

tenance of Clive, and the uncomplimentary delineation of Lord North, which illustrates the truth and fallacy of painting, allowing him no vestige of the statesman, which he was not, but not any, either, of the man of wit and sense, which he was.

HARVARD LECTURES ON GREEK SUBJECTS.

Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects. By S. H. Butcher. The Macmillan Co.

The late Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh has published little. He is known to every schoolboy as the collaborator of Mr. Lang in the best English prose translation of the 'Odyssey,' and no student of the 'Poetics' is unfamiliar with his translation and interpretation of Aristotle's critical principles. But his best-known work is probably a volume of essays on 'Some Aspects of the Greek Genius.' The six lectures before us, delivered at Harvard last April as the Lane Lectures, are very similar in their tone and general tendency to those earlier essays.

The first is devoted to a comparison of the political and religious ideals of Greece and Israel, a study of the profoundly different temperaments and points of view of the Hellene and the Hebrew, about which there is always something more to be said.

"He hath set Eternity in their hearts: so we might sum up the spirit of Israel. But the Jewish ideal simplified life by leaving half of it untouched. It remained for Greece to make the earth a home, ordered and well equipped for the race, if not indeed for the individual. . . . Hebraism and Hellenism stand out distinct, the one in all the intensity of its religious life, the other in the wealth and diversity of its secular gifts and graces.

Thus the sharp contrasts of the sculptor's plan
Showed the two primal paths our race has trod;
Hellas the nurse of man complete as man,
Judaea pregnant with the living God."

Professor Butcher makes a detailed comparison of Prometheus and Job, not so much in the spirit of the literary critic as with the aim of setting forth clearly the problems that confronted these two revolted beings. The essential difference lay, of course, in the Greek and Hebrew conception of the two deities whom their subjects had defied. The Hebrew God is both strong and good. Zeus is only strong. One could wish that the purely literary parallels of Greek and Hebrew literature had been more interesting to Mr. Butcher. We have often wondered why some classical scholar has not taken up the challenge that was offered by Chateaubriand in 'Le Génie du Christianisme.' He devoted some pages of this work to a comparison of Homer and the Bible, which he regarded as typifying the opposed endowments of the two races. The parallel was by no means to the advantage of Homer, as was, of course, to be expected from one who wrote with the definite aim of proving the inferiority of all things pagan. Chateaubriand compares the sinister omens seen by the second sight of Theoclymenus among the suitors of Penelope—the shroud of mist that rose about them and the walls that dripped with blood—with the vision of Eliphaz in Job, "when deep sleep falleth on men. . . . Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof, . . . and I heard a still voice." He thinks this

unknown face, this whisper, far more terrible than the blood and darkness and hurrying ghosts of the 'Odyssey.' Nothing in Homer can match the terror of the prophecy of Ezekiel: "Now shall the isles tremble in the day of thy fall . . . when I shall make thee a desolate city"—Tyre, that busy city of traders, with her streets made empty and no figure of man passing through her gates. One may not always agree with Chateaubriand, and these are in the end matters of individual taste, like all questions of literary æsthetics; but few will disagree with his judgment that Homer must yield to the Bible in certain parallel passages. For instance, who can deny that the tears of Joseph at the sight of Benjamin, and his words, "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" are more effective than the tears of Odysseus when he hears the minstrel sing of Troy, or his recognition by Telemachus, whom he first dazzles with the help of a goddess?

The second lecture, on "Greece and Phœnicia," contrasts the "inhuman and unlovable race" of the Phœnicians, who have been called by a French writer "those English of antiquity," with the wider and nobler aims of Greek civilization. They lived to satisfy a single passion, the greed of gain. "Theirs was, in Bacon's phrase, 'the sabbathless pursuit of fortune.' . . . To the past and the future they were alike indifferent." They had no literature, their art was mere imitation; and though they supplied Greece with an alphabet, they used writing merely for keeping their accounts. Never was such a nation of shopkeepers. And so they passed away, and, as Ezekiel foretold, their cities were made desolate, "like the top of a rock, . . . a place to spread nets upon." In the third lecture, on "The Greek Love of Knowledge," Mr. Butcher hints at the power of a Greek poet to transform into a masterpiece of literature what to the Phœnician had served a wholly utilitarian purpose. He accepts with some reserve the theory of M. Bérard, reviewed in our columns two years ago, that the poet of the 'Odyssey' shows a remarkably close acquaintance with the navigation of the Mediterranean, that his storms are not the storms of literature, but can be paralleled in the modern French "Instructions Nautiques," and that the poem is really a sort of mirror of the sea, as the mariner knows it on those coasts to-day. But he is careful not to touch on the theory which was the basis of M. Bérard's book, that this expert knowledge was derived from a Phœnician "periplus," or chart of the Mediterranean, which must have been in the poet's hands. Perhaps M. Bérard would think that it was not necessary to quote him or the French Admiralty instructions to prove that a careful observer such as the poet of the 'Odyssey' knew the best hour for setting sail from a neighboring island, and had even had some experience of rough weather at sea. Such expert knowledge really demands no more intelligence than has been displayed by a Henty or a Conrad; and if that were all, we certainly do not need M. Bérard's two elaborate volumes to convince us. The whole question is whether we can trace a Phœnician canvas behind the embroidery of Homer; if we accept less than that, why drag in M. Bérard?

The last two lectures are on "Greek Literary Criticism." To begin with, we reject Mr. Butcher's footnote (p. 169), in

which he seems to think that Mr. Saintsbury's 'History of Criticism,' volume I, has made it superfluous for English scholars to sketch the development of Greek literary criticism. English readers on such a subject will probably have a reading knowledge of French, and Mr. Saintsbury has not by any means superseded Egger's 'Histoire de la Critique chez les Grecques.' He has merely compiled a very creditable handbook, which can be used as a book of reference as one uses an encyclopædia, and the literary treatment of Greek criticism is still a comparatively untrodden field for the feet of such genuine scholars and humanists as Mr. Butcher. There will indeed be nothing new to Greek scholars in his pages on some absurdities of Greek criticism of Homer—for instance, the efforts of some of Homer's interpreters to explain away his outworn theology by taking his stories as symbolical of moral truths. "Homer," said a Stoic philosopher, "would certainly be impious if he were not allegorical." Then there were certain Alexandrian grammarians who tested Homer by the rules of Alexandrian etiquette, and expelled those lines in the 'Odyssey' in which Odysseus seemed to them to do the work of a hall-porter (which was "unseemly") when he took charge of the opening; and shutting of the door of the Wooden Horse. Fortunately these comments are not really typical of Greek criticism. They may be paralleled, however, by the judgments of certain distinguished German critics of our day, who tell us solemnly that at this point we must reflect that our Homeric hero receives a Mycenaean wound though he is wearing Ionian armor of a later period, and that at that point only an inferior and therefore later poet would have shown such "lack of proper feeling" as to make Penelope sit waiting for Odysseus while he took a bath.

On page 229 Mr. Butcher seems to accept the theory of Norden, though he does not mention him, that it was not till late in the Græco-Roman period that men fell into the habit of reading to themselves and not aloud, and quotes the *locus classicus* on this—a passage on which too much stress has probably been placed. It is from the 'Confessions' of Augustine, who tells us how his master Ambrose used to read and understand as he read, though he uttered no word aloud. On page 236 he amazes us by saying that a certain essay of Dionysius of Halicarnassus is "little read even by scholars." Can this be true in England? Many students of Greek literature must have noticed how persistent has been the quotation by English-speaking scholars of the tract 'On the Sublime' since the appearance of the very handy edition of Professor Rhys Roberts; Demetrius 'On Style' has lately secured a vogue for the same reason. If only some scholar high up in one of the English universities would bring out just such an edition of Dionysius 'On the Arrangements of Words,' we should shortly find a marked familiarity among English-speaking scholars with this essay by a most intelligent Greek on his own language, with its careful analyses showing how the finest effects in Greek prose and verse have been secured.

Mr. Butcher's own style is admirably suited to such essays as these. No one can read them without recognizing how desirable it

is that a synthetic mind like his should handle these larger questions of classical scholarship. He proves not only that one can be extremely accurate and scholarly without being minute, but also that the minute scholars whom only specialists read are justified of their existence, and brought into touch with a larger world of readers, when a humanist gathers up the finespun disconnected threads of their theories and weaves them into a texture that will wash and wear, and is yet decorative enough.

TWO NOVELS.

Dear Fatherland. By Ex-Lieut. Bilse. John Lane.

Walter Pieterse: A Story of Holland. By Multatuli (Edward Douwes Dekker); Translated by Hubert Evans, Ph.D. Fride-rici & Gareis.

'Dear Fatherland' attracts attention first of all because the author was court-martialled and imprisoned for his former novel, 'Life in a Garrison Town.' Its revelations of army matters were too much for the German authorities. The present book is also a story of the army, and we should suppose might have secured for its author a court-martial, had the earlier one failed to do so. It pictures unmercifully a world of iniquity. Cruelty, dissipation, immorality, and flagrant injustice are the rule of German military life, as the author shows it. The difficulty of living within his means is the beginning of Benno Koehler's troubles, and his way descends through darkness and degradation to a bitter end. The only officers who are actuated by either reason or principle are Preusse, who falls a victim to the anger of a drunken dragoon, and Schill, who, although he is on the eve of promotion, sends in his papers, and retires in deep disgust to a civilian career. The conversations of these men, their views on military matters, and their real love of the Fatherland supply the meat of the matter—the actual argument, which is perhaps made more effective by putting it into an utterly depressing story. But it is a hideous picture, and it must be admitted, even by the author, that many of the predicaments of his characters are such as befall all who are weak or worse, and that they need not be foisted upon their profession, be that what it may. Patriotism, from a point of wide vision, has no doubt inspired the book. Room has been found in it for all opinions, from bitter and justified hate to a shadowy hopefulness. In fact, this is a novel in which the chief interest and the strongest conviction are found less in the story than in the talk. From Schill and Preusse one may learn. From others we hear this: Grube, about to destroy in his wrath the portrait of the Emperor, says gloomily: "I wrote to him just what had happened to us from prison, and also begged for a reduction of the sentence, and do you know what they answered me? That he would not." To him in reply says his comrade Weidner: "Don't believe it, Ernst. I tell you again he knows nothing about it—they tell him nothing; they tell him what is nice and pretty, but what is bad they keep to themselves, because it is their own fault that it is so. . . . He means to be good to all of us, and therefore I hold him dear—Hang up the picture!"

'Walter Pieterse,' according to its au-

thor, is "the story of one who in his youth was in love with a sawmill, and had to endure this torture for a long time." Mr. Chesterton has observed that if a poet "suddenly fell in love with the buffers of a railway train, it would take him considerably more time than his allotted threescore years and ten to communicate his feelings." No one need be surprised, then, to find that this Dutch story was originally published in a seven-volume work, "sandwiched in between miscellaneous sketches, essays, and treatises." It has been sifted out from its surroundings, and its first part is given in the present volume, bringing the young hero up into his teens. Dekker, the author, was born in 1820, and died in 1887. His first work, written under the signature of "Multatuli" (in reference to his Government's ill-treatment of him), brought him instant fame. It was an appeal to the people from the Government which flouted him and thwarted his plans for improving the condition of the Javanese, made familiar to him by his position in the colonial service. By an English critic Dekker has been called the Heine of Holland, and by Anatole France the Voltaire of the Netherlands.

Walter Pieterse is a little boy of a poetic temperament, born into a family unspeakably dense and vulgar—into a community hardly less so. His story is immensely detailed and told in a bygone style of confidence, but a style highly animated and frequently witty. It is easy to see how the book might have appealed to Dutch contemporary readers as a protest against Philistinism and stupidity of all sorts in matters social, educational, and religious. It is a lively satire on a very dull state of things, and must have been as sensational to the society it caricatured as 'Nicholas Nickleby' was to the English schoolmaster. The public has become so accustomed to diatribes on the narrowness of the social system as seen through childish eyes that there is little now to impress one as original in the scheme. A raw, coarse world, made up of the middle and lower classes in Amsterdam a few generations ago, supplies a strong color for background to the small boy's romance reading and domestic knight-errantry. But Dekker's medium, for all its brilliancy, is farce, and farces are poor travellers. If the story possesses a profound interest to-day it must be for Holland, hardly for a public which requires a translator. Its visible contortions over conditions either bygone or incredibly crude we should expect to have slender hold on English readers, as slender as have at present the Charlotte and Werther style of love story or the Byronic hero. The translator, though a Ph.D., affronts style and even grammar at moments. Dekker's own manner is colloquial and keen, the Heine quality coming out in sentences like this: "After the houses had been covered with slate, it was thought that there was too much danger of fire in firecrackers, but on that evening, when the houses still had thatch roofs, the dangerous pleasure of Amsterdam youth was unrestrained."

The Holy Roman Empire. By James Bryce. New edition. Macmillan. 1904.

It is doubtless true, as the late Professor Freeman remarked, that "the greatest

of all witnesses to the unity of history is the long-abiding drama of the Eastern power of Rome." The history of that Eastern empire is, indeed, a drama, and a prodigiously effective one—a drama which goes far toward helping the student to realize that essential kinship between history and poetry which the ancients were fond of pointing out. Above all things, it is a drama of vital existence. The Holy Roman Empire of the West is, on the other hand, no really tragic figure, but rather an elusive wraith that seems to belong in a world of romance, far distant from the actual abodes of men; and yet she drifts alluringly through the complex of hard knocks and soiled politics, tangling the threads of diplomacy, casting a glamour over the rude and solid outlines of national movements, and helping to make poetry (though it be not tragic) also out of this history of the growth of the Germanic power in Europe. How could she be anything but a ghost? What possible reality of imperial existence was left in the ancient city when a King of the Franks assumed the Roman diadem, and Italy, so far as it was imperial, became a mere appendix to a German realm? So the shade plays Una; and Charlemagne—that other creature of romance who supplants in our imagination the plain Charles of the historian—takes the part of Tristram. And for centuries after Charlemagne fell into dust, sitting there in his chair of empire in the deep vault of Aachen, the wan Una, ever frailer and more ethereal as time grew old, played her elfin part in the life of growing and decaying nations, till, almost a full century ago, the sceptre-wand of another would-be Charlemagne contemptuously dissolved the spell, and the feeble ghost paled away into nothingness.

The Holy Roman Empire, said Voltaire, is neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. But ghosts walk, for all Voltaire's skepticism; and to some people it is given to see them, even in the full daylight of Mr. Bryce's famous and brilliant sketch. His story of that shadowy power was first published forty years ago (*cheu fugaces!*), and now appears, after various intermediate editions, in a revised form that scorns numerical sequence. The identity of the book is by no means lost in the revision, for the changes have not been such as to alter the general mode of treatment, nor to increase the size of the work beyond the limits of a single volume. A full and very useful chronological table of important events, together with three maps, makes the tale easier to follow. Two new chapters have been added, one on the Eastern Empire, and another on "the constitution of the new German Empire, and the forces which have given it strength and cohesion." Certain other important events have been more fully or precisely described, and a comparison of several chapters in their revised form with the same passages in the latest edition other than this which we have at hand (the eighth), shows a very considerable number of small but significant changes in phraseology, mainly in the interests of accuracy and of accord with the recent progress of the study of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Bryce's history has now lived long enough to delight and instruct three generations of speaking men, and there seems to be no reason for supposing that that number may not be many times multiplied.