

JACKSON ON THE *EUDEMIAN ETHICS*.

On some passages in the Seventh Book of the Eudemian Ethics. By HENRY JACKSON, Litt.D. Pp. 52. Cambridge, 1900. 2s.

In discussing a great many passages from the Seventh Book of the Eudemian Ethics and in proposing new readings in most or all of them, Dr. Jackson has shown, it is needless to say, great knowledge, skill, and acuteness. No one can read what he has written without learning something from it or without admiring the insight which he constantly shows in dealing with a difficulty. His suggestions are always clever and sometimes very attractive. He seems, for instance, to suggest just what is wanted, when in 6, 12 and 13 he turns *ὀρεκτός* into *οὐκ ἔχθρός*: in 10, 11 *τῷ ἴσῳ* into *τόκον* (taking *κ* to = *ισ* and the terminations to be immaterial): in 10, 31 *παντί τίνος* into *τί ἀντί τίνος*: in 3, 7 *διὸ εὐρηκέναι νέικος ὁ ἐρώμενος τοιαῦτ' ἂν οὐκ ἐρών λέγοι* into *διὸ εἴρηκεν Αἰνικός 'ἐρώμενος τοιαῦτ' ἂν, οὐκ ἐρών λέγοι,* thus introducing the comic poet Aenicus (?), whose name we know, and a quotation from him. He makes much use of the theory of terminations abbreviated and then wrongly filled in again, and his applications of it are sometimes highly ingenious.

These proposals are very taking and may probably enough be right. On the other hand I am bound to say that many of the suggestions here made fail to persuade or even to attract me. Not only are they sometimes rather complicated, involving a good many hypotheses; but, what is a greater objection, the expression and meaning suggested are often to my mind unsatisfactory. On a bold conjecture which gives us a good meaning in a good shape we look with indulgence, even with admiration. But the conjecture is less defensible, when after all it gives a meaning or a form which is very much open to question. Such in my opinion

are 1, 14 *τὰ δὲ ἄχρηστα κἂν ἂ τοιαῦτ' αὐτῶν ἀποβάλλουσι*, 'even those parts of themselves which are so': 6, 6 *εἰ δὴ τὸ συζῆν*: 10, 34 where *πρὸς τὸ πλούσιον εἶτα τί δοθέν* is converted into *πρὸς τὸ τί δούς ὠνεῖται τί δοθέν*, the theory being that *τί δούς ὠνεῖται τί δοθέν* is equivalent to *τί ἀντί τίνος ὠνεῖται*. In 2, 20 I am unable to see the point of *ἕως ἂν ᾧσιν ἀκρατεῖς* (MSS. *ὡς ἂν*): *ib.* 38 *ἀγαπᾶται γὰρ τὸ εἰνοεῖν εἰ ὄζειν δὲ μὴ* (MSS. *συζῆν δὲ μὴ*) is ingenious, but the sense supposed surely very doubtful: *ib.* 14 *ἔστι νῆ Δία* for *ἔστιν ἡ Δία* needs a good deal of defence. Particularly I would venture to challenge Dr. Jackson's negative sentences, sometimes when he retains, sometimes when he alters the vulgate. It would take considerable argument to persuade one that either of the following is possible: 2, 20 *οὐδ' οὐ φιλοῦσι μὲν, ἀλλ' οὐ τὴν πρώτην φιλῖαν*; 'it is not, however, true that they are not fond of one another': *ib.* 39 *τὰ μὴ ταχὺ γιγνόμενα μὴδὲ βραδίως οὐ*, 'what comes into existence slowly but surely.' I have like doubts about 9, 2 *τὸ μὲν ἔν, τὸ δὲ τοῦ ἐνός, οὐ δ' ἔν* (MSS. *οὐδέν*) in the sense of *ἔν δ' οὐ*.

Since these lines were written, we have had to deplore the death of the scholar to whom Dr. Jackson dedicates his book, Franz Susemihl, last editor (1884) of the *Eudemian Ethics*. An industrious, accomplished, and sagacious scholar, he laboured much at less well-known treatises like this, the *Magna Moralia* and the *Oeconomica*, as well as at the more familiar and attractive *Politics*, *Nicomachean Ethics*, and *Postics*. His edition of the last in particular was most serviceable, full of matter and yet handy. Invaluable also for its collection of facts is the elaborate two-volume *Literature of the Alexandrian Age*.

H. RICHARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

APOLLO SMINTHEUS, RATS, MICE, AND PLAGUE.

THE story of a host of mice, or rats, or ants, who destroy an army by gnawing its bowstrings, is of such wide diffusion that I doubt if the animals can indicate plague,

either by metaphor (as Mr. Cree suggests) or as vehicles of infection. Field mice, who appear in the Egyptian legend of Herodotus (ii. 141) and in the name 'Smintheus,' are

remote from houses and infection. Rats, in China (Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 13) are more suspicious. They also gnaw, in the story, the bowstrings of an army. But so do ants, in the Satapatha Brahmana, and ants do not convey infection or destroy standing corn. The legend of mice gnawing bowstrings occurs in the mythology of the Creek Indians of North America, and also in the mythic history of the Utes in the same country (Powell, *Report of Bureau of Ethnology*, i. 51). The Red Indians have

no bubonic plague. Here, then, in China, India, Egypt, and North America we have the same tale of an army defeated, or at least deprived of its artillery, by field mice, rats, or ants. I scarcely think that bubonic plague can have anything to do with this fable. Apollo of Sminthos is perhaps addressed in *The Iliad* merely as a local Apollo, without any thought of field mice or infection in the poet's mind.

A. LANG.

CLASSICS IN EDUCATION.

TWO LETTERS TO A CLASSICAL FRIEND.

II.

My Dear —,

I resume my story. A few years since I spent much time over Mommsen's History of Rome, and I then read again the two books of Livy which I had taken up so long before. Later on I turned to Caesar and read through the whole eight books of the Gallic War. These prose texts I was able to read, not without pains, but still as literature, and therefore with interest and a kind of pleasure. Then a friend of mine asked me to coach a medical student in two books of Horace, the third and fourth of the Odes. I objected that I had never read the Odes, but I was assured that my knowledge of Latin was sufficient for the purpose in hand. And so, in fact, it proved. Later still, I found a neighbour whose classical knowledge was about equal to my own, though gained by the reverse process, viz. a school education without the experience of the 'Varsity. He was willing to join me in reading through the four books of the Odes. Will you ask the result? I find that, so far as I am concerned, an Ode of Horace is the literary equivalent of a Chinese puzzle. With pains I can solve the puzzle or construe the text; but the result has neither beauty nor meaning. The whole thing leaves me weary and indifferent. One stanza of FitzGerald's Rubaiyat means more to me than all Horace put together. With the Horatian sentiment, the Horatian view of life, I have been familiar, oddly enough, from boyhood upward, when I learned it, not from Latin verse, but from the English prose of Thackeray. My failure to enjoy Horace (and Poetry, as

H. Nettleship said, is nothing, if it cannot be read and enjoyed) might be due to the fact that I was never properly grounded in Latin quantity and metre. And even to-day I can nowhere find any intelligible account of the relation between metre, quantity, and accent, in Greek and Latin verse. Consider for a moment what this means. From the sixteenth century to the close of the nineteenth, the classic poets have formed the staple of our higher education. The principal merit of classical poetry lies admittedly in the perfection of its form. And all poetry is primarily addressed to the ear. Yet our teachers are content to employ, both in Greek and Latin, a mode of pronunciation demonstrably barbarous; to perpetuate mechanically, in the case of Greek, a system of accents which in speech they ignore; while in Latin, whether spoken or written, accent is neglected altogether,¹ and though a theoretical importance is attached to quantity, it is not thought worth while to indicate it in writing, and in spoken utterance it is constantly set at nought. Such a habitual disregard of the essential conditions on which the apprehension of poetic art depends, goes far to justify the suspicion that the classics have neither been taught nor learned from the love of Poetry. If Latin lived on the lips of our teachers, I think the Odes of Horace would have conveyed more to me than they do.

My love for Lycidas and Adonais, and even my indifference to the Bucolics of Virgil, now led me to attempt Theocritus. I might as well have read so many consecutive pages of Liddell and Scott. And when

¹ See Dr. Granger's letter in *C.R.* for June, p. 282.—Ed. *C.R.*