

then a few of the by-ways. Mr. Browning used to know every inch of one highway with all its associated by-ways, and never set his foot on any other highway in the same region. If he had been a zoologist, he would have known all about lions and nothing about tigers. Of course, this is no disparagement to his greatness. His true field was not learning but life. Only, why could he not have read some Plato? Our wistful fancy cannot help framing some shadow of the transformed *Republic* and interpreted *Phaedrus*, for which we could have spared, perhaps, the refutation of Bubb Dodington and the divagations of the Famille Miranda.

Besides interpreting Greek tragedy, he translated it. The translations of the *Alcestis* (in *Balaustion*) and the *Hercules Furens* (in *Aristophanes's Apology*) and the *Agamemnon* are interesting, because they show us what works he loved and what his theory of translation was. It is doubtful whether it would have been a safe theory for any translator; certainly it was not a safe theory for Mr. Browning. To translate word for word and yet into beautiful verse, a translator must have an ear filled and a mind pre-occupied with minute effects and delicate experiments in language; in short, he must be something that Mr. Browning never was. Moreover, he cared for the main matter too much to satisfy this fastidious generation in respect of 'settling *hoti's* business' and 'properly basing *own*.' In short, these translations represent his play, not his work.

After the *Agamemnon* (1877) he did not write on the Greek drama again. But the impulse of his great Greek period remained. His later volumes are full of both Greek subjects and Greek references. One thing that he has learned, from his own interpreting of Euripides, is a new interest in mythology. ('A myth may teach. Only, who better would expound it thus Must be Euripides, not Aeschylus.' *Parleyings, Mandeville*.) Besides smaller references, there are the prologue to the *Parleyings*, with its rehand-

ling of Admetus's story, and *Ixion* (*Jocoseria*), with its conversion of the transgressor into a newer and more human Prometheus. But also there is a word in *Gerard de Loirese* (*Parleyings*) for those who might think that we must go back to myths for all our poetry. Outlying stories that he found in his great researches are worked up in *Echetlos* and *Pheidippides*. He is still constant to the Aeschylus of his youth, and especially to the *Prometheus*, and to these he adds Pindar and Homer, quoting all three in Roman letters in the midst of his verse. From Homer he is led to consider the 'Homeric question,' and uses it characteristically to show forth in allegory the religious education of mankind (*Asolando, Developments*). In this period, for the first time in his life, he begins to add Latin to Greek. He expands three playful lines of Virgil into the weird and pathetic mystery of *Pan and Luna* (*Dramatic Idylls, II*). He refers three times to Juvenal (once in *Pacchiorotto*, twice in *Pietro of Abano*), (if I am right in so interpreting 'Sylla cuts a figure, leaving off dictating,' and 'while the half-mooned boot we boast'). But his pre-eminent Latin poet is Horace. Time after time he quotes him, and incorporates his Latin into the verse ('You've wine, manhood's master! Well, *rectius si quid Novistis impertite!*' Wait the event,' where I cannot free my mind from a gruesome suspicion of *impertite*). The final fruit of his Latin reading is *Imperante Augusto* (*Asolando*), of which nothing less can be said than that it might stand in *Men and Women*. Whether the subject-citizens of Augustus spoke exactly like this is as indifferent as the question whether Cardinal Wiseman defended himself like Bishop Blougram, or Andrea del Sarto felt himself dragged back from immortality by his wife. We may not have the situation as the Romans conceived it, but we have it as they would have conceived it, if they had had a poet great enough to show them how.

T. C. SNOW.

To the EDITOR of the CLASSICAL REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

The enclosed lines, addressed to Mr. Robert Browning, and accompanying a little volume of Greek verse, were very graciously received by him last summer, and may on that account have some interest for your readers at the present time.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

ὦ μακάρι, ὅστις παντὸς ἀνθρώπου μαθὼν
ψυχὴν τε καὶ φρόνημα καὶ γνώμην, λόγοις
ἐν ποικίλοις τε καὶ καλοῖς ἐφημίσω,
ὄσας θ' ὁ χρηστὸς φροντίσιν μάτην πονεῖ,
ὁ τ' αὖ πανοῦργος ἀθλίως θυμοφθορεῖ,

χὼ μικτὸς ἀμφοῖν οἶον ἐξαντλεῖ βίον
γραφαῖς ἀριστ' ἔδωκας ἐξηκασμένον,
—ἀρ' ἂν δέχοιο καινὰ δὴ μμηματα
ἔργων παλαιῶν γνωρίμων τέ σοι τάδε,
μμημῶν ἔμοιγε φιλτάτης ὀμιλίας;