

crashed now together on ruin ; and through  
that cry  
and higher about it ceasing one man's note  
tore its way like a trumpet : *Charge, make  
end,*  
*charge, halt not, strike, rend up their strength  
by the roots,*  
*strike, break them, make your birthright's  
promise sure,*  
*show your hearts hardier than the fenced land  
breeds,*  
*sons of the sea's waves ; and all ears that  
heard*  
rang with that fiery cry, that the fine air  
thereat was fired and kindled—no glad song  
for folks to hear that wist how dire a god  
begat this peril to them, what strong race  
fathered the sea-born tongue that sang them  
death.

ἤδη κυνπολεῖν ἐν βαρυνγδούπῳ φθορᾷ.  
τοσοῦτο μὲν βοῶσιν, διὰ βοῇν δ' ἔτι  
μέσσην τε καὶ λήγουσαν εἰς τις ὄρθιον  
ἔρρηξ' ἀνὴρ φώνημα σάλπιγγος δίκην·  
ἴτ', ἐκπεράνατ' ἔργον· οὐχ ἔδρας ἀκμή·  
ἴτ', ἐχθρὸν ἐξαμάτε πρόρρζον δορί  
μνησθέντες οἷον ἐξ οἴου πατρὸς γένος  
πεφύκατ', οὐ χερσαῖον ἐκ τειχισμάτων,  
ἀλλ' εὐγενὲς βλάστημα ποντίας ἁλός·  
κλύων δὲ πᾶς τις θουρίαν τάνδρὸς βοῇν  
ἔφρισε, λεπτὸν αἰθέρ' ὥς ἤχει δία,  
ὀξύτονος οὐκ εὐφθογγος· οὐ γὰρ εὖ λέγει·  
δεινὸς γὰρ ἦν ὁ τόνδε κίνδυνον τεκῶν .  
θεὸς, γένος δὲ δεινὸν ἐξ οὐπερ γεγῶς  
Ἕλλησι κείνος θάνατον ἔμνησεν τότε.

F. HAVERFIELD.

## LANDOR.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,  
ah what the form divine !  
What every virtue, every grace !  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
may weep, but never see,  
a night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

LANDOR.

οὐ γένος, εὐπατέρεια κόρη, σοὶ πότμον ἀποτμον  
χραίσμῳ, οὐτ' ἴση δαίμοσι καλλοσύνη.  
εἰ δ' ἀρετῆς πλείστον χαρίτων θ', ὅσαι εἰσίν,  
ἐπαῦρες,  
τί πλέον ; ἥρκεσάτην οὐ χάρις οὐκ ἀρετή.  
ὦ Ροδόπη, σὲ δ' ἐμοὶ μὲν ὀδυρομένῳ στεναχίζειν  
οὐ φθόνος· ἀλλὰ σ' ἰδεῖν ἀγρυπνος οὐ δύνα-  
μαι.  
ἔσται δ' οὖν σοὶ νύξ ἱερῆιον· ὥς ἔτ' οὐνείροις  
μνήμοσι σὸς τε πόθος σὸν τ' ἄχος ἐνδιάει.

C. E. S. HEADLAM.

## NOTES.

**Κανθήλη.**—I should be glad to correct a note on this word which appeared in the November number of the *C. R.* My interpretation of *κανθήλη* was suggested by the word *λυχνεῖδος*, which immediately preceded it, and which I took to be a mistake for *λυχνειίδος*, supposing the reference to be to the 'lychnitis' plant, whose leaves were used for lamp-wicks. Mr. W. R. Paton, on the other hand, suggests that *λυχνεῖδος* stands, not for *λυχνειίδος*, but for *λυχνίδος*, and calls my attention to Pollux x. 41, where the *λυχνίς* plant is mentioned as being used for stuffing cushions. This suggestion of Mr. Paton's is undoubtedly correct ; it suits the context very much better than my own.

Further, *καλαμανθήλη*, which follows *κανθήλη* in the Inscriptions is not a kind of reed, but the *downy flower* (*ἀνθήλη*) of the reed used, like the *λυχνίς*, for stuffing.

Evidently therefore *κανθήλη*, like the words which precede and follow it, must denote some substance used for stuffing ; and, unless it can be shown that

any part of the rush was used for this purpose, my interpretation of *κανθήλη* falls to the ground. I now believe that either (1) it stands, as Mr. Paton suggests, for *ἀκανθανθήλη*, i.e. 'thistle-down,'—the middle syllable being dropped for euphonic reasons, and the initial *ἀ*- perhaps by an engraver's error ; or (2) it is a mere clerical error for *ἀνθήλη*, the *κ*- being accidentally introduced from the word *καλαμανθήλη* which follows. The latter explanation seems to me the more probable of the two. I have to thank Mr. Paton for his correction.

\* \*

W. LORING.

MR. MARINDIN ON SOPH. *Aj.* 651 (see *Class. Rev.* iv. p. 397).—We all know how a swordblade or other steel tool is made hard, by being heated red hot and *suddenly* cooled by plunging into cold water, oil, mercury, etc. It is now brittle and shows a very fine grain if fractured : in this state it is useless. It