and experience can suggest, to extort a damaging admission and procure a conviction. All respect for the law and the court must vanish, and the criminal, instead of acknowledging the justice of his punishment, must only become more hardened.

When the case is submitted to the jury, they decide by a majority. Should the division be seven to five, the members of the court must also deliberate upon the questions of fact, and are polled, and their vote is added to that of the jury, the decision being that of their united voices. The verdict of the jury may thus be overruled by the votes of the court joined to the minority. The court may also, on their own motion, set aside a verdict which is plainly wrong; and their act is final. Abundant privilege of appeal to higher courts is given to review questions of law.

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ART. IV. — 1. *On translating Homer. Three Lectures given at Oxford.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD, M. A., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and formerly Fellow of Oriel College. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1861. 12mo. pp. 104.

2. *Versiones Homeri Anglicæ inter se Comparatæ.* Scripsit DAVID GEORGIUS PENON, Doctor Philosophiæ. Bonnæ: apud Adolphum Marcum. 1861. pp. 60.

THE scholar who reads Homer's Iliad continuously through, with a sufficient knowledge of the language to understand what he reads without stopping to translate, and with an ear sufficiently trained to the hexameter movement to recognize and note its stately march without hesitation, will receive very different impressions from those of the critic who searches for false readings, interpolated passages, and variety of authorship. The first thing that would strike him is the close connection of the different parts of the story. It commences at one of the principal turning-points in the fortunes of the war. The quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon is introduced by a brief and rapid narration of the circumstances that led to it, in the most natural manner. While Achilles sulks in his tent, the lesser heroes come forward in turn, and are overmatched in the field by the chieftains of Troy. Agamemnon, Menelaus, Diomedes, and Ajax, after performing surprising deeds of valor, are beaten back, wearied and wounded, with their disheartened men flying, panic-stricken, to the protection of the trench, the wall, and the ships. Patroclus, the bosom friend of Achilles, is allowed to sally forth, clothed in the hero's armor; but at length he meets his doom at the hand of Hector, who, stripping the arms of Achilles from his dead body, fills the Greeks with increasing terror. The death of his friend furnishes to Achilles a sufficient reason for the renunciation of his anger. His mother, the goddess Thetis, procures from Vulcan's forge new and wonderful arms. He resolves on instant action; his reappearance upon the scene puts an end to the triumphs of the Trojans, and we feel that the fate of Hector is sealed. The Trojan leader falls, and his lifeless body is dragged to the Grecian camp, only to be redeemed by the supplications of his aged father, and the poem closes, simply, grandly, and impressively, with the funeral rites of him who was the darling of the city.

These are the leading points in the tale of Troy divine. They occupy a period of between forty and fifty days, selected with consummate tact from the numerous legends and ballad-incidents which had been worked up by previous poets, and which were now reshaped, inspired with new life, and exquisitely adjusted to the great epic plan. These leading points, as the scholar, reading in the manner we have described, inevitably feels, follow one another in a natural order, depend upon one another, and are closely related to one another, each being sufficiently explained, and all absolutely necessary to the completeness of the epic conception. No modern work of poetry or fiction is so perfectly planned as this. The subordinate events are equally natural, and are selected with the same clearness of insight and correctness of judgment, and each finds its place as clearly assigned to it as the parts of an Ionic or Doric temple.

The next thing that would strike a scholar is the perfection in the developing of the characters, and the wonderful skill the great artist has shown — a skill unsurpassed even by Shakespeare — in maintaining them consistently through every variety of situation and action. Homer never draws a character; he makes his heroes speak and act, and it is from their words and deeds that we are made to know them, as we know the men and women of real life. Multitudes of inferior personages come and go, saying and doing more or less; and, however little we see of them, they seem to us real creatures of flesh and blood. But the heroes of foremost rank — Agamemnon, Menelaus, Diomedes, Ajax, Ulysses, Nestor, and that greatest of all the heroic creations of epic poetry, Achilles — move before us, each from the beginning perfectly individualized, and each requiring many and various actions in the field and positions in council to display all his characteristic traits, and to make us intimately acquainted with the full circle of his personal qualities. To pass over the others for a moment, let us look at Achilles. This hero had doubtless figured in the earlier rhapsodies of the singers as a doughty fighter, and but little more, like the champions in the old Spanish or German ballads. But when the singer of the Iliad introduced him into his epic scheme, he unfolded from the simple ballad-conception a character of the most wonderful strength and variety of heroic qualities. Achilles is the strongest of the strong and the bravest of the brave. He is generous, but easily roused to anger by falsehood or injustice, and when roused he gives vent to his indignant feelings in unmeasured language of reproach and defiance. But he has a capacity for warm and devoted love, equal to any sacrifice, even that of life itself, in giving it expression. He loves the captive Briseis, whom Agamemnon has ruthlessly taken away. His love for Patroclus is manifested in their daily life, and by tears and lamentations over him after he has fallen. It persuades him to renounce his wrath, and to resume the war, though he knows it will cost him his life. Drying his tears, he summons back the fiercer passions, and deals death on all sides around him. Having slain Hector, he goes to the very verge of brutality in maltreating his fallen foe, but stops short of what in the height of his anger he had intended to do. The spectacle of the gray-headed Priam falling at his knees and supplicating for the body of his son calls out again the latent tenderness of his heart. All these successive situations are necessary to round out this consummate character, and to make it complete; and we do not fully know Achilles until we have seen him in them all. Violent passions are perfectly consistent with the most generous qualities, terrible vehemence with tender devotion. Crowning all appears a fearless love of truth, which he dares to utter at any moment, in any presence, at any hazard. And it tells something to the honor of the Grecian race, that it was their favorite hero, their glorious type of youthful strength, perfect beauty, and matchless valor, in whose mouth Homer placed the immortal words,—

> "Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
> My soul abhors him as the gates of hell."

And not only is the Homeric Achilles the favorite model of all that is noble in the youthful hero, but the artists tried their best to embody the conception of Homer in visible forms. The head of Achilles in the famous picture found at Pompeii, representing the departure of Briseis from his tent, is the noblest work of painting that has come down to us from antiquity. Every visitor to the Museo Borbonico in Naples will be arrested by its superb and fiery beauty, and will confess that the poet found in the artist a worthy interpreter; and every student of Pompeian antiquities will remember the exquisite engraving of this head in Sir William Gell's Pompeiana.

The next impression that our scholar will receive is that of the uniform perfection of the rhythm. It flows on as if it were a product of nature,—as easily, as inevitably as the breeze moves over the face of the earth, or the stream flows through the changing landscape into the boundless sea; and it is as various in its progress as the wind or the wave. At one moment it moves soft and gentle; at another, it echoes the roar of the torrent or the many-sounding waves of the sea; at another, the howling storm that tears the sails to tatters, and then the foaming breakers that cast their spray over jutting headlands, or the swelling purple of the distant deep. The moonlit night, and the rising sun, and the shadowy approach of evening, — the rush of battle, the clang of bows, the flight of arrows, the clashing of arms over the bodies of fallen heroes, — find in this singularly varying rhythm the most subtile and delicate adaptations, not only of sound to sense, but of motion to imagery, passion, and thought. Every line is complete, and every word is selected with unerring precision, and is the word that is wanted. The placing of the words, too, is refined and artful in the highest degree, and it is impossible to change the order without marring the rhetorical as well as the rhythmical effect. You might as well alter the proportions of the Parthenon or the Niké Apteros. Any competent judge may convince himself of this by reading a dozen lines aloud. How did this consummate mastery come about? What sort of person was Homer? He says nothing of himself, and in saying nothing he says all. He was a man of eagle glance, beholding everything and forgetting nothing; his health was robust, while his organization was delicate, and open to vivid impressions from every aspect of nature and every act and aspect of man. He had travelled along the shores of the Ægean Sea, and over the lands of Greece; he had visited the Cyclades and Sporades, and the Western Isles as far as Corcyra; he knew Phœnicia well, and had probably sailed up the Nile. He was familiar with the horse and the dog; he could guide the car, and work the ship, in which he knew every rope, and all the arrangements from stem to stern. Forest and tillage he had looked upon with loving eye, and perhaps had ploughed the field and felled the tree. All the arts of war and peace were within the compass of his minute and practical knowledge. Added to these was a purity of thought so remarkable, that, with the exception of two or three short passages, the whole of both his poems may be read aloud to the most refined assembly of men and women; and these exceptional passages are not vicious and prurient, but only plainer than the decorum of modern manners allows public speech to be.

With all these substantial resources under his perfect control, he wrought upon his subject, using them with unerring taste. But he wrought again and again, year in and year out, removing every fault, correcting every imperfection, binding the parts closer and closer together, giving new touches to every character, fresh meaning to every line, and increased force to every construction, until the marvellous work was as nearly perfect as human genius in its happiest hours and deepest studies could make it.

Our scholar, reading in the manner we have described, will have yet another impression. He will see that similar excellences occur at distant intervals. The noblest passages in Homer are those which deal with the tender affections and pathetic emotions; and of these the most remarkable are the meeting and parting of Hector and Andromache; the lament over Patroclus; the prayer of Priam for the restoration of Hector's body; the lament over Hector as he is brought back to the city; and the funeral rites performed in his honor. Of these five passages, two are of unapproachable excellence, — the scene between Hector and Andromache, and the visit of Priam to the tent of Achilles. It is not easy to decide which of these two immortal passages is entitled to the foremost rank of all poetry. We incline to give the pre-eminence to the interview between Priam and Achilles; and yet we know of nothing out of Homer equal to the parting. Now these passages are very different, but wrought with the same power, truth, and depth of feeling; the same completeness of expression; the same unflagging sympathy; the same heart as well as head; the same rhythmical perfection of adaptation to the varying moods of passion and emotion. They belong to widely separated portions of the Iliad, and bind them together by similarity of interest, identity of power over the heart, and the closest resemblance in the mastery of the poetic art. Such was the man Homer, and such are his works. To the scholar, reading in the manner we have described, there is no dividing of the authorship, there is no resolving of the personality possible.

These brief and rapid remarks are preliminary to a few observations we propose to make on the little work of Mr. Arnold. The subject of translating Homer is a most attractive one to a scholar, and Mr. Arnold has handled it not only with learning, but with taste and good sense. His remarks and criticisms upon the genius, the language, and the manner of Homer are founded upon careful study, and are marked by a just appreciation of the solid qualities of the old Ionian. He says truly at the outset, that the poetry of Homer is "the most important poetical monument existing." The following passage contains some of the author's advice to the translator: —

> "First of all, there are certain negative counsels which I will give him. Homer has occupied men's minds so much, such a literature has arisen about him, that every one who approaches him should resolve strictly to limit himself to that which may directly serve the object for which he approaches him. I advise the translator to have nothing to do with the questions, whether Homer ever existed; whether the poet of the Iliad be one or many; whether the Iliad be one poem or an Achilleis and an Iliad stuck together; whether the Christian doctrine of the Atonement is shadowed forth in the Homeric mythology; whether the Goddess Latona in any way prefigures the Virgin Mary, and so on. These are questions which have been discussed with learning, with ingenuity, nay, with genius; but they have two inconveniences; one general for all who approach them, one particular for the translator. The general inconvenience is, that there really exist no data for determining them. The particular inconvenience is, that their solution by the translator, even were it possible, could be of no benefit to his translation.
>
> "I advise him, again, not to trouble himself with constructing a special vocabulary for his use in translation; with excluding a certain class of English words, and with confining himself to another class, in obedience to any theory about the peculiar qualities of Homer's style.

. . . . .

> "The frame of mind in which we approach an author influences our correctness of appreciation of him; and Homer should be approached by a translator in the simplest frame of mind possible. Modern sentiment tries to make the ancient not less than the modern world its own; but against modern sentiment in its applications to Homer, the translator, if he would feel Homer truly, — and unless he feels him truly, how can he render him truly? — cannot be too much on his guard. For example: the writer of an interesting article on English translations of Homer, in the last number of the National Review, quotes, I see, with admiration, a criticism of Mr. Ruskin on the use of the epithet φυσίζοος, 'life-giving,' in that beautiful passage, in the third book of the Iliad, which follows Helen's mention of her brothers Castor and Pollux as alive, though they were in truth dead: —

> ὣς φάτο· τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
> ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.*

'The poet,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'has to speak of the earth in sadness; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still, — fruitful, life-giving.' This is just a specimen of that sort of application of modern sentiment to the ancients against which a student, who wishes to feel the ancients truly, cannot too resolutely defend himself. It reminds one, as, alas! so much of Mr. Ruskin's writing reminds one, of those words of the most delicate of living critics: 'Comme tout genre de composition a son écueil particulier, *celui du genre romanesque c'est le faux.*' The reader may feel moved as he reads it; but it is not the less an example of 'le faux' in criticism; it is false. It is not true, as to that particular passage, that Homer called the earth φυσίζοος because, 'though he had to speak of the earth in sadness, he would not let that sadness change or affect his thought of it,' but consoled himself by considering that 'the earth is our mother still, — fruitful, life-giving.' It is not true, as a matter of general criticism, that this kind of sentimentality, eminently modern, inspires Homer at all. 'From Homer and Polygnotus I every day learn more clearly,' says Goethe, 'that in our life here above ground we have, properly speaking, to enact hell';† — if the student must absolutely have a key-note to the Iliad, let him take this of Goethe, and see what he can do with it; it will not, at any rate, like the tender pantheism of Mr. Ruskin, falsify for him the whole strain of Homer.

"These are negative counsels; I come to the positive. When I say, the translator of Homer should above all be penetrated by a sense of four qualities of his author: — that he is eminently rapid; that he is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words; that he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas; and, finally, that he is eminently noble; — I probably seem to be saying what is too general to be of much service to anybody." — pp. 5 - 10.

Homer stands at the head of the European culture, not only in point of time, but in point of excellence. Four or five poets only constitute the first class in all literature, and highest in that class, by the universal consent of the civilized world, rises the author of the Iliad and Odyssey. We say the author, and not the authors, because the fantastic theory so prevalent a few years ago is exploded on critical grounds, besides those we have above suggested, never again to be revived by any scholar of sound and disposing mind. We are glad to see that Mr. Arnold assumes the unity of authorship as scarcely admitting a question.

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* Iliad, III. 243.

† Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe, VI. 230.

No doubt the Iliad and Odyssey were preceded by shorter poems or lays, resembling in their general character the modern ballads; but when German literary scepticism undertook to show that the Iliad and Odyssey were nothing more than a series of such ballads, produced by a hundred nameless bards, and put together centuries afterward by the critics of a more literary age, the task they took upon themselves was as absurd and impossible of execution, as it would be to prove that the Apollo Belvedere and the Medicean Venus were moulded into their present forms of perfect harmony and loveliness by the fortuitous concurrence of marble atoms.

It was a most happy circumstance that European literature commenced under the controlling influence of such a master. We know Homer, as we have already said, not through the vague traditions that have gathered round his name, but by his works alone. We know that he was an Ionian Greek; we know that he was endowed with the richest gifts of sense, intellect, and heart; we know that he lived in the midst of the loveliest scenes in nature, both by land and sea; and we know that his high faculties were in perfect harmony with the fresh and beautiful world that surrounded him. Further than this, we know that he had a language of wonderful compass, power, and flexibility at his supreme command. He had also the heroic traditions of great ancestors for the theme of his song, and susceptible and enthusiastic audiences to listen whenever he appeared before festal assemblies or in princes' halls. He was personally familiar with every aspect of nature and every form of human life, and every kind of knowledge possessed by men in that primitive but highly intellectual age. His power of poetical representation was never at fault. His taste was not perverted by the affectations of artificial society, or the whims of secluded scholarship. Addressing himself to living men, he could not be far-fetched or obscure in his expression. His hearers were eager listeners to the incidents of his story, and he could not be slow or dull. He lived an out-of-door life, and therefore his brain was clear; and his imagination, while brilliant and effective, was subdued to a certain temperance by the controlling presence of truth and of visible forms. And so it happened that this great genius created the epic poem, and in creating it gave to the world the two poetical monuments which in their way have never been equalled.

Many attempts have been made to translate the Iliad and Odyssey into the modern languages; but all of them have been failures to a greater or less extent, because it is difficult to translate the ancient world in which Homer lived and moved by a modern representation of it. For the most part, even scholars cannot wholly realize to themselves the primitive classical ages. To appreciate them even imperfectly is the work of study and culture, and the impressions thus gained are like those made by a description of an historical scene as compared with actually witnessing it. In the next place, no modern language has a poetical measure that fairly represents the Homeric hexameter, — a measure which, for variety, flexibility, and flow, is beyond all question the highest achievement of poetical art. No ballad-measure, as Mr. Arnold conclusively shows, can give any adequate idea of the energy, majesty, and sweetness of this wonderful organ. Attempts have been made to write English hexameters; the Germans, since the time of Klopstock and Voss, have used the hexameter familiarly, and the modern Greeks have lately endeavored to reproduce it in their present language. But all modern hexameters are constructed according to accent, and not according to quantity, whereas quantity in the ancient hexameter was the essential element, without which no such thing as measure existed. There is between accent and quantity the same difference that there is between saying and singing. The most that can be urged in behalf of the modern hexameter is, that it produces an effect analogous to that of the ancient. Even upon the principle of accent, it is impossible to combine dactyls and spondees in such a manner as to give anything equal to the variety of the ancient metre. We have not in the modern hexameters series of dactyls and spondees, but only — to use the language of metrical science — logaœdic dactyls, just as the anapestic measures into which modern languages naturally run are all series of logaœdic anapests. And yet we agree with Arnold in thinking it very desirable that the Iliad and Odyssey should be translated into English hexameter.

The English translators of Homer best known in literature are, of course, Pope and Cowper. None of their successors have yet attained the same celebrity. Pope's translation is in the English heroic couplet, and Cowper's in ten-syllable blank verse. Sotheby has endeavored to add to the heroic couplet the verbal fidelity of Cowper. A translation of the Iliad was made by the late Mr. Munford of Virginia in blank verse, which is generally excellent, and in passages superior to Pope, Cowper, and Sotheby. This translation appears to be unknown to Mr. Arnold, but it is worthy of a more extended recognition than it has yet received in English literature. In a former number of this journal, we gave an account of Mr. Munford and his literary labors, comparing his translation of the Iliad with those of the other writers we have mentioned.* Mr. Arnold discusses the merits also of two new translations; one by Professor Newman, and the other by Mr. Wright, known favorably as the translator of Dante. Dr. Maginn, an eccentric but very able man, furnished to Fraser's Magazine a series of passages from Homer, rendered in several ballad metres. These, for the most part, are ably executed; but nothing can show more completely the fallacy of the ballad theory to which we have alluded, than the evident unfitness of any one of these measures for a translation of any considerable portion of the Iliad or Odyssey. The result of the experiment of Dr. Maginn amounts to just this, that several short passages of these epics contain subjects which may, by themselves, be treated in the ballad manner; but taken out of their connection, and handled in this way, they become ballads, and cease to be epic fragments of Homer. There is the same difference between these ballads of Dr. Maginn and Homer's

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* North American Review, Vol. LXIII. pp. 149-165.

Iliad and Odyssey, that there would be between a waltz founded upon an air taken from a sonata of Beethoven and the original work of that great musical composer.

Mr. Arnold points out with admirable skill the faults of these translators, and the defects of the metres they have adopted. It is singular that Mr. Newman has taken the measure of the modern Greek Klephtic ballad, and has furnished another illustration how inadequate any ballad measure is to represent the Homeric hexameter. In the Klephtic ballad it is very effective, as in that singularly beautiful one called "Charon and the Ghosts," or in "Olympus and Kissavos," or "Tsamados," or "Constantine and Arete." But the modern Greeks have no epic poem, although Mr. Newman calls this their epic measure, and it is doubtful whether, if a great epic genius should arise in the land of Homer, he would adopt this measure, familiar as it is to the nameless ballad-singers of Olympus, Parnassus, and Agrapha. Mr. Arnold pronounces in favor of the English hexameter, which has been tried by several able scholars already to some extent. The first and twenty-fourth books of the Iliad have been translated in this measure by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine; another writer, some time ago, published six books; Dr. Hawtrey, the Provost of Eton, has tried his hand in rendering two noble passages of the Iliad in this measure; and Mr. Arnold himself gives us some specimens of his own skill.* These tasks are executed with various degrees of skill. They are all well done, but they all read like tasks which able scholars have resolutely set themselves to perform, without the continued, spontaneous flow of Homer, which sways this way and that, as freely as the waves of the Ægean Sea. Some of the lines move easily enough; but there are no ten lines together which we could read aloud without making a wry face at one of them. The sixth line of Mr. Arnold's model passage is as follows: —

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* The modern Greeks themselves, who have lost the musical element of quantity, have attempted accentual hexameters, both in original poems and in translations of Homer. Professor Rangabe, one of the ablest Athenian scholars of the present day, has introduced accented hexameters in the tragedy of *Φροσύνη*, and Professor Orphanides has written in the same verse a successful prize poem, entitled "Anna and Phloros, or the Tower of Petra." In his Preface he warmly praises Mr. Rangabe's attempts to revive this "immortal measure."

> "For than man, indeed, there breathes no wretcheder creature."

In the most pathetic passage in the interview between Hector and Andromache, we have such lines as

> "It will come when sacred Troy shall go to destruction."
>
> "And yet not that grief, which then will be, of the Trojans."

And the speech closes with the two following lines : —

> "But let me be dead, and the earth be mounded above me,
> Ere I hear thy cries, and thy captivity told of."

In giving a prose translation of another passage, Mr. Arnold uses the word "munching" as the equivalent of the Greek ἐρεπτόμενοι, used by Homer in describing the horses eating their white barley and rye. This is inconsistent with his own canon upon the uniform nobleness of Homer's language even in the plainest passages ; to munch being not only plain, but ludicrous, as we see in Shakespeare's witches.*

With most of Mr. Arnold's remarks we heartily agree ; but we think he goes too far in rejecting or modifying the Homeric epithets, which form a very characteristic feature of the Homeric style. It is no sufficient objection to their use to say, that they would strike a mere English reader as singular, since they are always happily descriptive of the objects to which they are applied. For instance, he says : "Instead of rendering Θέτι τανύπεπλε by Mr. Newman's 'Thetis trailing-robed,' which brings to one's mind long petticoats sweeping a dirty pavement, the translator must render the Greek by English words, which come as naturally to us as Milton's words when he says,

> 'Let gorgeous Tragedy with sceptred pall come sweeping by.'"

We object to this remark, because Mr. Newman's epithet, "trailing-robed," is a true version of the original, and reminds us, not of "long petticoats sweeping a dirty pavement," but of the gracefully flowing robes of the Wingless Victory at Athens, and many of the ancient statues which fill the British Museum and the Vatican, and with which cultivated English people, such as will read a translation of Homer, must be supposed to be familiar. These very epithets of Homer, which Mr. Arnold would suppress or alter, furnished to the Greek sculptors the hints and suggestions for those works which are the unapproachable models of grace and beauty.

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* "1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched."

It is but fair, after these criticisms, to give an entire passage of Mr. Arnold's hexameters. It shall be Hector's reply to Andromache, who has besought him to remain in the city and defend the walls: —

> "Woman, I too take thought for this; but then I bethink me
> What the Trojan men and Trojan women might murmur,
> If like a coward I skulked behind, apart from the battle.
> Nor would my own heart let me; my heart, which has bid me be valiant
> Always, and always fighting among the first of the Trojans,
> Busy for Priam's fame and my own, in spite of the future.
> For that day will come, my soul is assured of its coming,
> It will come, when sacred Troy shall go to destruction,
> Troy, and warlike Priam too, and the people of Priam.
> And yet not that grief, which then will be, of the Trojans,
> Moves me so much — not Hecuba's grief, nor Priam my father's,
> Nor my brethren's, many and brave, who then will be lying
> In the bloody dust, beneath the feet of their foemen —
> As thy grief, when, in tears, some brazen-coated Achaian
> Shall transport thee away, and the day of thy freedom be ended.
> Then, perhaps, thou shalt work at the loom of another, in Argos,
> Or bear pails to the well of Messeïs, or Hypereia,
> Sorely against thy will, by strong Necessity's order.
> And some man may say, as he looks and sees thy tears falling:
> *See, the wife of Hector, that great pre-eminent captain*
> *Of the horsemen of Troy, in the day they fought for their city.*
> So some man will say; and then thy grief will redouble
> At thy want of a man like me, to save thee from bondage.
> But let me be dead, and the earth be mounded above me,
> Ere I hear thy cries, and thy captivity told of." — pp. 97, 98.

Now let us give our own idea of the qualifications indispensable to a translator of Homer.

The translator of Homer, in the first place, must be thoroughly familiar with every word of the original. He must have studied the whole until its nobleness and grandeur have become a part of his intellectual being; and then — a qualification to which Mr. Arnold nowhere alludes — he should have studied with equal thoroughness the nature in the midst of which Homer lived, and from which he drew his inspiration;

He should have travelled over the mountains and through the valleys of Greece, sailed along the shores and among the islands of the Ægean Sea, watched the sparkling play of the waters curling around the headlands of Asia Minor, listened to the multitudinous sweep of the "boundless Hellespont" up the sandy beaches of ancient Troy. He should have seen the mounds of ancient heroes, which still stand like warders along the coast, and bear silent witness to the truth of the ancient poet. He should have looked from the roadstead where lay the Grecian fleet, over Imbros, to the heights of Samothrace, whence Neptune saw the ships and shore. He should have sailed, like Ulysses, round Cape Malea, and been driven by waves and currents far outside of Cythera, while striving to thread the narrow passage between the chosen seat of Aphrodite and the mainland of Southern Greece. He should have seen the sun rising above Gargarus and Ida, and striking the Trojan fields, and night after night should have watched the stars as they shine conspicuous around the moon, the woods and the forelands coming into their light, and the "unspeakable ether" opening its depths, while the shepherd rejoices in his heart. He should have seen the mountain torrent swollen by sudden rain, and sweeping all before it. He should have seen the deep harvest swaying under the zephyr. And having studied this natural and living commentary upon the poems of Homer, having thoroughly imbued his spirit with the coloring of those classic scenes, and having mastered all the knowledge that was in the mind of Homer, he will then be convinced that an adequate translation of Homer into any modern tongue is, if not an impossibility, one of the highest and most difficult literary tasks that still remain unperformed.

The essay by Dr. Penon reached us after the preceding pages were written. It is a scholarly and able contribution, showing not only familiarity with Homer, but an unusual knowledge of the English language and literature. Dr. Penon limits himself, however, to the examination of three of the English translations, those of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper, giving only a passing notice of Hall, Hobbes, and Ogilby, and taking no notice at all of Sotheby and Munford. He opens the discussion with brief accounts of the lives of the three great poets, and very judicious estimates of their poetical characters and their position in English literature; and then he institutes a series of interesting and instructive comparisons, by citing some of the most celebrated passages, in the original and as rendered by these translators. For the most part his criticism is excellent, especially for a foreigner; but in a few instances, whether owing to this or some other circumstance we cannot tell, we must hold him to be in error. We think he exaggerates the merits of Chapman's version, both as a poem and as a representation of the original. The comments of Mr. Arnold, in our judgment, come much nearer the truth. For example, Dr. Penon says of Chapman's translation of verse 116, Book XXIII.: "Qui quam vere rem ipsam depingat neminem profecto fugit, aptissime sic reddit:

> 'Up hill, and down hill, overthwarts, and break-neck cliffs they passed.'"

It is true that the original is a good instance of the *onomatopoesis Homerica*. But what is the poet describing? Agamemnon has sent mules and men up the heights of Ida, to bring wood for the funeral pyre of Patroclus. They hastened to their task in various directions, mounting the slopes, descending into ravines, following the paths that wound round among the forests, rocks, and slopes. All this the line expresses:

> Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

*And they went through many places, uphill, downhill, sideways, and winding ways.* There is nothing break-neck about the work. When they reached the proper places, they proceeded to cut down the "high-branching oaks," which crashed as they fell; and the mules dragged them down to the shore, where Achilles designed a great cairn for Patroclus.

Dr. Penon cites Agamemnon's address to the priest, Chryses, in the first book, of which he says: "Unum Chapmanum hoc loco satisfecisse puto"; and selects for special commendation the English word *dotard*, as an exact equivalent for *γέρον*, "quippe in quo notio ironiæ cujusdam et derisionis insit." We doubt much whether the word has any touch of irony and derision. The speech is an angry and threatening one; but the passion of the speaker is in the tenor of the address, and is not embodied in the *γέρον*, which merely means *old man*, or *graybeard*, and is applied very often by Homer in the most respectful manner to Nestor, Priam, and other ancient sages and counsellors. Six lines only after that in question, where the poet resumes his narrative, the same word, applied to the same person, occurs again :

ὣς ἔφατ᾽ · ἔδδεισεν δ᾽ ὁ γέρων, καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ.

Suppose we translate it in the same way :

" So he spoke : and the *dotard* feared, and obeyed the word."

The impropriety of the rendering is at once obvious.

In speaking of the metres selected by the translators, Dr. Penon says : —

> " Ac profecto cum omnino *lingua Anglica ita comparata sit*, *ut hexametrum Homericum nullo modo admittat*, illud metrum quod Chapmanus ad vertendam Iliadem sibi elegit, proxime accedit ad hexametrum, multoque magis huic conveniens est quam versus iambici quinque ex pedibus constantes quos in vertenda Odyssea adhibuit."

The writer says nothing of any of the attempts at English hexameters, some of which, with the qualifications we have made in our previous remarks, are very successful. The descent of Apollo, in the first book of the Iliad, as rendered by the writer in Blackwood ; the speech of Priam in the tent of Achilles, by the same translator, in the twenty-fourth book ; the passage rendered by Dr. Hawtrey, which is quoted by Mr. Arnold ; and the opening and the closing lines of Longfellow's Evangeline, — are a sufficient refutation of Dr. Penon's dogmatic assertion that the English language is incapable of the hexameter.

The failure of Pope to reproduce the fidelity of Homer to nature, and especially to the grand and beautiful forms of nature upon the islands and shores of the Ægean Sea and the Grecian mainland, is not touched upon by the accomplished critic whose work we are considering. This fidelity is what Wood calls the " original genius " of Homer. It is the source of perpetual delight to him who reads the Iliad and the Odyssey in the midst of those classic and immortal scenes ; and the want of it is one of the chief faults of Pope's version. Homer's poetry is eminently out-of-door poetry. It was composed under the free air of heaven. Woodlands and cornfields, mountains and valleys and torrents, sun, moon, and stars, were the poet's companions. Pope was a man of the study, of sickly frame and finical habits, unable to bear fatigue. He never harnessed a horse or pulled an oar. He knew nothing of the sea, except from books. He had never sailed over it, or bathed in it, or watched its multitudinous waves sweeping against a headland, or its changing colors under the morning or evening sky. With all his delicate genius, his sense of harmony, his command of polished versification, there was still a lack of several prime requisites in the translator of Homer, such as we have enumerated in our ideal of that still missing character.

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ART. V. — 1. *Singularités Historiques et Littéraires.* Par B. HAURÉAU. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1861. 12mo.
2. *Scot Erigène et la Philosophie Scholastique.* Par M. SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER. Strasbourg et Paris. 8vo.
3. *Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge.* (Vol. IV. of Archbishop Usher's Complete Works. Dublin. 1847. 8vo.)
4. *Acta Sanctorum veteris et majoris Scotiæ, seu Hiberniæ Sanctorum Insulæ.* A. Joann. Colgan. Lovanii. 1645. Folio.

WE were ransacking a package of French books, just landed from the steamer, when we discovered, snugly ensconced under the posthumous works of poor Bordas-Demoulin, a small unpretending duodecimo bearing the initials of Barthelmy Hauréau. That name, so eminent in the annals of modern erudition, the cognomen of one whose learning is so deep and extensive that he has been called "the last of the Benedictines," was sufficient of itself to command our attention, to the exclusion of all the rest. Judging from the title and appearance, a casual observer would have decided the volume to be simply one of the many blue-covered novels, or light essays, which the Brothers Lévy are daily adding to their