

**HOMERIC TRANSLATION  
IN THEORY AND PRACTICE:  
A REPLY TO MATTHEW ARNOLD, ESQ.,  
PROFESSOR OF POETRY, OXFORD.**

**FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, 1861.**

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# HOMERIC TRANSLATION

IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A REPLY

TO

MATTHEW ARNOLD, ESQ.,

PROFESSOR OF POETRY, OXFORD.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN,

A TRANSLATOR OF THE ILIAD.

1861.

## HOMERIC TRANSLATION.

IT is so difficult, amid the press of literature, for a mere versifier and translator to gain notice at all, that an assailant may even do one a service, if he so conduct his assault as to enable the reader to sit in intelligent judgment on the merits of the book assailed. But when the critic deals out to the readers only so much knowledge as may propagate his own contempt of the book, he has undoubtedly immense power to dissuade them from wishing to open it. Mr. Arnold writes as openly aiming at this end. He begins by complimenting me, as "a man of great ability and genuine learning;" but on questions of learning, as well as of taste, he puts me down as bluntly, as if he had meant, "a man totally void both of learning and of sagacity." He again and again takes for granted that he has "the scholar" on his side, "the living scholar," the man who has learning and taste without pedantry. He bids me please "the scholars," and go to "the scholars' tri-

bunal;” and does not know that I did this, to the extent of my opportunity, before committing myself to a laborious, expensive and perhaps thankless task, Of course he cannot guess, what is the fact, that scholars of fastidious refinement, but of a judgment which I think far more masculine than Mr. Arnold’s, have passed a most encouraging sentence on large specimens of my translation. I at this moment count eight such names, though of course I must not here adduce them: nor will I further allude to it, than to say, that I have no such sense either of pride or of despondency, as those are liable to, who are consciously isolated in their taste.

Scholars are the tribunal of Erudition, but of Taste the educated but unlearned public is the only rightful judge; and to it I wish to appeal. Even scholars collectively have no right, and much less have single scholars, to pronounce a final sentence on questions of taste in their court. Where I differ in Taste from Mr. Arnold, it is very difficult to find “the scholars’ tribunal,” even if I acknowledged its absolute jurisdiction: but as regards Erudition, this difficulty does not occur, and I shall fully reply to the numerous dogmatisms by which he settles the case against me.

But I must first avow to the reader my own moderate pretensions. Mr. Arnold begins by instilling two errors which he does not commit himself to as-

sert. He says that my work will *not* take rank as *the* standard translation of Homer, but *other translations will be made*:—as if I thought otherwise! If I have set the example of the right direction in which translators ought to aim, of course those who follow me will improve upon me and supersede me. A man would be rash indeed to withhold his version of a poem of fifteen thousand lines, until he had, to his best ability, imparted to them all their final perfection. He might spend the leisure of his life upon it. He would possibly be in his grave before it could see the light. If it then were published, and it was founded on any new principle, there would be no one to defend it from the attacks of ignorance and prejudice. In the nature of the case, his wisdom is to elaborate in the first instance all the high and noble parts *carefully*, and get through the inferior parts *somehow*; leaving of necessity very much to be done in successive editions, if possibly it please general taste sufficiently to reach them. A generous and intelligent critic will test such a work mainly or solely by the most noble parts, and as to the rest, will consider whether the metre and style adapts itself naturally to them also.

Next, Mr. Arnold asks, “Who is to assure Mr. Newman, that when he has tried to retain every peculiarity of his original, he has done that for

“which Mr. Newman enjoins this to be done,—adhered closely to Homer’s manner and habit of thought? Evidently the translator needs more “practical directions than these.” The tendency of this is, to suggest to the reader that I am not aware of the difficulty of rightly applying good principles; whereas I have in this very connection said expressly, that even when a translator has got right principles, he is liable to go wrong in the detail of their application. This is as true of all the principles which Mr. Arnold can possibly give, as of those which I have given; nor do I for a moment assume, that in writing fifteen thousand lines of verse I have not made hundreds of blots.

At the same time Mr. Arnold has overlooked the point of my remark. Nearly every translator before me has *knowingly, purposely, habitually* shrunk from Homer’s thoughts and Homer’s manner. The reader will afterwards see whether Mr. Arnold does not justify them in their course. It is not for those who are purposely unfaithful to taunt me with the difficulty of being truly faithful.

I have alleged, and, against Mr. Arnold’s flat denial, I deliberately repeat, that Homer rises and sinks with his subject, and is often homely or prosaic. I have professed as my principle, to follow my original in this matter. It is unfair to expect of me

grandeur in trivial passages. If in any place where Homer is *confessedly* grand and noble, I have marred and ruined his greatness, let me be reproved. But I shall have occasion to protest, that Stateliness is not Grandeur, Picturesqueness is not Stately, Wild Beauty is not to be confounded with Elegance: a Forest has its swamps and brushwood, as well as its tall trees.

The duty of one who *publishes* his censures on me is, to select noble, greatly admired passages, and confront me both with a prose translation of the original (for the public cannot go to the Greek) and also with that which he judges to be a more successful version than mine. Translation being matter of compromise, and being certain to fall below the original, when this is of the highest type of grandeur; the question is not, What translator is perfect? but, Who is least imperfect? Hence the only fair test is by comparison, when comparison is possible. But Mr. Arnold has not put me to this test. He has quoted two very short passages, and various single lines, half lines and single words, from me; and chooses to *tell* his readers that I ruin Homer's nobleness, when (if his censure is just) he might make them *feel* it by quoting me upon the most admired pieces. Now with the warmest sincerity I say,—If any English reader, after perusing my version of four or five emi-

nently noble passages of sufficient length, side by side with those of other translators, and (better still) with a prose version also, finds in them high qualities which I have destroyed; I am foremost to advise him to shut my book, or to consult it only (as Mr. Arnold suggests) as a schoolboy's "help to construe," if such it can be. My sole object is, to bring Homer before the unlearned public: I seek no self-glorification: the sooner I am superseded by a really better translation, the greater will be my pleasure.

It was not until I more closely read Mr. Arnold's own versions, that I understood how necessary is his repugnance to mine. I am unwilling to speak of his metrical efforts. I shall not say more than my argument strictly demands. It here suffices to state the simple fact, that for awhile I seriously doubted whether he meant his first specimen for metre at all. He seems distinctly to say, he is going to give us English Hexameters; but it was long before I could believe that he had written the following for that metre:—

So shone forth, in front of Troy, by the bed of Xanthus,  
 Between that and the ships, the Trojans' numerous fires.  
 In the plain there were kindled a thousand fires: by each one  
 There sate fifty men, in the ruddy light of the fire.  
 By their chariots stood the steeds, and champ'd the white  
     barley,  
 While their masters sate by the fire, and waited for Morning.

I sincerely thought, this was meant for prose; at length the two last lines opened my eyes. He *does* mean them for Hexameters! "Fire" (=feuer) with him is a spondee or trochee. The first line, I now see, begins with three (quantitative) spondees, and is meant to be spondaic in the fifth foot. "Bed of, Between, In the,"—are meant for spondees! So are "There sate," "By their;" though "Troy *by* the" was a dactyl. "Champ'd the white" is a dactyl.—My "metrical exploits" amaze Mr. Arnold (p. 22); but my courage is timidity itself compared to his.

His second specimen stands thus:—

And with pity the son of Saturn saw them bewailing,  
 And he shook his head, and thus address'd his own bosom:  
 Ah, unhappy pair! to Peleus why did we give you,  
 To a mortal? but ye are without old age and immortal.  
 Was it that ye with man, might have your thousands of sor-  
     rows?

For than man indeed there breathes no wretcheder creature,  
 Of all living things, that on earth are breathing and moving.

Upon his he apologizes for "To a," intended as a spondee in the fourth line, and "-dress'd his own" for a dactyl in the second; liberties which, he admits, go rather far, but "do not actually spoil the run of the hexameter." In a note, he attempts to palliate his deeds by recriminating on Homer, though he will not allow to me the same excuse. The accent (it seems) on the second syllable of αἰόλος makes it as

impure a dactyl to a Greek as “death-destin’d” is to us! Mr. Arnold’s erudition in Greek metres is very curious, if he can establish that they take any cognizance *at all* of the prose accent, or that αἰόλος is quantitatively more or less of a dactyl, according as the prose accent is on one or other syllable. His ear also must be of a very unusual kind, if it makes out that “death-destin’d” is anything but a downright Molossus. Write it *dethdestind*, as it is pronounced, and the eye, equally with the ear, decides it to be of the same type as the word *persistunt*.

In the lines just quoted, most readers will be slow to believe, that they have to place an impetus of the voice (an ictus metricus at least) on Bétween, In’ the, Thére sate, By’ their, A’nd with, A’nd he, Tó a, Fór than, O’f all. Here, in the course of thirteen lines, *composed as a specimen of style*, is found the same offence nine times repeated, to say nothing here of other deformities. Now contrast Mr. Arnold’s severity against me,\* p. 82: “It is a real fault when “Mr. Newman has:—

Infátuáte! óh that thou wért | lord to some other army—

“for here the reader is required, not for any special “advantage to himself, but *simply to save Mr. New-*

\* He attacks the same line also in p. 42; but I do not claim this as a mark, how free I am from the fault.

“*man trouble*, to place the accent on the insignificant “word *wert*, where it has *no business whatever*.” Thus to the flaw which Mr. Arnold admits nine times in thirteen pattern lines, he shows no mercy in me, who have toiled through fifteen thousand. Besides, on *wert* we are free at pleasure to place or not to place the accent; but in Mr. Arnold’s *Bétween*, *Tó a*, etc., it is impossible or offensive.

To avoid a needlessly personal argument, I enlarge on the general question of hexameters. Others, scholars of repute, have given example and authority to English hexameters. As matter of curiosity, as erudite sport, such experiments may have their value. I do not mean to express indiscriminate disapproval, much less contempt. I have myself privately tried the same in Alcaics; and find the chief objection to be, not that the task is impossible, but that to execute it *well* is too difficult for a language like ours, overladen with consonants, and abounding with syllables neither distinctly long nor distinctly short, but of every intermediate length. Singing to a tune was essential to keep even Greek or Roman poetry to true *time*; to the English language it is of tenfold necessity. But if *time* is abandoned, (as in fact it always is,) and the prose accent has to do duty for the *ictus metricus*, the moral genius of the metre is fundamentally subverted. What previously was steady duplicate time (“march-

time," as Professor Blackie calls it) vacillates between duplicate and triplicate. With Homer, a dactyl had nothing in it *more tripping* than a spondee: a crotchet followed by two quavers belongs to as grave an anthem as two crotchets. But Mr. Arnold himself (p. 51) calls the introduction of anapæsts by Dr. Maginn into our ballad measure, "a detestable dance:" as in:

And scarcely hád shě bĕgún to wash,  
Ere shé wás áwáre ōf thĕ grisly gash.

I will not assert that this is everywhere improper in the Odyssey; but no part of the Iliad occurs to me in which it is proper, and I have totally excluded it in my own practice. I notice it but once in Mr. Gladstone's specimens, and it certainly offends my taste as out of harmony with the gravity of the rest, viz.

My ships shall bound in thĕ morning's light.

In Shakspeare we have *i'th'* and *o'th'* for monosyllables, but (so scrupulous am I in the midst of my "atrocities") I never dream of such a liberty myself, much less of avowed "anapæsts." So far do I go in the opposite direction, as to prefer to make such words as *Danai*, *victory* three syllables, which even Mr. Gladstone and Pope accept as dissyllabic. Some reviewers have called my metre *lege solutum*; which is as ridiculous a mistake as Horace made concerning Pindar. That, in passing. But surely Mr. Arnold's

severe blow at Dr. Maginn rebounds with double force upon himself.

To Péleus why did wē give you?—  
 Hécübā's griéf nor Priám mý fāther's—  
 Thousānds ōf sōrrows—

cannot be a *less* detestable jig than that of Dr. Maginn. And this objection holds against every accentual hexameter, even to those of Longfellow or Lockhart, if applied to grand poetry. For bombast, in a wild whimsical poem, Mr. Clough has proved it to be highly appropriate; and I think, the more “rollicking” is Mr. Clough, (if only I understand the word) the more successful his metre. Mr. Arnold himself *feels* what I say against “dactyls,” for on this very ground he advises largely superseding them by spondees; and since what he calls a spondee is any pair of syllables of which the former is accentuable, his precept amounts to this, that the hexameter be converted into a line of six accentual trochees, with free liberty left of diversifying it, in any foot except the last, by Dr. Maginn's “detestable dance.” What more severe condemnation of the metre is imaginable than this mere description gives? “Six trochees” seems to me the worst possible foundation for an English metre. I cannot imagine that Mr. Arnold will give the slightest weight to this, as a judgment from me; but I do advise him to search in Samson Agonistes,

Thalaba, Kehama, and Shelley's works, for the phenomenon.

I have elsewhere insisted, but I here repeat, that for a long poem a trochaic beginning of the verse is most unnatural and vexatious in English, because so large a number of our sentences begin with unaccented syllables, and the vigour of a trochaic line eminently depends on the purity of its initial trochee. Mr. Arnold's feeble trochees already quoted (from *Between* to *Tó a*) are all the fatal result of defying the tendencies of our language.

If by a happy combination any scholar could compose fifty *such* English hexameters, as would convey a living likeness of the Virgilian metre, I should applaud it as valuable for initiating schoolboys into that metre: but there its utility would end. The method could not be profitably used for translating Homer or Virgil, plainly because it is impossible to say for whose service such a translation would be executed. Those who can read the original will never care to read *through* any translation; and the unlearned look on all, even the best hexameters, whether from Southey, Lockhart or Longfellow, as odd and disagreeable prose. Mr. Arnold deprecates appeal to popular taste: well he may! yet if the unlearned are to be our audience, we cannot defy them. I myself, before venturing to print, sought to ascertain how

unlearned women and children would accept my verses. I could boast how children and half-educated women have extolled them; how greedily a working man has inquired for them, without knowing who was the translator; but I well know that this is quite insufficient to establish the merits of a translation. It is nevertheless *one* point. "Homer is popular," is one of the very few matters of fact in this controversy on which Mr. Arnold and I are agreed. "English hexameters are not popular," is a truth so obvious, that I do not yet believe he will deny it. Therefore, "Hexameters are not the metre for translating Homer." Q. E. D.

I cannot but think that the very respectable scholars who pertinaciously adhere to the notion that English hexameters have something "epical" in them, have no vivid *feeling* of the difference between Accent and Quantity: and this is the less wonderful, since so very few persons have ever actually *heard* quantitative verse. I have; by listening to Hungarian poems, read to me by my friend Mr. Francis Pulszky, a native Magyar. He had not finished a single page, before I complained gravely of the monotony. He replied: "So do *we* complain of it:" and then showed me, by turning the pages, that the poet cut the knot which he could not untie, by frequent changes of his metre. Whether it was a change of mere length, as

from Iambic senarian to Iambic dimeter; or implied a fundamental change of time, as in music from *common* to *minuet* time;—I cannot say. But, to my ear, nothing but a tune can ever save a quantitative metre from hideous monotony. It is like strumming a piece of very simple music on a single note. Nor only so; but the most beautiful of anthems, after it has been repeated a hundred times on a hundred successive verses, begins to pall on the ear. How much more would an entire book of Homer, if chanted at one sitting! I have the conviction, though I will not undertake to impart it to another, that if the living Homer could sing his lines to us, they would at first move in us the same pleasing interest as an elegant and simple melody from an African of the Gold Coast; but that, after hearing twenty lines, we should complain of meagreness, sameness, and *loss of moral expression*; and should judge the style to be *as* inferior to our own oratorical metres, as the music of Pindar to our third-rate modern music. But if the poet, at our request, instead of singing the verses, read or spoke them, then from the loss of well marked time and the ascendancy reassumed by the prose-accent, we should be as helplessly unable to *hear* any metre in them, as are the modern Greeks.

I expect that Mr. Arnold will reply to this, that he *reads* and does not *sing* Homer, and yet he finds his

verses to be melodious and not monotonous. To this I retort, that he begins by wilfully pronouncing Greek falsely, according to the laws of *Latin* accent, and artificially assimilating the Homeric to the Virgilian line. Virgil has compromised between the *ictus metricus* and the prose accent, by exacting that the two coincide in the two last feet and generally forbidding it in the second and third foot. What is called the “feminine *cæsura*” gives (in the Latin language) coincidence on the third foot. Our extreme familiarity with these laws of compromise enables us to anticipate recurring sounds and satisfies our ear. But the Greek prose accent, by reason of oxytons and paroxytons, and accent on the antepenultima in spite of a long penultima, totally resists all such compromise; and proves that particular form of melody, which our scholars enjoy in Homer, to be an unhistoric imitation of Virgil.

I am aware, there is a bold theory, whispered if not published, that,—so out-and-out *Æolian* was Homer,—his laws of accent must have been almost Latin. According to this, Erasmus, following the track of Virgil blindly, has taught us to pronounce Euripides and Plato ridiculously ill, but Homer with an accuracy of accent which puts Aristarchus to shame. This is no place for discussing so difficult a question. Suffice it to say, *first*, that Mr. Arnold

cannot take refuge in such a theory, since he does not admit that Homer was antiquated to Euripides; *next*, that admitting the theory to him, still the loss of the Digamma destroys to him the true rhythm of Homer. I shall recur to both questions below. I here add, that our English pronunciation even of Virgil often so ruins Virgil's own *quantities*, that there is something either of delusion or of pedantry in our scholars' self-complacency in the rhythm which they elicit.

I think it fortunate for Mr. Arnold, that he had *not* "courage to translate Homer;" for he must have failed to make it acceptable to the unlearned. But if the public ear prefers ballad metres, still (Mr. Arnold assumes) "the scholar" is with him in this whole controversy. Nevertheless it gradually comes out that neither is this the case, but he himself is in the minority. P. 103, he writes:—"When one observes the boisterous rollicking way in which Homer's English admirers—even men of genius, like the late Professor Wilson,—love to talk of Homer and his poetry, one cannot help feeling that there is no very deep community of nature between them and the object of their enthusiasm." It does not occur to Mr. Arnold that the defect of perception lies with himself, and that Homer has more sides than he has discovered. He deplures that Dr. Maginn, and

others whom he names, err with me, in believing that our ballad-style is the nearest approximation to that of Homer; and avows that "*it is time to say plainly*" (p. 44) that Homer is not of the ballad-type. So in p. 42, "—this *popular*, but, *it is time to say*, this "erroneous analogy" between the ballad and Homer. Since it is reserved for Mr. Arnold to turn the tide of opinion; since it is a task not yet achieved, but remains to be achieved by his authoritative enunciation; he confesses that hitherto I have with me the suffrage of scholars. With this confession, a little more diffidence would be becoming, if diffidence were possible to the fanaticism with which he idolizes hexameters. P. 83, he says:—"The hexameter has a natural dignity, which repels both the jaunty style and the jog-trot style, etc. . . . *The translator who uses it cannot too religiously follow the INSPIRATION OF HIS METRE,*" etc. Inspiration from a metre which has no recognized type? from a metre which the *heart and soul* of the nation ignores? I believe, if the metre can inspire anything, it is to frolic and gambol with Mr. Clough. Mr. Arnold's English hexameter cannot be a higher inspiration to him, than the true hexameter was to a Greek: yet that metre inspired strains of totally different essential genius and merit.

But I claim Mr. Arnold himself as confessing that our ballad *metre* is epical, when he says that Scott is

“*bastard-epic*.” I do not admit that his quotations from Scott are at all Scott’s best, nor anything like it; but if they were, it would only prove something against Scott’s genius or talent, nothing about his metre. The Κύπρια ἔπη or Ἰλίου πέποις were probably very inferior to the Iliad; but no one would on that account call them or the Frogs and Mice *bastard-epic*, unless their metre and general style had been epic. No one would call a bad tale of Dryden or of Crabbe *bastard-epic*. The application of the word to Scott virtually concedes what I assert. Mr. Arnold also calls Macaulay’s ballads “pinchbeck;” but a man needs to produce something very noble himself, before he can afford thus to sneer at Macaulay’s “Lars Porsena.”

Before I enter on my own “metrical exploits,” I must get rid of a disagreeable topic. Mr. Arnold’s repugnance to them has led him into forms of attack, which I do not know how to characterize. I shall state my complaints as concisely as I can, and so leave them.

1. I do not seek for any similarity of *sound* in an English accentual metre to that of a Greek quantitative metre; besides that Homer writes in a highly vocalized tongue, while ours is overfilled with consonants. I have disowned this notion of similar rhythm in the strongest terms (p. xvii. of my Preface), ex-

pressly because some critics had imputed this aim to me in the case of Horace. I summed up: "It is not "audible sameness of metre, but a likeness of moral "genius which is to be aimed at." I contrast the audible to the moral. Mr. Arnold suppresses this contrast, and writes as follows, p. 32. "Mr. Newman "tells us that he has found a metre like in moral "genius to Homer's. His judge has still the same "answer: 'reproduce THEN *on our ear* something of "the effect produced by the *movement* of Homer.'" He recurs to the same fallacy in p. 54. "For whose "EAR do those two *rhythms* produce impressions of "(to use Mr. Newman's own words) 'similar moral "genius?'" His reader will naturally suppose that "like in moral genius" is with me an eccentric phrase for "like in musical cadence." The only likeness to the ear which I have admitted, is, that the one and the other are primitively made *for music*. That, Mr. Arnold knows, is a matter of fact, whether a ballad be well or ill written. If he pleases, he may hold the rhythm of our metre to be necessarily inferior to Homer's and to his own; but when I fully explained in my preface what were my tests of "like moral "genius," I cannot understand his suppressing them, and perverting the sense of my words.

2. In p. 48, Mr. Arnold quotes Chapman's translation of ἄ δειλῶ, "Poor wretched *beasts*," (of Achilles'

horses,) on which he comments severely. He does not quote me. Yet in p. 94, after exhibiting Cowper's translation of the same passage, he adds: "There is no want of dignity here, as in the versions of Chapman and of *Mr. Newman*, which I have already quoted." Thus he leads the reader to believe that I have the same phrase as Chapman! In fact, my translation is:

Ha! why on Peleus, mortal prince,  
Bestowed we *you*, unhappy!

If he had done me the justice of quoting, it is possible that some readers would not have thought my rendering intrinsically "wanting in dignity," or less noble than Mr. Arnold's own, which is:

Ah! unhappy pair! to Peleus\* why did we give you,  
To a mortal?

In p. 49, he with very gratuitous insult remarks, that "Poor wretched beasts' is a little overfamiliar; but "this is no objection to it for the ballad-manner:†

\* If I had used such a double dative, as "to Peleus to a mortal," what would he have said of my syntax?

† *Ballad-manner!* The prevalent ballad-metre is the Common Metre of our Psalm tunes: and yet he assumes that whatever is in this metre must be on the same level. I have professed (Pref. p. x.) that our *existing* old ballads are "poor and mean," and are not my pattern.

“*it is good enough . . . for Mr. Newman’s Iliad, . . .*”  
 “etc.” Yet I myself have *not* thought it good enough  
 for my Iliad.

3. In p. 101, Mr. Arnold gives his own translation  
 of the discourse between Achilles and his horse; and  
 prefaces it with the words, “I will take the passage  
 “in which both Chapman and Mr. Newman *have*  
 “*already so much excited our astonishment.*” But  
 he did *not* quote my translation of the noble part of  
 the passage, consisting of 19 lines; he has merely  
 quoted\* the tail of it, 5 lines; which are altogether  
 inferior. Of this a sufficient indication is, that Mr.  
 Gladstone has translated the 19 and omitted the 5.  
 I shall below give my translation parallel to Mr.  
 Gladstone’s. The curious reader may compare it  
 with Mr. Arnold’s, if he choose.

4. In p. 96, Mr. Arnold quotes from Chapman as  
 a translation of ὅταν ποτ’ ἀλώλη Ἴλιος ἴσῃ,

“When sacred Troy shall *shed her tow’rs for tears of*  
*overthrow;*”

and adds: “What Mr. Newman’s manner of render-  
 “ing would be, you can by this time sufficiently ima-  
 “gine for yourselves.” *Would be!* Why does he

\* He has also overlooked the misprint *Trojans*, where I  
 wrote *Troïans* (in three syllables), and has thus spoiled one  
 verse out of the five.

set his readers to “imagine,” when in fewer words he could tell them what my version *is*? It stands thus:

A day, when sacred Ilium | for overthrow is destin'd,—

which may have faults unperceived by me, but is in my opinion far better than Mr. Arnold's, and certainly did not deserve to be censured side by side with Chapman's absurdity. I must say plainly; a critic has no right to hide what I have written, and stimulate his readers to despise me by these *indirect* methods.

I proceed to my own metre. It is exhibited in this stanza of Campbell:

By this the storm grew loud apace:  
The waterwraith was shrieking,  
And in the scowl of heav'n each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

Whether I use this metre well or ill, I maintain that it is essentially a noble metre, a popular metre, a metre of great capacity. *It is essentially the national ballad metre*, for the double rhyme is an accident. Of *course* it can be applied to low, as well as to high subjects; else it would *not* be popular: it would *not* be “of a like moral genius” to the Homeric metre, which was available equally for the comic poem Margites, for the precepts of Pythagoras, for the pious prosaic hymn of Cleanthes, for the driest prose of a naval

catalogue,\*—in short, *for all early thought*. Mr. Arnold appears to forget, though he cannot be ignorant, that prose-composition is later than Homer, and that in the epical days every initial effort at prose history was carried on in *Homeric doggrel* by the Cyclic poets, who traced the history of Troy *ab ovo* in consecutive chronology. I say, he is merely inadvertent, he cannot be ignorant, that the Homeric *metre*, like my metre, subserves prosaic thought with the utmost facility; but I hold it to be, not inadvertence, but blindness, when he does not see that Homer's τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος is a line of as tho-

\* As a literary curiosity I append the sentence of a learned reviewer concerning this metre of Campbell. "It is a metre "fit for introducing anything or translating anything; a metre "that *nothing can elevate, or degrade, or improve, or spoil*; "in which all subjects will sound alike. A theorem of Euclid, "a leading article from the 'Times,' a dialogue from the last "new novel, could all be reduced to it with the slightest possible verbal alteration." [Quite true of Greek hexameter or Shakspeare's line. It is a *virtue* in the metres.] "To such "a mill all would be grist that came near it, and *in no grain* "that had once passed through it would human ingenuity "ever detect again a characteristic quality." This writer is a stout maintainer that English ballad metre is the right one for translating Homer: only, somehow, he shuts his eyes to the fact that Campbell's *is* ballad metre!—Sad to say, extravagant and absurd assertions, like these, though anonymous, can, by a parade of learning, do much damage to the sale of a book in verse.

roughly unaffected *oratio pedestris* as any verse of Pythagoras or Horace's Satires. But on diction I defer to speak, till I have finished the topic of metre.

I do not say that my measure is faultless. Every measure has its foible: mine has that fault which every uniform line must have,—it is liable to monotony. This is evaded of course as in the hexameter or rather as in Milton's line,—first, by varying the Cæsura,—secondly, by varying certain feet, within narrow and well understood limits,—thirdly, by irregularity in the strength of accents; fourthly, by varying the weight of the unaccented syllables also. All these things are needed, *for the mere sake of breaking uniformity*. I will not here assert that Homer's many marvellous freedoms, such as ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος, were dictated by this aim, like those in the Paradise Lost; but I do say, that it is most unjust, most unintelligent, in critics, to produce *single* lines from me, and criticize them as rough or weak, instead of examining them and presenting them as part of *a mass*. How would Shakspeare stand this sort of test? nay, or Milton? The metrical laws of a long poem cannot be the same as of a sonnet: single verses are organic elements of a great whole. A crag must not be cut like a gem. Mr. Arnold should remember Aristotle's maxim, that popular eloquence (and such is Homer's) should be broad, rough and highly coloured, like

scene painting, not polished into delicacy like miniature. But I speak now of metre, not yet of diction. In *any* long and popular poem it is a mistake to wish every line to conform severely to a few types; but to claim this of a translator of *Homer* is a doubly unintelligent exaction, when Homer's own liberties transgress all bounds; many of them being feebly disguised by later double spellings, as εἴως, εἶος, invented for his special accommodation.

The Homeric verse has a rhythmical advantage over mine in less rigidity of cæsure. Though the Hexameter was made out of two Doric lines, yet no division of sense, no pause of the voice or thought, is exacted between them. The chasm between two English verses is deeper. Perhaps, on the side of syntax, a *four* + *three* English metre drives harder towards monotony than Homer's own verse. For other reasons, it lies under a like disadvantage, compared with Milton's metre. The secondary cæsuras possible in the four feet are of course less numerous than those in the five feet, and the three-foot verse has still less variety. To my taste, it is far more pleasing that the short line recur less regularly; just as the parœmiac of Greek anapæsts is less pleasant in the Aristophanic tetrameter, than when it comes frequent but not expected. This is a main reason why I prefer Scott's free metre to my own; yet,

without rhyme, I have not found how to use his freedom. Mr. Arnold wrongly supposes me to have overlooked his main and just objection to rhyming Homer; viz. that so many Homeric lines are intrinsically made for isolation. In p. ix. of my Preface I called it a fatal embarrassment. But the objection applies in its full strength only against Pope's rhymes, not against Walter Scott's.

Mr. Gladstone has now laid before the public his own specimens of Homeric translation. Their dates range from 1836 to 1859. It is possible that he has as strong a distaste as Mr. Arnold for my version; for he totally ignores the archaic, the rugged, the boisterous element in Homer. But as to metre, he gives me his full suffrage. He has lines with four accents, with three, and a few with two; not one with five. On the whole, his metre, his cadencies, his varying rhymes, are those of Scott. He has more trochaic lines than I approve. He is truthful to Homer on many sides; and (such is the delicate grace and variety admitted by the rhyme) his verses are more pleasing than mine. I do not hesitate to say, that if *all* Homer could be put before the public in the same style equally well with his best pieces, a translation executed on my principles could not live in the market at its side; and certainly I should spare my labour. I add, that I myself prefer the

former piece which I quote to my own, even while I see his defects: for I hold that his graces, at which I cannot afford to aim, more than make up for his losses. After this confession, I frankly contrast his rendering of the two noblest passages with mine, that the reader may see, what Mr. Arnold does not show, my weak and strong sides.

GLADSTONE, Iliad 4, 422.

As when the billow gathers fast  
 With slow and sullen roar  
 Beneath the keen northwestern blast  
 Against the sounding shore:  
 First far at sea it rears its crest,  
 Then bursts upon the beach,  
 Or\* with proud arch and swelling breast,  
 Where headlands\* outward reach,  
 It smites their strength, and bellowing flings  
 Its silver foam afar;  
 So, stern and thick, the Danaan kings  
 And soldiers marched to war.  
 Each leader gave his men the word;  
 Each warrior deep in silence heard.  
 So mute they march'd, thou couldst not ken  
 They were a mass of speaking men:  
 And as they strode in martial might,  
 Their flickering arms shot back the light.

\* I think he has mistaken the *summit* of the wave for a *headland*, and has made a single description into two, by the word *Or*: but I now confine my regard to the metre and general effect of the style.

But as at even the folded sheep  
 Of some rich master stand,  
 Ten thousand thick their place they keep,  
 And bide the milkman's hand,  
 And more and more they bleat, the more  
 They hear their lamblings cry;  
 So, from the Trojan host, uproar  
 And din rose loud and high.  
 They were a many-voiced throng:  
 Discordant accents there,  
 That sound from many a differing tongue,  
 Their differing race declare.  
 These, Mars had kindled for the fight;  
 Those, starry-ey'd Athenè's might,  
 And savage Terror and Affright,  
 And Strife, insatiate of wars,  
 The sister and the mate of Mars:  
 Strife, that, a pigmy at her birth,  
 By gathering rumour fed,  
 Soon plants her feet upon the earth,  
 And in the heav'n her head.

I add my own rendering of the same; somewhat corrected, but only in the direction of my own principles and against Mr. Arnold's.

As when the surges of the deep, by Western blore uphoven,  
 Against the ever-booming strand dash up in roll successive;  
 A head of waters swelleth first aloof; then under harried  
 By the rough bottom, roars aloud; till, hollow at the summit,  
 Sputtering the briny foam abroad, the huge crest tumbleth over:  
 So then the lines of Danaï, successive and unceasing,  
 In battle's close array mov'd on. To his own troops each leader  
 Gave order: dumbly went the rest, (nor mightest thou discover,





Now if any fool ask, Why does not Mr. Gladstone translate *all* Homer? any fool can reply with me, Because he is Chancellor of the Exchequer. A man who has talents and acquirements adequate to translate Homer *well* into *rhyme*, is almost certain to have other far more urgent calls for the exercise of such talents.

So much of metre. At length I come to the topic of Diction, where Mr. Arnold and I are at variance not only as to taste, but as to the main facts of Greek literature. I had called Homer's style quaint and garrulous; and said that he rises and falls with his subject, being prosaic when it is tame, and low when it is mean. I added no proof; for I did not dream that it was needed. Mr. Arnold not only absolutely denies all this, and denies it without proof; but adds, that these assertions prove my incompetence, and account for my total and conspicuous failure. His whole attack upon my diction is grounded on a passage which I must quote at length; for it is so confused in logic, that I may otherwise be thought to garble it, pp. 34, 35.

“Mr. Newman speaks of the more antiquated style suited to this subject. Quaint! Antiquated! but to whom? Sir Thomas Browne is quaint, and the diction of Chaucer is antiquated: does Mr. Newman suppose that Homer seemed quaint to Sophocles, as

Chaucer's diction seems antiquated to us? But we cannot really know, I confess (!), how Homer seemed to Sophocles. Well then, to those who can tell us how he seems to them, to the living scholar, to our only present witness on this matter—does Homer make on the Provost of Eton, when he reads him, the impression of a poet quaint and antiquated! does he make this impression on Professor Thompson or Professor Jowett? When Shakspeare says, 'The princes orgulous,' meaning 'the proud princes,' we say, 'This is antiquated.' When he says of the Trojan gates, that they,

With massy staples  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts  
*Sperr* up the sons of Troy,—

we say, 'This is both quaint and antiquated.' But does Homer ever compose in a language, which produces on the scholar at all the same impression as this language which I have quoted from Shakspeare? Never once. Shakspeare is quaint and antiquated in the lines which I have just quoted; but Shakspeare, need I say it? can compose, when he likes, when he is at his best, in a language perfectly simple, perfectly intelligible; in a language, which, in spite of the two centuries and a half which part its author from us, stops or surprises us as little as the language of a contemporary. And Homer has not Shakspeare's

variations. Homer always composes, as Shakspeare composes at his best. Homer is always simple and intelligible, as Shakspeare is often; Homer is never quaint and antiquated, as Shakspeare is sometimes."

If Mr. Arnold were to lay before none but Oxford students assertions concerning Greek literature so startlingly erroneous as are here contained, it would not concern me to refute or protest against them. The young men who read Homer and Sophocles and Thucydides,—nay, the boys who read Homer and Xenophon,—would know his statements to be against the most notorious and elementary fact: and the Professors, whom he quotes, would only lose credit, if they sanctioned the use he makes of their names. But when he publishes the book for the unlearned in Greek, among whom I must include a great number of editors of magazines, I find Mr. Arnold to do a public wrong to literature, and a private wrong to my book. If I am silent, such editors may easily believe that I have made an enormous blunder in treating the dialect of Homer as antiquated. If those who are ostensibly scholars, thus assail my version, and the great majority of magazines and reviews ignore it, its existence can never become known to the public; or it will exist not to be read, but to be despised without being opened: and it must perish as many meritorious books perish. I but lately picked up—

new, and for a fraction of its price—at a second-hand stall, a translation of the Iliad by T. S. Brandreth, Esq. (Pickering, London), into Cowper's metre, which is, as I judge, immensely superior to Cowper. Its date is 1846: I had never heard of it. It seems to have perished uncriticized, unproved, unwept, unknown. I do not wish my progeny to die of neglect, though I am willing that it should be slain in battle.—However, just because I address myself to the public *unlearned* in Greek, and because Mr. Arnold lays before *them* a new, paradoxical, monstrously erroneous representation of facts, with the avowed object of staying the plague of my Homer; I am forced to reply to him.

Knowingly or unknowingly, he leads his readers to confuse four different questions:—1. whether Homer is thoroughly intelligible to modern scholars; 2. whether Homer was antiquated to the Athenians of Themistocles and Pericles; 3. whether he was thoroughly understood by them; 4. whether he is, absolutely, an antique poet.

I feel it rather odd, that Mr. Arnold begins by complimenting me with “genuine learning,” and proceeds to appeal from me to the “living scholar.” (What if I were bluntly to reply: “Well! I am the living scholar”?) After starting the question, how Homer's style appeared to Sophocles, he suddenly

enters a plea, under form of a concession ["I confess"!],—as a pretence for carrying the cause into a new court,—that of the Provost of Eton and two Professors,—into which court I have no admission; and then, of his own will, pronounces a sentence in the name of these learned men. Whether they are pleased with this parading of their name in behalf of paradoxical error, I may well doubt: and until they indorse it themselves, I shall treat Mr. Arnold's process as a piece of forgery. But, be this as it may, I cannot allow him to "confess" for me against me: let him confess for himself that he does not know, and not for me, who know perfectly well, whether Homer seemed quaint or antiquated to Sophocles. Of course he did, as every beginner must know. Why, if I were to write *mon* for *man*, *londis* for *lands*, *nesties* for *nests*, *libbard* for *leopard*, *muchel* for *much*, *nap* for *snap*, *green-wood shaw* for *greenwood shade*, Mr. Arnold would call me antiquated, although every word would be intelligible. Can he possibly be ignorant, that this exhibits but the smallest part of the chasm which separates the Homeric dialect not merely from the Attic prose, but from Æschylus when he borrows most from Homer? Every sentence of Homer was more or less antiquated to Sophocles, who could no more help feeling at every instant the foreign and antiquated character of the poetry, than an Englishman can help feeling the same

in reading Burns's poems. Would *mon, londis, libbard, withouten, muchel* be antiquated or foreign, and are Πηληϊάδαο for Πηλείδου, ὄσσάτιος for ὄσος, ἦϋτε for ὤς, στήη for στή, τεκέεσσι for τέκνοις, τοῖσδεσσι for τοῖσδε, πολέες for πολλοῖ, μεσσηγὺς for μεταξὺ, αἶα for γῆ, εἴβω for λείβω, and five hundred others,—less antiquated or less foreign? Homer has archaisms in every variety; some rather recent to the Athenians, and carrying their minds back only to Solon, as βασιλῆος for βασίλειος; others harsher, yet varying as dialect still, as ξείνος for ξένος, τίε for ἐτίμα, ἀνθεμόεις for ἀνθηρός, κέκλυθι for κλύε or ἄκουσον, θαμὺς for θαμινὸς or συχνὸς, ναιετάοντες for ναίοντες or οἰκοῦντες: others varying in the root, like a new language, as ἄφενος for πλοῦτος, ἰότης for βούλημα, τῆ for δέξαι, under which head are heaps of strange words, as ἀκῆν, χῶομαι, βιὸς, κῆλα, μέμβλωκε, γέντο, πέπον, etc. etc. Finally comes a goodly lot of words which to this day are most uncertain in sense. My learned colleague Mr. Malden has printed a paper on Homeric words, misunderstood by the later poets. Buttmann has written an octavo volume—(I have the English translation,—*containing 548 pages*)—to discuss 106 illexplained Homeric words. Some of these Sophocles may have understood, though we do not; but even if so, they were not the less antiquated to him. If there had been any perfect traditional un-

derstanding of Homer, we should not need to deal with so many words by elaborate argument. On the face of the Iliad alone every learner must know how many difficult adjectives occur: I write down on the spur of the moment and without reference κρήγυρον, ἀργός, ἀδινός, ἄητος, αἴητος, νόροψ, ἦνοψ, εἰλίποδες, ἔλιξ, ἑλικῶπες, ἔλλοπες, μέροπες, ἠλίβατος, ἠλέκτωρ, αἰγίλιψ, σιγαλόεις, ἰόμωρος, ἐγχεσίμωρος, πέπονες, ἠθεῖος. If Mr. Arnold thought himself wiser than all the world of Greek scholars, he would not appeal to them, but would surely enlighten us all: he would tell me, for instance, what ἔλλοπες means, which Liddell and Scott do not pretend to understand; or ἠθεῖος, of which they give three different explanations. But he does not write as claiming an independent opinion, when he flatly opposes me and sets me down; he does but use surreptitiously the name of the "living scholar" against me.

But I have only begun to describe the marked chasm often separating Homer's dialect from everything Attic. It has a wide diversity of grammatical inflections, far beyond such vowel changes of dialect as answer to our provincial pronunciations. This begins with new case-endings to the nouns; in -θι, -θεν, -δε, -φι,—proceeds to very peculiar pronominal forms,—and then to strange or irregular verbal inflections, in-

finitives in -μεν, -μεναί, imperfects in -εσκε, presents in -αθω, and an immensity of strange adverbs and conjunctions. In Thiersch's Greek Grammar, after the Accidence of common Greek is added as supplement an Homeric Grammar: and in it the Homeric Noun and Verb occupy (in the English Translation) 206 octavo pages. Who ever heard of a Spenserian Grammar? How many pages could be needed to explain Chaucer's grammatical deviations from modern English? The bare fact of Thiersch having written so copious a grammar will enable even the unlearned to understand the monstrous misrepresentation of Homer's dialect, on which Mr. Arnold has based his condemnation of my Homeric diction. Not wishing to face the plain and undeniable facts which I have here recounted, Mr. Arnold makes a "confession" that we know nothing about them! and then appeals to three learned men whether Homer is antiquated to *them*,—and expounds this to mean, *intelligible to them!* Well: if they have learned *modern* Greek, of course they may understand it; but Attic Greek alone will not teach it to them. Neither will it teach them *Homer's* Greek.—The difference of the two is in some directions so vast, that they may deserve to be called two languages as much as Portuguese and Spanish.

Much as I have written, a large side of the argu-

ment remains still untouched. The orthography of Homer was revolutionized in adapting it to Hellenic use, and in the process not only were the grammatical forms tampered with, but at least one consonant was suppressed. I am sure Mr. Arnold has heard of the Digamma, though he does not see it in the current Homeric text. By the re-establishment of this letter, no small addition would be made to the "oddity" of the sound to the ears of Sophocles. That the unlearned in Greek may understand this, I add, that what with us is written *eoika*, *oikon*, *oinos*, *hekas*, *eorga*, *eeipe*, *eleliχθη*, were with the poet *wewoika*, *wikon*, *winos*, *wekas* (or *swekas?*), *weworga*, *eweipe*, *eweliχθη*;\* and so with very many other words, in which either the metre or the grammatical formation helps us to detect a lost consonant, and the analogy of other dialects or languages assures us that it is *w* which has been lost. Nor is this all; but in certain words *sw* seems to have vanished. What in our text is *hoi*, *heos*, *hekuros*, were probably *woi* and *swoi*, *weos* and *sweos*, *swekuros*. Moreover the received spelling of many other words is corrupt: for instance, *deos*, *deidoika*, *eddeisen*, *periddeisas*, *addees*. The true root

\* By corrupting the past tenses of *welisso* into a false similarity to the past tenses of *elelizō*, the old editors superimposed a new and false sense on the latter verb; which still holds its place in our dictionaries, as it deceived the Greeks themselves.

must have had the form *dwe* or *dre* or *dhe*. That the consonant lost was really *w*, is asserted by Benfey from the Sanscrit *dvish*. Hence the true forms are *dweos*, *dedwoika*, *edweisen*, etc. . . . Next, the initial *l* of Homer had in some words a stronger pronunciation, whether *λλ* or *χλ*, as in *λλιταῖ*, *λλίσσομαι*, *λλωτὸς*, *λλιτανεύω*. I have met with the opinion that the consonant lost in *anax* is not *w* but *k*; and that Homer's *kanax* is connected with English *king*. The relations of *wergon*, *weworga*, *wrexai*, to English *work* and *wrought* must strike every one; but I do not here press the phenomena of the Homeric *r*, (although it became *br* in strong Æolism,) because they do not differ from those in Attic. The Attic forms *ἐλληφα*, *ἐλλεγμαί* for *λέληφα*, etc., point to a time when the initial *λ* of the roots was a double letter. A root *λλαβ* would explain Homer's *ἐλλαβε*. If *λλ\** approached to its Welsh sound, that is, to *χλ*, it is not wonderful that such a pronunciation as *οφρᾶ λλαβωμεν* was possible: but it is singular that the *ὔδατι χλιαρῶ* of Attic is written *λιαρῶ* in our Homeric text, though the metre needs a double consonant. Such phenomena as *χλιαρὸς* and *λιαρὸς*, *εἶβω* and

\* That *λλ* in Attic was sounded like French *l mouillée*, is judged probable by the learned writer of the article L (Penny Cyclop.), who urges that *μᾶλλον* is for *μάλιον*, and compares *φυλλο* with *folio*, *αλλο* with *alio*, *ἄλλ* with *sali*.

Λειβω, ἴα and μία, εἴμαρμαι and ἔμμορε, αῖα and γαῖα, γέντο for ἔλετο, ἰωκή and ἰωξίς with διώκω, need to be reconsidered in connection. The εἰς ἄλλα ἄλλτο of our Homer was perhaps εἰς ἄλλα σάλλτο: when λλ was changed into λ, they compensated by circumflexing the vowel. I might add the query, Is it so certain that his θεαων was θεᾶων, and not θεᾶρῶν, analogous to Latin *dearum*? But dropping here everything that has the slightest uncertainty, the mere restoration of the *w* where it is most necessary, makes a startling addition to the antiquated sound of the Homeric text. The reciters of Homer in Athens must have dropped the *w*, since it is never written. Nor indeed would Sophocles have introduced in his Trachiniæ, ἄ δέ οἱ φίλα δάμαρ . . . leaving a hiatus most offensive to the Attics, in mere imitation of Homer, if he had been accustomed to hear from the reciters, *de woi* or *de swoi*. In other words also, as in οὐλόμενος for ὀλόμενος, later poets have slavishly followed Homer into irregularities suggested by his peculiar metre. Whether Homer's ᾠθανατος, ἀμμορος . . . rose out of ἀνθάνατος, ἄνμορος . . . is wholly unimportant when we remember his Ἄπολλωνος.

But this leads to remark on the acuteness of Mr. Arnold's ear. I need not ask whether he recites the A differently in Ἄρες, Ἄρες, and in, Ἄπόλλων Ἄπολ-

Λωνος. He will not allow anything antiquated in Homer; and therefore it is certain that he recites—

αιδοιος τε μοι εσσι φιλε εκυρε δεινος τε  
and—ουδε εοικε—

as they are printed, and admires the rhythm. When he endures with exemplary patience such hiatuses,—such dactyls as *έεκυ*, *ουδεε*, such a spondee as *ρε δει*, I can hardly wonder at his complacency in his own spondees “Between,” “To a.” He finds nothing wrong in *και πεδια λωτευντα ορ πολλα λισσομενη*. But Homer sang,

φιλε *sw*εκυρε *δw*εινος τε—ουδε *w*εωικε—  
και πεδια *λλω*τευντα . . . *πολλα λισσομενη*.

Mr. Arnold is not satisfied with destroying Quantity alone. After theoretically substituting Accent for it in his hexameters, he robs us of Accent also; and presents to us the syllables “to a,” *both short and both necessarily unaccented*, for a Spondee, in a pattern piece seven lines long, and with an express and gratuitous remark, that in using “to a” for a Spondee, he has perhaps relied too much on accent. I hold up these phenomena in Mr. Arnold as a warning to all scholars, of the pit of delusion into which they will fall, if they allow themselves to talk fine about the “Homeric rhythm” *as now heard*, and the duty of a translator to reproduce something of it.

It is not merely the sound and the metre of Homer, which are impaired by the loss of his radical *w*; in extreme cases the sense also is confused. Thus if a scholar be asked, what is the meaning of εἰσατο in the Iliad? he will have to reply: If it stands for *eweisato*, it means, "he was like," and is related to the English root *wis* and *wit*, Germ. *wiss*, Lat. *vid*; but it may also mean "he went,"—a very eccentric Homerism,—in which case we should perhaps write it *eyeisato*, as in old English we have *he yode* or *yede* instead of *he goed*, *gaed*, since too the current root in Greek and Latin *i* (*go*) may be accepted as *ye*, answering to German *geh*, English *go*.—Thus two words, *eweisato*, "he was like," *eyeisato*, "he went," are confounded in our text. I will add, that in the Homeric

—ἦ ὅτε μέθνεα (γ)εἰσι—(Il. 2, 87)

—διὰ πρὸ δὲ (γ)εἰσατο καὶ τῆς (Il. 4, 138)

*my* ear misses the consonant, though Mr. Arnold's (it seems) does not. If we were ordered to read *dat ting* in Chaucer for *that thing*, it would at first "surprise" us as "grotesque;" but after this objection had vanished, we should still feel it "antiquated." The confusion of *thick* and *tick*, *thread* and *tread*, may illustrate the possible effect of dropping the *w* in Homer. I observe that Benfey's Greek Root Lexicon has a list of 454 digammated words, most of which

are Homeric. But it is quite needless to press the argument to its full.

If as much learning had been spent on the double  $\lambda$  and on the  $y$  and  $h$  of Homer, as on the digamma, it might perhaps now be conceded that we have lost, not one, but three or four consonants from his text. That  $\lambda$  in  $\lambda\acute{\upsilon}\omega$  or  $\lambda\acute{\omicron}\omega$  was ever a complex sound in Greek, I see nothing to indicate; hence *that*  $\lambda$ , and the  $\lambda$  of  $\lambda\iota\tau\alpha\iota$ ,  $\lambda\iota\alpha\rho\acute{\omicron}\varsigma$ , seem to have been different consonants in Homer, as *l* and *ll* in Welsh. As to  $h$  and  $y$  I assert nothing, except that critics appear too hastily to infer, that if a consonant has disappeared, it must needs be  $w$ . It is credible that the Greek  $h$  was once strong enough to stop hiatus or elision, as the English, and much more the Asiatic  $h$ . The later Greeks, after turning the character H into a vowel, seem to have had no idea of a consonant  $h$  in the middle of a word, nor any means of writing the consonant  $y$ . Since G passes through  $gh$  into the sounds  $h$ ,  $w$ ,  $y$ ,  $f$ , (as in English and German is obvious,) it is easy to confound them all under the compendious word "digamma." I should be glad to know that Homer's forms were as well understood by modern scholars as Mr. Arnold lays down.

On his quotation from Shakspeare, I remark, 1. "Orgulous" from French "orgueilleux," is intelligible to all who know French, and is comparable to

Sicilian words in Æschylus. 2. It is contrary to fact to say, that Homer has not words, and words in great plenty, as unintelligible to later Greeks, as “orgulous” to us. 3. *Sperr*, for *Bar*, as *Splash* for *Plash*, is much less than the diversity which separates Homer from the spoken Attic. What is  $\sigma\mu\kappa\rho\delta\varsigma$  for  $\mu\kappa\rho\delta\varsigma$  to compare with  $\eta\beta\alpha\iota\delta\varsigma$  for  $\mu\kappa\rho\delta\varsigma$ ? 4. Mr. Arnold (as I understand him) blames Shakspeare for being sometimes antiquated: I do not blame him, nor yet Homer for the same; but neither can I admit the contrast which he asserts. He says: “Shakspeare “can compose, when he is at his best, in a language “perfectly intelligible, in spite of the two centuries “and a half which part him from us. *Homer has not “Shakspeare’s variations*: he is never antiquated, as “Shakspeare is sometimes.” I certainly find the very same variations in Homer, as Mr. Arnold finds in Shakspeare. My reader unlearned in Greek might hastily infer from the facts just laid before him, that Homer is always equally strange to a purely Attic ear: but is not so. The dialects of Greece did indeed differ strongly, as broad Scotch from English; yet as we know, Burns is sometimes perfectly intelligible to an Englishman, sometimes quite unintelligible. In spite of Homer’s occasional wide receding from Attic speech, he as often comes close to it. For instance, in the first piece quoted above from Gladstone, the

simile occupying five (Homeric) lines would *almost* go down in Sophocles, if the Tragedian had chosen to use the metre. There is but one out-and-out Homeric word in it (ἐπασσούτερος): and even that is used once in an Æschylean chorus. There are no strange inflections, and not a single digamma is sensibly lost. Its peculiarities are only –ēi for εἰ, ἐὸν for ὄν, and δέ τε for δέ, which could not embarrass the hearer as to the sense. I myself reproduce much the same result. Thus in my translation of these five lines I have the antiquated words *blore* for *blast*, *harry* for *harass* (*harrow, worry*), and the antiquated participle *hoven* from *heave*, as *cloven, woven* from *cleave, weave*. The whole has thus just a tinge of antiquity, as had the Homeric passage to the Attics, without any need of aid from a Glossary. But at other times the aid is occasionally convenient, just as in Homer or Shakespeare.

Mr. Arnold plays fallaciously on the words familiar and unfamiliar. Homer's words may have been *familiar* to the Athenians (*i.e.* often heard), even when they were *not* understood, but, at most, were guessed at; or when, being understood, they were still felt and known to be utterly foreign. Of course, when thus "familiar," they could not "surprise" the Athenians, as Mr. Arnold complains that my renderings surprise the English. Let mine be heard as Pope or even

Cowper has been heard, and no one will be “surprised.”

Antiquated words are understood well by some, ill by others, not at all by a third class; hence it is difficult to decide the limits of a glossary. Mr. Arnold speaks scornfully of me, (he wonders *with whom Mr. Newman can have lived*,) that I use the words which I use, and explain those which I explain. He censures my little Glossary, for containing three words which he did not know, and some others, which, he says, are “familiar to all the world.” It is clear, he will never want a stone to throw at me. I suppose I am often guilty of keeping low company. I have found ladies—whom no one would guess to be so ill-educated,—who yet do not distinctly know what *lusty* means; but have an uncomfortable feeling that it is very near to *lustful*; and understand *grisly* only in the sense of *grizzled*, *grey*. Great numbers mistake the sense of Buxom, Imp, Dapper, deplorably. I no more wrote my Glossary than my translation for persons so highly educated as Mr. Arnold.

But I must proceed to remark: Homer might have been as unintelligible to Pericles, as was the court poet of king Cræsus, and yet it might be highly improper to translate him into an old English dialect; namely, if he had been the typical poet of a logical and refined age. *Here is the real question;*—is he

absolutely antique, or only antiquated relatively, as Euripides is now antiquated? A modern Greek statesman, accomplished for every purpose of modern business, might find himself quite perplexed by the infinitives, the numerous participles, the optatives, the datives,—by the particle  $\alpha\upsilon$ ,—and by the whole syntax of Euripides, as also by many special words; but this would never justify us in translating Euripides into any but a most refined style. Was Homer of this class? I say, that he *not only was* antiquated, relatively to Pericles, but *is also* absolutely antique, being the poet of a barbarian age. Antiquity in poets is not (as Horace stupidly imagines in the argument of the horse's tail) a question of years, but of intrinsic qualities. Homer sang to a wholly unfastidious audience, very susceptible to the marvellous, very unalive to the ridiculous, capable of swallowing with reverence the most grotesque conceptions. Hence nothing is easier than to turn Homer to ridicule. The fun which Lucian made of his mythology, a rhetorical critic like Mr. Arnold could make of his diction, if he understood it as he understands mine. He takes credit to himself for *not* ridiculing me; and is not aware, that I could not be like Homer without being easy to ridicule. An intelligent child is the second-best reader of Homer. The best of all is a scholar of highly masculine taste; the worst of all

is a fastidious and refined man, to whom everything quaint seems ignoble and contemptible.

I might have supposed that Mr. Arnold thinks Homer to be a polished drawing-room poet, like Pope, when I read in him this astonishing sentence, p. 33. "Search the English language for a word "which does *not* apply to Homer, and you could not "fix on a better word than *quaint*." But I am taken aback at finding him praise the diction of Chapman's translation in contrast to mine. Now I never open Chapman, without being offended at his pushing Homer's quaintness most unnecessarily into the grotesque. Thus in Mr. Gladstone's first passage above, where Homer says that the sea "sputters out the "foam," Chapman makes it, "*all her back in bristles set, spits every way her foam*," obtruding what may remind one of a cat or stoat. I hold *sputter* to be epical,\* because it is strong; but *spit* is feeble and mean. In passing, I observe that the universal praise given to Chapman as "Homeric" (a praise which I have too absolutely repeated, perhaps through false shame of depreciating my only rival) is a testimony to me that I rightly appreciate Homeric style; for

\* Men who can bear "belch" in poetry, nowadays pretend that "sputter" is indelicate. They find Homer's ἀποπτύει to be "elegant," but *sputter*—not! "No one would guess from "Mr. Newman's coarse phrases how *elegant* is Homer"!!

my style is Chapman's softened, purged of conceits and made far more melodious. Mr. Arnold leaves me to wonder, how, with his disgust at me, he can avoid feeling tenfold disgust at Chapman; and to wonder also what he *means*, by so blankly contradicting my statement that Homer is quaint; and why he so vehemently resents it. He does not vouchsafe to me or to his readers one particle of disproof or of explanation.

I regard it as quaint in Homer to call Juno *white-arm'd goddess* and *large-ey'd*. (I have not rendered βῶπις *ox-ey'd*, because in a case of doubt I shrank to obtrude anything so grotesque to us.) It is quaint to say, "the lord of bright-haired Juno lightens" for "it lightens;" or "my heart in my *shaggy* bosom is "divided," for, "I doubt." quaint to call waves *wet*, milk *white*, blood *dusky*, horses *singlehoofed*, a hero's hand *broad*, words *winged*, Vulcan *Lobfoot* Κυλλοποδίων), a maiden *fair-ankled*, the Greeks *wellgreav'd*, a spear *longshadowy*, battle and council *man-ennobling*, one's knees *dear*, and many other epithets. Mr. Arnold most gratuitously asserts that the sense of these had evaporated to the Athenians. If that were true, it would not signify to this argument. Δαίμωνιος (possessed by an elf or dæmon) so lost its sense in Attic talk, that although Æschylus has it in its true meaning, some college tutors (I am told)

render ὦ δαμόνιε in Plato, "my very good sir!" This is surely no good reason for mistranslating the word in Homer. If Mr. Arnold could prove (what he certainly cannot) that Sophocles had forgotten the derivation of εὐκνημίδες and εὐμμελῆς, and understood by the former nothing but "full armed" and by the latter (as he says) nothing but "warlike," this would not justify his blame of me for rendering the words correctly. If the whole Greek nation by long familiarity had become inobservant of Homer's "oddities," (conceding this for the moment,) that also would be no fault of mine. That Homer *is* extremely peculiar, even if the Greeks had become deadened to the sense of it, the proof on all sides is overpowering.

It is very quaint to say, "the outwork (or rampart) of the teeth" instead of "the lips." If Mr. Arnold will call it "portentous" in my English, let him produce some shadow of reason for denying it to be portentous in Greek. Many phrases are so quaint as to be almost untranslatable, as μήστωρ φόβοιο (deviser of fear?) μήστωρ ἀυτῆς (deviser of outcry?): others are quaint to the verge of being comical, as to call a man an *equipoise* (ἀτάλαντος) to a god, and to praise eyes for having a *curl* in them.\* It is quaint to make

\* In a Note to my translation (overlooked by more than one critic) I have explained *curl-ey'd*, carefully, but not very accurately perhaps; as I had not before me the picture of the

Juno call Jupiter αἰνότατε (grimmiest? direst?), whether she is in good or bad humour with him, and to call a Vision *ghastly*, when it is sent with a pleasant message. It is astonishingly quaint to tell how many oxen every fringe of Athene's ægis was worth.—It is quaint to call Patroclus “a great simpleton,” for not foreseeing that he would lose his life in rushing to the rescue of his countrymen. (I cannot receive Mr. Arnold's suggested Biblical correction “Thou fool!” which he thinks grander: first, because grave moral rebuke is utterly out of place; secondly, because the Greek cannot mean this;—it means infantine simplicity, and has precisely the colour of the word which I have used.)—It is quaint to say: “Patroclus kindled a great fire, *godlike man!*” or, “Automedon held up the meat, *divine Achilles* slic'd it:” quaint to address a young friend as “Oh\* pippin!” or “Oh softheart!” or “Oh pet!” whichever is the true translation. It is quaint to compare Ajax to an ass whom boys are belabouring, Ulysses to a pet ram, Agamemnon in

Hindoo lady to which I referred. The whole *upper eyelid*, when *open*, may be called the curl; for it is shaped like a buffalo's horns. This accounts for ἐλικοβλέφαρος, “having a curly eyelid.”

\* I thought I had toned it down pretty well, in rendering it “O gentle friend!” Mr. Arnold rebukes me for this, without telling me what I ought to say, or what is my fault. One thing is certain, that the Greek is most *odd* and peculiar.

two lines to three gods and in the third line to a bull; the Myrmidons to wasps, Achilles to a grampus chasing little fishes, Antilochus to a wolf which kills a dog and runs away, Menelaus striding over Patroclus's body to a heifer defending her firstborn. It is quaint to say that Menelaus was as brave as a bloodsucking fly, that Agamemnon's sobs came thick as flashes of lightning; and that the Trojan mares, while running, groaned like overflowing rivers. All such similes come from a mind quick to discern similarities, but *very dull to feel incongruities*; unaware therefore that it is on a verge where the sublime easily turns into the ludicrous;—a mind and heart inevitably quaint to the very core. What is it in Vulcan,—when he would comfort his mother under Jupiter's threat,—to make jokes about the severe mauling which he himself formerly received, and his terror lest she should be now beaten? Still more quaint, (if *rollicking* is not the word,) is the address by which Jupiter tries to ingratiate himself with Juno: viz. he recounts to her all his unlawful amours, declaring that in none of them was he so smitten as now. I have not enough of the *γενναῖος εὐηθεία*, the barbarian simpleheartedness, needed by a reader of Homer, to get through this speech with gravity.—What shall I call it,—certainly much worse than quaint,—that the poet adds: Jupiter was more enamoured than at his *stolen* em-

brace in their first bed “secretly from their dear “parents”?” But to develop Homer’s inexhaustible quaintnesses, of which Mr. Arnold denies the existence, seems to me to need a long treatise. It is not to be expected, that one who is blind to superficial facts so very prominent as those which I have recounted, should retain any delicate perception of the highly coloured, intense, and very eccentric diction of Homer, even if he has ever understood it, which he forces me to doubt. He sees nothing “odd” in *κυνὸς κακομηχάνου*, or in *κυννόμυια*, “thou dogfly”! He replaces to his imagination the flesh and blood of the noble barbarian by a dim feeble spiritless outline.

I have not adduced, in proof of Homer’s quaintness, the monstrous simile given to us in *Iliad* 13, 754; viz. Hector “darted forward screaming like a snowy “mountain, and flew through the Trojans and allies:” for I cannot believe that the poet wrote anything so absurd. Rather than admit this, I have suggested that the text is corrupt, and that for *ὄρεϊ νιφόεντι* we should read *ὄρνέω θύοντι*,—” darted forth screaming “*like a raging bird.*” Yet, as far as I know, I am the first man that has here impugned the text. Mr. Brandreth is faithful in his rendering, except that he says *shouting* for *screaming*:

“He said; and, like a snowy mountain, rush’d  
“Shouting; and flew through Trojans and allies.”

Chapman, Cowper, and Pope strain and twist the words to an impossible sense, putting in something about *white plume*, which they fancy suggested a snowy mountain; but they evidently accept the Greek as it stands, unhesitatingly. I claim this phenomenon in proof that to all commentators and interpreters hitherto Homer's quaintness has been such an *axiom*, that they have even acquiesced unsuspectingly in an extravagance which goes far beyond oddity. Moreover the reader may augur by my opposite treatment of the passage, with what discernment Mr. Arnold condemns me of obtruding upon Homer gratuitous oddities which equal the conceits of Chapman.

But, while thus vindicating *Quaintness* as an essential quality of Homer, do I regard it as a weakness to be apologized for? Certainly not; for it is a condition of his cardinal excellencies. He could not otherwise be *Picturesque* as he is. So volatile is his mind, that what would be Metaphor in a more logical and cultivated age, with him riots in Simile which overflows its banks. His similes not merely go beyond\* the mark of likeness; in extreme cases they even turn into contrariety. If he were not so carried

\* In the noble simile of the sea-tide, quoted p. 28 above, only the two first of its five lines are to the purpose. Mr. Gladstone, seduced by rhyme, has so tapered off the point of the similitude, that only a microscopic reader will see it.

away by his illustration, as to forget what he is illustrating, (which belongs to a quaint mind,) he would never paint for us such full and splendid pictures. Where a logical later poet would have said that Menelaus

With *eagle-eye* survey'd the field,

the mere metaphor contenting him; Homer says:

Gazing around on every side, in fashion of an eagle,  
Which, of all heaven's fowl, they say, to scan the earth is keenest:  
Whose eye, when loftiest he hangs, not the swift hare escapeth,  
Lurking amid a leaf-clad bush: but straight at it he souseth,  
Unerring; and with crooked gripe doth quickly rieve its spirit.

I feel this long simile to be a disturbance of the logical balance, such as belongs to the lively eye of the savage, whose observation is intense, his concentration of reasoning powers feeble. Without this, we should never have got anything so picturesque.

Homer never sees things *in the same proportions* as we see them. To omit his digressions, and what I may call his "impertinencies," in order to give to his argument that which Mr. Arnold is pleased to call the proper "balance," is to value our own logical minds, more than his picturesque\* but illogical mind.

\* It is very singular that Mr. Gladstone should imagine such a poet to have no eye for colour. I totally protest against his turning Homer's paintings into leadpencil drawings. I believe that γλαυκός is grey (silvergreen), χάρωψ blue;

Mr. Arnold says I am not quaint, but grotesque, in my rendering of *κυνὸς κακομηχάνου*. I do not hold the phrase to be quaint: to me it is excessively coarse. When Jupiter calls Juno "a bitch," of course he means a snarling cur; hence my rendering, "vixen" (or she-fox), is there perfect, since we say *vixen* of an irascible woman. But Helen had no such evil tempers, and beyond a doubt she meant to ascribe impurity to herself. I have twice committed a pious fraud by making her call herself "a vixen," where "bitch" is the only faithful rendering; and Mr. Arnold, instead of thanking me for throwing a thin veil over Homer's deformity, assails me for my phrase as intolerably grotesque.

He further forbids me to invent new compound adjectives, as *fair-thron'd*, *rill-bestream'd*; because they strike us as new, though Homer's epithets (he says) did not so strike the Greeks: hence they derange attention from the main question. I hold this doctrine of his (conceding his fact for a moment) to be destructive of all translation whatever, into prose or poetry. When Homer tells us that Achilles's horses were munching lotus and parsley, Pope renders it by

and that *πρασινὸς*, "leek-colour," was too mean a word for any poets, early or late, to use for "green;" therefore *χλωρὸς* does duty for it. *Κῦμα πορφύρεον* is surely "the purple wave," and *ιοειδέα πόντον* "the violet sea."

“the horses grazed,” and does not say on what. Using Mr. Arnold’s principles, he might defend himself by arguing: “The Greeks, being familiar with such horsefood, were not struck by it as new, as my reader would be. I was afraid of telling him *what* the horses were eating, lest it should derange the balance of his mind, and injuriously divert him from the main idea of the sentence.” But, I find, readers are indignant on learning Pope’s suppression: they feel that he has defrauded them of a piece of interesting information.—In short, how *can* an Englishman read any Greek composition and be affected by it as Greeks were? In a piece of Euripides my imagination is caught by many things, which he never intended or calculated for the prominence which they actually get in my mind. This or that absurdity in mythology, which passed with him as matter of course, may monopolize my main attention. Our minds are not passive recipients of this or that poet’s influence; but the poet is the material on which our minds actively work. If an unlearned reader thinks it very “odd” of Homer (the first time he hears it) to call Aurora “fair-thron’d,” so does a boy learning Greek think it odd to call her εὐθρονος. Mr. Arnold ought to blot every odd Homeric epithet out of his *Greek Homer* (or never lend the copy to a youthful learner) if he desire me to expunge “fair-thron’d” from the

translation. Nay, I think he should conceal that the Morning was esteemed as a goddess, though she had no altars or sacrifice. It is *all* odd. But that is just why people want to read an English Homer,—to know all his oddities, exactly as learned men do. He is the phenomenon to be studied. His peculiarities, pleasant or unpleasant, are to be made known, precisely because of his great eminence and his substantial deeply seated worth. Mr. Arnold writes like a timid biographer, fearful to let too much of his friend come out. So much as to the substance. As to mere words, here also I hold the very reverse of Mr. Arnold's doctrine. I do not feel free to translate οὐρανομήκης by "heaven-kissing," precisely *because* Shakspeare has used the last word. It is his property, as εὐκνημιδες, εὐμμελής, κυδιάνειρα, etc., are Homer's property. I could not use it without being felt to *quote* Shakspeare, which would be highly inappropriate in a Homeric translation. But *if* nobody had ever yet used the phrase "heaven-kissing" (or if it were current without any proprietor) *then* I should be quite free to use it as a rendering of οὐρανομήκης. I cannot assent to a critic killing the vital powers of our tongue. If Shakspeare might invent the compound "heaven-kissing," or "man-ennobling," so might William Wordsworth or Matthew Arnold; and so might I. Inspiration is not dead, nor yet is the English language.

Mr. Arnold is slow to understand what I think very obvious. Let me then put a case. What if I were to scold a missionary for rendering in Feejee the phrase "kingdom of heaven" and "Lamb of God" accurately; also "saints" and other words *characteristic of the New Testament*? I might urge against him: "This and that sounds very *odd* to the Feejees: that cannot be right, for it did *not* seem odd to the Nicene bishops. The latter had forgotten that βασιλεία meant 'kingdom;' they took the phrase 'kingdom of God' collectively to mean 'the Church.' The phrase did not surprise them. As to 'Lambs,' the Feejees are not accustomed to sacrifice, and cannot be expected to know of themselves what 'Lamb of God' means, as Hebrews did. The courtiers of Constantine thought it very natural to be called ἅγιοι, for they were accustomed to think every baptized person ἅγιος; but to the baptized courtiers of Feejee it really seems very *odd* to be called *saints*. You disturb the balance of their judgment."

The missionary might reply: "You seem to be ashamed of the oddities of the Gospel. I am not. They grow out of its excellences and cannot be separated. By avoiding a few eccentric phrases you will do little to remove the deep-seated eccentricity of its very essence. Odd and eccentric it will re-

“main, unless you despoil it of its heart, and reduce “it to a fashionable philosophy.” And just so do I reply to Mr. Arnold. The Homeric style (whether it be that of an individual or of an age) is peculiar, is “odd,” if Mr. Arnold like the word, to the very core. Its eccentricities in epithet are mere efflorescences of its essential eccentricity. If Homer could cry out to us, I doubt not he would say, as Oliver Cromwell to the painter, “Paint me just I am, *wart and all:*” but if the true Homer could reappear, I am sure Mr. Arnold would start from him just as a bishop of Rome from a fisherman apostle. If a translator of the Bible honours the book by his close rendering of its characteristics, however “odd,” so do I honour Homer by the same. Those characteristics, the moment I produce them, Mr. Arnold calls *ignoble*. Well: be it so; but I am not to blame for them. They exist, whether Mr. Arnold likes them or not.

I will here observe that he bids me paraphrase *τανύπεπλος* (trailing-robed) into something like, “Let “gorgeous Tragedy With sceptred pall come sweeping by.” I deliberately judge, that to paraphrase an otiose epithet is the very worst thing that can be done: to omit it entirely would be better. I object even to Mr. Gladstone’s

. . . . whom Leto bare,  
Leto with the flowing hair.

For the repetition overdoes the prominence of the epithet. Still more extravagant is Mr. Arnold in wishing me to turn "single-hoofed horses" into "something which *as little surprises us* as 'Gallop "apace, you fiery-footed steeds:"' p. 90. To reproduce Shakspeare would be in any case a "surprising" mode of translating Homer: but the principle which changes "single-hoofed" into a different epithet which the translator thinks *better*, is precisely that which for more than two centuries has made nearly all English translation worthless. To throw the poet into your crucible, and bring out old Pelias young, is not a hopeful process. I had thought, the manly taste of this day had outgrown the idea that a translator's business is to melt up the old coin and stamp it with a modern image. I am wondering that I should have to write against such notions: I would not take the trouble, only that they come against me from an Oxford Professor of Poetry.

At the same time, his doctrine, as I have said, goes far beyond compound epithets. Whether I say "motley-helmèd Hector" or "Hector of the motley helm," "silver-footed Thetis" or "Thetis of the silver foot," "man-ennobling combat" or "combat which ennobles man," the novelty is so nearly on a par, that he cannot condemn one and justify the other on this score. Even Pope falls far short of the false

taste which would plane down every Homeric prominence: for he prizes an elegant epithet like "silver-footed," however new and odd.

From such a Homer as Mr. Arnold's specimens and principles would give us, no one could *learn* anything; no one could have any motive for reading the translation. He smooths down the stamp of Homer's coin, till nothing is left even for microscopic examination. When he forbids me (p. 90) to let my reader know that Homer calls horses "single-hoofed," of course he would suppress also the epithets "white milk," "dusky blood," "dear knees," "dear life," etc. His process obliterates everything characteristic, great or small.

Mr. Arnold condemns my translating certain names of horses. He says (p. 55): "Mr. Newman calls Xanthus *Chesnut*; as he calls Balius *Spotted* and Podarga *Spryfoot*: which is as if a Frenchman were to call Miss Nightingale *Madlle. Rossignol*, or Mr. "Bright *M. Clair*." He is very wanting in discrimination. If I had translated Hector into *Possessor* or Agamemnon into *Highmind*, his censure would be just. A Miss White may be a brunette, a Miss Brown may be a blonde: we utter the proper names of men and women without any remembrance of their intrinsic meaning. But it is different with many names of domestic animals. We never call a dog

*Spot*, unless he is spotted; nor without consciousness that the name expresses his peculiarity. No one would give to a black horse the name Chesnut; nor, if he had called a chesnut horse by the name Chesnut, would he ever forget the meaning of the name while he used it. The Greeks called a chesnut horse *xanthos* and a spotted horse *balios*; therefore, until Mr. Arnold proves the contrary, I believe that they never read the names of Achilles's two horses without a sense of their meaning. Hence the names ought to be translated; while Hector and Laomedon ought not. The same reasoning applies to Podarga, though I do not certainly understand ἀργός. I have taken it to mean *sprightly*.

Mr. Arnold further asserts, that Homer is never "garrulous." Allowing that too many others agree with me, he attributes our error to giving too much weight to a sentence in Horace! I admire Horace as an ode-writer, but I do not revere him as a critic, any more than as a moral philosopher. I say that Homer is garrulous, because I see and feel it.—Mr. Arnold puts me into a most unwelcome position. I have a right to say, I have some enthusiasm for Homer. In the midst of numerous urgent calls of duty and taste, I devoted every possible quarter of an hour for two years and a half to translate the Iliad, toiling unremittingly in my vacations and in my walks, and

going to large expenses of money, in order to put the book before the unlearned; and this, though I am not a Professor of Poetry nor even of Greek. Yet now I am forced to appear as Homer's disparager and accuser! But if Homer were always a poet, he could not be, what he is, so many other things beside poet. As the Egyptians paint in their tombs processes of art, not because they are beautiful or grand, but from a mere love of imitating; so Homer narrates perpetually from a mere love of chatting. In how thoroughly Egyptian a way does he tell the process of cutting up an ox and making *kebâb*; the process of bringing a boat to anchor and carefully putting by the tackle; the process of taking out a shawl from a chest, where it lies at the very bottom! With what glee he repeats the secret talk of the gods; and can tell all about the toilet of Juno. Every particular of trifling actions comes out with him, as, the opening of a door or box with a key.—He tells who made Juno's earrings or veil or the shield of Ajax—the history of Agamemnon's breastplate—and in what detail a hero puts on his pieces of armour. I would not press the chattiness of Pandarus, Glaucus, Nestor, Æneas, in the midst of battle; I might press his description of wounds. Indeed I have said enough, and more than enough, against Mr. Arnold's novel, unsupported paradoxical assertion.—But this is con-

nected with another subject. I called Homer's manner "direct." Mr. Arnold (if I understand) would supersede this by his own epithet "rapid." But I cannot admit the exchange: Homer is often the opposite of rapid. Amplification is his characteristic, as it must be of every improvisatore, every popular orator: condensation indeed is improper for anything but written style,—written to be read privately. But I regard as Homer's worst defect, his lingering over scenes of endless carnage and painful wounds. He knows to half an inch where one hero hits another and how deep. They arm: they approach: they encounter: we have to listen to stereotype details again and again. Such a style is anything but "rapid." Homer's garrulity often leads him into it; yet he can do far better, as in a part of the fight over Patroclus's body, and other splendid passages.

Garrulity often vents itself in expletives. Mr. Arnold selects for animadversion this line of mine (p. 41),—

"A thousand fires along the plain, *I say*, that night were gleaming."

He says: "This may be the genuine style of ballad "poetry, but it is *not* the style of Homer." I reply; my use of expletives is moderate indeed compared to Homer's. Mr. Arnold writes, as if quite unaware

that such words as the intensely prosaic ἄρα, and its abbreviations ἄρ, ῥα, with τοι, τε, δὴ, μάλα, ἦ, ἦ ῥα νυ, περ, overflow in epic style; and that a pupil who has mastered the very copious stock of Attic particles, is taken quite aback by the extravagant number in Homer. Our expletives are generally more offensive, because longer. My principle is, to admit only such expletives as *add energy*, and savour of antiquity. To the feeble expletives of mean ditties I am not prone. I once heard from an eminent counsellor the first lesson of young lawyers, in the following doggrel:

He who holds his lands in fee,  
Need neither quake nor quiver:  
For I humbly conceive, look ye, do ye see?  
He holds his lands for ever.

The “humbly conceiving” certainly outdoes Homer. Yet if the poet had chosen (as he *might* have chosen) to make Polydamas or Glaucus say:

Ὅστις ἐπετράφθη τέμενος πίστει βασιλῆος,  
φημί τοι, οὗτος ἀνὴρ οὔτ' ἄρ τρέμει οὔτε φοβεῖται·  
δὴ μάλα γάρ ῥα ἕας κρατέει κεν ἔσαιεν ἀρούρας:

I rather think the following would be a fair prose rendering: “Whoso hath been entrusted with a de-  
“mesne under pledge with the king; (I tell you,) this  
“man neither trembleth (you see) nor feareth: for  
“(look ye!) he (verily) may hold (you see) his lands  
“for ever.”

Since Mr. Arnold momentarily appeals to me on the chasm between Attic and Homeric Greek, I turn the last piece into a style *far less* widely separated from modern English than Homer from Thucydides.

Dat mon, quhich hauldeth Kyngis-af  
 Londis yn fêo, niver  
 (I tell 'e) feereth aught; sith hee  
 Doth hauld hys londis yver.

I certainly do *not* recommend this style to a translator, yet it would have its advantage. Even with a smaller change of dialect it would aid us over Helen's self piercing denunciation,—“approaching to Christian penitence,” as some have judged it.

Quoth she, I am a gramsome bitch,  
 If woman bitch may bee.

But in behalf of the poet I must avow: when one considers how dramatic he is, it is marvellous how little in him can offend. For this very reason he is above needing tender treatment from a translator, but can bear faithful rendering, not only better than Shakspeare but better than Pindar or Sophocles.

When Mr. Arnold denies that Homer is ever prosaic or homely, his own specimens of translation put me into despair of convincing him; for they seem to me a very anthology of prosaic flatness. Phrases, which are not in themselves bad, if they were elevated

by something in the syntax or rhythm distinguishing them from prose, become in him prose out-and-out. "To Peleus why did we give you, to a mortal?" "In the plain *there* were kindled a thousand fires; by each one *there* sate fifty men." [At least he might have left out the expletive.] "By their chariots stood the steeds, and champed the white barley; while their masters sate by the fire and waited for morning." "Us, whose portion for ever Zeus has made it, from youth *right up* to age, to be winding skeins of grievous wars, till *every soul of us* perish." The words which I here italicize, seem to me below noble ballad. What shall I say of "I bethink me what the Trojan men and Trojan women might murmur." "Sacred Troy shall *go to destruction*." "Or bear pails to the well of Messeis." "See, the wife of Hector, that great pre-eminent captain of the horsemen of Troy, *in the day they fought* for their city:" for, "*who was* captain in the day *on which*—" "Let me be dead and the earth be mounded (?) above me, ere I hear thy cries, and thy captivity\* *told of*." "By no slow pace or want of swiftness *of ours*† did

\* He pares down ἐλκηθμοῖο, (the dragging away of a woman by the hair,) into "captivity!" Better surely is my "ignoble" version: "Ere-that I see thee *dragg'd away*, and hear thy shriek of anguish."

† He means *ours* for two syllables. "Swiftness of ours" is surely ungrammatical. "A galley of my own" = one of my

“the Trojans *obtain to strip* the arms of Patroclus.”  
 “Here I am destined to perish, far from my father  
 “and mother dear; *for all that*, I will not,” etc.  
 “Dare they not enter the fight, or stand in the coun-  
 “cil of heroes, *all* for fear of the shame and the *taunts*  
 “*my crime* has awakened?” One who regards all  
 this to be high poetry,—emphatically “noble,”—may  
 well think τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος or “with him there  
 “came forty black galleys,” or the broiling of the  
 beef collops, to be such. When Mr. Arnold regards  
 “no want of swiftness *of ours*,” “for all that,” in the  
 sense of nevertheless; “*all* for fear,” *i.e.* because of  
 the fear;—*not* to be prosaic:—my readers, however ig-  
 norant of Greek, will dispense with further argument  
 from me. Mr. Arnold’s inability to discern prose in  
 Greek is not to be trusted.

But I see something more in this phenomenon.  
 Mr. Arnold is an original poet; and, as such, cer-  
 tainly uses a diction far more elevated than he here  
 puts forward to represent Homer. He calls his Ho-  
 meric diction *plain* and *simple*. Interpreting these  
 words from the contrast of Mr. Arnold’s own poems,  
 I claim his suffrage as on my side, that Homer is

own galleys; but “a father of mine,” is absurd, since each  
 has but one father. I confess I have myself been seduced  
 into writing “those two eyes of his,” to avoid “*those his* two  
 “eyes”: but I have since condemned and altered it.

often in a style much lower than what the moderns esteem to be poetical. But I protest, that he carries it *very much* too far, and levels the noblest down to the most negligent style of Homer. The poet is *not* always so "ignoble," as the unlearned might infer from my critic's specimens. He never drops so low as Shakspeare; yet if he were as sustained as Virgil or Milton, he would with it lose his vast superiority over these, his rich variety. That the whole first book of the Iliad is pitched lower than the rest, though it has vigorous descriptions, is denoted by the total absence of simile in it: for Homer's kindling is always indicated by simile. The second book rises on the first, until the catalogue of ships, which (as if to atone for its flatness) is ushered in by five consecutive similes. In the third and fourth books the poet continues to rise, and almost culminates in the fifth; but then seems to restrain himself, lest nothing grander be left for Achilles. Although I do not believe in a unity of authorship between the Odyssey and the Iliad, yet in the Iliad itself I see such unity, that I cannot doubt its negligences to be from art. (The monstrous speech of Nestor in the 11th book is a case by itself. About 100 lines have perhaps been added later, for reasons other than literary.) I observe that just before the poet is about to bring out Achilles in his utmost splendour, he has three-quarters

of a book comparatively tame, with a ridiculous legend told by Agamemnon in order to cast his own sins upon Fate. If Shakspeare introduces coarse wrangling, buffoonery, or mean superstition, no one claims or wishes this to be in a high diction or tragic rhythm; and why should any one wish such a thing from Homer or Homer's translator? I find nothing here in the poet to apologize for; but much cause for indignation, when the unlearned public is misled by translators or by critics to expect delicacy and elegance out of place. But I beg the unlearned to judge for himself whether Homer *can* have intended such lines as the following for poetry, and whether I am bound to make them any better than I do.

Then visiting he urged each man with words,  
Mesthles and Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus  
And Asteropæus and Deisenor and Hippothoüs  
And Phorkys and Chromius and Ennomus the augur.

He has lines in plenty as little elevated. If they came often in masses, it would be best to translate them into avowed prose: but since gleams of poetry break out amid what is flattest, I have no choice but to imitate Homer in retaining a uniform, but easy and unpretending metre. Mr. Arnold calls my metre "slip-shod:" if it can rise into grandeur when needful, the epithet is a praise.

Of course I hold the Iliad to be *generally* noble and

grand. Very many of the poet's conceptions were grand to him, mean to us: especially is he mean and absurd in scenes of conflict between the gods. Besides, he is disgusting and horrible occasionally in word and thought; as when Hecuba wishes to "cling on Achilles and eat up his liver;" when (as Jupiter says) Juno would gladly eat Priam's children raw; when Jupiter hanged Juno up and fastened a pair of anvils to her feet; also in the description of dreadful wounds, and the treatment which (Priam says) dogs give to an old man's corpse. The descriptions of Vulcan and Thersites are ignoble; so is the mode of mourning for Hector adopted by Priam; so is the treatment of the populace by Ulysses, which does but reflect the manners of the day. I am not now blaming Homer for these things; but I say no treatment can elevate the subject; the translator must not be expected to make noble what is not so intrinsically.

If any one think that I am disparaging Homer, let me remind him of the horrid grossnesses of Shakspeare, which yet are not allowed to lessen our admiration of Shakspeare's grandeur. The Homer of the Iliad is morally pure and often very tender; but to expect refinement and universal delicacy of expression in that stage of civilization is quite anachronistic and unreasonable. As in earlier England, so in Homeric Greece, even high poetry partook of the coarseness

of society. This was probably inevitable, precisely because Greek epic poetry was so *natural*.

Mr. Arnold says that I make Homer's nobleness *eminently ignoble*. This suggests to me to quote a passage, not because I think myself particularly successful in it, but because the poet is evidently aiming to be grand, when his mightiest hero puts forth mighty boastings, offensive to some of the gods. It is the speech of Achilles over the dead body of Asteropæus (Iliad 21, 184). Whether I make it ignoble, by my diction or my metre, the reader must judge.

Lie as thou art. 'Tis hard for thee to strive against the children  
Of overmatching Saturn's son, tho' offspring of a River.  
Thou boastest, that thy origin is from a Stream broad-flówing;  
I boast, from mighty Jupiter to trace my first beginning.  
A man who o'er the Myrmidons holdeth wide rule, begat me,  
Peleus; whose father Æacus by Jupiter was gotten.  
Rivers, that trickle to the sea, than Jupiter are weaker;  
So, than the progeny of Jove, weaker a River's offspring.  
Yea, if he aught avail'd to help, behold! a mighty River  
Beside thee here: but none can fight with Jove, the child of Saturn.  
Not royal Acheloïus with him may play the equal,  
Nor e'en the amplebosom'd strength of deeply-flowing Ocean:  
Tho' from his fulness every Sea and every River welleteth,  
And all the ever-bubbling springs and eke their vasty sources.  
Yet at the lightning-bolt of Jove doth even Ocean shudder,  
And at the direful thunder-clap, when from the sky it crasheth.

Mr. Arnold has in some respects attacked me discreetly; I mean, where he has said that which da-

mages me with his readers, and yet leaves me no possible reply. What is easier than for one to call another ignoble? what more damaging? what harder to refute? Then when he speaks of my "metrical exploits" how can I be offended? to what have I to reply? His words are expressive either of compliment or of contempt; but in either case are untangible. Again: when he would show how tender he has been of my honour, and how unwilling to expose my enormities, he says: p. 54: "I will by no means search in Mr. Newman's version for passages likely to raise a laugh: that search, *alas!* would be far too easy;" I find the pity which the word *alas!* expresses, to be very clever, and very effective against me. But, I think, he was not discreet, but very unwise, in making dogmatic statements on the ground of erudition, many of which I have exposed; and about which much more remains to be said than space will allow me.

In his denial that Homer is "garrulous," he complains that so many think him to be "diffuse." Mr. Arnold, it seems, is unaware of that very prominent peculiarity; which suits ill even to Mr. Gladstone's style. Thus, where Homer said (and I said) in a passage quoted above, "people that have *a voice in their bosom,*" Mr. Gladstone has only "*speaking* men." I have noticed the epithet *shaggy* as quaint, in "His

heart in his shaggy bosom was divided;” where, in a moral thought, a physical epithet is obtruded. But even if “shaggy” be dropped, it remains diffuse (and characteristically so) to say “my *heart in my bosom* is divided,” for, “I doubt.” So—“I will speak what *my heart in my bosom* bids me.” So, Homer makes men think *κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν*, “in their heart *and mind*;” and deprives them of “mind and “soul.” Also: “this appeared to him *in his mind* to “be the best counsel.” Mr. Arnold assumes tones of great superiority; but every schoolboy knows that diffuseness is a distinguishing characteristic of Homer. Again, the poet’s epithets are often selected by their convenience for his metre; sometimes perhaps even appropriated for no other cause. No one has ever given any better reason why Diomedes and Menelaus are almost exclusively called *βοῆν ἀγαθός*, except that it suits the metre. This belongs to the improvisatore, the negligent, the ballad style. The word *εὐμμελής*, which I with others render “ashen-speared,” is said of Priam, of Panthus, and of sons of Panthus. Mr. Arnold rebukes me, p. 99, for violating my own principles. “I say, on the other hand, that *εὐμμελίω* “has *not* the effect\* of a peculiarity in the original, “while ‘ashen-speared’ *has* the effect of a peculia-

\* Of course no peculiarity of phrase has *the effect* of peculiarity on a man who has imperfect acquaintance with the

“rity in the English: and ‘warlike’ is as marking “an equivalent as I dare give for εὐμμελίω, *for fear* “of disturbing the balance of expression in Homer’s “sentence.” Mr. Arnold cannot write a sentence on Greek, without showing an ignorance hard to excuse in one who thus comes forward as a vituperating censor. *Warlike* is a word current in the lips and books of all Englishmen: εὐμμελίας is a word *never* used, never, I believe, in all Greek literature, by any one but Homer. If he does but turn to Liddell and Scott, he will see their statement, that the Attic form εὐμελίας is only to be found in grammars. He is here, as always, wrong in his facts. The word is most singular in Greek; more singular by far than “ashen-spear’d” in English, because it is more obscure, as is its special application to one or two persons: and in truth I have doubted whether we any better understand Eumelian Priam than Gerenian Nestor. —Mr. Arnold presently imputes to me the opinion that χιτῶν means “a cloak,” *which he does not dispute*; but if I had thought it necessary to be literal, I must have rendered χαλκοχιτῶνες brazen-shirted. He suggests to me the rendering “brazen-coated,” which I have used in Il. 4, 285 and elsewhere. I have also used “brazen-clad,” and I now prefer “brazen-delicacies of a language; who, for instance, thinks that ἐλκηθμός means δουλεία.

mail'd." I here wish only to press that Mr. Arnold's criticism proceeds on a false fact. Homer's epithet was *not* a familiar word at Athens (in any other sense than as Burns or Virgil may be familiar to Mr. Arnold,) but was strange, unknown even to their poets; hence his demand that I shall use a word already familiar in English poetry is doubly baseless. The later poets of Greece have plenty of words beginning with χαλκο-; but this one word is exclusively Homer's. —Everything that I have now said, may be repeated still more pointedly concerning εὐκνημιδες, inasmuch as directing attention to leg-armour is peculiarly quaint. No one in all Greek literature (as far as I know) names the word but Homer; and yet Mr. Arnold turns on me with his ever reiterated, ever unsupported, assertions and censures, of course assuming that "the scholar" is with him. (I have no theory at hand, to explain why he regards his own word to suffice without attempt at proof.) The epithet is intensely peculiar; and I observe that Mr. Arnold has not dared to suggest a translation. It is clear to me that he is ashamed of my poet's oddities; and has no mode of escaping from them but by bluntly denying facts. Equally peculiar to Homer are the words κυδιάνειρα, τανύπεπλος and twenty others,—equally unknown to Attic the peculiar compound μελήδης (adopted from Homer by Pindar),—about

all which he carps at me on false grounds. But I pass these, and speak a little more at length about μέροπες.

Will the reader allow me to vary these tedious details, by imagining a conversation between the Aristophanic Socrates and his clownish pupil Strepsiades. I suppose the philosopher to be instructing him in the higher Greek, Homer being the text.

*Soc.* Now Streppy, tell me what μέροπες ἄνθρωποι means?

*Strep.* Let me see: μέροπες? that must mean “half-faced.”

*Soc.* Nonsense, silly fellow: think again.

*Strep.* Well then: μέροπες, half-eyed, squinting.

*Soc.* No; you are playing the fool: it is not our ὀπ in ὄψις, ὄψομαι, κάτοπτρον, but another sort of ὀπ.

*Strep.* Why, you yesterday told me that οἴνοπα was “wine-faced,” and αἴθοπα “blazing-faced,” something like our αἰθίοψ.

*Soc.* Ah! well: it is not so wonderful that you go wrong. It is true, there is also νῶροψ, στέροψ, ἦνοψ.

Those might mislead you: μέροψ is rather peculiar. Now cannot you think of any characteristic of mankind, which μέροπες will express. How do men differ from other animals?

*Strep.* I have it! I heard it from your young friend

Euclid. Μέροψ ἐστὶν ἄνθρωπος, “man is a cooking  
“animal.”

*Soc.* You stupid lout! what are you at? what do  
you mean?

*Strep.* Why, μέροψ, from μείρω, I distribute, ὄψον  
sauce.

*Soc.* No, no: ὄψον has the ὀψ, with radical im-  
moveable ς in it; but here ὀπ is the root, and ς is  
moveable.

*Strep.* Now I have got it; μείρω, I distribute,  
ὀπὸν, juice, rennet.

*Soc.* Wretched man! you must forget your larder  
and your dairy, if ever you are to learn grammar.—  
Come Streppy: leave rustic words, and think of the  
language of the gods. Did you ever hear of the bril-  
liant goddess Circe and of her ὄπα καλήν?

*Strep.* Oh yes; Circe and her beautiful face.

*Soc.* I told you, *no!* you forgetful fellow. It is  
ANOTHER ὀπ. Now I will ask you in a different way.  
Do you know why we call fishes ἔλλοπες?

*Strep.* I suppose, because they are cased in scales.

*Soc.* That is not it.—(And yet I am not sure.  
Perhaps the fellow is right, after all.)—Well, we will  
not speak any more of ἔλλοπες. But did you never  
hear in Euripides, οὐκ ἔχω γεγωνεῖν ὄπα? What  
does that mean?

*Strep.* “I am not able to shout out, ὦ πόποι.”

*Soc.* No, *no*, *Streppy*: but Euripides often uses ὄπα. He takes it from Homer, and it is akin to ἐπ, not to *our* ὀπ and much less to πόποι. What does ἔπη mean?

*Strep.* It means such lines as the diviners sing.

*Soc.* So it does in Attic, but Homer uses it for ῥήματα, words; indeed we also sometimes.

*Strep.* Yes, yes, I do know it. All is right.

*Soc.* I think you do: well, and ὀψ means *a voice*, φωνή.

*Strep.* How you learned men like to puzzle us! I often have heard ὀπι, ὄπα in the Tragedies, but never quite understood it. What a pity they do not say φωνή when they mean φωνή.

*Soc.* We have at last made one step. Now what is μέροψ? μέροπες ἄνθρωποι.

*Strep.* Μείρω, I divide, ὄπα, φωνήν, voice; “voice-dividing:” what *can* that mean?

*Soc.* You have heard a wild dog howl, and a tame dog bark: tell me how they differ.

*Strep.* The wild dog gives a long long *oo-oo*, which changes like a trumpet if you push your hand up and down it; and the tame dog says *bow, wow, wow*, like two or three panpipes blown one after another.

*Soc.* Exactly; you see the tame dog is humanized: he *divides his voice* into syllables, as men do. “Voice-dividing” means “speaking in syllables.”

*Strep.* Oh, how clever you are!

*Soc.* Well then, you understand; “Voice-dividing” means *articulating*.

Mr. Arnold will see in the Scholiast on Iliad 1, 250, precisely this order of analysis for μέροπες. It seems to me to give not a traditional but a grammatical explanation. Be that as it may, it indicates that a Greek had to pass through *exactly the same process* in order to expound μέροπες, as an Englishman to get sense out of “voice-dividing.” The word is twice used by Æschylus, who affects Homeric words, and once by Euripides (Iph. T.) in the connection πολέσιν μερόπων, where the very unusual Ionism πολέσιν shows in how Homeric a region is the poet’s fancy. No other word ending in οψ except μέροψ can be confidently assigned to the root ὀψ, a voice. Ἡνοψ in Homer (itself of most uncertain sense and derivation) is generally referred to the other ὀψ. The sense of ἔλλοψ again\* is very uncertain. Every way therefore μέροψ is “odd” and obscure. The phrase “articulating” is utterly prosaic and inadmissible. *Vocal* is rather too Latinized for my style, and besides, is apt to mean *melodious*. The phrase “voice-dividing” is indeed easier to us than μέροπες

\* Ἐλλός needs light and gives none. Benfey suggests that it is for ἐνεός, as ἄλλος, *alius*, for Sanscrit *anya*. He with me refers ἔλλοψ to λέπω. Cf. *squamigeri* in Lucretius.

can have been to the Athenians, because we all know what *voice* means, but they had to be taught scholastically what ὄπα meant; nor would easily guess that ὄψ in μέροψ had a sense, differing from ὄψ in (ἀ)στέροψ οἴνοψ, αἰθοψ, αἰθίοψ, νῶροψ (ἦνοψ), χάροψ. Finally, since μέροπες is only found in the plural, it remains an open question, whether it does not mean “speaking various languages.” Mr. Arnold will find that Stephanus and Scapula treat it as doubtful, though Liddell and Scott do not name the second interpretation. I desired to leave in the English all the uncertainty of the Greek: but my critic is unencumbered with such cares.

Hitherto I have been unwillingly thrown into nothing but antagonism to Mr. Arnold, who thereby at least adds tenfold value to his praise, and makes me proud when he declares that the *structure* of my sentences is good and Homeric. For this I give the credit to my metre, which alone confers on me this cardinal advantage. But in turn I will compliment Mr. Arnold at the expense of some other critics. He does know, and they do not, the difference of *flowing* and *smooth*. A mountain torrent is flowing, but often very rough; such is Homer. The “staircases of Neptune” on the canal of Languedoc are smooth, but do not flow: you have to descend abruptly from each level to the next. It would be unjust to

say absolutely, that such is Pope's smoothness; yet often, I feel, this censure would not be too severe. The rhyme forces him to so frequent a change of the nominative, that he becomes painfully discontinuous, where Homer is what Aristotle calls "long-linked." At the same time, in our language, in order to impart a flowing style, good structure does not suffice. A principle is needed, unknown to the Greeks; viz. the natural divisions of the sentence oratorically, must coincide with the divisions of the verse musically. To attain this *always* in a long poem, is very difficult to a translator who is scrupulous as to tampering with the sense. I have not always been successful in this. But before any critic passes on me the general sentence that I am "deficient in flow," let him count up the proportion of instances in which he can justly make the complaint, and mark whether they occur in elevated passages.

I shall now speak of the peculiarities of my diction, under three heads: 1. old or antiquated words; 2. coarse words expressive of outward actions, but having no moral colour; 3. words of which the sense has degenerated in modern days.

1. Mr. Arnold appears to regard what is *antiquated* as *ignoble*. I think him, as usual, in fundamental error. In general the nobler words come from ancient style, and in no case can it be said that old

words (as such) are ignoble. To introduce such terms as *whereat*, *therefrom*, *quoth*, *beholden*, *steed*, *erst*, *anon*, *anent*, into the midst of style which in all other respects is modern and prosaic, would be like to that which we often hear from half-educated people. The want of harmony makes us regard it as lowminded and uncouth. From this cause (as I suspect) has stolen into Mr. Arnold's mind the fallacy, that the words themselves are uncouth.\* But the words are excellent, if only they are in proper keeping with the general style.—Now it is very possible, that in some passages, few or many, I am open to the charge of having mixed old and new style unskilfully; but I cannot admit that the old words (as such) are ignoble. No one so speaks of Spenser's dialect, nay, nor of Thomson's; although with Thomson it was assumed,

\* I do not see that Mr. Arnold has any right to reproach *me*, because *he* does not know Spenser's word "bragly," (which I may have used twice in the *Iliad*,) or Dryden's word "plump," for a mass. The former is so near in sound to *brag* and *braw*, that an Englishman who is once told that it means "proudly fine," ought thenceforward to find it very intelligible: the latter is a noble modification of the vulgar *lump*. That he can carp as he does against these words and against *bulkin* (=young bullock) as unintelligible, is a testimony how little I have imposed of difficulty on my readers. Those who know *lambkin* cannot find *bulkin* very hard. Since writing the above, I see a learned writer in the *Philological Museum* illustrates ἄλη by the old English phrase "a plump of spears."

exactly as by me, but to a far greater extent, and without any such necessity as urges me. As I have stated in my preface, a broad tinge of antiquity in the style is essential, to make Homer's barbaric puerilities and eccentricities less offensive. (Even Mr. Arnold would admit this, if he admitted my *facts*: but he denies that there is anything eccentric, antique, quaint, barbaric in Homer: that is his *only* way of resisting my conclusion.) If Mr. Gladstone were able to give his valuable time to work out an entire Iliad in his refined modern style, I feel confident that he would find it impossible to deal faithfully with the eccentric phraseology and with the negligent parts of the poem. I have the testimony of an unfriendly reviewer, that I am the *first* and *only* translator that has dared to give Homer's constant epithets and not conceal his forms of thought: of course I could not have done this in modern style. The lispings of a child is well enough from a child, but is disgusting in a full-grown man. Cowper and Pope systematically cut out from Homer whatever they cannot make *stately*, and harmonize with modern style: even Mr. Brandreth often shrinks, though he is brave enough to say *ox-eyed Juno*. Who then can doubt the extreme unfitness of their metre and of their modern diction? My opposers never fairly meet the argument. Mr. Arnold, when most gratuitously censuring

my mild rendering of κυνὸς κακομηχάνου ὀκνουέσσης, *does not dare to suggest any English for it himself.* Even Mr. Brandreth skips it. It is not merely offensive words; but the purest and simplest phrases, as a man's "dear life," "dear knees," or his "tightly-built house," are a stumbling-block to translators. No stronger proof is necessary, or perhaps is possible, than these phenomena give, that to shed an antique hue over Homer is of first necessity to a translator: without it, *injustice* is done both to the reader and to the poet. Whether I have managed the style well, is a separate question, and is matter of detail. I may have sometimes done well, sometimes ill; but I claim that my critics shall judge me from a broader ground, and shall not pertinaciously go on comparing my version with modern style, and condemning me as (what they are pleased to call) *inelegant*, because it is not like refined modern poetry, when it specially avoids to be such. They never deal thus with Thomson or Chatterton, any more than with Shakspeare or Spenser.

There is no sharp distinction possible between the foreign and the antiquated in language. What is obsolete with us, may still live somewhere: as, what in Greek is called Poetic or Homeric, may at the same time be living Æolic. So, whether I take a word from Spenser or from Scotland, is generally unimportant. I do not remember more than four

Scotch words, which I have occasionally adopted for convenience; viz. Callant, young-man; Canny, right-minded; Bonny, handsome; to Skirl, to cry shrilly. A trochaic word, which I cannot get in English, is sometimes urgently needed. It is astonishing to me that those who ought to know both what a large mass of antique and foreign-sounding words an Athenian found in Homer, and how many Doric or Sicilian forms as well as Homeric words the Greek tragedians *on principle* brought into their songs, should make the outcry that they do against my very limited use of that which has an antique or Scotch sound. Classical scholars ought to set their faces against the double heresy, of trying to enforce, that foreign poetry, however various, shall be all rendered into one English dialect, and that this shall, in order of words and in diction, closely approximate to polished prose. From an Oxford Professor I should have expected the very opposite spirit to that which Mr. Arnold shows. He ought to know and feel that one glory of Greek poetry is its great internal variety. He admits the principle that old words are a source of ennoblement for diction, when he extols the Bible as his standard: for surely he claims no rhetorical inspiration for the translators. Words which have come to us in a sacred connection, no doubt, gain a sacred hue, but they must not be allowed to desecrate other old and excel-

lent words. Mr. Arnold informs his Oxford hearers that "his Bibliolatry is perhaps excessive." So the public will judge, if he say that *wench*, *whore*, *pate*, *pot*, *gin*, *damn*, *busybody*, *audience*, *principality*, *generation*, are epical noble words because they are in the Bible, and that *lief*, *ken*, *in sooth*, *grim*, *stalwart*, *gait*, *guise*, *eld*, *hie*, *erst*, are bad, because they are not there. Nine times out of ten, what are called "poetical" words, are nothing but antique words, and are made ignoble by Mr. Arnold's doctrine. His very arbitrary condemnation of *eld*, *lief*, *in sooth*, *gait*, *gentle friend* in one passage of mine as "bad words," is probably due to his monomaniac fancy that there is nothing quaint and nothing antique in Homer. Excellent and noble as are these words which he rebukes, excellent even for Æschylus, I should doubt the propriety of using them in the dialogue of Euripides; on the level of which he seems to think Homer to be.

2. Our language, especially the Saxon part of it, abounds with vigorous monosyllabic verbs, and disyllabic frequentatives derived from them, indicative of strong physical action. For these words, (which, I make no doubt, Mr. Arnold regards as ignoble plebeians,) I claim Quiritarian rights: but I do not wish them to displace patricians from high service. Such verbs as *sweat*, *haul*, *plump*, *maul*, *yell*, *bang*, *splash*,

*smash, thump, tug, scud, sprawl, spank, etc.*, I hold (in their purely physical sense) to be eminently epic: for the epic revels in descriptions of violent action to which they are suited. Intense muscular exertion in every form, intense physical action of the surrounding elements, with intense ascription or description of size or colour;—together make up an immense fraction of the poem. To cut out these words is to emasculate the epic. Even Pope admits such words. My eye in turning his pages was just now caught by: “They tug, they sweat.” Who will say that “tug,” “sweat” are admissible, but “bang,” “smash,” “sputter” are inadmissible? Mr. Arnold resents my saying that Homer is often homely. He is homely expressly because he is natural. The epic diction admits both the gigantesque and the homely: it inexorably refuses the conventional, under which is comprised a vast mass of what some wrongly call elegant. But while I justify the use of homely words in a primary physical, I deprecate them in a secondary moral sense. Mr. Arnold clearly is dull to this distinction, or he would not utter against me the following taunt, p. 85:

*“To grunt and sweat under a weary load* does perfectly well where it comes in Shakspeare: but if the translator of Homer, who will hardly have wound up our minds to the pitch at which these words of Hamlet find them, were to employ, when he has to

speaking of Homer's heroes under the load of calamity, this figure of 'grunting' and 'sweating,' we should say, *He Newmanizes.*"

Mr. Arnold here not only makes a mistake, he propagates a slander; as if I had ever used such words as *grunt* and *sweat* morally. If Homer in the Iliad spoke of grunting swine, as he does of sweating steeds, so should I. As the coarse metaphors here quoted from Shakspeare are utterly opposed to Homer's style, to obtrude them on him would be a gross offence. Mr. Arnold sends his readers away with the belief that this is my practice, though he has not dared to assert it. I *bear* such coarseness in Shakspeare, not because I am "wound up to a high pitch" by him, "borne away by a mighty current,"—(which Mr. Arnold, with ingenious unfairness to me, assumes to be certain in a reader of Shakspeare and all but impossible in a reader of Homer,)—but because I know, that in Shakspeare's time all literature was coarse, as was the speech of courtiers and of the queen herself. Mr. Arnold imputes to me Shakspeare's coarseness, from which I instinctively shrink; and when his logic leads to the conclusion, "he Shakspearizes," he with gratuitous rancour turns it into "he Newmanizes."

Some words which with the Biblical translators seem to have been noble, I should not now dare to



“of a sailor,—of a peasant,—of a schoolboy,” this objection would be at least intelligible. However: the word is intended to express the *violent impact of a body descending from aloft*,—and it *does* express it.

Mr. Arnold censures me for representing Achilles as *yelling*. He is depicted by the poet as in the most violent physical rage, boiling over with passion and wholly uncontroled. He smacks his two thighs at once; he rolls on the ground, μέγας μεγαλωστί; he defiles his hair with dust; he rends it; he grinds his teeth; fire flashes from his eyes; but—he may not “yell,” that would not be *comme il faut!* We shall agree, that in peace nothing so becomes a hero as modest stillness; but that “Peleus’ son, insatiate of “combat,” full of the fiercest pent-up passion, should vent a little of it in a *yell*, seems to me quite in place. That the Greek ἰάχων is not necessarily to be so rendered, I am aware; but it is a very vigorous word, like *peal* and *shriek*; neither of which would here suit. I sometimes render it *skirl*: but “battle-yell” is a received rightful phrase. Achilles is not a stately Virgilian *pius Æneas*, but is a far wilder barbarian.

After Mr. Arnold has laid upon me the sins of Shakspeare, he amazes me by adding, p. 86: “The idiomatic language of Shakspeare,—such language as ‘prate of his *whereabout*,’ ‘*jump* the life to come,’—‘the damnation of his *taking-off*,’—‘*quietus make* with

‘a bare bodkin,’ should be carefully observed by the translator of Homer; although in every case he will have to decide for himself, whether the use, by him, of Shakspeare’s liberty, will or will not clash with his indispensable duty of nobleness.”

Of the Shakspearianisms here italicized by Mr. Arnold, there is not one which I could endure to adopt. “His whereabouts,” I regard as the flattest prose. (The word *prate* is a plebeian which I admit in its own low places; but how Mr. Arnold can approve of it, consistently with his attacks on me, I do not understand.) Damnation and Taking-off, (for Guilt and Murder,) and Jump, I absolutely reject; and “quietus make” would be nothing but an utterly inadmissible *quotation* from Shakspeare. *Jump* as an active verb is to me monstrous, but *Jump* is just the sort of modern prose word which is not noble. *Leap*, *Bound*, for great action, *Skip*, *Frisk*, *Gambol* for smaller, are all good.

I have shown against Mr. Arnold, (1) that Homer was out-and-out antiquated to the Athenians, even when perfectly understood by them; (2) that his conceptions, similes, phraseology and epithets are habitually quaint, strange, unparalleled in Greek literature; and pardonable only to semibarbarism; (3) that they are intimately related to his noblest excellencies; (4) that many words are so peculiar as to be still

doubtful to us; (5) I have indicated that some of his descriptions and conceptions are horrible to us, though they were not so to his barbaric auditors; (6) that considerable portions of the poem are not poetry, but rhythmical prose like Horace's Satires, and are interesting to us not as poetry but as portraying the manners or sentiments of the day. I now add (7) what is inevitable in all high and barbaric poetry,—perhaps in all high poetry,—many of his energetic descriptions are expressed in *coarse physical words*. I do not here attempt proof, for it might need a treatise: but I give one illustration; Il. 13, 136, Τρωῶες προὔτυψαν ἀλλέες. Cowper, misled by the *ignis fatuus* of “stateliness,” renders it absurdly

*The pow'rs of Ilium gave the first assault,  
Embattled close;*

but it is strictly, “The Trojans *knocked-forward* (or, “thumped, *butted*, forward) in close pack.” The verb is too coarse for later polished prose, and even the adjective is very strong (*packed together*). I believe, that “Forward in *pack* the Troians *pitch'd*,” would not be really unfaithful to the Homeric colour; and I maintain that “Forward in mass the Troians *pitch'd*,” would be an irreprovable rendering.

Dryden in this respect is in entire harmony with Homeric style. No critic deals fairly with me in

isolating any of these strong words, and then appealing to his readers whether I am not ignoble. Hereby he deprives me of the ἀγών, the "mighty current" of Mr. Arnold, and he misstates the problem; which is, whether the word is suitable, *then* and *there*, for the work required of it, as the coalman at the pit, the clown in the furrow, the huntsman in the open field.

3. There is a small number of words, not natural plebeians, but patricians on which a most unjust bill of attainder has been passed, which I seek to reverse. On the first which I name, Mr. Arnold will side with me, because it is a Biblical word,—*wench*. In Lancashire I believe that at the age of about sixteen a "girl" turns into "a wench," or as we say "a young woman." In Homer, "girl" and "young woman" are alike inadmissible; "maid" or "maiden" will not always suit, and "wench" is the natural word. I do not know that I have used it three times, but I claim a right of using it, and protest against allowing the heroes of slang to deprive us of excellent words by their perverse misuse. If the imaginations of some men are always in satire and in low slang, so much the worse for them: but the more we yield to such demands, the more will be exacted. I expect, before long, to be told that *brick* is an ignoble word, meaning a jolly fellow, and that *sell*, *cut* are out of place in Homer. My metre, it seems, is inadmissible with

some, because it is the metre of Yankee Doodle! as if Homer's metre were not that of the Margites. Every noble poem is liable to be travestied, as the Iliad and Æschylus and Shakspeare have been. Every burlesque writer uses the noble metre, and caricatures the noble style. Mr. Arnold says, I must not render τανύπεπλος "trailing-rob'd," because it reminds him of "long petticoats sweeping a dirty pavement." What a confession as to the state of his imagination! Why not, of "a queen's robe trailing on a marble "pavement"? Did he never read

πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑανὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὔδει?

I have digressed: I return to words which have been misunderstood. A second word is of more importance, *Imp*; which properly means a Graft. The best translation of ὦ Λήδας ἔρνος to my mind, is, "O imp of Leda!" for neither "bud of Leda," nor "scion of Leda" satisfy me; much less "sprig" or "shoot of Leda." The theological writers so often used the phrase "imp of Satan" for "child of the "devil," that (since Bunyan?) the vulgar no longer understand that *imp* means *scion*, *child*, and suppose it to mean "little devil." A Reviewer has omitted to give his unlearned readers any explanation of the word (though I carefully explained it) and calls down their indignation upon me by his censures, which I hope proceeded from carelessness and ignorance.

Even in Spenser's Fairy Queen the word retains its rightful and noble sense:

Well worthy *imp!* then said the lady, etc.,

and in North's Plutarch,

“He took upon him to protect him from them all, “and not to suffer so goodly an *imp* [Alcibiades] to “lose the good fruit of his youth.”

Dryden uses the verb, To *imp*; to graft, insert.

I was quite aware that I claimed of my readers a certain strength of mind, when I bid them to forget the defilements which vulgarity has shed over the noble word *Imp*, and carry their imaginations back two or three centuries: but I did not calculate that any critic would call Dainty grotesque. This word is equivalent in meaning to Delicate and Nice, but has precisely the epical character in which both those words are deficient. For instance, I say, that after the death of Patroclus, the coursers “stood motionless,”

Drooping tōwārd the ground their heads, and down their plaintive  
eyelids  
Did warm tears trickle to the ground, their charioteer bewailing.  
Defilèd were their *dainty* manes, over the yoke-strap dropping.

A critic who objects to this, has to learn English from my translation. Does he imagine that Dainty can mean nothing but “over-particular as to food”?

In the compound Dainty-cheek'd, Homer shows

his own epic peculiarity. It is imitated in the similar word εὐπάρατος applied to the Gorgon Medusa by Pindar: but not in the Attics. I have somewhere read, that the rudest conception of female beauty is that of a brilliant red *plump* cheek;—such as an English clown admires; (—was this what Pindar meant?) the second stage looks to the delicacy of tint in the cheek; (this is Homer's καλλιπάρης:) the third looks to shape; (this is the εὐμορφος of the Attics, the *formosus* of the Latins, and is seen in the Greek sculpture:) the fourth and highest looks to moral expression: this is the idea of Christian Europe. That Homer rests exclusively in the second or semibarbaric stage, it is not for me to say, but, as far as I am able, to give to the readers of my translation materials for their own judgment. From the vague word εἶδος, *species*, *appearance*, it cannot be positively inferred whether the poet had an eye for Shape. The epithets curl-eyed and fine-ankled decidedly suggest that he had; except that his application of the former to the entire nation of the Greeks makes it seem to be of foreign tradition, and as unreal as *brazen-mailed*.

Another word which has been ill-understood and ill-used, is *dapper*. Of the epithet dappergeav'd for εὐκνημῖς I certainly am not enamoured, but I have not yet found a better rendering. It is easier to carp

at my phrase, than to suggest a better. The word *dapper* in Dutch = German *tapfer*; and like the Scotch *braw* or *brave* means with us *fine, gallant, elegant*. I have read the line of an old poet,

The dapper words which lovers use,  
for *elegant*, I suppose; and so “the dapper does” and “dapper elves” of Milton must refer to elegance or refined beauty. What is there\* ignoble in such a word? “Elegant” and “pretty” are inadmissible in epic poetry: “dapper” is logically equivalent, and *has the epic colour*. Neither “fair” nor “comely” here suit. As to the school translation “wellgreav’d,” every common Englishman on hearing the sound receives it as “wellgrieved,” and to me it is very unpleasing. A part of the mischief, a large part of it, is in the word *greave*; for *dapper-girdled* is on the whole well-received. But what else can we say for *greave*? leggings? gambados?

Much perhaps remains to be learnt concerning Homer’s perpetual epithets. My very learned colleague Goldstücke, Professor of Sanscrit, is convinced that the epithet *cow-eyed* of the Homeric Juno is an echo of the notion of Hindoo poets, that (if I remember his statement) “the sunbeams are the *cows* “of heaven.” The sacred qualities of the Hindoo cow

\* I observe that Lord Lyttelton renders Milton’s *dapper elf* by ῥαδινὰ, “softly moving.”

are perhaps not to be forgotten. I have myself been struck by the phrase δῑπετέος ποτάμοιο as akin to the idea that the Ganges falls from Mount Meru, the Hindoo Olympus. Also the meaning of two other epithets has been revealed to me from the pictures of Hindoo ladies. First, *curl-eyed*, to which I have referred above; secondly, *rosy-fingered Aurora*. For Aurora is an "Eastern lady;" and, as such, has the tips of her fingers dyed rosy-red, whether by henna or by some more brilliant drug. Who shall say that the kings and warriors of Homer do not derive from the East their epithet "Jove-nurtured"? or that this or that goddess is not called "golden-throned" or "fair-throned" in allusion to Assyrian sculpture or painting, as Rivers probably drew their later poetical attribute "bull-headed" from the sculpture of fountains? It is a familiar remark, that Homer's poetry presupposes a vast preexisting art and material. Much in him was traditional. Many of his wild legends came from Asia. He is to us much beside a poet; and that a translator should assume to cut him down to the standard of modern taste, is a thought which all the higher minds of this age have outgrown. How much better is that reverential Docility, which with simple and innocent wonder, receives the oddest notions of antiquity as material of instruction yet to be revealed, than the self-complacent Criticism, which

pronouncing everything against modern taste to be grotesque\* and contemptible, squares the facts to its own "Axioms"! *Homer is noble: but this or that epithet is not noble: therefore we must explode it from Homer!* I value, I maintain, I struggle for the "high "a priori road" in its own place; but certainly not in historical literature. To read Homer's own thoughts, is to wander in a world abounding with freshness: but if we insist on treading round and round in our own footsteps, we shall never ascend those heights whence the strange region is to be seen. Surely an intelligent learned critic ought to inculcate on the unlearned, that if they would get instruction from Homer, they must not expect to have their ears tickled by a musical sound as of a namby-pamby poetaster; but must look on a metre as doing its duty, when it "strings the mind up to the necessary pitch" in elevated passages; and that instead of demanding of a translator everywhere a rhythmical perfection which perhaps can only be attained by a great sacrifice of

\* Mr. Arnold calls it an unfortunate sentence of mine: "I ought to be quaint; I ought not to be grotesque." I am disposed to think him right, but for reasons very opposite to those which he assigns. I have "unfortunately" given to querulous critics a cue for attacking me unjustly. I should rather have said: "We ought to be *quaint*, and not to shrink "from that which the fastidious modern will be sure to call "*grotesque* in English, when he is too blunted by habit or too "poor a scholar to discern it in the Greek."

higher qualities, they should be willing to submit to a small part of that ruggedness, which Mr. Arnold cheerfully bears in Homer himself through the loss of the Digamma. And now, for a final protest. To be *stately* is not to be *grand*. Nicolas of Russia may have been stately like Cowper, Garibaldi is grand like the true Homer. A diplomatic address is stately; it is not grand, nor often noble. To expect a translation of Homer to be *pervadingly elegant*, is absurd: Homer is not such, any more than is the side of an Alpine mountain. The elegant and the picturesque are seldom identical, however much of delicate beauty may be interstudded in the picturesque: but this has always got plenty of what is shaggy and uncouth, without which contrast the full delight of beauty would not be attained. I think Moore in his characteristic way tells of a beauty

Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till love falls asleep in the sameness of splendour.

Such certainly is not Homer's. His beauty, when at its height, is *wild* beauty: it smells of the mountain and the sea. If he be compared to a noble animal, it is not to such a spruce rubbed-down Newmarket racer as our smooth translators would pretend, but to a wild horse of the Don Cossacks: and if I, instead of this, present to the reader nothing but a Dandie Dinmont's pony, this, as a first approximation, is a valuable step towards the true solution.

Before the best translation of the Iliad of which our language is capable, can be produced, the English public has to unlearn the false notion of Homer which his *deliberately faithless* versifiers have infused. Chapman's conceits unfit his translation for instructing the public, even if his rhythm "jolted" less, if his structure were simpler, and his dialect more intelligible. My version, if allowed to be read, will prepare the public to receive a version better than mine. I regard it as a question about to open hereafter, whether a translator of Homer ought not to adopt the old dissyllabic *landis, houndis, hartis*, etc., instead of our modern unmelodious *lands, hounds, harts*; whether the *ye* or *y* before the past participle may not be restored; the want of which confounds that participle with the past tense. Even the final *-en* of the plural of verbs (we dancen, they singen, etc.) still subsists in Lancashire. It deserves consideration whether by a *few* such slight grammatical retrogressions into antiquity a translator of Homer might not add much melody to his poem and do good service to the language.

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SPECIMENS.

1.

When, blest Mæcenas! by Jove's will shall I,  
For Cæsar's victory joyful,  
With thee in lofty hall drink Cæcuban,  
Reserv'd for festal banquet,  
While lyre and flutes responsive mingle sound,  
*This Dorian, those barbaric?*

2.

When thro' the troops of youths obstructing  
She sweeps to claim the bright Nearchus,  
Grand between Thee and her the struggle  
For glorious booty.  
While Thou the hasty arrow drawest  
And She her tusks tremendous sharpens,  
With naked foot the Prize and Umpire  
(They say) the palmbranch

Tramples: and bathes in gentle breezes  
His shoulder streak'd with fragrant tresses;  
To Nireus like, or him once ravish'd  
From streamy Ida.

3.

Him of purpose firm, and just,  
Not the banded people's cry  
Perverse, nor tyrant's kindling visage  
Shakes in stable soul, nor Auster,

Restless Adria's turbid prince;  
Nay, nor Jove with lightning-hand,  
If mighty Earth convuls'd should perish  
Him the wreck will strike undaunted.

4.

Where may I to grotto's ear  
Murmur stealthily my high essay  
Mid the stars and court of Jove  
Glorious Cæsar's deathless fame to set?  
Signal, fresh, utter'd lays  
Swell my heart. So wakes thy votary  
Daz'd on mountain ridge, who views  
Hebrus pour'd beneath, and Rhodopè  
Trod by barbarous foot, and Thrace  
Snow-illumin'd. What delight, to gaze  
O'er the banks and desolate grove  
Roaming free!