

perfect beauty at the bidding of a modern usurper, calling them forth from the lifeless forms of a mediæval Latin poet, to whom Milton may have been indebted for a few trivial suggestions in the composition of his imperishable poems.

THE POETRY OF HOMER.

THE literature of no other nation has been so true an exponent of its history as that of Greece, and therefore, on this ground, there never was a literature more worthy of the most profound study. Ancient Hellas has bequeathed us no treasure more valued or valuable, historically or æsthetically, than these immortal inspirations of her earliest and sweetest muse. These poems are almost the only record of the age that produced them, and they bear in themselves the strongest evidence of being the exactest transcripts of that age. In them we see a truthful image of primitive Greek society, in all its greatness and littleness. *The* poet (as the nation that idolised him loved to call him) drew directly from the existing materials he observed in the world around him, and we have reason to believe that he did not sacrifice the current genealogies of men, and the legendary attributes of tribes and cities to what he deemed the exigencies of his poems; and we have still stronger reason to believe that he pictured the manners, the institutions, the feelings, and the intelligence of the heroic age from what he saw, felt, and observed in his own times. Indeed, he could scarcely have done otherwise in such an age.

The horrors of war, not glossed over or softened down, but drawn in their fullest dimensions, and painted in colours