

Müller's *Nonius* (vol. ii. p. 314 and in the present number), besides a paper of emendations upon Nonius in the last June number. In Professor Nettleship's *Lectures and Essays on subjects connected with Latin Literature and Scholarship*, p. 295ff. will be found some notes upon Nonius furnished by Mr. Onions.

Though depressed at times, he was usually cheerful, and talked readily about his own work or any other subject. He had a fund

of quiet humour to which the usual gravity of his countenance lent greater piquancy. Those who knew him personally have to mourn a friend who was warm-hearted, honest, and unassuming; those who knew him only through his writings must feel that in him England has lost a scholar of no ordinary promise, and more than ordinary performance.

S. G. OWEN.

HENRY WILLIAM CHANDLER.

By the death of H. W. Chandler Oxford loses a scholar of a kind which is every day becoming rarer in our modern Universities—a man of unique attainments and great intellectual power whose life was one long devotion to learning. 'The few are now fewer' was what he said when Pattison died; and we may with good reason say the same again now that he too has left us.

The story of his life is soon told. Born in London in 1828, he entered Pembroke College as a commoner in 1848; became a scholar of his College (in succession to the late George Rolleston) in 1851, and a fellow in 1853, having taken a 'First' in *Literae Humaniores* in the preceding year. In 1867 he succeeded his friend Mansel as Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. In 1884 he became one of the Curators of the Bodleian, and, if he is at all known to the world, I suppose it is in connexion with the 'Bodleian question.' Regarding the Bodleian as the one remaining institution that represented the best traditions of the University, he thought it a matter of duty to come forth from his retirement and do what in him lay to keep the library intact.

Chandler was never at any public school; when he came up to Oxford at the age of twenty he was, as far as the ordinary subjects of academical education are concerned, a self-educated man, but on the other hand he had already a very considerable experience of books and, what is more, he knew how to use them. As a boy, through the kindness of a friend, the then keeper of the Guildhall library, he had had the run of a fine library, where he revelled in books and learnt the great art of reading for himself. Such training or want of training however, though it may be conducive to intellectual independence, has certain obvious disadvantages, if one has to enter the race for

University distinctions. As an undergraduate, Chandler was not thought 'strong in scholarship.' He was accordingly sent to read with a scholarship 'coach,' the learned and eccentric Hyman of Wadham, whose name is saved from oblivion by the generous recognition of his merits in Pattison's *Memoirs*. Whether he also read with Mansel I cannot discover; but he certainly came quite early under his influence, and in after life he always spoke of Mansel in a way which showed how strong this influence must have been.

After taking his degree Chandler in a very short time found himself with an established reputation as an Aristotelian scholar; and for several years he was the great 'coach,' to whom most of the best undergraduates resorted for light and instruction in the 'Ethics.' Those who enjoyed the privilege of thus reading with him are unanimous on one point—his excellence and success as a teacher. It was indeed no small thing to be brought into personal contact with one who knew as well as taught his subject, one familiar with the whole of Aristotle, and gifted with a power of logical analysis and interpretation such as is rarely found in us feeble moderns. But Chandler besides his knowledge had a real genius for getting at men's minds and making them think things out for themselves. 'He made us think' is what one of his pupils says of him, and there is surely no higher praise than this.

He was in a sense a born Aristotelian. Aristotle was to him something more than an important moment in the history of thought; his philosophy was in its aims and method the type and model of what a philosophy should be. His attitude therefore as an Aristotelian scholar was somewhat peculiar. Though familiar enough with modern critical views and theories as

to the Aristotelian writings, he had in his heart, I think, no great sympathy with this direction of study; and in fact, with certain reserves and exceptions, no doubt, he accepted the Aristotle we have as he now stands. A certain inner affinity of mind drew him rather towards the older interpreters of Aristotle—the scholars of the 16th and 17th centuries, their scholastic predecessors, and above all the Greek commentators. As for these last, Chandler studied them and knew them in a way in which no man of our century has known them. I well remember the impression he made on Torstrik, who came to Oxford to investigate the MSS. in our libraries for the purposes of the grand series of *Commentaria in Aristotelem graeca*, now in course of publication under the auspices of the Berlin Academy. Torstrik could not conceal his surprise at finding such a scholar in Oxford: 'We have no one in Germany who knows this literature as your friend does.'

It is sad, inexpressibly sad, to those who knew the man himself, to think that so much learning has passed away without leaving behind it some enduring monument. Even on the subject of Aristotle Chandler produced very little—nothing more in fact than an anonymous pamphlet on an indifferent edition of the *Ethics* (1856), a paraphrase (likewise anonymous) of the First Book of the *Ethics* (1859)—drawn up no doubt for the use of his pupils—a little brochure of *Miscellaneous Emendations* (1866), and two short but truly admirable contributions to the Bibliography of Aristotle (1868—1878). The great work which he contemplated at one time, and for which he collected a mass of materials, an edition of the Aristotelian Fragments, was necessarily dropped on the appearance of Rose's book; and a similar work for the Fragments of Theophrastus was never more than just begun. The book by which he may possibly be remembered hereafter is in a very dif-

ferent department of knowledge—I refer to his *Introduction to Greek Accentuation*, undertaken, I believe, at the suggestion of the late Dr. Jeune. The ironical tone observable in the preface is perhaps enough to show that the subject was not of his own choice, and had no real interest for him; but for all that the work is executed with Chandler's characteristic thoroughness, and it must have given him at times a real satisfaction to be able to show the untenableness of some of Goettling's theories. There was, in fact, a considerable vein of scepticism in Chandler's nature, and it extended even into the region of Greek accents. In philosophy proper, as distinct from Aristotle, we have only one acknowledged writing of his, his *Inaugural Lecture* (1867); I have reason, however, to think that the translation of Raue-Beneke's *Psychology*, which appeared at Oxford in 1871, was really due to him, though for some reason or other he withheld his name. In the preface to the book the translator speaks of interruptions occasioned by ill-health. From this point onward ill-health made Chandler shrink from any prolonged or serious literary effort; and he was much too fastidious to allow anything to go forth in his name that did not come up to his idea of scholarly accuracy and finish. A book illustrating the mediaeval system of land-tenure in England (1885)—a subject in which he had a passing interest—and sundry pamphlets on Bodleian matters represent the literary labours of the last years of his life.

He once told me that the insomnia from which he suffered began at the time of his taking his degree; and I learn from a friend who read with him at the time that even in those early days his face was often marked by the pained and worn look which afterwards was habitual with him. The marvel is that, suffering as one knows he did, he lived so long and was able to do so much.

I. B.

ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE MEANING OF 'FULCRUM' AND 'FULCRI GENIUS.'

In the British Museum there is a group of bronze ornaments which, though hitherto unnoticed, are highly interesting, from a philological no less than an artistic point of view.

They all represent the head and shoulders of a mule or ass, turning sideways and backwards, with ears put down and a vicious expression, which is rendered in a peculiarly natural manner. The head is in almost every case decorated with a garland of vine-leaves entwined with tendrils and bunches of grapes, while the shoulders are covered