

The Classical Review

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EDITORIAL NOTES AND NEWS

WE welcome two new classical quarterlies from France, both born last autumn. The *Bulletin de l'Association Guillaume Budé* cleaves close to the Association and its excellent work, and some of the articles are prefatory to certain volumes of the Collection des Universités de France; but room is found for a few more general papers, such as A. Meillet's 'Ce que les linguistes peuvent souhaiter d'une édition,' or L. Havet's page on the duty of orthography: 'Tous les ans je dis à mes élèves que c'est une probité de prononcer *Kikero* et *Lougounoum*. L'orthographe latine de l'Association Guillaume Budé est une probité, elle aussi.' The *Revue des Études Latines* is the organ of the Société des Études Latines, which was

founded early in 1923. The first number includes Havet's latest views on Palaeographic Man, a survey of the present state of the study of mediaeval Latin, and a few reviews.

We hear on good authority the news of the discovery, at Leyden, of a palimpsest of Sophocles, own brother to *L*, with the same *scholia* and all. Much can be read, and the manuscript is to be published; it is hoped that a photographic process will shew up the nether script. Unfortunately, the prospects of improving the text from this source appear to be slight: the new readings have been pronounced to be for the most part slips which were corrected at once.

VERSION

HIS LAST SONNET.

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS.

Ἔσπερ' ὦ πῆλανγες, ἐπικρέμασθεν
φέγγος ἐξ ὄρφνας ὀνέχων ἔρημον,
ἀφθίταν ὦραν πρόπολος τὴν μὲν δέ-
δορκας αὔπνος,

ὄππ' ἐρείσαις ἀκάματον, θάλασσαν
ἂ παρ' ἄκταις πάντοσ' ἐπιρρέουσα
κυμάτων λώτροισι βρότων ἄλιτρα
πάντα κοθαίρει,

καὶ πλάκας τ' ἄθρης κορύφαις τ' ὀρένναις
ἔντυπας χθίσδα χίονι χροαίσαις,

τοὶ δὲ κήνων μὲν πεδέχην ἔμὸν κῆρ
οὔ τι ποθήει,

ἀλλὰ κήγων αἰθ' ἴσα τοὶ βέβαιος
στήθεσ' ὠραίοισι κόρας ἐράννας
προσκλιθεῖν τὰν κεφάλαν, τὰ δὴ με
μήποτα λάθοι

ἤρεμ' αἰωρήμεν', ἔγω δ' αὔπνος
ἄβρα πνενοίσας χάριτι πτοάθεις
ὦδ' αἰ ζῶνθ' ἔλω, ἢ κρηθήθεις
ἦκα θανοίην.

GILBERT NORWOOD.