

nects this with the negro taste in female beauty. Perhaps the prehistoric artist did his best. It would not be useful to go through the whole book in detail; its subjects are too many, and its method too discursive. But one or two more may be specified. One chapter deals with 'tumuli or dolmens,' which Mosso uses as synonyms. He makes the remark, as if it needed only to be said, that 'the dolmens mark the path of prehistoric commerce' (p. 220). He names two or three, and then gives several pages to the broken pottery which he found in one of them: after which he describes, with photographs, several dolmens of South Italy. Another section gives *pintaderas* from various parts of Europe: these were used to impress painted patterns upon the human skin. Among them he includes what other people have called seals. Primitive ships, primitive commerce, the distribution of forests, early copper mines, agriculture, and the Mediterranean race, all come in for consideration: and the author has no sooner touched on one, than he is away to something else. All through the book are scattered those generalisations that tantalise us so: one or two we have mentioned, and another is, that 'the destruction of the forests was the cause of malaria.'

We close the book perplexed and pleased at once. It is full of matter, full of interest, but without order or

settled aim: a notebook, which the reader will be glad to possess.

W. H. D. R.

Walter Headlam: Life and Poems. By CECIL HEADLAM DUCKWORTH. 1910.

IT is difficult to write in a critical temper of this book: and it must be enough to recommend it to those who knew Headlam, and those who not knowing him have the love of things good in their hearts. The life was uneventful: its story is told simply. It will interest all to learn that he was descended from the great Richard Bentley. His literary genius was joined to a bright and humorous talent, which makes the tale of his daily round pleasant even for strangers to read. He wrote Greek verse like a Greek; some new specimens are given here in a light vein. The original English poems at the end will come as a surprise to many. The biographer may be right or wrong in his high estimate of what might have been; but no one will fail to see that there is real poetry in these scanty remains. Headlam's translations into English verse seem often to be hampered by something; they do not always satisfy a critical ear: but the original verse is quite free from that suspicion, and much of it is beautiful. It seems as though the gods have a grudge against the Greek language: *Requiescat in Pace.*

X.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I should be glad if you would allow me to comment briefly upon a point in the review of Professor Wilkinson's 'Hannibal's March.'

The statement on p. 116 of the June number of the *Classical Review* of the supposed discrepancy between Livy and Polybius as to the point of Hannibal's arrival in Italy gives fresh currency to an old blunder (I believe of Mommsen's) which has injured English text-books of Roman history for a whole generation, though it has been exposed in recent years; e.g., Mr. F. E. A. Traves, in his excellent edition of *Livy XXI.*, p. 197 (Bell and Sons, 1901), states clearly what Polybius really does say on this

point. It is quite true that in III. 56. 3 Polybius states of Hannibal in the sentence so often quoted *κατ'ἕρε τολμηρῶς εἰς τὰ περὶ τὸν Πάδον πεδία καὶ τὸ τῶν Ἰνσόμβρων ἔθνος*. He then breaks off into two or three pages of digression about the way in which 'modern' readers should judge ancient historians, who, as he wisely remarks, would have 'taken full advantage of our modern advantages' (τῶν νῦν καιρῶν ἐπιλαβόμενοι, c. 58. 5) had they been accessible to them. This digression has been too much for many of Polybius' readers, and diverted their attention from the fact that when he resumes his narrative (c. 60) he makes a much more definite statement as to the point at which Hannibal reached Italy, which precisely confirms Livy instead of raising doubts.

C. 60, § 1. τὸ μὲν οὖν πλήθος τῆς δυνάμεως ὅσον ἔχων Ἀννίβας ἐνέβαλεν εἰς Ἰταλίαν, ἣδη δεδηλώκαμεν. μετὰ δὲ τὴν εἰσβολὴν καταστρατοπεδεύσας ὑπ' αὐτὴν τὴν παρώρειαν τῶν Ἀλπῶν τὰς μὲν ἀρχὰς ἀνελάμβανε τὰς δυνάμεις. . . . [Then follows an explanation of the physical sufferings caused to the army by the passage of the Alps. In section 8 he then continues:] μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα, προσανειληφύϊας ἣδη τῆς δυνάμεως, τῶν Ταυρίνων οἱ τυγχάνουσι πρὸς τῇ παρωρεία κατοικοῦντες στασιαζόντων μὲν πρὸς τοὺς Ἰνσόμβρας ἀπιστούντων δὲ τοῖς Καρχηδονίοις, τὸ μὲν πρῶτον αὐτοὺς εἰς φιλίαν προύκαλεῖτο καὶ συμμαχίαν· οὐχ ὑπακούοντων δέ, περιστρατοπεδεύσας τὴν βαρυτάτην πόλιν ἐν τρισὶν ἡμέραις ἐξεπολιόρ-

κησε. By the repeated use of this word παρώρεια, and by his repeated reference to the period of rest and refreshment given by Hannibal to his army, Polybius makes it clear to demonstration that the point at which Hannibal touched the plains was in the territory of the Taurini. This point was made by Mr. Marindin twelve years ago in the *Classical Review* (xiii., p. 248), so that perhaps it is too much to hope that the blunder will even yet die out. Readers of this year's *Classical Review* at least should know that on this point Professor Wilkinson (p. 6, footnote) is a safer guide than Mommsen's *Roman History*, vol. ii., p. 106.—Yours very faithfully,
R. S. CONWAY.

VERSION

TO DIANA.

COME, my Diana, let us make
A garden very trim and fair;
And you shall walk as mistress there,
And I will toil with spade and rake.
And there, for our entire delight,
A thousand blossoms shall unfold,
The pansy and the marigold,
The crimson pink and lily white.
There not a thorn shall mar the rose,
And every sugar'd fruit that grows
Shall ripen when the flowers are done:
Betwixt us we'll divide the rent:—
Your share shall all be pure content,
The tears, the labour mine alone.

D'AUBIGNÉ.

AD PHYLLIDA

I MECUM, mea Phyllis, atque amoenum
omni munditia paremus hortum;
illic tu domina ambulabis, illic
exercebo ego sarculi labores:
illic milia multa flosculorum,
rubri si quid honoris est uel albi,
nostras delicias, repandet aestas,—
albam parthenicem, rosamque rubram,
spinis liuidulis rosam carentem;
et post floriferum rubebit annum
pomorum quod ubique suauiorumst.
mercedem unde rogas? uterque partem:
nam tu laetitiam meram rependes,
sudores ego lacrimasque solus.

H. RACKHAM.

(Translated by H. C. MACDOWALL.)

NOTES AND NEWS

CONGREGATION at Oxford passed in May by a substantial majority the preamble of a statute intended to exempt candidates for mathematical and scientific honours from offering Greek in Responsions; and as amendments have been rejected, the statute will next term come before the University for its final ratification. It may still of course be thrown out either by Congregation or by Convocation; but failing a late repentance on the part of

some of its supporters, or an unwonted activity among non-resident Masters of Arts, the Bill will probably pass.

This abandonment of the principle (hitherto maintained, and still probably true) that a modicum of Greek is essential to the best education will clearly have a far-reaching effect on schools and Universities. In many schools Greek teaching will undoubtedly disappear altogether—a result which many advocates of 'Reform' contem-