HOMER IN CHIOS. AN EPOPEE

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Homer in Chios. An epopee by Denton J. Snider

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DENTON J. SNIDER

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An Spopee

BY

DENTON J. SNIDER.

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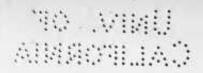
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I.

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 Two chief influences wrought upon his childmupils. The first was that of the smith, Chalcon, who hood. was both artisan and artist - both vocations in early limes 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-wore, which she told to her boy in the spirit of a poet, and which are the chief materials of his two So Homer reaches back to his earliest great poems. years by the aid of Mnemosyne (memory), who according to Hesiod (Theogon, 915) was the mother of the Nine Muses.



"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 beginning,

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. TO MANE

- 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.