man's well-documented reasoning. As Professor Phillimore has well said, Ellis was essentially an artist.

Oxford is full of stories of his quaint sayings, his oddities, and his weaknesses. That was the outer surface. But people who knew him well could feel beneath the surface a power of inspiration and a singleminded simplicity which amounted to greatness. He never questioned the high importance of classical scholarship; he was never shaken by any touch of worldliness or of mere practicality. I remember his speaking of an emendation made by the present Bishop of Oxford in the text of *Orientius*, and lamenting that 'Gore had thrown himself away.' He was quite sincere. He cared for the emendation of *Orientius* more than for the management of any diocese. He was remarkably abstemious, almost ascetic, a little solitary. His answer to an invitation to dinner is justly famous: 'No, my dear ——; it is not so much the food I mind; it is the company.' He lived almost entirely for a particular kind of rare intellectual activity, and you came away from a conversation with him feeling that intellectual work, recognised or unrecognised, was the thing to live for.

And he had his reward. Pupils will not forget his Latin Verse class. The physical languor, the weak, poring eyes, the slight lameness, the slow and tedious utterance with which he dictated his fair copies; and then the verses themselves, so elegant, so dashing and rakish, and so beautifully alive: verily *quales Catullus vel Calvus.* And there must be many men who will cherish throughout life the memory of Ellis's kindness to them as undergraduates, a patient and absolutely simple friendliness which made its particular mark even in a University where friendliness between teacher and taught is a universal tradition.

G. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.

HORATIAN EXPOSITION; A REJOINDER.

SIR,—When my Student's Edition of the *Odes of Horace*, Books I-III., was published, you printed a lengthy review of it over the signature of Mr. T. E. Page. It was hostile, as of course it had its right to be: it was scornful as regards my views, but contained a kindly reference of a personal character; such matters would claim no special remark: it represented inaccurately certain things found in my book; this I resented, but I said nothing, thinking it well to wait and see how my work impressed a few competent readers whom I knew it would interest. Three years have now passed, and I have grounds for stating that some of the leaven which I in particular have added to the lump of Horatian commentary is working—slowly no doubt, but I am not impatient. I have not written either for money or kudos, but simply from interest in an important and surprisingly fruitful inquiry.

I must ask you now to let me show how your review misrepresented me. When I read its paragraph beginning thus:—"The *Donec gratus eram*, which Munro sneered at as 'a neat enough mosaic,' is now declared to be 'little better than euphonious rubbish' unless we connect it with Murena," etc., I rubbed my eyes, because I knew I had written no such thing. Its ingenious implication that I must miss the beauty, and consider the ode as rubbish, is worthy of Mr. Skimpin himself (*vide* The Trial Scene, *Pickwick Papers*). What I do say is that Munro came very close to condemning the ode as bad poetry, that, as generally construed, with an absurd 'Horace' stuck above the odd-numbered verses, it *is* little better than euphonious rubbish, *as* Mr. Munro has shown, but that the right conclusion is not that the ode is bad, but that the eye of the critic is out of focus (p. 13). This is in the Introduction, and is an argument that Horace personally is not the spokesman, and is quite independent of any possible association with Murena. Your reviewer should have done me the justice to recognise this: instead he turns to a note on the name Calaïs (p. 250) and incorporates into his condemnatory sentences other suggestions—expressly guarded by me as tentative only—and treats entirely different points as if they were necessarily connected, and as if I had so presented them in argument.

I fail to see what purpose criticism of this sort can serve. It conveys an incorrect im-

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pression to the reader, and it certainly does not help the author.

On the main argument of my book, I would ask if the school represented by your reviewer denies that Maecenas was for many years the chief counsellor of Augustus, that he lost this valued position and with it his power and influence in Rome, that Sallustius Crispus took his place, and that Augustus's cause of complaint against Maecenas was an alleged betrayal of confidence in connexion with Murena's conspiracy: does it deny that Lucius Licinius Varro Murena existed, or was a prominent man, and brother of Maecenas's wife and of Proculeius (also a close friend of Augustus and once his prospective son-in-law); that he (Murena) was a hunchback, or that he was a man *magnae linguae* who railed at Augustus in open Court, and afterwards conspired against his life, or that he was prosecuted by Tiberius, and was executed (presumably by strangulation): does it deny that Horace was an enthusiastic friend and supporter of Maecenas, and at the same time a man high in the esteem of Augustus, and enlisted by the latter in the service of restoring a purer life and better *morale* in the State? If so, we know where we are as regards the value of such a school in the exposition of Horace's poems. If not, some further questions are necessary. Admitting the aforesaid facts, which rest on unimpeachable authority, does this school contend that these facts are not reflected in Horace's writings, and especially in Books I-III. of the *Odes*, where the *dramatis personae* will be found either by full name or by implicit indication? Will it say that neither the conspiracy is alluded to there, nor the supposed betrayal of confidence (III. 2. 25), nor the execution (III. 24) nor the relegation of Maecenas to a chill exile from favour and to the reality of a private life (III. 29)? If so, then it must be admitted by this school that these odes are the most wondrous repository of undesigned coincidences extant in literature. The explanation of the problem that I uphold is much simpler, and not nearly so incredible.

Your reviewer taunts me with 'knowing all about' Murena—meaning of course the opposite of what he says. I do not know all about him—I wish I did—but I do know something, because I have taken the trouble to read what his contemporaries and their followers have written concerning him. That he was a hunchback, for instance; I know this because Suetonius has recorded the fact; and I know that the same author has mentioned that Augustus had a strong dislike for people of distorted figure because he regarded them and (with cause) as of evil omen; and I also know (this time from Seneca) that Maecenas composed some bitter verses in which he accused someone of having clapped the hunchback's hump on to him (Maecenas) and of leaving him in the possession of life indeed, but only a life of agony; and I also know that Horace addressed an ode to Maecenas beginning 'Cur me querelis exanimas tuis' etc., and considering the hunchback's crime, and the accusation and condemnation it brought upon Maecenas, and the state it reduced him to (Seneca again) I do not think one can be fairly accused of getting into 'quagmires' or of being 'lured to ruin' by following 'brilliant and erratic genius' (which at times has such a striking resemblance to common-sense) if one suspects associations here.

But one word more, and I have done. It is in reply to almost the sole shred of argument used in your review: 'That Horace,' says your contributor, 'should have issued a work, which from beginning to end teems with recognizable allusions to events which both Augustus and Maecenas must have desired to see overwhelmed in oblivion, passes the measure of reasonable belief.' Does it? Even granting the premises, does the conclusion follow in the circumstances of this particular case? Surely not; one wish may be powerful enough to override another, and your reviewer overlooks a most important point, the pivot on which the whole argument will be found to turn, if anyone will study the question with a candid mind. He expresses admirably the trenchant irony of the situation (*Cf.* § 32, Introd.) and the need for the *eironeia* of the language used, but he does not do me the honour of hinting that my book contains an answer to his contention, and he ignores the strange fact of the host of seeming allusions, which are not allusions but only unparalleled accidents, ready to be fitted to the occasion, as Seneca shows that Maecenas did fit them. I cheerfully grant that Augustus and also Maecenas would have desired these events to be buried in oblivion, and I grant that Horace's *Monumentum*—in which they are alluded to *passim* without the possibility of mistake by anyone who will study the extant sources of knowledge of them—would never have been compiled in its present form, if the *status quo*, which existed before those fatal events, had been preserved. But it was not; they had consequences which Maecenas who was disastrously affected wished beyond all things to annul, and this wish was stronger than the desire for oblivion. It led to a project in which Horace may be found lending willingly his aid, while Propertius declines to follow his example. However dangerous and distressing it was to mention the facts, they had to be indicated, if the sympathiser with the fallen statesman was to take up his pen at all. He risked the 'dulce periculum,' warned off the profane crowd, which jostles with shoulders dense to hear of fallen potentates and the misfortunes of the great, and sang songs for consolation, if they could not win a reprieve. He spoke with sufficient tact to ensure that his book should be taken in good part by the emperor, but I do not doubt that its allusions were perfectly well understood in Rome by the interested classes, and that their present obscurity did not envelope them until time had passed, and they were annotated for educational purposes by our intelligent friends whom we know as the scholiasts, to whose labours no one except the great Bentley seemed to the late Dr. Wickham to have made any considerable independent addition. If abiding by the scholiasts is not in this connexion tantamount to

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wallowing in and refusing to quit a quagmire that is gross and palpable, then I am not,—SIR, Yours most respectfully,

E. R. GARNSEY.

Authors' Club,
2, *Whitehall Court, S.W.*

To the Editors of THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.

In *Classical Review*, Jun. 1913, p. 127, leguntur verba e libro de Horis haec: 'Primum . . . triumphum egit gallicum . . . sequentem alexandrinum ex *victone catoque* ptolemeo rege. . . .' Qui ediderunt pro victone catoque proposuerunt victo catoneque. Nonne legendum est: ex victo necatoque?

Vale,
F. H. W. SWIJD.

Amersfoort.

To the Editors of THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.

GREEK AND LATIN IN A YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

Nearly two years ago, when I sent you a few lines of local news (*C. R.* xxvi. 33, 34), you asked me for further notes on the fortunes of classical study in these regions. In order to save space, I respond in letter-form.

The University of Leeds, as distinguished from the Yorkshire College of Science, is only nine years old, and any interest it may have is solely that of youth. It is a mere child of yesterday when compared with ancient foundations, and (needless to say) it has not yet come into its kingdom. One is tempted, sometimes, to take a humorous view of it and to recall certain observations of Bishop Thirlwall's upon the tender age of nine. Writing long before recent Cretan discovery had focussed attention upon the passage and withdrawn it somewhat from the realms of the fabulous, Thirlwall once discussed the words ἐννέωρος βασίλευε in *Odyssey* xix. 179, and wondered whether it was possible to attach a meaning to ἐννέωρος that would represent Minos as beginning his reign when nine years old—a thing, he adds, even more strange than the passion of Dante for Beatrice at the same age.[1]

The same humorous view will, I hope, not be far from my mind when I venture, at your request, to touch upon a particular branch of the University's work, the classical branch. There is a good story in Bryce's *American Commonwealth* of a newly-founded seat of learning which the author found somewhere in the Far West. 'The head of the institution was,' says Mr. Bryce, 'an active sanguine man, and in dilating on his plans frequently referred to "the Faculty" as doing this or contemplating that. At last I asked of how many professors the Faculty at present consisted. "Well," he answered, "just at present the Faculty is below its full strength, but it will soon be more numerous." "And at present?" I inquired. "At present it consists of Mrs. Johnson and myself."' I do not wish to push the parallel too far. But, as a matter of fact, the classical teachers in the University of Leeds nine years ago numbered just two: to be precise, Professor Connal and myself. Now they number four. That increase is, itself, a great gain. What other signs are there of progress?

In 1904 there was no Honours School of Classics here. During the last six years twenty-three students (twenty-one men and two women) have graduated with Classical Honours. The Honours course is not purely literary, but includes the systematic study of Ancient History and Ancient Philosophy, under the guidance of Professor A. J. Grant and Professor C. M. Gillespie. Some attention is also given to the elements of Classical Archaeology. Greek and Latin Verse Composition is optional: it is taken from time to time, and with good results. Some of the candidates for honours have read widely in classical literature. In Greek, Homer and Plato are the favourite authors, and a recent graduate had (after little more than three years' study of Greek) read the whole of the *Odyssey*, most of the *Iliad*, and fourteen dialogues of Plato, including all the longer ones except the *Laws*. Two of our best honoursmen have come to the University, with Leeds City Scholarships, from a large municipal school in which a good deal of Latin is taught but no Greek. As they were clearly youths of unusual ability, the University provided special help in Greek in order to enable them to enter on the full Honours course with the least possible delay. They completed the course with distinction; but, given an earlier start, the results would have been better still. It is much to be desired that, in secondary schools of every kind, senior boys should be enabled (by a system of transfer, if in no other way) to pursue those studies for which they show a decided bent. It is no less reasonable that pupils who have a special aptitude for Latin should be allowed, if they wish, to begin Greek than that pupils who have a special aptitude for one natural science should be allowed to begin another. The development of individual faculty might cost the nation something, but it would 'pay' abundantly in the end. One temporary difficulty in our northern municipal schools is that the teachers who take Latin often know no Greek. The Classical Honours courses, modest though they are, in the new universities should do something to set this right. Leeds graduates are, in fact, already beginning to send us pupils whom they have themselves trained in Greek as well as Latin.

The dissertation required from candidates for the M.A. degree in Classics tends to encourage methodical reading among our better students after they have left us. During a recent year the subjects offered by the three applicants were: (1) The Paeans of Pindar; (2) a Study of Mimnermus, with English verse-translations; (3) some points in which recent Cretan discovery throws light upon the Homeric poems.

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[1] Why, it may be asked in passing, should Plato's interpretation of the Homeric line, in *Laws* 624B, be so lightly brushed aside by the commentators and translators?

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