

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to
marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boätli
on us thinks tha an ass.

* * * *

Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an',
Sammy, I'm blest
If it isn't the saame oop yonder, fur them
as 'as it's the best.
Tis'n them as 'as munny as break's into
'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes
their regular meäls;
Noä, but it's them as niver knows wheer a
meäl's to be 'ad:
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a
loomp is bad.
Them or their feythers, tha sees, mun 'a
beän a laäzy lot,
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin'
whiniver munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt: leästways 'is
munny was 'id,
But 'e tued an' moiled 'issén deäd, an' 'e
died a good un, 'e did.
Look thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck
cooms out by the 'ill!
Feyther run up to the farm, an' I runs up
to the mill;
An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that thou'll
live to see;
An' if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the
land to thee.
Them's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I
meäns to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un I'll leave the
land to Dick.

οὐδὲν ἤττον ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον πῶς δοκεῖς ποτ'
εἰκότως.
νῦν δέ σ' ἡ μήτηρ ἐκείνην μῶρον ὄντα τὴν
κόρην
φησὶ βούλεσθαι γαμῆν τὴν εὐγενοῦς δῆθεν
πατρός,
χρημάτων δ' ἀμνημονεῖν, οἷς ζῶσιν τ' ἀνθρώποις
ἐν
πάντα καὶ θανοῦσιν, οἷμαι· καὶ γὰρ ἀρετῇ πάρα.
πῶς γὰρ ἂν κλέπτοι τις ἢ τοιχωρυχοῖη πλούσιος,
χλαῖναν ἀναβεβλημένος καὶ τρεῖς φαγῶν τῆς
ἡμέρας;
ταῦθ' ἀμαρτάνουσ' ἐκάστοθ' ἀποροῦντες ἀλφί-
των,
τοὺς δέ τοι πένητας ἴσθ' ὡς εἰσὶ σύμπαντες
κακοί.
ἀργὸς ἢ φύσις γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἢ πατράσι τὸ πρόσθ',
ἐπεὶ
κτώμεθ' ἀνθρώποι τὰ χρήματ' οὐκ ἄνευ πολλοῦ
πόνου.
εἶχε γοῦν πατὴρ ποθ' οὐμὸς οὐδὲν ἢ 'δόκει γ'
ἔχειν,
διαπονῶν δὲ καὶ μεριμνῶν εἶδ' ἑλεῦτησ' οἶδ' ὅτι·
τὴν μὲν οἰκίαν ἐκείνος, εἶτ' ἐγὼ πεκτησάμην
τὸν μιλῶν', αὐτὸς δ' ἐπόψει μ' αὖθις ἐξικνού-
μενον
οὔπερ ἔστιν ἡ γέφυρα καὶ μάλ' ἐγγὺς τοῦ πάγου.
εἰ μὲν οὖν γάμον γαμῆς τιν' ἀγαθόν· εἰ δὲ μή,
Κόνων
τὰμὰ λήψεται θανόντος· τὴν ἐμὴν γνώμην ἔχεις.
HERBERT RICHARDS.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE PROFESSOR JOWETT.

BORN 1817; DIED 1893.

THE name of the Master of Balliol, as he was styled in Oxford and in London,—of Professor Jowett, as he preferred to be entitled elsewhere,—has been so much before the public since his decease, that a full obituary notice of him is not called for here and now. In the numerous articles which have appeared concerning him in the daily and weekly press during the last months, there is no lack of appreciation of his unique excellence as an educator, as a university reformer, and as a man. On his position as

a scholar and theologian, the newspapers give a less certain sound. With regard to his theology, such hesitation is intelligible, and the subject may be more fully treated at some future time. Meanwhile, it is enough to say that it is a gratifying sign of the improvement to which he contributed more than any single person, to find the chief religious periodicals, in spite of their 'imperfect sympathies,' profuse in commendation of the goodness of which they are at a loss to divine the source. My purpose in

the present article is to place in a clear light, if I can, the admixture of error in what I will venture to call the popular prejudice of the scholastic world, that Jowett, although Professor of Greek, was 'not an exact scholar, in the technical sense of the term.'

I will first advert briefly to some circumstances which have given undue strength to this impression.

His only published writing, at the time of his appointment, was the edition of St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans, which had appeared in the preceding summer. In this great work, the handling not only of the ideas but of the language, while influenced to some extent by metaphysical preconceptions, was daringly original. He believed firmly that St. Paul, of all writers, could least be interpreted otherwise than from himself; and he had learned the epistles by heart in Lachmann's text. He had also studied carefully the other New Testament writings, the Septuagint, and Philo Judaeus. He had the courage of his conviction that previous interpreters in England had relied too much either on Patristic tradition or, like Dean Alford—whose first volume had recently appeared—on classical analogies. These he held to be inapplicable to what, so far from being classical, was not even ordinary Hellenistic Greek. Hence he provoked an *odium philologicum*, which reinforced the *odium theologicum*. He did not answer either set of strictures—the atmosphere was too electrical for quiet discussion, and he had a profound disbelief in the value of controversy. Even the able and learned review by Dr. Lightfoot (afterwards the revered Bishop of Durham) did not elicit from him any reply. Jowett would be the first to acknowledge that in those early days the prejudice was not wholly on one side. And had not these conjoint antipathies excluded him from the Committee for the Revision of the New Testament, not only would an artist in harmonious language have been added to that Committee to the great benefit of English-speaking lands, but this Genius of the Higher Criticism would sooner have come to an understanding with the 'verbal scholars.' As it was, he was privately consulted, not only by Dean Stanley, but by Dr. Kennedy, with whom he was often in agreement, and in later years he communicated with Professor Hort, whose critical introduction to the New Testament he was closely studying less than six months ago.

But to return to the earlier years of his

Professorship. Causes of misunderstanding on the score of scholarship were working against him in Oxford itself. Of two distinguished scholars there who had been 'talked of' for the chair of Greek, James Riddell was a man of exquisite culture, accompanied with High Church sympathies; and he had been a pupil of Dr. Kennedy at Shrewsbury. He was too noble not to remain silent, but his friends might speak. John Conington was a born scholar, and a most amiable man, but with his exceptional powers he was not without a touch of pedantry. About this time he is known to have fallen under some peculiar religious influences. He could not altogether refrain from carping at Jowett, although he said of him, with characteristic generosity, 'Whatever one may think of his scholarship, Jowett sets his pupils a high example of the philosophic life.' From one cause or another, the new Professor's friends were aware of a scholastic prepossession, which came in aid of the ecclesiastical opposition. He himself was well aware of this, and it may possibly have given edge to what remained with him to the last,—a scorn of *Kleinigkeiten*, which appeared to him to have little or no bearing on the essentials of interpretation. He said once, with an ironic smile, 'I often think with pleasure that, *unworthy as I am*, I have to do with the greatest literature in the world.' Meanwhile he set himself to renew his familiarity with the Greek classics,—not that it had ever really slept. He read a book of Homer nightly,—studied Buttmann's *Lexilogus* at breakfast time, went several times through Pindar and the lyric poets, and carried Herodotus about with him on railway journeys. As for Aeschylus and Sophocles, he had always loved them. 'I have read Sophocles,' he once wrote to me, 'hundreds of times.' At a later time he had always some author on hand,—Lucian or Plutarch for example,—outside of his immediate studies.

No sooner was he appointed than his mind was filled with projects, each too vast for a single life-time. First and foremost came the plan for an edition of Plato. His chief service to the University in previous years had been the introduction of Plato, side by side with Aristotle, as a subject in the Classical Honours School. He now set himself to produce an edition of the *Republic*, while assigning others of the greater dialogues to several of his pupils. He had commenced this work, when the demand for a second edition of the St. Paul, which he altered

considerably, and the part taken by him in *Essays and Reviews*, interposed a delay of about two years.—He had resumed the *Republic*, and the notes were well upon the stocks, when the plan of the edition branched out in an unexpected way. An elaborate analysis of all the dialogues was to form part of the book. These analyses had been completed and revised with great expenditure of labour, when it occurred to him that the *Republic*, at least, should be translated as large. He had made some way with this fresh task, when, being pleased with the effort, he resolved to translate the whole of Plato. The commentary on the *Republic*, after being more than once revised and copied, was held in abeyance, and all his powers (during his hours of leisure) were concentrated on the translation. The amount of labour which he spent on it was incalculable, and little dreamed of either by readers or critics. It was published in the first year of his mastership—1871. The edition of the *Republic* in Greek however was never wholly abandoned. The notes were again revised and copied more than once: and it is pathetic to remember that when he already foresaw the coming of that last hour, which, as the Greek epigrammatist well says,

τὰς πολλὰς ἐφθασεν ἀσχολίας,

amongst many greater tasks which he had projected, he still clung tenaciously to this, the 'promise' of his 'May.'

The form of Eternity which haunts the spirit of the scholar has its attendant disadvantages, and he who virtually says

'What's time? leave Now for dogs and apes'

must inevitably relinquish some things at the last. The duties of the mastership, as he conceived them, were engrossing, and the art of translation, in which he had become proficient, added this to its other fascinations, that it could be pursued in short intervals of leisure, which did not permit of the concentration required for the completion of great theological or even scholastic enterprises. The adequate translation of the greatest Classics now became with him a dominant idea. The *Thucydides* must have been revised from beginning to end at least ten times. The smoothness of the English, which resulted from all this polishing, has been censured as a defect. It would have seemed to him a poor sort of artifice, and

one destined to defeat itself, to have imitated, in nineteenth century prose, the crudenesses of the transition age of Attic. Not the ruggedness, but the massiveness, force, and dignity of Thucydides are what he aimed at reproducing; and the English reader must surely be obtuse who does not discern a different flavour of style in his rendering of the *Phaedrus* or *Symposium*, and in that of the funeral speech of Pericles, or the description of the last battle in the harbour of Syracuse. The translation of Aristotle's *Politics* appears to me to convey, in a wonderful degree, the peculiar dry crisp manner of the Aristotelian text. These are the greater things of scholarship, for which he really cared. It must be admitted, however, that the 'prejudice,' of which I have spoken above, was unexpectedly confirmed by the discovery of many slight but indisputable errors in the first edition of his Plato. And yet to attribute these imperfections either to carelessness or ignorance would involve a strange misconception of the extraordinary pains with which the English of the dialogues had been repeatedly 'combed and curled.' When one of these 'howlers'—as an irreverent pupil once called them—was pointed out to him, he would look up and say, 'It is not that I do not know these elementary things: but the effort of making the English harmonious is so great, that one's mind is insensibly drawn away from the details of the Greek.'

The opinion thus confirmed was further deepened by the quiet independence of his attitude. Against brand-new theories whether in archaeology, epigraphy, psychophysic, or folk-lore,—above all in the *Ars Emendandi*,—he set a power of scepticism that was most irritating to sanguine minds. The term *Wissenschaftlich*, as applied to matters of scholarship, became a sort of bugbear to him. He kept to the broad lines, which seemed to him alone likely to be fruitful at this time of day. But if a friend were engaged in the study of *minutiae*, there was no man whose criticism was more serviceable. The *prudens quaestio quae dimidium scientiae est* would often take one by surprise; and often the point of his remarks would only come out on a second or third reading.

After all is said, there is something to be conceded. An interpreter, like other men, has the defects of his qualities. And Philology, in the true sense, is a comprehensive term. As Jowett himself remarked soon after his appointment to the chair of Greek,

'The mind, in studying philosophy, is apt to become too much generalized.' He had far more alertness and elasticity of intellect, more fertility of resource, wider aims, more comprehensive sympathies,—though perhaps not more power of suspending judgment,—than Lushington had. But those who from 1845 to 1865 came from 'prelections' in the Glasgow private Greek class to the Balliol lecture-room, *desideraverunt aliquid*: they did not feel the same certainty of touch, the same unflinching strength of presentation. Yet in their inmost being these two great masters of Greek literature were in real harmony; and to have been the pupil of both men is a privilege for which none who have it can be too thankful.

Some people are disposed to judge of the character of a man's scholarship by the style of his composition, especially in verse. It was not Professor Jowett's habit to think in Greek, nor to interlard his perfect English with scraps either of Greek or

Latin. He was too modern for that. He was apt to be suspicious of the genuineness of any thought that could not (like Queen Katherine's sins) 'be confessed in English.' But in the earlier days of his Professorship he would amuse himself with turning into Greek iambic verse the difficult pieces which he prescribed to the men. These versions were, as some might think, of a less tragic stamp than the best of the Porson Prize Exercises. They were certainly less loaded with borrowed phrases. But they were charmingly simple and unconventional; and they read like original Greek. At a later time,—not many years since,—for his own delectation merely, he attempted a Greek rendering of what I believe to have been his favourite English poem. I do not know what Porson would have thought of it, but to me it appears to deserve the commendation which Gray bestowed on a Latin composition of his friend West,—'Graecam illam ἀφ'ἑλειαυ mirificè sapit.'

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Ἄ Δίρκην ὑπέβαιεν ἀπανθρώπῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ
παύρους μὲν καλῆ, πανροτέροις δὲ φίλα
παρθένος, ὡς ἰὸν ἔν τε πόα σχεδὸν οὐκ ἐφορᾶται
ἢ μόνος ὦν ἀστῆρ φαίνεται ἀμφὶ πόλου,
τᾶς ὄνομ' οὐκ ἐπίσημον ἐν ἀνδράσιν· ἅ δ' ἐνὶ
τύμβῳ
κείται· ἐμοὶ δ' ἀχέων οἶον ὑπεστι βάρος.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

ARCHAEOLOGY.

A RESCRIPT OF MARCUS ANTONIUS.

IN a description of a medical papyrus in the British Museum, given in an earlier number of the *Classical Review* (vi. 237), mention was made of a document inscribed on the *verso* of that papyrus, the text of which deserves publication. It is one of the few extant documents proceeding from the triumvir Marcus Antonius. Why it was transcribed on the back of the medical MS., cannot even be guessed with any confidence. The contents relate to the province

of Asia, whereas the papyrus comes from Egypt; and while the rescript was issued in the middle of the first century before Christ, this copy of it can hardly be earlier than the second century of our era. To guess at the personal reasons which may have made the owner of the medical work wish to preserve such a document would be obviously futile. It is written in a single column, in a rather large semi-cursive hand, and with the exception of a few letters near the end it is preserved intact. The text runs as follows:—