

**HOMER IN CHIOS.
AN EPOPEE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649269013

Homer in Chios. An epepee by Denton J. Snider

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

DENTON J. SNIDER

**HOMER IN CHIOS.
AN EPOPEE**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HOMER IN CHIOS.

An Epopee

BY

DENTON J. SNIDER.

ST. LOUIS:
SIGMA PUBLISHING CO.,
210 PINE STREET,
1891.

TO THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1891,
By DENTON J. SNIDER,
in the office of Librarian of Congress, Washington.

CONTENTS.

I. MNEMOSYNE.	
The Making of the Poet.	5
II. CALLIOPE.	
The Call of the Muse.	27
III. EUTERPE.	
The Daughter of Homer.	47
IV. ERATO.	
The Stranger of Northland.	63
V. CLIQ.	
The Travels of Homer.	85
VI. TERPSICHOPE.	
The Pedagogue Chian.	113
VII. MELPOMENE.	
The Singer of Ascra.	131
VIII. THALIA.	
The Songstress of Lesbos.	149
IX. POLYHYMNIA.	
The Psalmist of Israel.	173
X. URANIA.	
The Marriage.	201

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

I.

Mnemosyne.

The Making of The Poet.

ARGUMENT.

HOMER, the poet, having returned in old age to Chios, his birth-place, an island not far from the coast of Asia Minor, tells the story of his early life to his pupils. Two chief influences wrought upon his childhood. The first was that of the smith, Chalcon, who was both artisan and artist — both vocations in early times were united in one man — and who revealed to the budding poet the forms of the Gods. The second influence was that of his mother, Crethéis (name given by Herodotus, Vita Hom). She was the depository of fable and folk-lore, which she told to her boy in the spirit of a poet, and which are the chief materials of his two great poems. So Homer reaches back to his earliest years by the aid of Mnemósyne (memory), who according to Hesiod (*Theogon.* 915) was the mother of the Nine Muses.

THE
CITY OF
CALIFORNIA

“ Fair was the day when I first peeped into the
workshop of Chalcon,
Chalcon, the smith, who wrought long ago in the
city of Chios;
Now that day is the dawn of my life, which I yet
can remember,
All my hours run back to its joy as my very be-
ginning,
And one beautiful moment then let in the light
of existence,
Starting within me the strain that thrills through
my days to this minute!
Still the old flash I can see as I peeped at the
door of the workshop,
Memory whispers the tale of the rise of a world
that I saw there
Memory, muse of the past, is whispering faintly
the story.

Chalcon the smith, far-famed in the sun-born
island of Chios,
Stood like a giant and pounded the bronze in the
smoke of his smithy,
Pounded the iron until it would sing in a tune
with the anvil,
Sing in a tune with the tongs and the anvil and
hammer together,
Making the music of work that rang to the ends
of the city.
Figures he forced from his soul into metal, most
beautiful figures,
Forced them by fury of fire beneath cunning
strokes of the hammer ;
As he thought them, he wrought them to loveliest
forms of the living,
Wrought them to worshipful shapes of the Gods,
who dwell on Olympus.
That was when I was still but a child in the home
of my mother,
Sole dear home of my life, the home of Crethéis
my mother !
Only two doors from his shop with its soot stood
her clean little cottage,
Vainly she strove to restrain her clean little boy
from the smithy,
But he would slip out the house and away, as
soon as she washed him,
Off and away to the forge just where the smutch
was the deepest.