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many murderers who were not punished with death; as David, for example; one favorite instance for all. We admit the fact. But now for the inference. Is it, that the law of Moses, therefore, did not exist? Or that its enactment had been only a divine farce, meant for temporary effect? Or is it not rather that the law, a divine and therefore a wholesome law, existing in all its force, was not executed? We think the last is the most likely inference. And we find other evidences of its truth. It is one of the most frequent complaints which God makes of his people by the mouth of his prophets, that they do not "execute judgment," that "violence" abounds; that the land is "polluted with innocent blood," from which God had told them it could be cleansed *only* by the blood of him that shed it.

We repeat, therefore, the solemn divine admonition, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and hold that it contains in it a voice of universal warning and of universal right; of warning, to the murderer; to the magistrate, a right of punishment. The abolitionists may stumble at it, and stumble over it, as they will; they can never move it out of their way. There it stands, and there it will stand forever.

[To be continued.]

ARTICLE V.

ON THE STUDY OF HOMER.

The Iliad of Homer, from the Text of Wolf. With English Notes. By C. C. Felton, Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard University. New and Revised Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847.

By James R. Boise, Professor of the Greek Language, etc., Brown University.

We hail with peculiar pleasure the appearance of a new edition of Felton's Iliad. In this age of books, when the press teems with innumerable productions, like flies in a summer's day, just entering on their brief existence, it is pleasant now and then to be reminded of the past, to converse with those colossal minds which flourished when Carnac and the pyramids were built; and the monuments of whose genius, unlike those astounding piles of

granite, have survived, unharmed, the shock of centuries. We are thus taught that there is something stable and enduring, even in our ephemeral race. The voice of that blind old bard, which was heard among the isles of Greece, when two hundred warriors with horses and chariots went forth from each of the hundred gates of the Egyptian Thebes,[1] though it be almost silent in the land where it was first uttered, has wandered far beyond the adventures of the much-wandering hero, beyond the gardens of the Hesperides, and the giant Atlas, who supports upon his shoulders the pillars of the heavens. There was a truth and a life in that voice which was almost divine; which, after so many generations of men, is sweet and charming as ever.

We cannot but respect the effort to preserve the best treasures which by-gone ages have bequeathed to us; especially, if we may, without fear of diminishing their value, make use of them ourselves, and be enriched and made happy by them. Our thanks, at least, are due to the man who offers us one of the best gifts which it was in the power of Alexander or of Caesar to confer. And we may feel a reasonable pride in being admitted to the society of one who has been, at different times, an intimate companion with Pericles, and Cicero, and Burke; with Virgil, and Dante, and Milton.

"The tale of Troy divine," has ever been most admired by those who have read most extensively the best literature of other times and other languages; and by those to whom age has given most experience and most wisdom. The stripling, who has just mastered the rudiments of the Greek language, and who, with grammar and lexicon, hardly translates fifty lines a day into the most bald prose of his native tongue, knows as much of the harmony of these "words which flowed sweeter than honey," as we should learn from the ploughboy's carol, respecting the music of Handel or Mozart. Nor can he appreciate, any better, the truth, and simplicity, and energy of Homer's characters and scenes. Something of the same sort, and equally calculated to inspire enthusiasm for an author, may be witnessed in the grammar school, where a boy is appointed his task "to parse" so many lines of Dryden or Pope. This uninviting exercise may be useful, may be even necessary, to the education of a youth; but how strange and destitute of beauty does the naked idea appear to him when stripped of the decorations of rhyme, and rhythm,

[1] Il. 9. 381 et sq.

and poetic imagery! He can hardly believe it to be the same lofty and pleasing conception. Thus, when the student has not yet learned enough of Greek to catch the idea from the flowing measures and the "winged words" of the original; and while he estimates the beauty and the sense of the most exquisite passages by an extemporary translation—the most uncouth perhaps, and the most inane, falsely called "*literal*,"—he may surely be pardoned for saying that he discovers little to admire in the poetry of antiquity. It is unquestionably true that he discovers little; but it is not true that there is little to be discovered. It were as easy for the astronomer to discover Orion and the Pleiades through the densest mist, as for any body to discover the full and true character of Homer through an ordinary class-room translation. As the most beautiful countenance, when reflected from an irregular and broken mirror, appears distorted and ugly, so, in a similar way, the finest passages in an ancient author may be misrepresented and spoiled by the medium through which they are viewed. The truth of this statement would become more apparent, by placing almost any scene in Macaulay's exquisite "Lays of Ancient Rome," side by side with a similar one in Homer. Should the student perchance be reading the fifth book of the Iliad, or any passage of the same kind, let him compare with it the Battle of Lake Regillus. He will thus, we think, derive a more comprehensive and just idea of the force of the Homeric descriptions.

Every intelligent scholar must have felt very keenly how inadequate, for the expression of the mere idea, regardless of the harmony, are the most labored and the best translations.[1] It is not till the din of a barbarian tongue is hushed, and the sweet music of the Ionian words falls upon the ear, that the first conception of Homer is caught. Then, too, the charming and life-like pictures of this great master, in their due proportions, are first presented to the eye.

We may thus see how it happens that so many, in their school-boy days, are disgusted with the finest creations of genius, and are led to rank their Homer and their Virgil among the dullest of books. Because the path seems long, and steep, and rough at the outset,

[1] Even in the single matter of epithets, how many difficulties are encountered. How few have felt so well satisfied with their expressions for *πολύμητις*, *πολύμήχανος* and *πολύτλας*, epithets of *Ὀδυσσεύς*, that they do not, upon every recurrence of the Greek word, labor to invent some new phrase by which to translate it. To these instances may be added *διοτρεφής*, *διογενής*, *δουρικλυτός*, *μέροπες ἄνθρωποι*, *καλλίσφυρος νύμφη*, *μειλίχιος μῦθος*, and a multitude of others.

they cannot be persuaded that they shall one day reach the summit, where it will become pleasant and easy.[1] But the testimony of those who have mastered the difficulties, is uniform and decisive. To them, indeed, the varied scenes of Homer are most attractive. Their simplicity, their vividness, their unique character, are felt and acknowledged. The mere tyro cannot understand the venerable Frederic Jacobs, when he says, as quoted in Professor Felton's Preface: "The language of Ionia resembles the smooth mirror of a broad and silent lake, from whose depth a serene sky, with its soft and sunny vault, and the varied nature along its sunny shores, are reflected in transfigured beauty." Almost exaggerated seems the following declaration of Mr. H. N. Coleridge, in his introduction to the study of Homer: "I am not one who has grown old in literary retirement, devoted to classical studies with an exclusiveness which might lead to an overweening estimate of these two noble languages. Few, I will not say evil, were the days allowed to me for such pursuits; and I was constrained, still young and an unripe scholar, to forego them for the duties of an active and laborious profession. They are now amusements only, however delightful and improving. Far am I from assuming to understand all their riches, all their beauty or all their power; yet I can profoundly feel their immeasurable superiority to all we call modern; and would fain think that there are many, even among my young readers, who can now, or will hereafter, sympathize with the expression of my ardent admiration."

Of the character of this new edition of the Iliad, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Felton's Homer has long ago established a reputation in our own country; and it has been favorably noticed abroad. The London Examiner in 1843 said of a former edition: "we very much question whether, with all our preëminence above the Americans in the elegances of life, we could produce a school-book that should, by its beauty, vie in any degree with the Homer of Professor Felton." We venture to predict that the reputation of the book will not suffer from the present "new and revised edition." It is adapted to the existing wants, and keeps pace with the advancing scholarship of the country. Much, indeed, has been left very judiciously for the learner himself to accomplish, with the aid of his Crusius, or his Liddell and Scott;

[1] Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν
Ἀθάνατοι· μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐπ' αὐτήν,
Καὶ τρηχὺς τὸ πρῶτον· ἐπὴν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηαι,
Ῥηϊδίη δὴ ἔπειτα πέλει, χαλεπὴ περ ἐοῦσα.—Hesiod, Ἔργ. 289 sq.

both of them invaluable helps in the study of Homer; and both of them, we are most happy to say, now offered to American students. These works now render many notes which would have been serviceable a few years ago entirely unnecessary.[1] We hold that it is even better to learn the form and meaning of a word from a good lexicon than from a miscellaneous commentary; for, though the particular fact, which the student needs to know in the sentence before him, may be more readily gained by a note on the word, yet he will fail in this case to ascertain the general usage, without which the true scholar is never satisfied. Mr. Felton seems to have aimed, and we think with a good degree of success, *not to burden the student with help*, but to furnish such and only such as will prove useful to the industrious and intelligent learner. Upon the first book, the annotations are more frequent and more exegetical; for, the difficulties in the study of Homer are greatest at the outset. To him who is familiar only with the Greek as it was spoken at Athens in the days of Pericles, the style of Homer seems like a new language. The numerous

[1] Had the commentary in the present edition of Felton's Homer been entirely written since the publication of the lexicons above mentioned, we presume a note might occasionally have been omitted which we now find; and others might have been somewhat modified. To exemplify the remark, let us examine a few of the notes at the beginning of book 10th: "2. *δεδμημένοι, overcome with*, from *δαμάω*." This passage is referred to in Crusius, both under *δεδμημένος*, which occurs in alphabetical order, and under *δαμάω*. It is also cited in Lidd. and Scott, under the latter word; and in both lexicons it is accompanied with an appropriate definition. — "15. *προθελύμνους, by the root*." The same word, in a different gender, occurs in the preceding book, v. 541. If it were understood in the former instance, it could hardly be obscure in this passage; which, moreover, is cited and translated in both lexicons. The same may be said of *ποδηνεκές*, v. 24; and of *στεφάνην*, v. 30. — "43. *ἐμὲ καὶ σέ*. The sentence is elliptical. *ἱκάνει*, or some such word, must be understood." This phrase would occasion no difficulty to the student who understands the same construction in the preceding book, v. 75. and v. 608. — "124 *ἐμέο πρότερος, before me*." We cannot suppose the meaning of these words would be obscure to the youngest student of Homer. It would be as unprofitable as it were easy to multiply such criticisms. We would simply say, that in Homer, notes upon the forms of words are generally rendered unnecessary by the lexicographers. In place of them, more frequent explanations of the construction might, perhaps, in the present edition, have been profitably substituted. Thus, a note upon the construction of *Σκάνδειαν*, 10. 268, might not be out of place; and an explanation of the passage, 9. 560 et sq., would be very acceptable to the young student. We will not mention other instances of the kind; since there is so much room for disagreement on this point. It is much easier to write a commentary, than to anticipate in all cases the wants of the learner; and explanations, which are very useful to some persons, seem to others wholly unnecessary.

words which he has never before met with, the strange irregularities of declension and inflection, the frequent juxtaposition of vowel sounds so repugnant to the Attic rules, impart a novel and bewildering appearance to the first page which he reads in Homer. Even to the Athenians themselves, it must have been a somewhat rugged task to become conversant with the early language of Greece, so as to understand their first great poet. He who has not made himself familiar with the style of Chaucer, may be convinced of this fact by a perusal of the Canterbury Tales; for, the interval between the father of English poetry and the writers now living, is about the same as between Homer and the perfection of the Attic dialect. Every one must have observed, however, in reading the early Greek, after he has surmounted the obstacles of the first few pages, how surprisingly similar are all the new and strange forms and idioms. Indeed, he soon ceases to notice them; and begins to think them as regular as the words of Xenophon. We see, therefore, much wisdom in placing the grammatical notes chiefly at the beginning of the work; and, in subsequent parts, making them frequent only in the more difficult passages.

From a partial examination, we are led to the opinion that the typographical accuracy is such as to warrant the confidence of scholars; and, added to this, the distinctness and general neatness of the text, render the work superior, in its external form, to most editions of the ancient classics.[1]

The exquisite literary taste, which is everywhere displayed in Felton's Homer, must be apparent. This we apprehend is the most striking feature of the book; and in this respect we presume it may safely be compared with any edition of an ancient classic, which can be selected. Mere information is not the sole object of the notes, or of the preliminary remarks. The form in which it is presented was evidently considered; and the student, instead of being disgusted with coarse expressions and barbarous idioms, which so disfigure and impair the value of some critical philologi-

[1] We have examined the text of a considerable part of the 9th book, and a portion of the 10th; and, if we have detected the main errors, they will rather serve to show, since they are so minute, how nearly faultless the text is. Without specifying those instances in which different editors are not agreed, we find in book 9th, line 222nd, ἔντο for ἔντο; line 233rd, ὑπέρθνμοι for ὑπέρθυμοι; line 373rd, ἐὼν for ἐών; line 383rd, ἂν for ἀν'; line 690th, γερων for γέρων; book 10th, line 4th, φρεσὲν for φρεσίν; line 37th, ἑταίρων for ἑταίρων; line 52nd, there should be a period after Ἀχαιούς.

cal works, will rather be allured by the elegance and refinement which everywhere prevail in this. We regard it as no small recommendation. The tendency of the youthful student is always to fall into loose and careless habits of expression; to give a bungling paraphrase rather than a translation. If, therefore, he have a text-book in which the most scrupulous care is exercised in every annotation to represent with the nicest accuracy in idiomatic English the expression as well as the idea of the original, it will do something towards forming the same habit in himself. But in addition to this, it will do much towards smoothing the ascent of the hill of knowledge, and alluring him onward, and upward. It will give an inviting aspect to his labors, and remove to some extent the false impression that everything is quaint and prosy in the ancient classics. To the same purpose are the frequent allusions to the character and habits and elegant arts of the Greeks. We are reminded now and then that wit and humor and taste almost unequalled were striking features of the Hellenic race; that the elegant arts were carried to the highest perfection among them; and that art and literature went hand in hand under the patronage and protection of the same celestial beings.

A proper place is given in the preliminary remarks to those views concerning the author or authors of the Homeric poems, and kindred subjects, which have so much interested the learned world since the days of Heyne. In a school-book, an extended account of these discussions would be unnecessary. The young student is not prepared either to decide upon the justness of different hypotheses, or to appreciate the grounds upon which they are made. His first business is, or ought to be, to become acquainted with what is *in the poem itself*, not with what this critic has written about it, and another critic has advanced in refutation. Still, it would not be well to read Homer in entire ignorance of all that has been said on this subject. A few of the leading facts ought to be presented distinctly to the mind. This is most happily done in the preliminary dissertation, and in the remarks which are quoted from Grote's History of Greece. "The first doubt," says Professor Felton, "of the personal existence of the individual author of the Iliad and Odyssey was expressed by Hedelin and Perrault, two Frenchmen, who maintained, that the Iliad is a compilation of minstrelsies, put together by successive editors, the work of many poets of the heroic age, who sang of the wars of Troy and the exploits of the heroes engaged in them.

This theory was afterwards adopted, and developed with great ingenuity and learning, by Heyne. Wood believes in the individual existence of Homer, but thinks it impossible that he should have known anything of alphabetic writing; . . . Wolf's Prolegomena to Homer contains the most systematic and masterly discussion on the subject, though new light has been thrown on the question since his day, and his opinions have ceased to be the prevailing belief of the learned world. He maintains, that neither the whole Iliad, nor the whole Odyssey, is the work of one author. The outline of his argument is this,—that, for reasons already mentioned, the art of writing, if invented in Homer's time, was not applied to the writing of books,—if Homer did not know how to write, he never could have formed the idea of composing books of such extent,—that such a whole was not in keeping with the civilization of his age. In addition to this, there is in the Iliad a great inequality between the first and the last book,—from the nineteenth to the twenty-second, the tone of thinking and expression differs from the first part of the work,—and from the eighth book, marks of the process of connecting the rhapsodies together, are plainly perceptible. Finally, in the time of Homer, the language was not carried to such a point of grammatical and metrical perfection, as it appears to have attained in the Iliad and Odyssey. The result of all these inquiries is, that neither of these epics belongs to one author, or to the same age. Several parts of the Iliad are wholes, by themselves; the seventh, eighth, and ninth[1] books are entirely occupied with the victorious exploits of Hector. Some parts, such as the catalogue of ships, the funeral games, the story of Dolon, were afterwards inserted. Such is, in substance, the view of Wolf."

"Most scholars are now agreed that there was a Homer,—the greatest of the epic bards; that he sang in separate chants or rhapsodies, the exploits and the heroes in the war of Troy; but that other bards sang more or less upon the same themes, and their productions were not always distinguished, in the tradition, from his; and that, in fact, the Iliad, at least in its present form, is chiefly the work of this great Homer, but was put together from the mass of his productions, in the form in which we now have them, by collectors several centuries after his age."

Mr. Grote's view of the structure and plan of the Iliad, in which

[1] This is a mistake. The leading subject of the ninth book, is the embassy to Achilles.

every one must discover great ingenuity and ability, will be apprehended from the following paragraph:

"Nothing is gained by studying the Iliad as a congeries of fragments once independent of each other; no portion of the poem can be shown to have ever been so, and the supposition introduces difficulties greater than those which it removes. But it is not necessary to affirm, that the whole poem as we now read it, belonged to the original and preconceived plan. In this respect the Iliad produces upon my mind an impression totally different from the Odyssey. In the latter poem, the characters and incidents are fewer, and the whole plot appears of one projection, from the beginning down to the death of the suitors; none of the parts look as if they had been composed separately and inserted by way of addition into a preëxisting smaller poem. But the Iliad, on the contrary, presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow and subsequently enlarged by successive additions. The first book, together with the eighth, and the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive, seem to form the primary organization of the poem, then properly an Achillêis; the twenty-third and twenty-fourth books are additions at the tail of this primitive poem, which still leave it nothing more than an enlarged Achillêis; but the books from the second to the seventh inclusive, together with the tenth, are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem from an Achillêis into an Iliad. The primitive frontispiece, inscribed with the anger of Achilles and its direct consequences, yet remains, after it has ceased to be coëxtensive with the poem. The parts added however are not necessarily inferior in merit to the original poem; so far is this from being the case, that amongst them are comprehended some of the noblest efforts of the Grecian epic. Nor are they more recent in date than the original; strictly speaking, they must be a little more recent, but they belong to the same generation and state of society as the primitive Achillêis. These qualifications are necessary to keep apart different questions, which, in discussions of Homeric criticism, are but too often confounded."

It is not our purpose to attempt any criticism upon these views. Much has been written upon the subject by abler and more mature scholars. We must confess, moreover, that to ourselves, these discussions are far less interesting than the noble poem which called them forth. The coolness of the Homeric critics has sometimes reminded us of the botanist who rudely tears in

pieces the most beautiful flower, that he may discover its secret organization. We would run to neither extreme; though we should not despise the science, we beg the privilege to spare and admire the flower. Thus while due attention is given to all the modern and contradictory views of Homer, may we never forget Homer himself! Undoubtedly those questions respecting the author of the Homeric poems, and the manner in which they were handed down from one generation to another, are highly important on many accounts; but they are not inseparable from an admiration and just appreciation of the poetic beauties of the great father of Grecian song. The student who should never hear of the controversies of modern critics might linger with delight among the graphic and ever-varying scenes of the Iliad. Long ago, ere the Chemnitz weaver had sent his son adrift upon the world, or the German Wolf had ever attacked the ancient citadels, many a scholar had been quickened to new intellectual activity, had been improved in taste and judgment, and with more than Siren power had been charmed by the masterly delineations of "the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle." Would that the same effect were oftener witnessed now! Would that the youthful student read less *about* Homer and more *of* Homer! Learned dissertations, so to speak, are mere stagings erected to garnish the noble structure on which they depend for support. The one, if the course of events for the last half century indicates aright, will soon fall to the ground as altogether useless; the other shall remain, fresh as the work of yesterday, to distant ages.

These remarks are not suggested by any undue prominence, given to the Homeric discussions in the present edition of the Iliad. Far from it. To our mind, the subject is here presented happily; in such a manner, and with such an aspect as admits of little improvement. But at other times, and in other ways, we have been forcibly impressed with the belief, that those who have not yet read half of the Iliad, to say nothing of the Odyssey, would be as much benefitted, in all the essential points of their education, to prosecute, almost to the exclusion of collateral questions, their reading of Homer;—whomsoever or whatsoever the word may signify;—Homer, the study and admiration of Pindar and Sophocles, of Virgil and Horace, of Dante and Milton.

There are scenes, beautiful and impressive, in that wonderful poem, the Iliad, which will repay an attentive perusal the second or the third time. Like some masterly design on the living canvas, their full meaning is not to be gathered at once, but the de-

lineation becomes at each successive view more striking, more pregnant with life and beauty. Odysseus in his many wanderings, whether in the palace of Circe or the island of Calypso, in the cave of the Cyclops or at the court of Alcinoüs, scarcely found more to please or astonish, than the diligent student will find in the two great Epics of antiquity.

How distinct, among that multitude of heroes, is the portraiture of each! Achilles, sullen and wrathful, apart from his companions "where the sea-waves roared on the sand-beach," or rising from the curiously wrought lyre to welcome the ambassadors of the Achaeans;—in the fierce conflict with the godlike Hector, or receiving at dead of night with pity and kindness the aged and trembling Priam;—in all of these scenes, how vivid is our conception of that fierce and impetuous, yet generous character![1] The brave Diomed, the inventive Odysseus, the dauntless Ajax, the old man Nestor, the kingly Agamemnon, would each of them serve as a hero for an epic poem. And on the side of the Trojans, distinguished among many brave men, appears the intrepid, the self-sacrificing, the gallant, but unfortunate Hector. What an intense and mournful interest is imparted to that noble character, as warrior, and patriot, and husband, and father! But not in the delineation of heroes alone did Homer excel. How charming is the loveliness and grace of Helen! How touching the conjugal love and how pathetic the lament of the orphan Andromache! Besides all these, to the susceptible and superstitious Greeks, those divine personages who engaged in this memorable war must have added no little interest to the story. If we mistake not, this great variety of character, so nicely portrayed and so exquisitely interwoven, is one chief source of interest in the Iliad; and in this respect it surpasses all poems of its kind. The hero of the Aeneid would maintain no very honorable rank among the heroes of the Iliad; and his goddess-mother sheds no very brilliant lustre over his virtues. "The heroes and heroines of the *Jerusalem Delivered* are noble and attractive. It is impossible to study them without admiration; but they resemble real life as much as the Enchanted Forest and spacious battle-fields, which Tasso has described in the environs of Jerusalem, do the arid ridges, waterless ravines, and stone-covered hills in the real scene, which have been paint-

[1] The verse of Horace:

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,

presents only one phase in the character of Achilles.

ed by the matchless pens of Chateaubriand and Lamartine." The arch-apostate, the true hero of the Paradise Lost, possesses too little that may be considered human to be compared with Achilles or Agamemnon or Hector. He is to be classed rather with Homer's delineations of Mars or Jupiter, although he is far more colossal and more divine. The great dramatist of modern times has alone rivalled Homer in the variety and distinctness of his characters.

Few poets have conceived with such clearness or presented with such picturesque and vivid effect the scenes they attempt to describe. Perhaps the most graphic of them all is the meeting of Hector and Andromache, and their last sad adieu. The departure of our first parents from their blissful abode in Paradise, though a much loftier theme, must yield to this in dramatic effect. Kindred to this scene is that in which Andromache first descries the corse of her husband on the plain, dragged behind the chariot of Achilles; and her passionate lament on the recovery of consciousness. As a specimen of Professor Felton's manner, we quote the notes on this passage. It occurs in the twenty-second book, and extends from the four hundred and seventy-seventh to the five hundred and fourteenth line inclusive.

"'Andromache was recovering from her fainting fit; her breathing came back by degrees only; she now gasped out a few broken tones of woe. Finally, when she has wholly come to herself, she breaks out in the following words.' Cr. Dionysius of Halicarnassus cites this verse (476) as a specimen of imitative harmony. Upon which Montbel remarks: 'I doubt much whether our ears, but little trained to the sounds of the Greek language, can well appreciate these delicacies, which depend on the cadence of the phrase, and the measure of syllables. . . . But what may be felt in all times and in all countries is the delineation of this pathetic scene, in which the poet has represented the sorrow of Andromache. . . . Retired within her palace, Andromache is the only one who has not heard of the terrible calamity of the Trojans. She only knows that Hector has remained outside of the gates, and she orders her women to prepare the bath, that her husband may find it ready on his return from battle. All these details are true and touching; and how much does Homer add to the pity with which this unfortunate wife inspires us by this so natural reflection: 'Unhappy one, she knew not that, far from the bath, Athene had subdued her husband under the hand of Achilles.' Meantime, alarmed by the cries which strike her ear, she wishes

to know what new misfortunes threaten her, and mournful presentiments arise in her soul. Soon she arrives at the summit of the tower, and can no longer doubt her misfortune. 'She sees him dragged before the city; swift horses drag him mercilessly towards the ships of the Greeks.' If I am not mistaken, there is here great delicacy, a profound knowledge of grief, in not having named Hector on this occasion; she sees *him*, *τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν*; horses drag *him*, *ἵπποι μὲν ἕλκον*. . . . The end of the narrative is of equal beauty, and the calling to mind the veil which she had received from Aprodite on the day of her marriage, is one of those fine touches of feeling which Homer could not allow to escape him.'"

How great and versatile was that genius which sketched with equal truth and power and distinctness, the battle-field, and the domestic circle; the angry debate, and the hospitable entertainment; the storm gathering over the sea, and the firmament in a starry night. The artist dipped his pencil in the colors which nature herself had provided, and with no model to guide his hand but her own perfect symmetry, he delineated in the fairest forms and the most just proportions whatever be attempted.

The personifications in Homer are many and striking. Instead of tame, absurd and impalpable creations, they are generally instinct with life; furnishing a clear idea to the painter or sculptor; and are the standard representation of all subsequent poets. To say nothing of that great system of mythology which is more fully and beautifully sketched in Homer than in any other writer, and which furnished such ample materials to Phidias and Polycletus, to Zeuxis and Parrhasius, those minor personifications which did not form a part of the ancient mythology are scarcely less distinct and life-like than the delineations of the fierce-eyed Minerva, the white-armed Juno and the aegis-bearing Jupiter. Every one will recollect the sketch of Discord (*Ἔρις*):

> "dire sister of the slaughtering power,
> Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
> While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
> She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;

the outline of which picture Virgil has borrowed in his fine description of Fama. The terrible scourgings of a guilty conscience are made doubly fearful in the form of the dread Erinnyes; who walk in darkness, and whose power extends to the regions of the

dead.[1] Somewhat singular, is that personification of prayers, in the speech of Phoenix to Achilles, which Cowper translates as follows:

> "Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame, slant-eyed,
> Which, though far distant, yet with constant pace
> Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,
> And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
> And over all the earth before them runs
> Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt.
> Received respectfully when they approach,
> They yield us aid and listen when we pray.
> But if we slight, and with obdurate heart
> Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
> Against us, supplicating that Offence
> May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong."

The famous Scylla, with her dragon throats and sharp claws, surrounded with half-projecting dogs, furnished to Milton his ideal of

> "the snaky sorceress, that sat
> Fast by Hell-gate."

It were needless to multiply instances; such as the beautiful pictures of the Hours, the Graces, the rosy-fingered Aurora, and many others. It is more agreeable to the student to discover them for himself; just as the traveller, who views the magnificent ruins of an ancient city, is more elated if he comes upon them unexpectedly. What we would say is this: the personifications of Homer are generally more fresh and vivid than those of the later poets. This may be owing partly to the imagination of the poet himself; and partly to the age in which he lived. The morning had just dawned upon him. He wandered abroad when everything was green, and sparkling with dew-drops. Many a delicate flower, in sweetness and beauty, opened before him, and many a leaf was set with diamonds which a fiercer sun would dry up at noon. He had, then, only to stretch forth his hand and gather what lay in his path.

These remarks upon the Iliad, to which we have been almost unconsciously led, might be extended indefinitely. We are aware, that they will convey the most imperfect idea of those brilliant scenes, which rise up to the view in rapid succession and endless

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[1] Il. 19. 259.——Ἐριννύες, αἵθ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν
Ἀνθρώπους τίνυνται. — The doctrine of a future retribution, is not merely hinted at in this passage.

variety. Even the most elaborate and the most successful description of them, like a graphic account of Athens or of Memphis, could accomplish little more than to incite a desire in the reader to view them for himself. And this, in the case of Homer at least, would be precisely what we could wish. It is a book which deserves to be read, and to be studied, far beyond the attention which it receives; and we are glad that the facilities for understanding it are now so greatly multiplied.[1]

ARTICLE VI.

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY IN RELATION TO THE FUTURE CONDITION OF THE JEWS.

By Rev. Luther F. Dimmick, Newburyport, Mass.

The future condition of the Jews, is a subject which has received, from various sources, no small attention. The subject is worthy of attention. It is worthy of attention, for its own sake. Every branch of truth, and every department of the divine operations, has in it something to repay investigation. The connection of this subject with other themes, imparts to it a still higher interest. The right understanding of it will lead to some views of essential importance, in regard to the general character of the religion of the Bible; besides which, some lessons of practical duty will grow out of it. The Jews have been a people greatly distinguished.[2] Their origin was remarkable,—Abraham, the fa-

[1] We should not omit to mention, in this place, Mr. Owen's excellent edition of the Odyssey. With the flattering notices of it which have already appeared, we fully concur. The editor understands the wants of the student, and possesses much skill in meeting them. His work deserves and will receive the thanks of many who read the story of the much-wandering Odysseus.

[2] The early designation of the people was, "Israel," "children of Israel," derived from Jacob their father, who obtained the surname of *Israel*, at the remarkable scene of Penuel, when he obtained a signal answer to prayer, (Gen. 32: 24—30). Subsequently, after the division of the tribes, the two branches of the nation were Judah and Israel, Judah being the principal tribe of the division to which it belonged. At length, Israel being removed, and Judah, or the branch passing under that name, being the part that remained, and with which the Christian world has had the most connection, we use this term, *Jews*, sometimes, though rather improperly, as including the whole people.