

gentlemen not designed for that state' were admitted. The next few years were a case of rise and fall, but by 1870 the number of boys stood at ninety-seven and thereafter has increased steadily, the current figure being over five hundred. Of 'Modern Ampleforth' Father Paul Nevill writes paying noble tributes to his predecessors, but giving scarcely a hint of his own most vast contribution to the school. One hopes that in the tradition of fairness some estimate of that contribution will be made at Ampleforth's two hundredth anniversary. In the meantime it is pleasing to find the Editors not attempting to make out that Ampleforth is the Catholic Eton of the North, but that it is 'primarily a Catholic and monastic school'; for that is a comment which could do with the widest circulation in Catholic circles, as indeed could their most apt concluding generalisation that 'if ever the monastic spirit left a monastic school, then that school would cease to fulfil its function'. Ampleforth, like any other Catholic school, does not so much offer a superior or an inferior form of education to its non-Catholic contemporaries as something which (in the widest Catholic sense) is quite different.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

THE ILLIAD OF HOMER. Translated with an Introduction by Richmond Lattimore. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 25s.)

There probably never will be, or should be, an end to new translations of Homer unless and until we pass into complete barbarism. And they seem to abound particularly in our age, which can never produce a single standard translation which will satisfy all men of taste among our contemporaries because there is no longer any community of taste or any agreed literary convention, and furthermore there is no agreement among educated men (or even among classical scholars) on the right attitude to adopt to classical antiquity. This of course makes things very difficult for the translator; and Professor Lattimore's translation, though praiseworthy in many ways, does not surmount the difficulties. The metre he adopts is what he calls a 'free six-beat line' which reads to me like a rather unhappy compromise between verse and prose and certainly does nothing to suggest the speed and splendour of sound of the Homeric hexameter (the translator makes it run considerably better in the descriptions of fighting than in the speeches, where it is often extraordinarily lame). And the language, though it is neither mean nor unduly archaic, and that is a great deal, does too often (again especially in the speeches) wobble uncertainly between classical translators' jargon and colloquialism.

The translation is preceded by fifty-four pages of introduction, which seems to me (who am anything but a Homeric specialist) an excellent piece of intelligent popularisation.

A.H.A.