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Northern Farmer

Herbert Richards

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The editor's work is honestly done, with patience and with discrimination. Errors are rare, but there are some ambiguities in the notes which seem to be the result of over-condensation; e.g., p. 116, '*mallem*, often used in wishes instead of a particle'; and I should doubt the value of so many questions addressed to the student. The maps following p. 78 are wretched and should be changed in a second edition. The historical introduction, on the other hand, deserves the highest praise, not only for the clearness of the narrative and the excellent estimate

of Cicero's character and motives, but also for its scholarly accuracy, especially in such difficult points as the relation of Catiline to the conspiracy of 65 and to the radical party and the chronology of the year 63.

In short, the book deserves careful consideration from teachers who are pursuing the never-ending search for the 'best' edition of Cicero.

E. P. MORRIS.

Yale University.

NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

ME an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-
talkin' o' thee;
Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she beän
a-tellin' it me.
Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet
upo' parson's lass:
Noä—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth
'on us thinks tha an ass.
Seeä'd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's daäy—
they was ringin' the bells.
She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is scoors
o' gells,
Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's beauty?
—the flower as blaws:
But proputt, proputt sticks, an' proputt,
proputt graws.
Doänt be stunt, taäke time: I knows what
maäkes tha sa mad.
Warn't I craäed fur the lasses mysén when
I wur a lad?
But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as
towd ma this:
'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä
wheer munny is.'
An' I went wheer munny war; an' thy
muther coom to 'and
Wi' lots o' munny laäid by, an' a nicetish
bit of land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty—I niver giv it
a thowt—
But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as
a lass as 'ant nowt?

* * * *

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass
an' 'er munny too,
Maäking 'em goä together as they've good
right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er
munny laäid by?
Naäy, fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight more fur
it: reäson why.

οἶον ἀρτίως ἀκούσας, Γρύλλε, τῆς μητρὸς
λόγον
μανθάνω· σὺ μὲν γὰρ αὐτῇ πάντ' ἔλεξας, ἡ δ'
ἐμοί.
 χρημάτων γυναικ' ἄρ' οὐνεκ' οὐ σύ γ' ἄξισθαι
δοκεῖς,
ἀλλ' ἐρῶν ἐρῶσαν, ὠνόητε, τὴν τοῦ γείτονος,
τὴν ἐφ' ἱερὰ δὴ θέουσαν, τὴν μόνην ὄντως
καλὴν;
μυρίας μὲν οὖν ἂν εἰρὼν ἴσθι καὶ τῶν πλου-
σίων.
βραχὺ τὸ κάλλος, ὥσπερ ἄνθος· ἀπομαραίνεται
γὰρ οὖν·
μόνιμα δ' αὖ τὰ χρήματ' ἐστὶ ἀπέδωκεν ἐς
πλέον.
μὴ σύ γ' αὐθάδης γένῃ μηδ' ἰταμός· ἡ πολλὰς
ἐγώ,
νέος ὅτ' ἦ, ξένοιδ' ἐμαντῶ μείρακας θεωμένῳ·
ἦν δὲ Σωκράτους μαθητής, ὃς παρήγει μοι
τάδε,
μὴ τι τοῦ πλοῦτου χάριν γυναικα, πλουσίαν δ'
ἀγού.
ταῦτ' ἐγὼ πεισθεὶς ὅπως ἐπέτυχον ἢ ξύνειμι
ἔτι
γῆδιον καὶ βοῦς ἐχούση καὶ τι χρυσίου γι-
πρός,
πῶς ἔχοι κάλλους ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐκέτ' εἰσῆι σκο-
πεῖν,
καταφιλῶν δ' ἔχαιρον ὥς ἂν μηδὲ γρῦ κεκτη-
μένην.
ἀλλ' ἐρᾷς· ἀλλ' ἔστιν, ὦ μέλ', ἅμα κόρης καὶ
χρημάτων,
καὶ δικαία δὴ ξυνάδειν ἢ γυνή θ' ἢ τ' οὐσία·
οἶδα γοῦν ἔγωγε τερφθεὶς νῆ Δί' ἐπὶ κληρον
λαβῶν

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to
marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boätli
on us thinks tha an ass.

* * * *

Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an',
Sammy, I'm blest
If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them
as 'as it's the best.
Tis'n them as 'as munny as break's into
'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes
their regular meäls;
Noä, but it's them as niver knows wheer a
meäl's to be 'ad:
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a
loomp is bad.
Them or their feythurs, tha sees, mun 'a
beän a laäzy lot,
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin'
whiniver munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt: leästways 'is
munny was 'id,
But 'e tued an' moiled 'issén deäd, an' 'e
died a good un, 'e did.
Look thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck
cooms out by the 'ill!
Feyther run up to the farm, an' I runs up
to the mill;
An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that thou'll
live to see;
An' if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the
land to thee.
Them's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I
meäns to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un I'll leave the
land to Dick.

οὐδὲν ἤττον ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον πῶς δοκεῖς ποτ'
εἰκότως.

νῦν δέ σ' ἡ μήτηρ ἐκείνην μῶρον ὄντα τὴν
κόρην

φησὶ βούλεσθαι γαμῆν τὴν εὐγενοῦς δῆθεν
πατρός,

χρημάτων δ' ἀμνημονεῖν, οἷς ζῶσί τ' ἀνθρώποις
ἐν

πάντα καὶ θανοῦσιν, οἷμαι· καὶ γὰρ ἀρετὴ πάρα.
πῶς γὰρ ἂν κλέπτοι τις ἢ τοιχωρυχοίη πλούσιος,
χλαῖναν ἀναβεβλημένος καὶ τρεῖς φαγὼν τῆς
ἡμέρας;

ταῦθ' ἀμαρτάνουσ' ἐκάστοθ'· ἀποροῦντες ἀλφί-
των,

τοὺς δέ τοι πένητας ἴσθ' ὥς εἰσὶ σύμπαντες
κακοί.

ἀργὸς ἡ φύσις γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἢ πατράσι τὸ πρόσθ',
ἐπεὶ

κτώμεθ' ἀνθρωποὶ τὰ χρήματ' οὐκ ἄνευ πολλοῦ
πόνου.

εἶχε γοῦν πατήρ ποθ' οὐμὸς οὐδὲν ἢ 'δόκει γ'
ἔχειν,

διαπονῶν δὲ καὶ μεριμνῶν εἶδ' ἐτελεύτησ' οἷδ' ὅτι·
τὴν μὲν οἰκίαν ἐκείνος, εἴτ' ἐγὼ 'πεκτησάμην
τὸν μυλῶν', αὐτὸς δ' ἐπόψει μ' αὖθις ἐξικνού-
μενον

οὔπερ ἔστιν ἡ γέφυρα καὶ μάλ' ἐγγὺς τοῦ πάγου.
εἰ μὲν οὖν γάμον γαμῆς τιν' ἀγαθόν· εἰ δὲ μή,
Κόνων

τὰμὰ λήψεται θανόντος· τὴν ἐμὴν γνώμην ἔχεις.

HERBERT RICHARDS.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE PROFESSOR JOWETT.

BORN 1817; DIED 1893.

THE name of the Master of Balliol, as he was styled in Oxford and in London,—of Professor Jowett, as he preferred to be entitled elsewhere,—has been so much before the public since his decease, that a full obituary notice of him is not called for here and now. In the numerous articles which have appeared concerning him in the daily and weekly press during the last months, there is no lack of appreciation of his unique excellence as an educator, as a university reformer, and as a man. On his position as

a scholar and theologian, the newspapers give a less certain sound. With regard to his theology, such hesitation is intelligible, and the subject may be more fully treated at some future time. Meanwhile, it is enough to say that it is a gratifying sign of the improvement to which he contributed more than any single person, to find the chief religious periodicals, in spite of their 'imperfect sympathies,' profuse in commendation of the goodness of which they are at a loss to divine the source. My purpose in