

# The Classical Review

AUGUST—SEPTEMBER, 1921

## EDITORIAL NOTES AND NEWS

THE hospitality of Cambridge, the presence of American scholars, an excellent Presidential Address, and a number of stimulating papers, made the meeting of the Classical Association a success. We wish that Professor Rand, of Harvard, could have heard the applause which greeted his delightful essay on *Fortunatus*. On practical policy Professor Harrower made a provocative and suggestive speech, but the debate was disappointing. We wanted to hear more facts about the experience and actual difficulties of teachers, less about the admitted merits of our case. On that topic Dr. Couchoud, the genial representative of France, said in one sentence all that need be said: 'Les études classiques servent à former l'esprit, et l'esprit sert à tout.'

During the past few months the Association, with the Classical Journals, has had to record the loss of several stalwart friends, including Dr. Warde

Fowler, Sir William Peterson, whose place as correspondent of this *Review* is now filled by Professor Maurice Hutton, of Toronto, Mr. W. R. Paton, and Mr. A. M. Cook, formerly Assistant-Editor. We much regret that the heavy pressure on our space makes it impossible to publish a full account of these scholars, whose loss we deplore.

In the present number we print an article by Dr. Mackail on the Report of the Prime Minister's Committee. We hope that readers will send us their opinions on this important matter, and we intend to devote some part of the December number to a selection from the correspondence. Finally, the arrears of reviews and original matter alike are so serious that we are obliged to hold up many contributions and to make considerable use of small print. The remedy is simple. Only an increase in the number of subscribers can justify an increase in the size of the *Review*.

## VERSION.

I NE'ER could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cheeks of rose untouched by art?  
I will own their colour true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it, grateful, press again.  
Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
I will do so, when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

SHERIDAN.

NO. CCLXXXII. VOL. XXXV.

QUID si lucentes sibi Lydia iactat ocellos?  
sit mihi, quae soli lux mihi sola nitet;  
quid si nectareis iactat se Lydia labris?  
quod mea libabunt oscula, nectar erit.  
'En! color eximius nullique obnoxius arti:  
infecere suae virginis ora rosae.'  
has tu nativas si vis me teste probari,  
consciis inficiat virginis ora rubor.  
num manus, ut fama est, mollis, num  
pura puellae?  
ne dubitem, prius est ista premenda mea;  
ac ne pressa quidem mihi protinus illa  
placebit,  
ni manus et nostram presserit ipsa  
manum.  
me spectare iubes, tumeant quo turbida  
motu  
pectora, virgineos sollicitante sinus:  
nempe vel iniussus pectusque sinumque  
tuebor,  
causa ubi iam fuero, cur moveantur, ego.

W. T. V.

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