>  
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;  
 God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,  
 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."

[004]

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<sup>47</sup> — *Smintheus* an epithet taken from *sminthos*, the Phrygian name for a *mouse*, was applied to Apollo for having put an end to a plague of mice which had harassed that territory. Strabo, however, says, that when the Teuceri were migrating from Crete, they were told by an oracle to settle in that place, where they should not be attacked by the original inhabitants of the land, and that, having halted for the night, a number of field-mice came and gnawed away the leathern straps of their baggage, and thongs of their armour. In fulfilment of the oracle, they settled on the spot, and raised a temple to Sminthean Apollo. Grote, "History of Greece," i. p. 68, remarks that the "worship of Sminthean Apollo, in various parts of the Troad and its neighboring territory, dates before the earliest period of Aeolian colonization."

<sup>48</sup> — *Cilla*, a town of Troas near Thebe, so called from Cillus, a sister of Hippodamia, slain by OEnomaus.

<sup>49</sup> A mistake. It should be,

"If e'er I *roofed* thy graceful fane,"

for the custom of decorating temples with garlands was of later date.

Thus Chryses pray'd.—the favouring power attends,  
 And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.  
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;<sup>50</sup>  
 Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.  
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,  
 And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.  
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,  
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.  
 On mules and dogs the infection first began;<sup>51</sup>  
 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.  
 For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,  
 The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare.  
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,  
 Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son  
 Convened to council all the Grecian train;  
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.<sup>52</sup>

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<sup>50</sup> —*Bent was his bow* "The Apollo of Homer, it must be borne in mind, is a different character from the deity of the same name in the later classical pantheon. Throughout both poems, all deaths from unforeseen or invisible causes, the ravages of pestilence, the fate of the young child or promising adult, cut off in the germ of infancy or flower of youth, of the old man dropping peacefully into the grave, or of the reckless sinner suddenly checked in his career of crime, are ascribed to the arrows of Apollo or Diana. The oracular functions of the god rose naturally out of the above fundamental attributes, for who could more appropriately impart to mortals what little foreknowledge Fate permitted of her decrees than the agent of her most awful dispensations? The close union of the arts of prophecy and song explains his additional office of god of music, while the arrows with which he and his sister were armed, symbols of sudden death in every age, no less naturally procured him that of god of archery. Of any connection between Apollo and the Sun, whatever may have existed in the more esoteric doctrine of the Greek sanctuaries, there is no trace in either Iliad or Odyssey." —Mure, "History of Greek Literature," vol. i. p. 478, sq.

<sup>51</sup> It has frequently been observed, that most pestilences begin with animals, and that Homer had this fact in mind.

<sup>52</sup> —*Convened to council*. The public assembly in the heroic times is well characterized by Grote, vol. ii. p 92. "It is an assembly for talk.

The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,  
Achilles thus the king of men address'd:

"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,  
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?  
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,  
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.  
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,  
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;  
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove  
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.<sup>53</sup>  
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,  
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.  
So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,  
And Phoebus dart his burning shafts no more."

[005]

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied;  
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,  
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,  
The past, the present, and the future knew:  
Uprising slow, the venerable sage  
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:

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Communication and discussion to a certain extent by the chiefs in person, of the people as listeners and sympathizers—often for eloquence, and sometimes for quarrel—but here its ostensible purposes end."

<sup>53</sup> Old Jacob Duport, whose "Gnomologia Homerica" is full of curious and useful things, quotes several passages of the ancients, in which reference is made to these words of Homer, in maintenance of the belief that dreams had a divine origin and an import in which men were interested.

"Beloved of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know  
Why angry Phoebus bends his fatal bow?  
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word  
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword:  
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,  
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal,  
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,  
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;  
For though we deem the short-lived fury past,  
'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last."  
To whom Pelides: — "From thy inmost soul  
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.  
E'en by that god I swear who rules the day,  
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey.  
And whose bless'd oracles thy lips declare;  
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,  
No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,  
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;  
Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,  
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies:  
"Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,  
But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,  
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.  
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,  
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,  
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,  
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.<sup>54</sup>  
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,  
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

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<sup>54</sup> Rather, "bright-eyed." See the German critics quoted by Arnold.

The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown  
The monarch started from his shining throne;  
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire:  
"Augur accursed! denouncing mischief still,  
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!  
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,  
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?  
For this are Phoebus' oracles explored,  
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?  
For this with falsehood is my honour stain'd,  
Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned;  
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,  
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?  
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,  
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace;  
Not half so dear were Clytaemnestra's charms,  
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.  
Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail;  
Our cares are only for the public weal:  
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,  
And suffer, rather than my people fall.  
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,  
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.  
But since for common good I yield the fair,  
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;  
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,  
That he alone has fought and bled in vain."  
"Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies),  
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!  
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,  
The due reward of many a well-fought field?

[006]

The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,  
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain;  
 But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves  
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.  
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,  
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,  
 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers  
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers."

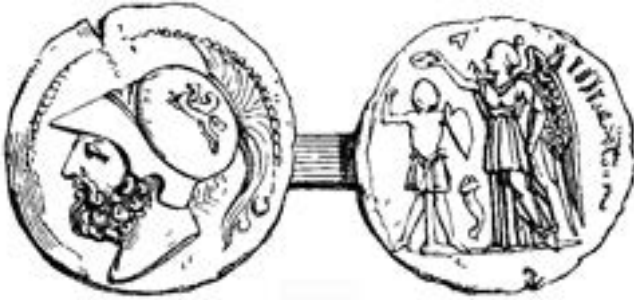
Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign  
 With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?  
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,  
 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.  
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid?  
 First let the just equivalent be paid;  
 Such as a king might ask; and let it be  
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.  
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim  
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.  
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign;<sup>55</sup>  
 Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine.  
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain;  
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.  
 But this when time requires.—It now remains  
 We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,  
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,  
 With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.  
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,  
 And some deputed prince the charge attend:  
 This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,  
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;  
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,

[007]

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<sup>55</sup> The prize given to Ajax was Tecmessa, while Ulysses received Laodice, the daughter of Cynus.

Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;  
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,  
 The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."



MARS.

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:  
 "O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!  
 Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd  
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!  
 What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,  
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?  
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?  
 The distant Trojans never injured me;  
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led:  
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;  
 Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,  
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,  
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,  
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.  
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,  
 To avenge a private, not a public wrong:  
 What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,

[008]

But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?  
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;  
 Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?  
 And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,  
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?  
 A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,  
 As thy own actions if compared to mine.  
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,  
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.  
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear:  
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.  
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;  
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore:  
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,  
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"

To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly;  
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.  
 There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,  
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.  
 Of all the kings (the god's distinguish'd care)  
 To power superior none such hatred bear:  
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,  
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy,  
 If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestow'd;  
 For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.  
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away;  
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway;  
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
 Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.  
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons: — but here<sup>56</sup>

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<sup>56</sup> The Myrmidons dwelt on the southern borders of Thessaly, and took their origin from Myrmido, son of Jupiter and Eurymedusa. It is fancifully supposed that the name was derived from myrmaex, an *ant*, "because they imitated the



'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.  
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,  
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;  
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,  
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:  
 Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,  
 Thy loved Briseis with the radiant eyes.  
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour  
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;  
 And hence, to all our hosts it shall be known,  
 That kings are subject to the gods alone."

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,  
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast;  
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled;  
 Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:  
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,  
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;  
 This whispers soft his vengeance to control,  
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.  
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
 While half unsheathed appear'd the glittering blade,<sup>57</sup>

[009]

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diligence of the ants, and like them were indefatigable, continually employed in cultivating the earth; the change from ants to men is founded merely on the equivocation of their name, which resembles that of the ant: they bore a further resemblance to these little animals, in that instead of inhabiting towns or villages, at first they commonly resided in the open fields, having no other retreats but dens and the cavities of trees, until Ithacus brought them together, and settled them in more secure and comfortable habitations."—Anthon's "Lempriere."

<sup>57</sup> Eustathius, after Heraclides Ponticus and others, allegorizes this apparition, as if the appearance of Minerva to Achilles, unseen by the rest, was intended to point out the sudden recollection that he would gain nothing by intemperate wrath, and that it were best to restrain his anger, and only gratify it by withdrawing his services. The same idea is rather cleverly worked out by Apuleius, "De Deo Socratis."

Minerva swift descended from above,  
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove  
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);  
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair  
Achilles seized; to him alone confess'd;  
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.  
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,  
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:



MINERVA REPRESSING THE FURY OF ACHILLES.

"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,  
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear  
From Atreus' son?—Then let those eyes that view  
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."

"Forbear (the progeny of Jove replies)  
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:  
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,  
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.  
By awful Juno this command is given;  
The king and you are both the care of heaven.  
The force of keen reproaches let him feel;  
But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.  
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)  
Thy injured honour has its fated hour,  
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implores  
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.  
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway;  
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides: — "With regardful ear,  
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.  
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:  
Those who revere the gods the gods will bless."  
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;  
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.  
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,  
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

[010]

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,  
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:  
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,  
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!  
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,  
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?  
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try;  
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die:  
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,  
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.

Scourge of thy people, violent and base!  
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race;  
 Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,  
 Are tamed to wrongs;—or this had been thy last.  
 Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,  
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,  
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)  
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;  
 This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove  
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,  
 From whom the power of laws and justice springs  
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings);  
 By this I swear:—when bleeding Greece again  
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.  
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,  
 Then shall thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,  
 Forced to deplore when impotent to save:  
 Then rage in bitterness of soul to know  
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground  
 His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around:  
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain  
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,  
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,  
 Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;  
 Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd:<sup>58</sup>

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<sup>58</sup> Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," bk. ii:

"Though his tongue  
 Dropp'd manna."

So Proverbs v. 3, "For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honey-comb."

Two generations now had pass'd away,  
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;  
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,  
And now the example of the third remain'd.  
All view'd with awe the venerable man;  
Who thus with mild benevolence began:—

[011]

"What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy  
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!  
That adverse gods commit to stern debate  
The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state.  
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,  
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.  
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,  
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!  
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,  
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;  
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,  
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?  
With these of old, to toils of battle bred,  
In early youth my hardy days I led;  
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,  
And smit with love of honourable deeds,  
Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,  
Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,  
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore:  
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;  
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.  
If in my youth, even these esteem'd me wise;  
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.  
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;  
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:  
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;  
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.

Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,  
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;  
 Him, awful majesty exalts above  
 The powers of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.  
 Let both unite with well-consenting mind,  
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.  
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;  
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.  
 Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,  
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

This said, he ceased. The king of men replies:  
 "Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,  
 No laws can limit, no respect control.  
 Before his pride must his superiors fall;  
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?  
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?  
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?  
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have given;  
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven?"

[012]

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,  
 And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke:  
 "Tyrant, I well deserved thy galling chain,  
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,  
 Should I submit to each unjust decree: —  
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.  
 Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd  
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed;  
 And seize secure; no more Achilles draws  
 His conquering sword in any woman's cause.  
 The gods command me to forgive the past:  
 But let this first invasion be the last:

For know, thy blood, when next thou darest invade,  
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."

At this they ceased: the stern debate expired:  
The chiefs in sullen majesty retired.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way  
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.  
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars  
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:  
High on the deck was fair Chryseis placed,  
And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced:  
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,  
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares,  
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.  
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train<sup>59</sup>  
Are cleansed; and cast the ablutions in the main.  
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,  
And bulls and goats to Phoebus' altars paid;  
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,  
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,  
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.  
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,  
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.  
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),  
Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize:  
Submit he must; or if they will not part,  
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."

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<sup>59</sup> Salt water was chiefly used in lustrations, from its being supposed to possess certain fiery particles. Hence, if sea-water could not be obtained, salt was thrown into the fresh water to be used for the lustration. Menander, in Clem. Alex. vii. p.713, *hydati perriranai, embalon alas, phakois*.

[013]

The unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;  
 Pensive they walk along the barren sands:  
 Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,  
 With gloomy aspect on his arm reclined.  
 At awful distance long they silent stand,  
 Loth to advance, and speak their hard command;  
 Decent confusion! This the godlike man  
 Perceived, and thus with accent mild began:

"With leave and honour enter our abodes,  
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!<sup>60</sup>  
 I know your message; by constraint you came;  
 Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.  
 Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseis bring;  
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.  
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,  
 Witness to gods above, and men below!  
 But first, and loudest, to your prince declare  
 (That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear),  
 Unmoved as death Achilles shall remain,  
 Though prostrate Greece shall bleed at every vein:  
 The raging chief in frantic passion lost,  
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,  
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,  
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."

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<sup>60</sup> The persons of heralds were held inviolable, and they were at liberty to travel whither they would without fear of molestation. Pollux, Onom. viii. p. 159. The office was generally given to old men, and they were believed to be under the especial protection of Jove and Mercury.





THE DEPARTURE OF BRISEIS FROM THE TENT OF  
ACHILLES.

Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought;  
 She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,  
 Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
 And of look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.  
 Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;  
 But sad, retiring to the sounding shore,  
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,  
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:<sup>61</sup>  
 There bathed in tears of anger and disdain,  
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

[014]

<sup>61</sup> His mother, Thetis, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, who was courted by Neptune and Jupiter. When, however, it was known that the son to whom she would give birth must prove greater than his father, it was determined to wed her to a mortal, and Peleus, with great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining her hand, as she eluded him by assuming various forms. Her children were all destroyed by fire through her attempts to see whether they were immortal, and Achilles would have shared the same fate had not his father rescued him. She afterwards rendered him invulnerable by plunging him into the waters of the Styx, with the exception of that part of the heel by which she held him. Hygin. Fab. 54

"O parent goddess! since in early bloom  
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;  
 Sure to so short a race of glory born,  
 Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:  
 Honour and fame at least the thunderer owed;  
 And ill he pays the promise of a god,  
 If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,  
 Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."

Far from the deep recesses of the main,  
 Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,  
 The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;  
 And like a mist she rose above the tide;  
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,  
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.  
 "Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share;  
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He deeply sighing said: "To tell my woe  
 Is but to mention what too well you know.  
 From Thebe, sacred to Apollo's name<sup>62</sup>  
 (Aetion's realm), our conquering army came,  
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,  
 Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;  
 But bright Chryseis, heavenly prize! was led,  
 By vote selected, to the general's bed.  
 The priest of Phoebus sought by gifts to gain  
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;  
 The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,  
 Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,  
 Intreating all; but chief implored for grace  
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:  
 The generous Greeks their joint consent declare,

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<sup>62</sup> Thebe was a city of Mysia, north of Adramyttium.

The priest to reverence, and release the fair;  
 Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,  
 The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:  
 The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)  
 To Phoebus pray'd, and Phoebus heard the prayer:  
 A dreadful plague ensues: the avenging darts  
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.  
 A prophet then, inspired by heaven, arose,  
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:  
 Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline  
 To avert the vengeance of the power divine;  
 Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;  
 Incensed he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:  
 The fair Chryseis to her sire was sent,  
 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent;  
 But now he seized Briseis' heavenly charms,  
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,  
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;<sup>63</sup>  
 And service, faith, and justice, plead in vain.  
 But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend.  
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,  
 Urge all the ties to former service owed,  
 And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.  
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,  
 That thou stood'st forth of all the ethereal host,  
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,  
 The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove:  
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,  
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,  
 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,  
 Durst threat with chains the omnipotence of Heaven.  
 Then, call'd by thee, the monster Titan came

[015]

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<sup>63</sup> That is, defrauds me of the prize allotted me by their votes.

[016]

(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name),  
 Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along;  
 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:  
 With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,  
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands:  
 The affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,  
 They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and adored.<sup>64</sup>  
 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,  
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;  
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,  
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,  
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring  
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king.  
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head  
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,  
 And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace  
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."

"Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies,  
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)  
 Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,  
 To Fates averse, and nursed for future woes?<sup>65</sup>  
 So short a space the light of heaven to view!  
 So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!

<sup>64</sup> Quintus Calaber goes still further in his account of the service rendered to Jove by Thetis:

"Nay more, the fetters of Almighty Jove  
 She loosed" — Dyce's "Calaber," s. 58.

<sup>65</sup> — *To Fates averse*. Of the gloomy destiny reigning throughout the Homeric poems, and from which even the gods are not exempt, Schlegel well observes, "This power extends also to the world of gods— for the Grecian gods are mere powers of nature—and although immeasurably higher than mortal man, yet, compared with infinitude, they are on an equal footing with himself." — 'Lectures on the Drama' v. p. 67.



THETIS CALLING BRIAREUS TO THE ASSISTANCE OF  
JUPITER.

O might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,  
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun  
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.  
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go  
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.  
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far  
Behold the field, not mingle in the war.  
The sire of gods and all the ethereal train,  
On the warm limits of the farthest main,  
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race,<sup>66</sup>

[017]

<sup>66</sup> It has been observed that the annual procession of the sacred ship so often represented on Egyptian monuments, and the return of the deity from Ethiopia after some days' absence, serves to show the Ethiopian origin of Thebes, and of the worship of Jupiter Ammon. "I think," says Heeren, after quoting a passage from Diodorus about the holy ship, "that this procession is represented in one of the great sculptured reliefs on the temple of Karnak. The sacred ship

Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,  
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.  
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move  
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;  
 Then down the steep she plunged from whence she rose,  
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,  
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;  
 Beneath the deck the destined victims stow'd:  
 The sails they furl'd, they lash the mast aside,  
 And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.  
 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land;  
 Chryseis last descending on the strand.  
 Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,  
 Ulysses led to Phoebus' sacred fane;  
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid  
 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:

"Hail, reverend priest! to Phoebus' awful dome  
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come:  
 Unransom'd, here receive the spotless fair;  
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;  
 And may thy god who scatters darts around,  
 Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound."<sup>67</sup>

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of Ammon is on the shore with its whole equipment, and is towed along by another boat. It is therefore on its voyage. This must have been one of the most celebrated festivals, since, even according to the interpretation of antiquity, Homer alludes to it when he speaks of Jupiter's visit to the Ethiopians, and his twelve days' absence." —Long, "Egyptian Antiquities" vol. 1 p. 96. Eustathius, vol. 1 p. 98, sq. (ed. Basil) gives this interpretation, and likewise an allegorical one, which we will spare the reader.

<sup>67</sup> —*Atoned*, i.e. reconciled. This is the proper and most natural meaning of the word, as may be seen from Taylor's remarks in Calmet's Dictionary, p.110, of my edition.

At this, the sire embraced the maid again,  
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.  
 Then near the altar of the darting king,  
 Disposed in rank their hecatomb they bring;  
 With water purify their hands, and take  
 The sacred offering of the salted cake;  
 While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,  
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:

"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,  
 Whose power incircles Cilla the divine;  
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,  
 And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!  
 If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,  
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest:  
 Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,  
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."

So Chryses pray'd. Apollo heard his prayer:  
 And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;  
 Between their horns the salted barley threw,  
 And, with their heads to heaven, the victims slew:<sup>68</sup>

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<sup>68</sup> That is, drawing back their necks while they cut their throats. "If the sacrifice was in honour of the celestial gods, the throat was bent upwards towards heaven; but if made to the heroes, or infernal deities, it was killed with its throat toward the ground." — "Elgin Marbles," vol i. p.81.

"The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,  
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste,  
 Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;  
 The limbs yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;  
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.  
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,  
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine."

The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide;  
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:  
On these, in double cauls involved with art,  
The choicest morsels lay from every part.  
The priest himself before his altar stands,  
And burns the offering with his holy hands.  
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;  
The youth with instruments surround the fire:  
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,  
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:  
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare;  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
With pure libations they conclude the feast;  
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,  
And, pleased, dispense the flowing bowls around;<sup>69</sup>  
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,  
The paeans lengthen'd till the sun descends:  
The Greeks, restored, the grateful notes prolong;  
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

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

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<sup>69</sup> — *Crown'd*, i.e. filled to the brim. The custom of adorning goblets with flowers was of later date.



The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sat  
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate;  
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;  
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:  
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,  
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light  
The gods had summon'd to the Olympian height:  
Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers,  
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.  
When, like the morning-mist in early day,  
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea:  
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.  
There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
The thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds  
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.  
Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she placed  
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.  
"If e'er, O father of the gods! (she said)  
My words could please thee, or my actions aid,  
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,  
And pay in glory what in life you owe.  
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due  
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.  
Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!  
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;  
Till the proud king and all the Achaian race  
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace."

[019]



THETIS ENTREATING JUPITER TO HONOUR ACHILLES.

Thus Thetis spoke; but Jove in silence held  
The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.  
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,  
Still grasp'd his knees, and urged the dear request.  
"O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;  
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?  
Or oh! declare, of all the powers above,  
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"

She said; and, sighing, thus the god replies,  
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:

"What hast thou ask'd? ah, why should Jove engage  
 In foreign contests and domestic rage,  
 The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,  
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?  
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway  
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;  
 But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:  
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,  
 The nod that ratifies the will divine,  
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;  
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—" <sup>70</sup>  
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,  
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
 The stamp of fate and sanction of the god:  
 High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,  
 And all Olympus to the centre shook.<sup>71</sup>

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,  
 Jove to his starry mansions in the skies.  
 The shining synod of the immortals wait  
 The coming god, and from their thrones of state  
 Arising silent, wrapp'd in holy fear,

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<sup>70</sup> — *He spoke*, &c. "When a friend inquired of Phidias what pattern he had formed his Olympian Jupiter, he is said to have answered by repeating the lines of the first Iliad in which the poet represents the majesty of the god in the most sublime terms; thereby signifying that the genius of Homer had inspired him with it. Those who beheld this statue are said to have been so struck with it as to have asked whether Jupiter had descended from heaven to show himself to Phidias, or whether Phidias had been carried thither to contemplate the god." — "Elgin Marbles," vol. xii p.124.

<sup>71</sup>

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

Before the majesty of heaven appear.  
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,  
All, but the god's imperious queen alone:  
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,  
And all her passions kindled into flame.  
"Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries),  
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?  
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,  
In vain the partner of imperial state.  
What favourite goddess then those cares divides,  
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"

To this the thunderer: "Seek not thou to find  
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:  
Involved in darkness likes the great decree,  
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.  
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;  
The first of gods above, and men below;  
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll  
Deep in the close recesses of my soul."

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies  
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,  
And thus return'd: — "Austere Saturnius, say,  
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?  
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,  
And all thy counsels take the destined course.  
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen,  
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.  
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,  
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.  
What fatal favour has the goddess won,  
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?  
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,  
And glut his vengeance with my people slain."

Then thus the god: "O restless fate of pride,  
That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide;  
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,  
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.  
Let this suffice: the immutable decree  
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.  
Goddess, submit; nor dare our will withstand,  
But dread the power of this avenging hand:  
The united strength of all the gods above  
In vain resists the omnipotence of Jove."



VULCAN.

The thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;  
 A reverent horror silenced all the sky.  
 The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw  
 His mother menaced, and the gods in awe;  
 Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,  
 Thus interposed the architect divine:  
 "The wretched quarrels of the mortal state  
 Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:  
 Let men their days in senseless strife employ,  
 We, in eternal peace and constant joy.  
 Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,  
 Nor break the sacred union of the sky:  
 Lest, roused to rage, he shake the bless'd abodes,  
 Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.  
 If you submit, the thunderer stands appeased;  
 The gracious power is willing to be pleased."

[022]

Thus Vulcan spoke: and rising with a bound,  
 The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,<sup>72</sup>  
 Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,  
 "Goddess (he cried), be patient and obey.  
 Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,  
 I can but grieve, unable to defend  
 What god so daring in your aid to move,  
 Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?  
 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
 Hurl'd headlong down from the ethereal height;<sup>73</sup>

<sup>72</sup> —A *double bowl*, i.e. a vessel with a cup at both ends, something like the measures by which a halfpenny or pennyworth of nuts is sold. See Buttmann, Lexic. p. 93 sq.

<sup>73</sup> "Paradise Lost," i. 44.

"Him th' Almighty power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion"

Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round,  
 Nor till the sun descended touch'd the ground.  
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;  
 The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast;<sup>74</sup>

He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,  
 Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen received  
 Then, to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn,  
 Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn,  
 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,  
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,  
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.<sup>75</sup>  
 Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round  
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

[023]

of ranks and duties, its contentions for power and occasional revolutions, its public meetings in the agora of Olympus, and its multitudinous banquets or festivals."

<sup>74</sup> The occasion on which Vulcan incurred Jove's displeasure was this—After Hercules, had taken and pillaged Troy, Juno raised a storm, which drove him to the island of Cos, having previously cast Jove into a sleep, to prevent him aiding his son. Jove, in revenge, fastened iron anvils to her feet, and hung her from the sky, and Vulcan, attempting to relieve her, was kicked down from Olympus in the manner described. The allegorists have gone mad in finding deep explanations for this amusing fiction. See Heraclides, 'Ponticus,' p. 463 sq., ed Gale. The story is told by Homer himself in Book xv. The Sinthians were a race of robbers, the ancient inhabitants of Lemnos which island was ever after sacred to Vulcan.

"Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
 In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber, and how he fell  
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day and with the setting sun  
 Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star

Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight  
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light:  
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,  
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:  
 Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,  
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.



JUPITER.

[024]

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On Lemnos, th' Aegean isle thus they relate."

"Paradise Lost," i. 738

<sup>75</sup> It is ingeniously observed by Grote, vol i p. 463, that "The gods formed a sort of political community of their own which had its hierarchy, its distribution





THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER.