

incompatible with a date about 420 B.C. She therefore maintains that the contests in question took place at Aexone about that time and that this inscription 'affords a fresh proof that the great dramatic poets of the fifth century, accustomed to the triumphs of the city, did not disdain the more modest triumphs of the suburban stage'.

This is not the place for a fuller discussion of the question. It will be seen that here, as so often happens, the new evidence raises fresh and difficult problems. Perhaps the projected excavation of the theatre of Aexone will help toward their solution.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: A. A. Papagiannopoulos-Palaios, *Πολέμων*, i. 161 ff.; A. S. Arvanitopoulos, *ibid.* 181 ff.; U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, *Hermes*, lxxv. 243 ff.; P. Roussel, *C. R. Acad. Inscr.* 1930, 43 ff.; M. Guarducci, *Riv. Filol.* lviii. 202 ff., lix. 243 ff.

VERSION

Heroic England

HEROIC England, prodigal of life,
Sends forth to distant enterprise and strife
Her dearest offspring. We must not repine
If from the frozen circle to the line
Our graves lie scattered, and the sole relief
For kindred sorrow and parental grief
Is to record upon an empty tomb
Merit and worth and their untimely doom.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

τολμᾶ ἀποικίζειν, στέργουσά περ, Ἄγγλια υἱούς
ἔργα τε δράσοντας τηλόθι καὶ πόλεμον,
ψυχᾶς γὰρ λαπανᾶ· τί δ' ἄρ' ἀχθόμεθ' οὐνεκα κείται
ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ταφέντ' ὄστέα συγγενέων
ἄρκτου ἀπὸ κρυερῆς νότον ἔς μέσον, οὐδέ τι λύπης
φαίνεται οικείοις οὐδέ τοκεῦσιν ἄκος,
εἰ μὴ ἐπιγράψαι κενεῶν τάφῳ ὡς ὄδ' ἄωρος,
ὡς καλός, ὡς πάτρη τίμιος ὧν ἔθανεν.

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

VERSION

From the lines embroidered round the bedstead of William Morris
in the Manor House at Kelmscott, Oxon.

The wind's on the wold,
And the night is cold,
And Thames runs chill
'Twixt mead and hill;
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
'Midst winter's harm . . .
I am old, and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace,
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well;
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worse or best
Right good is rest.

Ἄηται μὲν ἔχουσι τὰς
κλιτῦς, ἅ δὲ νύξ κρυερά,
ῤεῖ δὲ ψυχρὸς ὁ ῤοῦς λόφων
μέσσον εἰαμενῶν τε·
εὐμενὲς δὲ καὶ φίλιον
παλαιὸν τόδε δῶμα, κῆρ δ'
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἰαίνομαι,
χειμ' ὅταν χαλεπαίνῃ . . .
Ἦ πολλὰς ἐδάην ἐγὼ
τύχας γηραλέα πέλουσ',
ἄλγε', ἠρεμίαν, φθόγην,
αὔξην· εἴτε δ' ἔχει κακῶς
εἴτ' εὖ, πάντα σιωπῶ.
Κεῖνο δ' οὖν ἔπος ἔξερω·
Ἄμαρ νύξ ἐπινίσσεται,
πρεσβεύει δ' ἀγαθῆ τύχῃ
θατέρῃ τ' ἀνάπαισις.

J. U. POWELL.