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**Tremenheere's Cynthia of Propertius *The Cynthia of Propertius*, done into English verse by Seymour Greig Tremenheere, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Macmillan and Co., London and New York. 1899. pp. xiii. 108. 4s. net.**

A. E. Housman

The Classical Review / Volume 14 / Issue 04 / May 1900, pp 232 - 233  
DOI: 10.1017/S0009840X00082561, Published online: 27 October 2009

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**How to cite this article:**

A. E. Housman (1900). The Classical Review, 14, pp 232-233 doi:10.1017/S0009840X00082561

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ing at vii. 11 sq. 'neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus, | *umquam* nisi in dispar feris' could be defended if it were credible that Horace used *umquam* interrogatively with *feris*. But Dr. Shorey's solution is this: '*Umquam*, besides doing duty with *mos fuit*, is felt as *numquam* with *feris* owing to the position of *neque*: never fierce to their own kind (except to their unlike).' Will Prof. Shorey frankly say what language he would address to a member of his own class who wrote, and thus defended, the Latin which their professor attributes to Horace sooner than admit that the manuscripts have lost a single letter at the beginning of a line?

I have said that generally Dr. Shorey choseth rightly between the MS. readings; so I will add some exceptions. i. 3. 19 *l. turbidum* (cf. Propert. 3. 3. 24 'medio maxima turba mari est'); iii. 14. 6 *l. diuis*; iv. 4. 36. *l. indecorant*. Sometimes his choice is better than his reasons. There is no necessity to leave the MSS. at i. 2. 39 *Mauri peditis* 'the unhorsed Moor.' At the present time the *acer uoltus* of a horse-soldier whose charger has been killed by the foeman who lies bleeding at his feet needs no illustration to make it intelligible. But the explanation preferred by the editor is 'The *Mauri* were fierce enough and *may well have used foot soldiers*' (my italics)—to the young student especially a demoralising comment.

Occasionally Dr. Shorey is too brief. The

note on iv. 6. 17 '*palam*: with *captis*, antithesis to *falleret*' is right as far as it goes. But, in view of the difficulty which competent critics have found with *captis*, it should have been pointed out that the stress of the sentence lies in the participle and that the finite verb with all that follows *palam captis* (= *ui aperta captis*) has no logical relation to the preceding stanza, and in English must be rendered by a separate sentence. I have noticed few slips or palpable errors: but *caprea* (iv. 4. 14) is not a *kid* (p. 406). Nor (on the same passage) should *vitulus*, iv. 2. 60, be cited as proof that *fulvae* is a possible epithet of a *goat*. We gain nothing by quoting one of Ovid's derivations for *Quirites* to justify the epithet *bellicosus* iii. 3. 57. In the time of Horace *Quirites* was a distinctively civil appellation. Here of course it is a synonym for *Romani*. Dr. Shorey's spelling is generally correct; but he does not follow the best MSS. in writing *montis* (i. 2. 8) and the like, and he fluctuates between *umor* and *humor*. His *meter* for *metre* will not be approved on this side of the Ocean: it too painfully suggests the gas-man. The book deserves an index; and an index of first lines would be a useful addition.

In parting from Dr. Shorey, I would say that if I were limited to three editions of the Odes, his would be one.

J. P. POSTGATE.

### TREMENHEERE'S CYNTHIA OF PROPERTIUS.

*The Cynthia of Propertius*, done into English verse by SEYMOUR GREIG TREMENHEERE, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Macmillan and Co., London and New York. 1899. pp. xiii. 108. 4s. net.

'SCHOLARS will pardon an attempt, however bald, to render into English these exquisite love-poems.' Why? Those who have no Latin may pardon such an attempt, if they like bad verses better than silence; but I do not know why bald renderings of exquisite love-poems should be pardoned by those who want no renderings at all. One who cannot read or understand

omniaque ingrato largibar munera somno,  
munera de prono saepe uoluta sinu,

may perhaps pardon the translation

Ungrateful sleep! Give all I could,  
Roll from your lap my presents would!

But who else? only the personage of whom Heine tells us 'c'est son métier.' Some bald renderings there are which even scholars will pardon: when Mr Paley sings 'It is present to me to feel the chill, the very severe chill, of a hostile public executioner,' or Mr Buckley 'They cut off his ears and nostrils with the sharp brass; but he, injured in his feelings, went about, enduring that calamity with a frantic mind,' scholars are as grateful as other folk; but Mr Tremeneere never rejoices the heart like this, though he does write 'To eclipse your honoured uncle strive' and ask 'Is yours the

spirit that can brave The hard bunk and the howling wave?’

The chief merit of his version is its admirable and even surprising conciseness: he has chosen his metre ill, for our octosyllabic couplet is not only as much unlike the elegiac as one couplet can be unlike another, but also affords very little room; yet nothing essential is omitted, except now and then the definite article. The phrasing too is often pointed; but it mostly wants grace and finish and is sometimes ugly: ‘When, Gallus, stuttering and agasp, You languished in the damsel’s clasp,’ ‘And, by Hylaeus bludgeoned well, Lay groaning on the Arcadian fell.’ Where everything else is sacrificed to smartness and ‘illa suis uerbis cogat amare Iouem’ is rendered ‘She’d coax the devil to her feet,’ some will admire; but there is nothing smart about slang terms like ‘cut’ and ‘wig’: they misrepresent Propertius, who is not a colloquial writer but literary to a fault, and they are repulsive. Misrepresentation of Propertius is indeed the capital defect of this performance: good or bad, in movement, in diction, in spirit, it is unlike the original. I will quote some verses from the second poem, which is much the best translated:

Life of my life, why court applause  
In fluttering folds of Coan gauze,  
With Syrian scent on plaits and curls  
And all the gauds of foreign girls?

\* \* \*

What beauties e’er with Nature’s vied?—  
Wild ivy, meadows gaily pied,  
Lone dells with beauteous berries fraught,  
Clear streams that find their way untaught,  
Bright shores with native gems self-strewn,  
And birds that never learnt a tune!  
’Twas not their toilets that did win  
Leucippus’ daughters each her Twin:  
It was not for a powdered face  
That Pelops came so far to race;  
Nor Idas with Apollo vied  
To bear Marpessa off a bride.

Excellent: the rendering is close and deft, the English is pure, the phrasing neat, the lines run well; but what was the Latin? elegiacs by Propertius or hendecasyllables by Martial?

A text is printed opposite the translation, and there are notes at the end.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

### THE NEW ANTHOLOGIA OXONIENSIS.

*Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis.* Translations into Greek and Latin Verse. Edited by ROBINSON ELLIS, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, and A. D. GODLEY, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford. Clarendon Press. MDCCCXCLX. 7s. 6d. net.

THE New Oxford Anthology is a beautiful volume. Its size, shape, paper and printing, invite and allure the reader, and its contents—ranging from the earliest to the most modern poetry—make it highly attractive to the lover of literature, even apart from its interest as a choice collection of Greek and Latin versions which may be regarded as representative of contemporary Oxonian scholarship. In the way in which it fulfils this its primary purpose the book surpasses expectation, however high—ἀκοῆς κρείσσων ἐς πείραν ἔρχεται—but not μόνῃ τῶν νῦν, for has not Cambridge recently given us proof, as delightful as convincing, that the reeds of the Cam are still as musically vocal as ever?

To select is difficult when every piece shows finished scholarship and taste; but it will guide our readers to be told that they may look for the most daring and novel experiments among the contributions of Gilbert Murray, recently Professor of Greek in Glasgow, and W. R. Hardie, now Professor of Humanity in Edinburgh. The Latin translations are more numerous by forty than the Greek (107 to 67), and conspicuous among them are W. R. Hardie’s charming versions from the prose of George Meredith, Thackeray and Jonson into hexameters which catch exactly the true note—the *vrai air*—of Horace’s Epistles. We have from the same hand some dignified tragic Latin iambics (cviii.) and a very successful Greek choral ode (cxli.). Another most brilliant specimen of this kind of composition—unessayed hitherto in Anthologies—is by Gilbert Murray (lxii.). His rendering of a fine poem by Shelley breathes the very spirit and *afflatus* of the Greek choral ode. Indeed, whatever style of Greek or Latin poetry he takes for his