

for omitting them. 513-15 are in brackets. The editor here has followed Nauck and most editors. But we may be sure that the poet knew what he was doing when he made the nurse indulge in a bit of folk-lore. 1167. Another example of sigmatism might have been quoted from the play 295, as well as the line from the *Medea*. 1186. Some explanation of λέγοι without ἄν should have been given. The references quoted for the construction do not seem strictly parallel. But there is little room for fault finding. The notes throughout are clear and to the point. A feature which cannot pass without remark is the great number of apposite quotations which Prof. Harry has collected from modern authors in illustration of the thought of the play. They certainly add much to the interest of an excellent edition.

H. ELLERSHAW.

ten years. He argues at length in favour of Volquardsen's view that the inconsistencies and repetitions in Diodorus xvi. 28 ff. as compared with Ch. 23-27 indicate a difference of source. He regards Ephorus as the authority followed by Diodorus in the earlier part of book xvi., down to the end of ch. 27, except in the chapters relating to Philip, which he assigns to Theopompus, from whose *Philippica* he supposes the latter part of the book to have been, in the main, derived. The Sicilian chapters in this part of the book come from Timaeus, although he maintains that Ephorus is the authority followed for Sicilian affairs down to ch. 27. He asserts the Xenophontic authorship of the *Πόροι*, and suggests the summer of 355 as the date of its composition, the passage in V. 9 being inspired by the Phocian embassy which he supposes to have been sent to Athens by Philomelus about this time.

The dissertation is a conscientious piece of work, marked, unfortunately, by an absence of method and style which one has come to associate with compositions of this sort. The most important contribution which the writer makes to the solution of the difficult problems of which he treats is his hypothesis that the whole of the thirtieth book of Ephorus' work was written by his son Demophilus. It has hitherto been inferred from the references in Diodorus that Ephorus carried down his history to the siege of Perinthus, and that Demophilus was responsible only for the account of the Sacred War. A strong case is made out in favour of this hypothesis; and, if it is accepted, it would furnish a plausible explanation for Diodorus' parting company, at the end of ch. 27, with Ephorus, to whom he has been so faithful up to that point.

E. M. WALKER.

Xenophon de Vectigalibus V. 9 und die Ueberlieferung vom Anfang des phokischen Krieges bei Diodor. Von Oberlehrer AEMILIUS PINTSCHOVIVS. Hadersleben, 1900. Printed by W. L. Schütze.

THE starting point of this dissertation is the passage in the *Πόροι* of Xenophon; it is, however, chiefly concerned with the account in Diodorus of the origin of the Sacred War. The author's conclusions may be summarised as follows. The seizure of the temple at Delphi is to be put in the archonship of Agathocles, 357/6, and took place about June 356; so that the war, which was regarded as ending with the *φθορά τῶν διανεμαμένων τὰ ἱερὰ χρήματα* (Diod. xvi. 14), *i.e.* with the devastation of Phocis in August 346, lasted in reality a few months over the

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLASSICS IN EDUCATION.

[We print below underneath a covering letter of Dr. GRANGER of University College, Nottingham, the first of two communications whose contents seem likely to excite both interest and dissent among readers of the *Classical Review*:—ED. C.R.]

These two letters upon Classical Education were not written, in the first instance, in order to be published. Their writer chose this way of expressing his objections to the discipline to which, as will appear, he was subjected in the usual course at Oxford. The letters summarise from one side a rather lengthy correspondence in which two

of his friends took the other side, and, perhaps, may be of service to lovers of the classical tradition by showing where that tradition has borne somewhat heavily in a typical case. It is with this intention that my friend has allowed me to submit his criticisms to the editor of the *Classical Review*.

The somewhat surprising references to Latin accent in the second letter relate, I understand, not to stress, but to tone. For that matter Dr. Key, when he was head-master of University College School, used to have Plautus and Terence chanted by the sixth form. At least I am so informed by one of his old boys.

F. GRANGER.

TWO LETTERS TO A CLASSICAL FRIEND.

I.

My Dear —,

I am dissatisfied to leave our discussions on the Classics and their place in Education, at the stage which we have at present reached. I am reluctant that you should credit me with a love of letters, and especially of Poetry, inferior to your own, though of course I make no pretension to your scholarship, and though Literature, while it is a great and permanent interest in my mind, yet is not with me, as it has been I think with you, the chief business of the intellectual life. And it is because I find myself unable to make the study of the Classics, in any substantial measure, subservient to the love of letters, that I have, in our former conversations, directed my attack against the system of Classical Education. Such a conclusion is quite as disappointing to me as it must be disagreeable to yourself, and yet my personal experience leaves me no choice but to draw it. I want to make it more plain to you than I could in desultory talk, that I must not be understood to pass judgment on the classic texts, from any other point of view than that of the learner. Indeed, and this is an important part of my case, I feel that, after all the labour I have bestowed upon them, I am still incompetent to apprehend or weigh their merits and defects. The only question upon which I have formed an opinion is not, 'What is the intrinsic value of Classical Literature?' but this humbler, if to me more pressing enquiry, 'What is the learner likely to get out of it?'

You will remember that my education was unusual, although I fear that the result, so far as the Classics are concerned, is

typical; typical, that is, of the experience of the majority. Being as a lad very delicate, I was brought up at home, in a rather solitary fashion. I knew neither Greek nor Latin, nor did I begin them until I was eighteen years of age. But I read English verse with avidity, and wrote it with enthusiasm, as a boy should. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper: all that the Globe editions on our shelves could afford me was read and taken in to the best of my ability. I read through the *Faerie Queene* from beginning to end. I read through *Paradise Lost* three times, though I must admit that I did not begin to appreciate it until the third reading. In French I read sundry plays of Corneille and Racine and Molière, I think with some, though no doubt with imperfect appreciation. But I have never looked at them since. I wanted to read all the great poets of the world. I read Cary's translation of the *Divine Comedy*. I read Virgil in a crib. I read right through Cowper's tedious translation of Homer, in which nothing moved or interested me, except the last book of the *Iliad*, where Priam goes to Achilles to beg the body of Hector. And then, at eighteen, I went to a tutor, and began Greek and Latin, and for four years I did nothing else. In my twenty-first year I matriculated at Oxford, and at twenty-two I took a third in Moderations. What did I gain by this four years' work?

Bear in mind that I approached the study of the Classics with the keenest love of poetry, and with the strongest prepossession in their favour. For Matriculation I took up two plays of Euripides. I got nothing out of the *Hecuba*. Out of the *Alcestis* I got perhaps as much as I might have gained by reading 'Balaustion's Adventure,' not more. I remember that at Matriculation I had the cheek to turn a passage of Euripides into verse. Indeed I eagerly, though vainly, desired to assimilate what I read, as Poetry. What else was the good of reading it? In the midst of these tasks, I sought and gained some comfort, in learning by heart the magnificent passage of Milton which begins:

Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander.

Will you bear with me when I say that these eighty lines have been to me of more value than all the classics put together?

At this time I also read Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, I. II. and IV. It would be ungrateful to pass over the Latin prose

texts, Caesar, B. G. I-IV. and Livy, XXL XXII.; for they helped to teach me the Latin language, and to them I have returned in later years. I now took the Oxford and Cambridge Certificate Examination, so that when I came into residence, the field was clear for Mods. I decided to go in for Honours, chiefly, I think, because I wanted to read the great texts. I was still not strong; I worked very slowly, with painstaking accuracy. I had not learned to measure the labour required for a given task. I recollect sitting up till five o'clock one morning over a piece of Latin Prose, which I could not lick into shape. This was no doubt due to a fastidious judgment, with resources inadequate for its satisfaction.

I began Homer. I was completely baffled by the difficulties of the language, and unable to keep up with the lectures, of which I recall only the lecturer's sardonic remark that 'Nothing new and at the same time true can possibly be said about Homer.' Of the twelve books of the *Odyssey* (XIII-XXIV) which I offered for examination, I never read more than seven. And my Homer paper got a Second! At least this might gratify my sense of humour. But what concerned me more was that in these seven books I never experienced the least gleam of poetry. I dreamed, however, of a return to Homer under more favourable circumstances, with no lectures and no examinations.

I took up two-thirds of Virgil:—the *Eclogues*, the *Georgics*, and the first half of the *Aeneid*; and I read these through most carefully, with the abridged edition of Conington. I found no poetry in the *Eclogues*. Of the *Georgics* I retain one line:—*Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros*. That charmed me, partly because it set me thinking of that 'haunt of ancient Peace,' the Bishop's Palace at Wells, familiar to me from childhood. But I had to hurry on to the *Aeneid*. This could not but leave upon my mind a certain impression of stateliness and majesty, amid much convention, comparable to the dignity of *Paradise Lost*. I learned by heart the lines

O socii, neque enim ignari sumus ante matorum, et cetera

for the sake of the encouragement contained in them, which truly I much needed. And as with Homer, so with Virgil, or at least the *Aeneid*, I thought some day I would read it again. But the predominating impression which Virgil left upon my mind, was that of sheer fag, of the stiffest piece of

grind which I had ever gone through. And you know I still retain the opinion that grind is one thing, and poetry quite another, as different (to put it briefly) as Martha and Mary.

Demosthenes De Corona I read in the Long Vacation, among the ruins of Bramber Castle. I liked it well enough, but it did not rouse my enthusiasm. I don't think I ever quite finished it, and I have never looked at it since. Cicero's letters (Watson Part V.) interested me, and the *Philippics* (I-VII.) increased my knowledge of Latin, perhaps of Rome. And I read the *De Senectute* for my own pleasure; also, I think, the first book of the *Tusculans*.

I took up for examination *Aristophanes* and *Juvenal*. Of these texts I only accomplished a part, but the reckless humour of the first, and the bitter satire of the second, chimed in precisely with my mood, and gave it a kind of expression. At the same time I found a powerful intellectual stimulus in the vast collections of Prof. Mayor. But the consequence was that out of thirteen satires I only read seven. It was of more value to me to gain the idea of learning.

Somehow I scraped through Mods. Nay, I did more than scrape through, for six of my papers (*Latin Prose*, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Aristophanes*, *Juvenal*, *Unseen*) got a Second. But I was too much discouraged and dis-illusioned to care about anything beyond getting through. I had now to consider whether I should go in for Greats. Without much hesitation I decided in the negative. It was neither the Philosophy, nor the History, nor the Language, but the Literature, and above all the famous Poetry of Greece and Rome, which had in the first instance attracted me. I had since come to see that the study of the Classics was a highly technical and traditional study, which could not with advantage be approached except by those who had already in boyhood been initiated into the classical education of our public schools. It required not four years' work but fourteen. The product of this system was *l'homme moyen classique*, the average classical man. An outsider could not hope to put himself on a level with the men of this type, nor in truth did I greatly desire to do so. I felt, rightly or wrongly, that the study of the classics was not pursued for its own sake, but as part of an established system of education, of which the value and importance were rather taken for granted than really felt or proved. To me, and to most others on my own level of attainment, it was just mere cram and grind

and shop, and could by no possibility be anything more. There was nothing in all this to gratify the love of Letters, the love of Nature, the love of Beauty. No experience could be less Hellenic, or less Humane. The classics, I then felt, and I feel still, were hackneyed to death, and nothing short of a miracle could impart to them the least touch of freshness. A classic text to me both was and is, a thing of verbs and adjectives; of the grammar and the lexicon; and the study of it had no more to do with Poetry than it had to do with Chemistry. Indeed the one solid result which I brought off from four years' work was not literary but scientific;—a certain grip of the Latin language and an elementary knowledge of Greek. It is a curious reflection that the only Greek book which has ever been of any real value to me, is the Greek Bible.

I therefore *chucked* the classics with a

βάλλ' ἐς κόρακας, with mingled feelings of mortification and relief. For myself the grapes were sour, and I gladly turned to other and, on the whole, more congenial subjects. Yet there has always remained with me, lurking in the background of my mind, an unsatisfied desire to return once more to the classical literature, and if possible to find there some part at least of the treasures which it is supposed to afford the student. And the occasion of our discussions has arisen out of my very unsuccessful efforts to achieve this result, efforts which, as you know, have only revived and strengthened the painful conviction that *Classical Books should be left to Classical Men.*

I remain, my Dear—,
Your assured friend,
G. H. S.

October, 1900.

(To be continued.)

ΣΜΙΝΘΕΥΣ, PESTILENCE AND MICE.

A propos of Mr. Godley's note on *Σμινθεύς* in the May *C.R.*, it is a curious coincidence that in the May number of the *Expository Times* there is a paper by a medical missionary, the Rev. J. C. Gibson, M.A., M.D., of Swatow, designed to prove that the fifth and sixth chapters of the first book of Samuel describe an outbreak of bubonic plague, and that the 'mice that mar the land' are rats, mentioned because of their carrying disease. Dr. Gibson observes that Hitzig recalled in this connexion the association of Apollo with plague, under the epithet *Smintheus*. He tells us that bubonic plague is commonly called 'rat plague' in China to-day. The independent confirmation of an interesting theory thus supplied seems worthy to be brought to the notice of readers of the *C.R.* who may not have seen it.

JAMES HOPE MOULTON.

In a paper upon some Homeric questions in the May number, Mr. Godley discussed the connection between mice and pestilence, and would explain it as the result of the knowledge acquired from Egypt of the fact that mice and rats carry disease. Is it not simpler to explain this connection as the result of an oriental metaphor? With the same suddenness and thoroughness that mice destroy crops, does pestilence destroy

μῆρ. It is noticeable that in almost every instance where the connection has been found the mouse mentioned has been the shrew-mouse. We know how great are the ravages of mice in corn-land from the elaborate spells found in Teutonic mythology to get rid of them. A possible explanation of the differing accounts of the destruction of Sennacherib is that the Assyrian folk-tales or chronicles described the destruction of the army by 'pestilence,' using what to them may have been the common metaphor of 'mice.' In after ages when the metaphorical signification of mice had been lost, the story of them gnawing the bowstrings was invented, to explain how mice could work the destruction of an army. It is significant that the Philistines, when they sent back the ark, were advised by their priests and diviners to 'make images of your emerods and images of your mice that mar the land,' (Sam. i. v. 9), though no mention of the ravages of mice is made. The words 'that mar the land' seem almost to be inserted in an explanatory way to show why they were included in the offering.

The story of the gnawing of the bowstrings in the Troad and the similar story in Chinese legends, both referred to by Mr. Lang, may have originated in the same way, or merely be other forms of the same story.