

labours of Convocation which are chronicled in another column. The undergraduates will appreciate the appointment of the younger representatives to so many important and responsible committees. If we may make a suggestion, a little of the exploitation, which is proving so effective in diverse parts of the country, might with profit be diverted to the home field. Occasional opportunities might be taken with advantage and a substantial enthusiasm created in the men. Let no man have occasion to say that he was left uninformed.

#### TRINITY'S NEW YEAR.

THE REVIEW's greeting comes to Trinity as she is once more preparing herself for a renewal of effort. It is fitting enough, for this is our opportunity of giving expression to the thoughts and good intentions that of necessity precede the definite action. It is easy to enthuse upon occasion and vehemently assert our loyalty and good will: but very different it is to make our common object, the welfare of Trinity, the final test of every day life. Briefly, we should endeavour that the year of eighteen ninety-six shall, in a greater degree than ever, afford practical demonstration of our expressed devotion. First of all, let this be a year of industry. A university's advancement is absolutely bound up in the standard of scholarship that obtains therein. Therefore it is our duty to see to it that not only is retrogression impossible, but that in all things and especially in scholarship our constant watchword is progress. In a lesser degree of course, but closely following, athletics claim our loyal support. Happily the prospect at present is bright and we may look to a successful season of the winter sports. The maintenance of those ancient and honourable institutions, which are peculiarly our own and depend solely upon the disinterested and united labour of all the men, is in our hands. We all agree that there must be no backsliding in these. Then let those of us who have perhaps neglected our duty exchange a supine indifference for lively and energetic action. Only by a general recognition that each man must perform his part can these different features of a splendid college life be kept in existence. Lastly the tone of the College: who among us would view otherwise than with alarm and the deepest regret any step backward in this regard? "Tone" is an indefinable quantity. So much of morals and manners, habits of thought and language, courtesies of daily intercourse and all that goes to make up an atmosphere of gentleness and good-breeding is contained in the word that it defies definition. Trinity has certain ideals in this respect. We needn't proclaim the fact upon the house-tops, lest the grand declaration of ourselves as gentlemen proclaims us forthwith to be snobs. However, if it be true that definite ideas on this subject are embodied in our tradition, above and beyond all other considerations it demands our care and attention. To Trinity then may the year bring luck and prosperity! For her happiness she looks to her children.

#### SAPPHO.\*

This book is a "thing of beauty," and while men read, it surely will, unlike so many other lovely objects, be a "joy for ever." Within these covers, which are themselves goodly to look upon, there are many excellences. First and foremost, we have all that is left to us of Sappho's singing, drops of poetic honey, noble instances of the fine use to which genius can put various metres, lyrical cries that forever possess the ear of the human race. Next we are presented with many renderings of the originals in English by important poets, translations which it is very interesting to compare. Erudition abounds in the book; there

\* Sappho: Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings, and a Literal Translation, by Henry Thornton Wharton. London: John Lane.

are able prefaces, a life of the poetess, a short essay on "The Fayum Fragments," Alexander Pope's translation of Ovid's "Sappho to Phaon," and a bibliography of books and articles in Sapphic literature. To all this we must add a commendation of paper and print, and then more than enough will have been said to prove that this volume is much to be desired.

Mr. Wharton describes Sappho as "the one great woman poetess of the world." It has doubtless occurred to many who have heard a similar expression of opinion in other quarters that this tremendous reputation has been rather easily acquired, and it is perhaps lucky for the literary fame of the poetess that so much of her writing has perished. It is not unnatural to assume that the fittest has survived, the melodious morsels that rang in the memory of her contemporaries, the verses that became, because of their beauty, common quotations among the polished of the period. It must at least be granted that much has been lost because it was less striking than what has remained. Homer supplies opportunities for skipping; Shakespeare is not free from bad passages; without a doubt Sappho put her name to plenty that deserved oblivion, for the mighty are not innocent of occasional twaddle. It would be possible to make a very passable Sappho out of Mrs. Browning for readers who will exist after the lapse of twenty-five centuries. If we might destroy all the existing volumes of this lady's poems, as well as the too numerous anthologies with their not always judicious selections, and hide one hundred and seventy fragments, including, of course, the choicest samples of genius, we fancy that we should be preparing an astonishment for the fortunate finder. It is even possible that the Mr. Henry Thornton Wharton of the year four thousand three hundred and ninety-five would begin to waver between two opinions. However, we must have horrified the present possessor of this name quite enough by this time, so we will proceed to give our readers one or two extracts from his book.

To every piece of Greek Mr. Wharton supplies a literal translation. We give his rendering of the second poem in the volume:

That man seems to me peer of gods, who sits in thy presence, and hears close to him thy sweet speech and lovely laughter; that indeed makes my heart flutter in my bosom. For when I see thee but a little, I have no utterance left, my tongue is broken down, and straightway a subtle fire has run under my skin, with my eyes I have no sight, my ears ring, sweat pours down, and a trembling seizes all my body; I am paler than grass, and seem in my madness a little better than one dead. But I must dare all, since one so poor . . .

The imitation by Catullus beginning

*Ille mi par esse deo videtur*

has thus been Englished by Mr. Gladstone: .

Him rival to the gods I place,  
Him loftier yet, if loftier be,  
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,  
Who listens, and who looks on thee;

Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight  
Doth all my sense consign to death;  
For when thou dawnest on my sight,  
Ah, wretched! flits my labouring breath.

My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid  
Fire creeps me through from limb to limb  
My loud ears tingle all unbid;  
Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim.

In "Roderick Random" there is an excellent translation of the same ode.

The piece that is numbered ninety-five consists of only two lines, but they are well known. Thus Mr. Wharton literally: