

The volume consists of translations, chiefly from Verlaine and Catullus, in which the virtuosity of Mr. Symons meets hard tests successfully, and sometimes reaches a mastership which all but refutes the favorite dogma of the untranslatability of verse. While it is true that English— even an English lightened by Mr. Symons—is too slow and too massive to reproduce the lightness and celerity of a French aerated by Verlaine, the translations are remarkable both for sensibility and for execution.

DR. ARTHUR S. WAY has turned a prodigious amount of Greek verse into English verse, with somewhat uneven success. His "Argonautica," in Morris's flowing ballad lines of six accents, seemed to us an excellent reproduction of the original, though it did not suit the taste of some critics. Certainly his Quintus Smyrnaeus, in blank verse, recently published in the Loeb Library, was a masterly bit of translation. But his Euripides, revised for the same Library, was on the whole a commonplace piece of work, and his Sophocles, the second part of which, containing the "Alas," "Electra," "Trachinian Maidens," and "Philoctetes," has just been issued by Macmillan, will not increase his reputation. It is scholarly, it follows the original closely without being servile, it has many virtues, but too much of it bears the brand of "mechanic exercise." A specimen will confirm this judgment—the first words of the chorus:

Electra, hapless child
Of mother sin-defiled,
Why in insatiate mourning dost thou pine
For him who long erewhile
Ensnared by treacherous guile
Or his own mother's implous design,
Died by her felon hand?
Ruin seize them who planned
And wrought the deed!—if such prayer may be
mine.

We submit that this sort of jiggling rhyme would not give a non-Grecian reader the slightest notion of the lyrical parts of a Greek tragedy. Elsewhere, particularly when he uses a long free metre, Dr. Way is decidedly more successful, as, for example, in this noble reply of Electra:

O, if the dead is to lie dust, nothingness, ever
forlorn—
O, if on traitor assassins shall dawn no retributive
morn,
O, if men's hearts must all honor, all fear of
the Gods be torn.

There is something of the swing of the original in that, a little of its spirit, too, although as a matter of fact Dr. Way has allowed himself rather more license here in filling out with conventional poetic words than in the passage before quoted. Perhaps the point is just there. To reproduce the effect of the less ornate lines of Greek poetry it is virtually necessary to heighten the tone, so to speak, by developing the metaphorical or emotional vocabulary; otherwise what is nervous and elegant in the original becomes flat and prosaic in the translation—such is the difference in the genius of the two languages. Dr. Way has not employed this art with uniform cunning—but neither has any one of his predecessors. Sophocles still awaits a translator.

THE death occurred on April 15 of George Alfred Townsend, the newspaper correspondent, novelist, and poet, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Gath." Mr. Townsend was born in Georgetown, Del., on January 30, 1841, and graduated from the Central High School, Philadelphia, in 1860. His first experience of journalism was in the same town, but in 1862 he became war correspondent for the New York Herald, and later in the year went to England, where he lectured on the war and wrote for English and American publications. In 1864-5 he served as war correspondent for the New York World, and in the following year described for the same paper the Austro-Prussian war. For forty years subsequent to 1867 he resided in Washington and wrote daily correspondence for a number of papers, among them the Chicago Tribune and the Cincinnati Enquirer. Mr. Townsend was the author of "The Bohemians," a play, 1862; "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant," 1865; "Life of Garibaldi," 1867; "Real Life of Abraham Lincoln," the same year; "The New World Compared with the Old," 1868; "Poems," 1870; "Lost Abroad," 1870; "Washington Outside and Inside," 1871; "Mormon Trials at Salt Lake," 1872; "Washington Rebuilt," 1873; "Tales of the Chesapeake," 1880; "Bohemian Days," 1881; "The Entailed Hat," 1884; "President Cromwell," a drama, 1885; "Katy of Caroctin," 1886; "Life of Levi P. Morton," 1888; "Tales of Gipland; Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton," 1887; "Columbus in Love," 1892; "Poems of Men and Events," 1900.

CHARLES S. S. PEIRCE, logician, mathematician, and philosopher, who died on April 20, was born in Cambridge, Mass., on September 10, 1839, the son of Prof. Benjamin Peirce, the foremost American mathematician of his time. His mother was the daughter of United States Senator Mills, of Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard in 1859. He was connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for a number of years, and for several years was lecturer on logic in Johns Hopkins University. It was in this subject that his most original work was done, his papers on the algebra of logic and on the logic of relatives being pioneer work, and giving him an international reputation. His most conspicuous contribution to the philosophical thought of the time was the idea of pragmatism, afterwards developed and modified by William James. In 1887 he retired to Pike County, Pa., to devote himself completely to logic. His only companion was his wife, who, before her marriage, was Juliette Froissy. Mr. Peirce was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was the author of "Photometric Researches," and of numerous articles upon logic, history of science, metaphysics, psychology, mathematics, gravitation, astronomy, map projections, color-sense, chemistry and the cataloguing of libraries. He contributed a large part of the scientific definitions to the Century Dictionary and some of the chief articles on logic to Baldwin's Dictionary

of Psychology and Philosophy. During many years, Mr. Peirce was a highly valued contributor to the Nation, his reviews of mathematical and other scientific works being of unusual interest and brilliancy.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT, the novelist, who died on April 20 in Scotland, was born in Duchrae, Galloway, September 24, 1860. He was educated in Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and at New College. In 1886 he entered the Free Church of Scotland and was minister of Penicuik for several years. It was at this time that he turned his attention to journalism. In 1893 he wrote "The Stickit Minister," his first and possibly his most successful novel. Among his other novels are "The Raiders," 1894; "Mad Sir Uchtrede," 1894; "Cleg Kelly," 1896; "Lochinvar," 1897; "Sir Toady Lion," 1897; "The Red Axe," 1898; "The Black Douglas," 1899; "Ione March," 1899; "Kit Kennedy," 1899; "The Stickit Minister's Wooing," 1900; "The Dark of the Moon," 1902; "An Adventurer in Spain," 1903; "The Bloom of the Heather," 1908; "Love in Pernicketty Town," 1911, and "The Moss Troopers," 1912.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE so-called "federal solution" has occupied a prominent position of late in Parliamentary discussions of the Home Rule bill. Its chief attraction for party tacticians is that nobody knows anything about it, and therefore there is little or no opposition to the idea. Some Liberals are inclined to look kindly upon it in the hope that it may conciliate the Opposition, and on the other side some Unionists see the chance that the prospect of a federal settlement may be used to postpone actual home rule in Ireland until the Greek Kalends. The need of elementary instruction in the subject may be realized from the fact that one member of Parliament actually expressed his preference for a federal system on the ground that it would set up an undivided sovereignty in place of a divided sovereignty.

ALMOST the only voice raised in warning is that of Mr. Erskine Childers, who cautions Liberals against proposals to "federalize" the Home Rule bill by making it conform, without the smallest regard to the special needs and claims of Ireland, to some nebulous plan—undiscussed in the country, unsanctioned even in principle by the country—for the future reorganization of the United Kingdom. He further objects that the suggestion is a return to the vicious attitude of putting English interests first and Irish interests second. "Our business," he declares, "is to give Ireland home rule because it is an act of justice, and to give her the kind of home rule which suits her needs, not the kind which suits British convenience."

ONE never knows in what eccentricity the new enterprise of the Times is going to break out nowadays. Here is its latest bid for advertisements: "The capital outlay charged to insure the appearance of an 'In Memoriam' announcement in the Times annually in perpetuity is £15 for four lines, and pro rata." No

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