ISSN 0012-9356

ECHOS DU MONDE CLASSIQUE
CLASSICAL VIEWS

XXXIII - N.S. 8, 1989 No. 3

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY PRESS

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF CANADA
SOCIETE CANADIENNE DES ETUDES CLASSIQUES

Le dernier chapitre reprend les éléments qui se sont dégagés de l'ensemble des analyses pour donner une vue globale sur l'évolution de la question italienne.

C'est un "unashamedly old-fashioned book", nous dit Keaveney dans son introduction, mais un livre certainement nécessaire pour faire le point sur les recherches ayant trait à cette question, et pour faire état des conséquences politiques, psychologiques et culturelles qui intéressent présentement la recherche. Nous saisissons dans cette étude les coordonnées d'un phénomène historique—causes, développement, résultats—mais la progression de la démonstration est quelque peu déconcertante. L'origine du problème, au IIe siècle, avant les Gracques, est étudieé au premier chapitre, tandis que le deuxième résume les phénomènes observés dès 205 à l'époque gracchienne. Ce deuxième chapitre, consacré aux faits qui ont longuement préoccupé la recherche, s'attache aux détails ponctuels; l'analyse des sources est plus serrée et le ton polémique estompe l'esprit de synthèse, présent tout au long du premier chapitre. La conclusion générale du livre résume les faits déjà établis, mais, à mon sens, il aurait été utile de les insérer dans une perspective plus globale. Ainsi aurait-on pu renouveler la problématique de la guerre sociale en ce qui concerne l'impérialisme, le nationalisme local et le pan-italianisme . . . Il me semble en revanche que Keaveney a bien démontré ce que Sherwin-White (*Citizenship* 143) appelle "la valeur passive des droits implicites de la *civitas*", droits qui, effectivement, pouvaient être activés par Rome séparément en fonction des régions, des statuts et des circonstances. D'autre part, l'issue même de la question italienne prouve que la *civitas* restait ce qu'elle a toujours été dans l'esprit des Italiens, un concept unitaire.

UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL ELLA HERMON

WARD W. BRIGGS, JR. (ed.). *The Letters of Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve.* Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1987. Pp. xxxi + 407; frontispiece, 22 illustrations in text. Hardcover, US $49.50, 0-8018-2876-7.

The richly-tinted, sparely-lit portrait on the book's jacket shows us a somber patriarch: the face, captured in three-quarter view, seems to be all massive forehead and long white beard; there is no more than a suggestion of the mouth, lips pursed, beneath the moustache; the eyes, largely hidden in shadows, seem to look down and to the subject's left. Moses in an Edwardian suit, after what appears to have been a particularly trying day with his people in the wilderness. But the brightly-lit photograph that serves as the frontispiece ("Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve—At Ease," ix) gives us a different view of the same aged man: as he looks directly into the camera, his features are now dominated by the eyes,

which—together with the outline of a small smile now visible through the beard—suggest candor, amusement, and kindness.

As this remarkable collection of letters amply demonstrates, both photographs do their subject a kind of justice. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve was indeed a Moses among classicists in the United States, leading them, if not from oppression to the Promised Land, then from provincialism to a place on the world stage. The letters gathered here, especially those from the period 1875-1915, sketch a history of that leadership, as they trace the course of Gildersleeve's own scholarship, his role in the first American graduate program in classics at the new Johns Hopkins University, and his editing of the *American Journal of Philology*, the "ball and chain" that he carried for forty years. Yet it is doubtful that Gildersleeve himself would have felt entirely comfortable seeing himself cast in the role of Moses: as he insisted, in his eighty-fourth year, "I am an old man, but not a patriarch" (no. 165, to John Dewey); and it is not the least admirable aspect of these letters that they so consistently reveal the less monumental side of the man, the genial and warmly human qualities we seem to glimpse in the frontispiece.

The collection includes 191 of the 1,600 items from Gildersleeve's correspondence that Briggs has located,[1] and "presents its subject as classicist, Southerner, and man of letters" (xiii). A review could easily occupy itself with any one of these facets and still barely scratch the surface; rather than choose among them, I will attempt briefly to convey the impression that the collection leaves as a whole.

The early letters are not, in truth, entirely engaging. Unhappiness rarely makes for pleasant reading, and the Gildersleeve who returned to the United States with his Ph.D. from Göttingen in 1853 was, or soon became, a very unhappy young man. Inspired by and proud of his German training, he re-entered a culture in which that training found little honor, and the disappointment produced something near despair (no. 4, to his friend Emil Hübner: "It is a great thing to feel that you are living to some end . . . . There is no such prospect for me"). Self-absorbed, uncertain, and depressed (see especially nos. 3-5, all to Hübner), he set about "'prospecting' for places" (no. 8) and was, after three years, elected to the professorship of Greek (with responsibility for Hebrew as well) at the University of Virginia (autumn 1856). There he felt himself to be underappreciated and overworked (no. 8: "Here I sit in my office from early morning till midnight and the mould is growing over me"); one can readily believe Briggs' characterization of Gildersleeve in the late '50s:

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[1] That number would no doubt be much larger, had not Gildersleeve's children, at his death, "burned all the letters that were in his house, presumably including his cherished correspondence with Ritschl, Schneidewin, Usener, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and, with the exception of one letter, Wilamowitz" (xv).

"Young, proud to the point of arrogance, bored with provincialism to the point of contempt, he was not a popular teacher. . . ."

The Civil War was of course a personal, as well as a national, turning point. Though Gildersleeve's experience in the war years is available for direct inspection in only one letter here (no. 9, from September 1863), it is an extraordinary letter, clear-sighted and moving: from the living image of Confederate troops returning to camp "covered with dust . . . and replete with watermelons," it turns gradually to meditations on war-weariness, on the divisions of class and occupation that were weakening the Confederate cause, and on the way in which "military organization makes machines of men". Gildersleeve escaped from the "conflagration," seriously wounded and with a burden of loss that he bore the rest of his life; but he was not made a "machine": the man whom we see in the later letters has been tempered, and appears, all in all, somehow larger.

In the years after the war he could claim to be "an active and enthusiastic teacher, . . . fortunate in securing the regard and affection of many of my pupils" (no. 11); but the grind of undergraduate teaching still left him (no. 14) "cling[ing] to [the] far off ideals" of scholarship that he had known in Germany. Those ideals were brought a good deal closer by the call to Hopkins late in 1875, and the majority of the remaining letters find him immersed in the new vocation: organizing the program, recruiting the faculty—the "prospector" of twenty years earlier was now a fisherman, angling for teacher-scholars (no. 48: "The coffee-room and the smoking room are my trout pools," of his trip to England in 1880); engaging in the endless "quest for copy" for *AJP*; working, amid all the rest, on his own research. The titles that Briggs has chosen for these chapters, from "Widening Spheres, Rising Fortunes, 1880-1896" to "Eminence, 1906-1915," accurately summarize the career that followed.

And yet the summary of a career does little to convey the pervasive tone of the letters, or the sense of the man one gains in reading them. For that we must listen to such statements as we find in number 141, written a few months after his seventy-sixth birthday: "I do not look on anything I have done with complacency." That one who had done so much could avoid complacency's snare is a chastening example for the rest of us lesser mortals; that Gildersleeve himself had managed to avoid it might even seem difficult for us to credit (cf. Thuc. 2.35.2), were it not for the consistent testimony of the correspondence. The somewhat sour uncertainty that animates the letters of the 1850s reappears later in a different form, as an enormous and gentle modesty, or what Gildersleeve calls "my self-distrust" (no. 69, cf. no. 93). Though he is able to speak plainly about his own work (cf. no. 139, on "the studies [viz., 'Problems in Greek Syntax'] that hold the sense of my life," and their relation to his early, literary ambitions), he does not congratulate himself for it: if there is an immodest statement in any of the retrospective letters, I failed to see it; instead, self-deprecation recurs throughout (see nos. 123, 130, 131, 154, 168), often

tinged with amusement (cf. no. 173, written several months after his 86th birthday: "it is not likely that any one will call my attention directly to my intellectual decline"). Never intemperate—even when faced with plagiarism (no. 104, cf. no. 110) or the dyspeptic ego of J.H.H. Schmidt (no. 158)—his judgments of others are direct but not cruel (cf. no. 44, on W.W. Skeat and Henry Sweet); the harshest verdict he passes on another is this: "he seemed to take himself too seriously" (no. 173, on W.A. Abbot)—something that could not be said of Gildersleeve himself. Only once, I think, does he speak with something like unalloyed satisfaction—"I feel for the first time as if perhaps I had won instead of losing the long game and that it is worth while to have been a pioneer" (no. 111)—though even this exception is characteristic, since the satisfaction is inspired here by the achievements of one of his students, H.W. Smyth. In short, to apply to Gildersleeve the words he applies to two others, "he is generosity itself in his correspondence" (no. 148, said of Wilamowitz), which reveals "the charm of his genial nature" (no. 174, of William Dean Howells).

"Chewing laurels upsets one's mental and moral digestion" (no. 164): typically wise words, though I hope that they will not entirely deter Ward Briggs from enjoying the laurels he will rightly receive for this edition. It is a splendid achievement, both as a work of tenacious scholarship and as a witness to the deep affection Briggs plainly has for his subject. Readers—whether they happen to be classicists, historians, or students of higher education—will find themselves served throughout in an exemplary way, from the "Introduction" (xiii-xvii), in which Briggs describes his aims, the state of the extant correspondence, and his editorial method, to the appendix on "Correspondents" (359-387), a very valuable resource in itself, which provides biographical sketches (and, where appropriate, references to more detailed biographies) of all the recipients of the letters published here. In the body of the book the letters are presented chronologically in eight chapters, each chapter introduced by a brief, graceful essay that draws together the threads of Gildersleeve's life at that stage. The letters themselves are richly, but unobtrusively, annotated: placed at the end of each letter, the notes economically present the astonishing amount of information that Briggs has gathered to illuminate the many facets of the correspondence—from the careers of classicists great and forgotten, through the history of higher education or the literary life of the South, to the small details that each reader will savor *ad lib.* (my favorite: no. 12, n. 2 [46], on the house and gardens of Colonel A.P. Haynes of Charleston)—all made more readily accessible by a generous system of cross-references and a good index. Only twice did I find myself looking for the expected note and failing to find it.[2] I cannot imagine that the job could be done any better.[3]

[2] No. 155 (304), the word "sufflaminated" as a medical term; no. 169 (328), the epithet "incarnegified," which in context seems to mean "retired person of

"Surely I am thrice and four times blessed to have such a chronicler": it seems appropriate to end this review by quoting Gildersleeve once again (no. 140, said of W.M. Thornton) and applying the words to Briggs. We can only hope that Briggs will soon become Gildersleeve's "chronicler" in the proper sense, and provide the full-scale biography that he is so well prepared to write.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROBERT A. KASTER

slender means," though I have been able to find it in none of the dictionaries I have consulted.

[3] The book is very well produced, and there are few typographical errors of any consequence. At p. 142 (no. 52), correct the accent on πομφολυγοπαφλάσματα. At p. 168 (no. 69, n. 1), delete "*consilio*". At p. 193 (no. 82, n. 9), read "M.W. Humphreys". At p. 284 (no. 141, n. 12), should "suspicium" be "suspirium," as it is in the text of no. 138 (276), to which this note refers? At p. 337, nn. 4 and 5 to no. 176 have been reversed. At p. 354 (no. 188, n. 3), read "83 (1979): 388".

Echos du Monde Classique/Classical Views
XXXIII, n.s. 8, 1989, 427-433

Alastair A. R. Henderson
1937-1988

Alastair Henderson, who died suddenly last autumn, was an exact student of Roman elegy whose edition of the *Remedia Amoris*—shortened, perhaps too much so, from his Glasgow doctoral thesis—will remain standard for a long time. His articles on the elegists were marked by clarity and common-sense. His unpretentious edition of *Metamorphoses* iii has proved a valuable teaching aid. He was also well versed in the archaeology of Roman Scotland and published in this journal on the campaigns of Agricola.

In 1984 he took early retirement from the University of Glasgow. His colleagues here all regretted his departure and he did not afterwards find the academic employment for which his high talents as a Latinist qualified him. He was a botanist of professional standard—his father, Murray Ross Henderson, had been Director of the Botanical Gardens in Singapore—and was planning a work on the flora, ancient and modern, of Greece and Crete; it is a pity that this will not now be completed.

His friends on both sides of the Atlantic will welcome the small monument printed here: *parerga* though his Latin verses are, they are delightful specimens of a dying art, and show a rare and easy familiarity with the idiom of the Roman elegists.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW P. R. J-P.

***Inscription** for the bass-relief by Preston Powers carved upon the huge boulder in Denver Park, Col., and representing the Last Indian and the Last Bison.*

The eagle, stooping from yon snow-blown peaks,
For the wild hunter and the bison seeks,
In the changed world below; and finds alone
Their graven semblance in the eternal stone.

John Greenleaf Whittier

Eheu, Fugaces

REX avium labens de montibus, ecce, nivosis
venatorem agilem regibovemque petit.
omnia sed campis mutata, insculptaque tantum
in lapide aeterno nunc simulacra videt.