

self misunderstood. He would, for himself, make the excuse for a monument to Lee at the Federal capital to be that, unlike Jeff Davis, Lee was "reconstructed," accepted with dignity the verdict of the appeal to arms, took a hand in the rebuilding—"went home; and, thenceforward, silently minded his own business." Statues, like books, have their fates, and there is no saying that the Lee memorial may not arise on Mr. Adams's pedestal. Action, and costume, and spectacular renown, however, besides being undeniably more favorable to the sculptor's art than the passive virtues, always tip the scale with the multitude in favor of the soldier as compared with the philanthropist or the plain good citizen. The chances are a thousand to one that a statue could be subscribed for to honor Bishop Leonidas Polk, fighting for the Christian right to own and wallop niggers, sooner than to commemorate the Rev. John G. Palfrey's demanding his inherited share of a Southern relative's estate in slaves in order that he might emancipate them.

—In May last we noticed No. IX. of 'The Georgian Period,' the excellent publication of the American Architect and Building News Company, of Boston. It was then announced that the work would run to twelve parts; and now, on the cover of No. X., there is a confirmation of that statement, followed by a table or analysis (though without references to pages or to numbers) of the principal contents of the whole work. The New York City Hall; Faneuil Hall and the State House in Boston; three well-known buildings in Philadelphia—with the statement following, "and others"—make up the list of public buildings. Eleven churches are named, seven "important houses" of dates between 1636 and 1743 are listed, though indeed there are many more than this; and, finally, there is mention of the details given with especial care—67 porches and doorways, 21 staircases, and so on. It is, indeed, a valuable work, for the historian, scholar, and reader of American literature as much as for the student of architecture. The present number contains four papers, occupying thirty-five of the small folio pages, but much intermingled with text-illustrations. This text consists of four essays, but all four deal with Charleston, and with "The South Carolina Homestead," or with Southern colonial work. It is a real study of the art of the Southeastern States at a time when there was an art of decoration really at home there—an art derived from Europe, to be sure, but deeply rooted in the Southern lands of the United States. There are, then, 47 plates, giving, perhaps, twice that number of separate illustrations. Of the hundred and twenty pictures, more or less, some are half-tones, as many are from carefully made drawings. Especially attractive are the numerous views, inside and outside, of Charleston houses, verandahs, porches, doorways, and three views of the "Picture Paper Room" of the house called Friendfield, at Georgetown. This is an amusing as well as a seriously meant number, and assuredly the work, changing more or less as it goes on toward the close, does not decline in interest.

—Mr. W. H. Duignan's 'Notes on Staffordshire Place-Names' (H. Frowde) is an excellent piece of work in a difficult field. The study of place-names requires, besides

the rare quality of common sense, three special articles of equipment—minute knowledge of the infinitesimal topography of field, hill, farm, and manor; familiarity with the records; acquaintance with philological fact and method. Antiquaries and county historians are usually untamed philologists, and linguistic scholars are seldom well-furnished with local information. Mr. Duignan seems to be a remarkably good antiquarian, and his philological outfit is satisfactory. Besides, he has had the advantage of criticism from Professor Skeat, and from Mr. W. H. Stevenson, of Exeter College, Oxford, the highest authority on English names, whose ardently expected *Onomasticon* is only too long in coming. Modest as the volume is, and limited as is the field of investigation, we do not hesitate to say that it deserves a place among the reference books of every student of our language. Historians also will find it well-nigh indispensable. Of course, there must be errors among so many details, but they in nowise impair the general excellence of the work, and those persons best qualified to detect them will be least inclined to magnify their importance. Incidentally, the 'Notes' abound in curiosities of nomenclature and verbal corruption which will interest anybody in a leisure hour. The book is well-arranged and beautifully printed.

—Not long ago we reviewed the first volume of Mr. Oman's 'History of the Peninsular War.' In close connection with it may be mentioned another recent work, which deals with the campaigns of Wellington in Spain. This is the 'History of the Second Queen's Royal Regiment, now the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment,' by Colonel John Davis, the Honorary Colonel of the Third Battalion of the said regiment (E. & J. B. Young & Co.). It is a large and expensive book, printed on heavy paper and illustrated with many full-page plates. As belonging to the class of regimental annals (and the regimental annals of another country at that), it can hardly expect to secure a very wide circulation on this side of the water; but as being based on a wide range of state papers, it deserves at least to be known and used by students of the Peninsular War. The period covered by Colonel Davis in the present (fourth) volume is 1800-1837, a time when Great Britain was engaged in no great war save that with Napoleon. The Second Queen's Royal Regiment did not take part in the Waterloo campaign, but, besides helping to capture General Menou's army in Egypt, it saw active service during the whole six years of the Spanish War, and suffered from the horrors of the Walcheren expedition as well. Both by reason of its dimensions and its style, Colonel Davis's narrative belongs to the technical literature of warfare. It is apparently an accurate account of the regiment's movements throughout a period of great difficulty and danger, though one would have no means of checking its most important statements without spending three months at the Record Office. The eulogy of officers and men is not extreme, while the general histories of the struggle with Napoleon have been used to good advantage. The concluding volume of the work is specially planned to cover the reign of Queen Victoria.

—The Japanese in Formosa, and their suc-

cess as colonizers, are treated with discriminating ability in a paper ("Formosa under the Japanese") read before the Royal Scottish Geographical Society by the Rev. W. Campbell, long resident on the island, and the author of several scholarly works. The contrasts between the old Chinese Administration, under which the author lived two decades, with what is seen to-day, suggest fairy tales rather than actual realities. Instead of "sick and wounded Chinese soldiers left to die like dogs by the roadside," are now public hospitals, schools, prisons, not only "thoroughly up to date" in science and cleanliness, but under "the operation of high intelligence, firmness, and even of mercy in grappling with evils which are found amongst people of every land." The reforms in land tenure, municipal hygiene, and penology are being steadily carried out in the three prefectures, and the resources of the island are so well exploited that the printed Government reports and the monthly and fortnightly and the daily newspapers published in Formosa "make up a far more valuable bibliography than anything which has been produced by Chinese and European writers." One hundred post-offices, 122 schools of all grades, three submarine cables, a railway from Kelung to Takow, and 800 miles of ordinary public roads made in one year, eleven light-houses and four meteorological stations show some of the returns on the 150,000,000 yen already invested. Formosa is now financially independent and supports itself. Despite frequent outbreaks, steady progress is made in reducing the head-hunting savages to obedience and order. Much of the mutinous spirit of the Chinese seems to be associated with the cult of the pirate-chief, Koxinga, who expelled the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and whose temple was erected by Chinese after the Japanese expedition of 1874. Whereas Luchmans were, of old, rarely seen in Formosa, now "their well-stocked shops are to be found in all the more important centres of population." As colonizers in Korea, the Japanese control two-thirds of the shipping, have seven consulates and eighty mercantile houses, besides banks, clubs, hospitals, municipal councils, chambers of commerce, etc. From this and from his long experience in Formosa, the author concludes that "the capabilities of the Japanese in their quest for adventure and wealth across the sea" are very high.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.—II.

The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus, rendered into English verse by Edwyn Robert Bevan. London: David Nutt. 1902.

The Comedies of Aristophanes. Edited, translated, and explained by Benjamin Bickley Rogers. (IX., *The Frogs*. X., *The Ecclesiazusae*.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1902.

The sense of failure which must beset the best-equipped translator of Aeschylus need not necessarily pursue the attempt to produce some faithful transcript of Aristophanes. Apart from his lofty thought and sovereign style, the diction of Aeschylus is often daring with strange constructions and new-minted words which recall the untranslatable audacities and felicities of Shakspeare. But the dialogue of Aristo-

phanes, as must be expected in comedy, has descended to the level of pure prose, a style clear, sparkling, delicious, adequate for every flight of the poet's wit and fancy, but free from the eccentricities and tortuous euphuisms of our Elizabethan period.

Aristophanes, it is true, has the right to coin as many new words as he chooses, and license to let off verbal squibs and rockets to the top of his bent; but this right inheres in the genius of the language, it still inheres in that happy vehicle which Mr. Vikelas employed for his masterly renderings of Shakspeare into modern Greek. And as this coinage is perfectly natural and intelligible, it is only in certain extreme and bizarre instances that the English need despair of reproducing the general effect.

In another respect the translator of the Greek comedian has his path made smooth for him. Aristophanes is a poet capable of the most graceful and captivating flights of fancy and imagination. He resembles Shakspeare in the immense and unflinching exuberance of his thoughts and ideas, in his infinite jest, in his airy and gracious lyric gift; but all this is expressed in the simplest and most fluid manner, without the slightest tendency to that complex thought and pregnant expression which warns off the translator from "King Lear," for example, even more than from the "Agamemnon" or the "Choephoreæ."

There is, therefore, nothing appalling or superhuman in the task which is offered by the range of ideas or of expression of Aristophanes. Among Englishmen, indeed, it has proved seductive to several genuine men of letters possessed of ideal qualifications for the undertaking. The wonder is that, after the extraordinary achievement of Frere, any other should be enticed into rivalry; the wonder is greater that another should, if that be possible, surpass him. But it is quite superfluous to make comparisons. Mr. Rogers's great work, of which this is only a single volume, stands entirely on its own remarkable merits. It is the kind of work which, in its thoroughness, its heartiness, its many-sidedness, could be undertaken only by the leisurely scholar and litterateur, in the most sympathetic spirit and *con amore*. We shall seem to exaggerate if we say roundly that we cannot conceive of its being better done. If the ghost of the great comedian could rise from his grave and speak English, he might well bow his acknowledgments for such a tribute and such an interpreter. The force and function of the translator can, indeed, no further go. It is hazardous to talk, with Mr. Bevan, of the "final and permanent translation"; but until the English tongue changes, and Mr. Rogers's manner becomes old-fashioned and quaint to readers of the next century or the century after, there will be no place for any successor, unless, indeed, he write for his own pleasure and amusement. Fielding's style and vocabulary are still sufficiently modern and new-fangled; and Mr. Rogers has drawn his style and vocabulary from the best patterns and sources. It is, indeed, itself a pattern of the most delicious conversational idiom, free and fluent, but never slangy nor slipshod.

This, of course, sounds like hyperbole. The proof of it must lie with the reader, and that reader should also be a scholar. None but the scholar will understand what

difficulties Mr. Rogers has triumphed over, with what go and dash and ease and mastery. He is limited necessarily by the structure of his native language; but the limitations make no appearance. He sticks at nothing. Even the original metres are fairly represented in rhythms so flowing and natural that they seem to the manner born; and those mountainous compounds which Aristophanes piles up in his maddest frolics he jumps at lightly with the courage of a rider who has never met a fall. As a *tour de force* we quote this closing invitation from the Ecclesiastusæ:

Chor. Then why so long keep lingering here, nor take.
These little ladies down? And as you go,
I'll sing a song, a Lay of Lay-the-dinner.

Now must the spindleshanks, lanky and lean,
Trip to the banquet, for soon will, I ween,
High on the table be smoking a dish
Brimming with game and with fowl and
with fish.
All sorts of good things.
Plattero-filletto-mulletto-turboto-
-Cranio-morsello-pickleo-acido-
-Silphio-honeyo-pouredonthe-topothe-
-Ouzello-throstleco-cushato-culvero-
-Cutleto-roastingo-marrowo-dipper-
-Leveret-syrupo-ghetto-wings.
So now you have heard these tidings true,
Lay hold of a plate and an omelet too,
And scurry away at your topmost speed,
And so you will have whereon to feed.

And, as a specimen of sprightly dialogue more fit for human nature's daily food, we add this gossip between two slaves, Aeacus and Xanthias, carried on behind their masters' backs:

Aeac. By Zeus the Saviour, quite the gentleman
Your master is.
Xan. Gentleman? I believe you.
He's all for wine and women, is my master.
Aeac. But not to have flogged you, when the truth
came out
That you, the slave, were passing off as
master!
Xan. He'd get the worst of that.
Aeac. Bravo! That's spoken
Like a true slave; that's what I love my-
self.
Xan. You love it, do you?
Aeac. Love it? I'm entranced
When I can curse my lord behind his back.
Xan. How about grumbling, when you have felt
the stick
And scurry out of doors?
Aeac. That's jolly, too.
Xan. How about prying?
Aeac. That beats everything!
Xan. Great King-god Zeus! And what of over-
hearing your master's secrets?
Aeac. What? I'm mad with joy.
Xan. And blabbing them abroad?
Aeac. O heaven and earth!
When I do that, I can't contain myself.
Xan. Phoebus Apollo! clap your hand in mine,
Kiss and be kissed; and prithee tell me
this,
Tell me by Zeus, our rascal-dom's own god,
What's all that noise within? What means
this hubbub and row?
Aeac. That's Aeschylus and Euripides.

Mr. Rogers's work differs from that of Mr. Bevan in that it furnishes a complete apparatus for the study of his poet, whether to the scholar, or to the man of leisure who still tastes his literary pleasures from the original fountains, and scorns the second-hand uncertainties of translations. Every necessary information and instruction is furnished in leisurely detail, in the introduction, the very full footnotes and the appendices. Questions of text are discussed, as well as questions of date and fact; and a complete furniture is given to elucidate the antiquities and the often hopelessly obscure allusions. No author needs this elucidation more than Aristophanes. Much that he has written is of that human and universal quality which will remain fresh and sparkling, with the perennial hues of genius and the surprises of wit, so long as man lives on the planet; much is now antiquated and dependent on the rush-light of the scholast. To laugh by the aid of a commentator is a painful and fatiguing exercise. Mr. Rogers makes it as little fatiguing as possible by his learning, his insight, and his

discrimination; he is the ideal cicerone through these obscure and forgotten byways. Wherever he presents a novel view it will be found worthy of attention. Two emendations of his own in the text of the "Frogs," τὸν θρήνον ἀκούσας, l. 1028, and μελοφορεῖ πορίφρικῶν, l. 1301, have the merit of offering a minimum of departure from the manuscript, and of yielding a perfectly satisfactory sense. There are several passages into which Mr. Rogers brings light and reason while previous editors have certainly multiplied difficulties.

Mr. Rogers has, of course, a word to say in his introduction to the "Frogs" as to the weight and meaning of the attack on Euripides. He quotes Professor Jebb's exposition of this discussion, and he quotes also in a footnote the remarks of Professor Butcher in his "Aristotle's Theory of Poetry." We are now happily a long way off from the day when Aristophanes was taken as a scientific guide to the history and social ideas of his time; but it is still possible to take him quite too seriously. It is well to remember that, when he lampoons a character, it will not do to trust him out of our sight; we may take him as a witness just so far as known facts support him, and no further. We know, for example, pretty clearly what sort of a personage Socrates was; we see of him. Knowing both, we must assume either that the comedian did not understand the philosopher, or did not care to understand him, or did not expect to be taken seriously in his representation. Why, indeed, should he be taken seriously? His primary business was to make fun—to hold up to nature the kind of tricky mirror that is expressly designed to distort and to amuse by distorting. How much, then, do the attacks on Euripides amount to? Can we imagine that he had seriously weighed the ethical influence of that great poet upon women, for instance? When he inveighs against the Sthenobœas and the Canaces, whom we know only by hearsay, could we gather the slightest hint of that gallery of beautiful and noble portraits, the Macaria, the Alcestis, the Iphigeneia, which enshrined the highest ideal of the sex since the Iliad and the Odyssey? In short, from such a travesty we could never surmise the existence of the author of great plays like the "Medea," the "Alcestis," and the "Bacchantes."

There is one barrier set to an exact transcript of his author which Mr. Rogers himself cannot overcome, and that is the limits prescribed by decency and good manners. Fortunately for us, these prohibit a scientifically accurate reproduction of certain passages and even of whole plays, such as the "Lysistrata" and the "Thesmophoriazusæ." All the more must we admire the delicacy and dexterity with which he glides over slippery places and conveys the equivalent of a *risqué* situation without improper innuendo. Can we draw any inferences as to the real state of society which permitted and enjoyed such representations? In answering this question we must remember the inconsistencies and illogicalities which dwell comfortably side by side in the human breast, and permit its practice often to rise higher than its profession or its religions. In the first place, the license

of Greek comedy was a tradition—a survival of rude festivals at which religious custom sanctioned an indulgence in drunken frolic and a reversion toward the frank indecency of the cave-dweller, or the ape. The Athenians unquestionably liked their tragedy clean, and, as a matter of habit, apparently, they liked their comedy with a spice of dirt. Mr. Rogers thinks that under the régime of the old comedy they even insisted on their pound of dirt; and naturally they got what they demanded. He points out that when Aristophanes gave them the "Clouds," or the "Birds"—delightful and fascinating plays to the modern taste—the prize was withheld. This fact is rather significant, though to insist that it was withheld for this reason would be going too far; we cannot guess satisfactorily, for instance, why the greatest play of Sophocles was defeated by Philocles. At any rate, we find Aristophanes promptly retrieving his error and furnishing his due measure of grossness and buffoonery.

Mr. Rogers is positively of the opinion that women were not present at the representations of the Old Comedy. This conclusion he draws, not from *à priori* probability, but from a dispassionate and searching reëxamination of the evidence afforded by the plays themselves. They *might* have been present, he admits; nothing that shocks our modern notions in such matters should militate against the bald facts. The facts seem to be that while, in all the comedies, the personages on the stage make frequent appeals to the audience, and address many a "gag" to individuals, there is nowhere the slightest indication of the presence of a woman among the spectators. In Shakspeare, as Mr. Rogers points out, the case is just the contrary. Seldom as he addresses his audience, he makes it quite clear that women as well as men were among the spectators.

Each of these books, in typography, margin and general makeup, appeals to the aristocratic tastes of the book-collector, and to the old-fashioned scholar who likes to preserve worthy matter in a worthy dress. Mr. Rogers's annotations may never be reproduced in a cheaper form; but his introductions and translation, as well as that of Mr. Bevan, will certainly prove useful to a large circle of readers, and will in time, without doubt, be reprinted in more accessible shape. If we are not mistaken, they will often be reprinted, and will remain a permanent addition to English literature, as well as to the multiplying aids for a better understanding of the ancient classics.

The Mid-Eighteenth Century. By J. H. Millar. [Periods of European Literature.] Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

That portion of the eighteenth century which is the field of this book, from the death of Louis XIV. in 1715 to the death in 1778 of Voltaire, is, at first sight, an unpromising piece of territory for one who, to an enthusiasm for scholarship, unites the velleity, common to authors, of being read. It is a period alien to the sympathies of many, unrelieved by the Augustan survivals which distinguished the first decades of the century, and little stirred as yet by the romantic quickening which made mem-

orable its close. Mr. Millar is to be congratulated upon producing a study of European Literature in those years which is at once sound in substance, genial in tone, and engaging in manner, fulfilling thus the tradition of an admirable series. If a considerable part of the ensuing comment be given up to friendly differing with Mr. Millar, it will be no detraction from the merit of an excellent book, but rather an assertion of the inalienable rights of individual judgment. This method of procedure may serve effectually to resume Mr. Millar's work, while it makes for that generous balance of impression nowhere more important than in the history of literature.

The first chapter is justly given up to the presiding genius of that age of reason and *éclaircissement*, Voltaire, and to his immediate circle of henchmen. Mr. Millar writes of him with unexceptionable discretion, doing full justice to his energy and lucidity of mind, ready to smile at his very obvious inconsistencies, yet prompt with wholesome admiration for his good sense and for that peculiar timeliness of talent which was, after all, the root of Voltaire's prodigious repute. As Mr. Millar says: "Progress for him meant neither anarchy nor a return to the backwoods. . . . So we part from Voltaire, his wise maxim, so well suited to an age of intellectual doubt and distraction, ringing in our ears, 'Il faut cultiver notre jardin.'"

In perusing the chapter upon "The Encyclopedia and the Reaction," some readers will surely be tempted to pause at one point and make play in behalf of a great and much maligned English writer. Mr. Millar remarks, with a fine air of casualness: "If Lord Macaulay's account of the Baconian philosophy happened to be correct, Diderot must be allowed to have caught the spirit as well as the form of his model with great success." Macaulay's famous characterization of Baconianism in opposition to Platonism may indeed be a little over emphatic, but we believe that its substance is strictly true. The core of the passage was in these sentences: "The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. . . . The former aim was noble, but the latter was attainable." It is often in the conception of his near followers that the true and efficient "spirit" of a man's philosophy is most apparent. In the minds of the fervent Baconians of the seventeenth century, who founded the Royal Society in the endeavor to realize their master's Atlantean dream of "Solomon's House," tangible, sublunary service was the aim and ideal, precisely as it was the informing spirit of Diderot's labors.

We may pass the remainder of this chapter, with its deep British antipathy to Rousseau, without remark, and come to the section upon philosophy and theology in England, which is notable for its excellent appreciation of Dr. Johnson. We are among those to whom, as Mr. Millar says, "Johnson's mode of thinking appears infinitely less depressing than the heedless optimism of many of his contemporaries, or the more pretentious optimism of a later age, which professes to make the most cheerful deductions as to the condition of the universe from the circumstance

that the lark is on high, or the blade dew-pearled." We are grateful for this defence of the sombre, but sincere and unaffected outlook of the Leviathan upon life, and for the timely exposition of the virtues of his manly prose. We may query in passing whether 'Rasselas' is, as Mr. Millar affirms, "the only really successful experiment in the *conte philosophique* in English." What is 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'? What is 'Vathek'? But the most important and novel point in this appreciation of Johnson is the suggestive notion that he was the father of the best modern belletristic criticism. As our author says pregnantly: "This great moralist committed himself to the proposition that the primary business of poetry is, not to edify, nor to propagate sound moral or political doctrines, but to please."

With Mr. Millar's chapter on Prose Fiction we have no general quarrel. He goes about in that mimic world of boisterous doings, facile tears, and delicious shudders, with very commendable poise and a certain appreciative reserve. In reading the section on Le Sage one wonders if "cruel, callous, and cynical" is quite the most fitting characterization of "the true picaresque strain." A little further along, some readers will surely feel that Mr. Millar has been none too accessible to the merits of Smollett and Sterne. With all his indelicacy and lack of moral sense, Smollett was the best writer, the surest craftsman, among the novelists of his age. More than that, he was, at his best, the most searching and convincing creative artist of them all. In the death of Commodore Trunnion, for example, there is a perfectly fusing heat of imagination, a kind of large rhythm, that make it one of the great death scenes of all literature, unparalleled and unequalled by anything in its age. It seems, therefore, a little unfair to portray Smollett as merely an effective reporter of squalid and unlovely lives. He was that, indeed, but he was something more. As far as Sterne is concerned, it is, perhaps, enough to say that Mr. Millar is no Shandean.

It is true that the mid-eighteenth century was essentially a prosaic age, yet, in view of the great amount of verse that was produced and the excellent market that prevailed for it, one is somewhat surprised to get half-way through the book before he hears any mention of poetry. Although somewhat belated, the chapter, when it does come, is admirable. At a single point it provokes dissent: surely it is uncritical to class that noble English poem, Blair's 'Grave,' with Young's 'Night Thoughts' as "not despicable," but still unsuccessful pieces of sentimentalizing in the *macabre* vein. The judgment is true of Young, but Blair was of different metal. He was no sentimentalist, but an earnest student of nature, blessed with a rich and true poetic faculty which, but for his early death, would have led him far. The 'Grave' seems to us quite apart from the eighteenth-century tradition, which produced the 'Night Thoughts' and the 'Meditations among the Tombs.' It has a solemn reality of tone, a grim, sad-eyed humor, a sweep of imagination, a rude power of style, which sharply distinguish it. In short, it is a *meditatio mortis* of a type perennial in literature, and Blair is to be classed not with Young and Hervey, but