

I'll ere long Cut to shoes For the worthy Knights to use.

The regular dialogue metre, the iambic trimeter, is rendered by the conventional English five-stress iambic. Probably few English readers would desire or, at first, be content with a reproduction of the six-stress iambic. But it would have been interesting to see how so skilful a translator would have managed the real equivalent of the Greek. Browning in his "Fifine at the Fair," has naturalized this unpopular measure by the help of rhyme. Rhyme could hardly be tolerated in translating Greek dialogue, as it would, *inter alia*, often unequally yoke together lines disjoined by the sense. But Mr. Rogers, if any one, might have managed, by overlapping caesura, or otherwise, to prevent the lines from breaking each into two three-stress lines. To the common objection, that English ears revolt against the two extra syllables, the reply might be urged that, to ears accustomed to the Greek trimeters, the line is deficient without this extra "foot." And, if the closest approximation to the original is the real desideratum, mere procrustean habit need not stand in the way of any experiment not actually inconsistent with the genius of English verse.

Of the translation itself little, except in praise, need be said. The renderings of the difficult original are entertaining and often even sparkling. Above all, they are close to the Greek. So uniformly faithful, indeed, is Mr. Rogers to the original that it is hard to see why he occasionally leaves out some essential phrase, like (v. 282) *πᾶς τὸν μισρόν* or (v. 1228) *ὦ πρέσβυ*. That the transfer of puns is labored and often requires a footnote is not really a serious defect. We are not as much concerned about the puns as the parodies, and, above all, the lyric element in Aristophanes; and in both of these Mr. Rogers is admirable, although in "The Acharnians," his lyric verse is not laid under contribution as it is, for example, in "The Frogs." Some of the made-to-order compounds are blind or forced, like "syco-Phasian" (v. 726), where "sy-cophant" has not been introduced into the previous line; "verdict-bite" (376) hardly takes hold of the imagination; and a coined word like "seekrian," used three times in 595 and 596, fails to be intelligible and serves only to annoy the reader. On the other hand, "bemiryslushified" (382) is intelligible, and is in line with the Aristophanic *pro tempore* compounds. The Shakespearian "en-shield," to translate *ἐνασπίδωσθαι* (368), indicates careful selection. His use, following Tyrrell's and Billson's versions, of Scotch and Irish in the Megarian and Boeotian dialect scenes, is an obvious device to an inhabitant of the British Isles and successfully reflects the dialectic differences in the original.

The translation of the "Knights," although published subsequently to that of the "Acharnians," takes its place as earliest of the plays. The two are now also published as Vol. I of the six-volume series, each containing two of the eleven comedies of Aristophanes, with the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, and an index, added to Vol. VI. What we have said of the translation of the "Acharnians" applies in general to that of the "Knights," but the puns and plays upon words, it may be noted, are better managed in this play, *e. g.* (ll. 278-9):

... contraband of war he takes  
For the Peloponnesian galleys, frapping  
them with—girdle-cakes.

At ll. 454-6, indeed, not content with the original, Mr. Rogers gives us a three-story pun:

And with those entrails beat him,  
And strings of sausage-meat, and try  
Meet punishment to mete him.

In the "Knights" he also accepts the occasional chances for his more serious lyric effort, *e. g.*, ll. 581-589:

Holy Pallas, our guardian Queen,  
Ruling over the holiest land,  
Land poetic, renowned, and strong,  
First in battle and first in song,  
Land whose equal never was seen,  
Come to prosper our Choral band!  
Bring thou with thee the Maiden bright,  
Her who greets us in every fight,  
VICTORY!

The virtues, in short, of these translations are many and great, and all minor criticisms seem like hypercriticism in welcoming a version so spirited, readable, and accurate of an author whose text bristles with difficulties for the translator.

## Art.

### TURNER'S GALLERY.

LONDON, August 2.

More than half a century has passed since Turner bequeathed his pictures and drawings to the nation, but it is only now, with the opening of the new Turner wing at the Tate Gallery, that they have been brought together into one almost complete collection and arranged with some show of appreciation for the value of the bequest. "The nation buried Turner with threefold honor," Ruskin said years ago; "Turner's body in St. Paul, his pictures at Charing-Cross, and his purposes in Chancery"; and the saying is not merely witty, but true. Buried, his pictures and drawings were at the National Gallery in more senses than one. The walls of the Turner Room upstairs were disastrously overcrowded; to the Turner Room in the basement few save the enthusiast ever penetrated. It was left to a private individual to make possible the exhibition of Turner's works as

Turner wished them to be exhibited. To the late Sir Joseph Duveen the nation owes "Turner's Gallery"—the gallery for which Turner stipulated in his will, though the question has been raised as to whether the site chosen for it comes equally within the requirements he exacted. However, the Tate, or the National Gallery of British Art, to give it its official name, is a branch of the National Gallery to which the pictures were to go, and at this late day there is no use pointing out the mistake of having placed it so far from Trafalgar Square and in such an out-of-the-way corner of London; the interest for us is less in the legal interpretation of the will than in the manner in which advantage has been taken of the finest opportunity ever yet given for the exhibition of any one master's work. Not Velasquez in Madrid, not Rembrandt in Amsterdam, not Hals in Haarlem, is so fully represented as Turner is now in London; after his long years of waiting.

The Turner wing is built at the back of the Tate Gallery, of which it has become a part. One large and one smaller room for paintings, and three still smaller rooms for water-colors and drawings, are on the main floor, while below, in the basement, are four more rooms of a fair size for paintings and water-colors both, and a hall where a few designs and plans are hung. The largest room of all is pleasantly spacious but high out of all proportion, with a heavy barrel-shaped roof. The light is consequently poor. Worse still is the scheme of decoration, astounding nowadays when the value of restraint in these matters is almost everywhere appreciated. Nothing could be more gaudy; even the National Gallery at Vienna, as I remember it in its first fresh gorgeousness, was quiet in comparison. For the background to the paintings is a Venetian brocade of a sharp, vivid red, so dazzling that I can see no excuse in the suggested explanation that it was the background used by Turner in his own gallery in Queen Anne Street. This may be, but Turner's ceiling must have been comparatively low; the ceiling here is immensely high, which makes all the difference. Time in London works wonders, and fog and smoke and grime quickly tone down the crudest and most glaring colors; but so great a stretch of even dingy red brocade will be, if less glaring, scarcely more beautiful. Those walls which have been treated with greater reserve and less deference to Turner, and covered with a coarse-grained Japanese gold paper, are at least neutral in character, and therefore inoffensive.

With so many rooms at his disposal, the keeper, D. S. MacColl, has found the hanging a simple matter. He has been able to place almost all the paintings on the line with a margin of wall be-

tween, instead of piling one above the other and fitting them into a sort of mosaic puzzle, as in the old Turner Room at the National Gallery, and the result is that never have they been seen so well before. By showing only a certain number of water-colors and drawings at a time, changing the collection at intervals, no overcrowding is necessary in this section either.

What Turner might think of the choice of pictures and drawings shown is a question. It cannot be denied that in this particular, the conditions of his bequest have not, even now, been over strictly adhered to. For two of his pictures, the *Sun Rising through Vapor* and *Dido Building Carthage*—the painting which he said he intended for his winding sheet—he demanded a place between two Claudes at the National Gallery, where they were to prove to his disappointment, could he have foreseen it, the superiority of the Claudes. This wish has been respected, though, just at this moment, the Turners do not hang between the Claudes, but on either side, and, in one case, with another picture separating them; an arrangement which may be temporary, however, as, what with the building of new rooms and the rearrangement of others, the present state of the National Gallery is somewhat chaotic. To those who have long been familiar with the Gallery, it will come also as a surprise to find the four pictures transferred to the British Section, where they are hanging in the Turner Room. For there is still a Turner Room, though not now the old well-known one, but the room adjoining, where the Landseers and Wards once were. In saying this, I am explaining just how Turner's wishes have been disregarded. His intention was that all the pictures of his gift should be included in Turner's Gallery, but, no doubt that he may retain a place among the masters of the world, fifteen or sixteen pictures, some of which are landscapes belonging to his early period and some brilliant Venices belonging to the later, have been kept in Trafalgar Square. A number besides are still scattered about in provincial galleries. Again, the inference is that Turner was disposing of finished work alone when he made his bequest. But many unfinished paintings are hung, one series having a good-sized room devoted to them especially, and the unfinished drawings and water-colors are more numerous. Whether he would have countenanced the public and permanent exhibition of all of them, it would be difficult for the present generation to decide, but at least their value to artists and students is assured. For people who understand, nothing could be more suggestive than to pass from the rooms of masterpieces upstairs to one of the basement rooms filled with a series of fairly large landscapes that date back to a time when he had not

outgrown the influence of Gainsborough and the Dutch landscape men, and that were sketched in boldly and vigorously and then abandoned. It is suggestive, too, to compare with the elaborately completed work, those little sketches in water-color or pencil or chalk that were the preliminary notes for them.

The work has been hung with due regard to historical and biographical sequence as well as decorative effect. The large gallery contains the large masterpieces that belong, mainly, to the early and middle periods, while he still accepted the then recognized conventions of landscape, and before he had developed from them a formula of his own. Here are the *Calais Pier* and the *Shipwreck*, with their dramatic conception and composition, their splendid energy, so well subordinated to the traditions he had inherited; here are the melodramatic *Hannibal Crossing the Alps* through the storm that Turner had watched and noted at Farnley, and the ingenious *Apollo Slaying the Python*, both characteristic of the reverence for historical and classical motives, for the "grand manner," still cultivated in landscape as in subject pictures when Turner set out upon his career; here are one or two of the anecdotes in the manner of Teniers and the little Dutch masters, or inspired, some contend, by the success of Wilkie; and here, in the centre of honor, is the great masterpiece of all, *Crossing the Brook*, which, for dignity of design, harmony of color, serenity of atmosphere and feeling, has in its own way never been surpassed by Turner or any other painter. In the adjoining, smaller gallery are the canvases which were discovered but a few years ago, rolled up out of sight in the cellars of the National Gallery, and of which I wrote so fully at the time they were first exhibited at the Tate. Once more, as in the room first allotted to them, one marvels at the indifference or indolence of the authorities, who for years kept buried in the cellars such little masterpieces of atmosphere and movement and light as the two or three versions of *Yacht Races in the Solent*, such a revelation of the tenderness and mystery of night at sea as *The Evening Star*, such a riot of color and sunshine and gorgeousness as the *Interior at Petworth*, in which Turner seems to have anticipated the modern Impressionists and delighted in demonstrating to them how easily and supremely he could forestall them and beat them in their own game. It is an astonishing performance, the more so because in most of the interiors which Turner now and then painted he preferred to adhere to Dutch models, even to Rembrandt, as was seen in a very curious picture by him contributed to this year's exhibition of *Fair Women* arranged by the International Society at the Grafton Gallery. In the same room

with this newly-discovered series several examples of his late manner long familiar to visitors to the National Gallery have their place, dominating them all *The Fighting Téméraire* and *Rain, Steam, and Speed*—the *Great Western Railway*, in which Turner showed that he, the artist, had eyes for the grandeur and romance and picturesqueness of those then modern inventions and innovations which Ruskin, his prophet, never ceased to denounce. The regret is that Turner did not occupy himself more with subjects of this kind than with the canals and lagoons of Venice, which, to be honest, he did not see as truly and sympathetically; that is, if we can trust to the evidence of the paintings as they exist to-day. There are artists of younger generations who have understood still better the beauty of rain, steam, and speed, but it was Turner's triumph that he could understand it at all when railways were as yet a novelty and landscape was hide-bound by tradition. The paintings downstairs are of lesser interest and importance. The more complete are not to be counted among his unqualified successes. Some of the later examples seem to have suffered from the effect of time and his own failure to safeguard himself against it; most of the earlier would not be of very special interest if Turner had not painted them, though in one or two there is a suggestion, a premonition, of the beauty that Corot was ultimately to make his own. The unfinished series to which I have referred belongs mainly to about 1807-1808, the period of several of the very fine canvases in the rooms above and of the *Winds* and the *Sun Rising through Vapor* at the National Gallery, but I cannot say that any of these landscapes reveal more unmistakable marks of genius than the unfinished oils of many of his contemporaries might; to a far greater extent than in his finished pictures of the same date he appears to have been restricted by his deference to prevailing standards and conventions, and it is not unlikely that he realized it, and for this reason never carried them further. They should teach a much-needed lesson to the young student of to-day by reminding him that deference to tradition is the most solid foundation to independence and originality in an artist. Had it not been Turner's habit to hoard his notes and sketches, sometimes the slightest, it would be puzzling to say why this series was preserved by him.

On the whole, a better selection of water-colors might have been made. Some fifty or sixty of the finest done in Italy and Switzerland, along the French rivers and in England, are still in the National Gallery as I write, though, in face of the chaos through which it is passing, I should not venture to say that this means they will be there to-



morning. Others that the enterprising intruder into the basement at Trafalgar Square may remember there of old are already at the Tate, and have been added to from the nineteen thousand and so which came into the possession of the Government after Turner's death. The drawings in various mediums and including the studies for the *Liber* are a record of a busy life which has never been told as it should, perhaps, because there was so little in it, except work, of which to tell. The very excess of material in this section necessarily proves a drawback. It can be no light matter to select from almost twenty thousand examples, even though Ruskin and his successors have sorted and catalogued them.

A new edition of the catalogue of the Tate Gallery has been published just in time for the opening of the Turner Wing. It contains, in addition to a sketch of Turner's life, an account of his bequest and its administration from the moment of his death until now. It also gives a complete list of the works he bequeathed, explaining, by appropriate references, which of these are at the National Gallery, which at the various provincial galleries. The pictures are described, the measurements given, important facts in connection with them stated, and important references to them quoted.

N. N.

## Finance.

### A FINANCIAL SYMPTOM.

The curious chapter in our international trade, which began with the \$7,200,000 "import excess" of June, 1909—the first disappearance of the monthly export surplus in a dozen years—seemed to have culminated in the \$19,200,000 import excess of last March. That was the largest excess of the period, running considerably beyond the inward balances of June, July, and August, 1909, or of February, 1910. It was felt, when the March trade statement was given out, that the abnormal phenomenon would not be seen again. Prices were slowly relaxing on the great commodity markets, which was the way to correct a situation mainly created by the fact that our prices were out of joint with the rest of the world. Credit markets were simultaneously contracting, thus apparently removing the machinery through which forestallers, speculators, and even plain producers were holding back goods from market so as to sustain the artificial prices. As a matter of fact, the foreign trade situation did begin to improve at just that time. There was, to be sure, another "import excess" last April, where there had been none a year before; but the April excess, \$853,000, was a trifle compared with the \$19,200,000 of March. Moreover,

in May came an export excess of \$11,200,000, against a similar excess of only \$7,200,000 in May, 1909, and finally, June showed \$8,100,000 export surplus, where the same month in 1909 gave an excess of more than \$7,000,000 to the imports. In other words, the merchandise balance seemed definitely to have turned.

This present week, however, the Government has published a report on the country's foreign commerce in July—which calls for some reflection. The month has brought us back again to an "import excess," which is \$2,800,000, or only a few hundred dollars short of that of a year ago. It will possibly be suggested that the dwindling agricultural exports of the month were responsible for this. In point of fact, however, the July exports as a whole actually increased \$5,000,000 over 1909; it was imports again which did it. They rose nearly \$5,000,000 over a year ago, and except for the very abnormal year 1907, they exceeded the July imports of any previous year in the history of the country. When, moreover, one figures out results for the seven completed months of the year to date, he finds that, as against the \$372,000,000 excess of exports for the period in 1908, and the \$67,000,000 of 1909, the present year has an export excess of only a beggarly \$1,600,000.

This is a very remarkable exhibit, and it is quite impossible to ignore its importance as a symptom of the day. It is not necessary to revive the obsolete "mercantile theory" to assert that, when our annual excess of exports over imports has for decades been utilized in offsetting heavy annual dues of our own to Europe, it cannot be cut off for half a year without in some way affecting the country's position on the international money market.

No one has ever been able to determine with any approach to exactness the various items in this "economic balance" between ourselves and the outside world. Fifteen years ago, a very thorough investigation by the head of a well-known New York international banking house calculated that the annual payments due from the United States to Europe, wholly outside of merchandise account, were no less than \$350,000,000, of which nearly one-third was for money spent abroad by American tourists, while something less than one-half was for remittances against European holdings of American securities or European investments in other American fields. Since 1895, American securities held abroad have in the aggregate been reduced and with them the annual "coupon payment." But foreign expenditure by American tourists and by American residents in Europe has been enormously increased; not only do two or three times as many Americans go abroad now as then, but each of

them, on the average, spends two or three times as much. Even assuming the \$350,000,000 "invisible balance" then reckoned to be still in force, the "visible balance" of \$251,000,000 on merchandise export account for the calendar year 1909 would fail to meet the bill, and a further decrease of \$65,000,000 for the first seven months of 1910 would hardly help the matter.

Our import trade is undoubtedly bound to grow, with the rapid expansion in the country's population, but our export trade grows with it. The salient fact at present is an increase in imports, wholly out of proportion to the export increase, and the explanation of this fact, after allowing for some \$13,000,000 decrease in the seven months' cotton exports—due to last year's deficient crop—is that prices have been held so high in the United States as to arrest our export trade, where we had enough to spare for the outside world, and simultaneously to expand abnormally our import trade, because we were the most profitable market in the world on which to sell. If the resultant situation is unnatural—as it seems to be—then it should certainly appear that the only immediate remedy is reduction in such prices.

### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abbott, L. *Seeking After God*. Crowell. \$1 net.  
 Allen, J. *From Passion to Peace*. Crowell. 50 cents net.  
 Andrews, G. A. *What Is Essential?* Crowell. \$1 net.  
 Balmer, E. *The Science of Advertising*. Duffield.  
 Baumbach, R. *Stories and Poems*, edited, with introduction, by E. Manley. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.  
 Benedict, F. G., and Carpenter, T. M. *The Metabolism and Energy Transformations of Healthy Man During Rest*. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.  
 Besier, R. *Don*. Duffield. \$1 net.  
 Bond, W. S. *His Struggle Magnificent*. Cochrane Pub. Co.  
 Bradley, A. G. *The Avon and Shakespeare's Country*. Dutton. \$3.50 net.  
 Breckenridge, W. E., Mersereau, S. F., and Moore, C. F. *Shop Problems in Mathematics*. Boston: Ginn. \$1.  
 Cannan, G. *Devious Ways*. Duffield.  
 Child, C. G. *Translation, with notes, of The Second Shepherds' Play, Everyman, and Other Early Plays*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 40 cents.

### Financial.

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