

portrait there of a thrice-great-aunt who had been a youthful beauty far back in the eighteenth century.

But here is a case of likeness resuscitated after the lapse of many centuries.

In the course of a long-past summer, my parents were visiting a well-known family resident in Cornwall; and, accompanied by their hosts, went for many a drive about that interesting county.

One day, in passing through a narrow, deeply-sunken lane, the carriage was brought to a halt while a smock-frocked man in charge of a wagon prepared to draw it close to the steep bank on one side by way of giving the swifter vehicle room to pass. "Look well at that man's countenance," said Mr. Magor to my father, "and I will tell you afterwards who he is."

As the carriage rolled on, the wagoner turned to answer his landlord's pleasant "Good day!" and so brought his full face into view. Then, as he moved beside one of his horses which was a little restive, his profile showed in clear relief against the animal's brown neck. His head, my father, when telling the story, used to say, might have served as model for the portrait on the coinage issued during the reign of one of the greatest Roman Emperors.

"His name," resumed Mr. Magor, "is Constantine; and tradition, firmly believed hereabouts, says that he comes of the family of Constantine the Great."*

And tradition was probably right. Roman Emperors were occasional residents in Britain, sometimes making a lengthy stay; for, as the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield reminds us, Hadrian made this country, York especially, his home; Severus lived and died here; Constantius also died in Britain; and Constantine himself was here proclaimed as Emperor by the Roman legionaries then stationed in this island. Sir Laurence Gomme adds other Emperors or candidates for emperorship to the list, some of those who assumed the purple being of British birth. † Moreover, the remains found in many parts of modern England of what in some cases must have been extensive and palatial villas seem to indicate that during the more than four hundred years the Roman connexion lasted the conquerors built with little regard to cost, and not for a few seasons only, but for a permanency. No wonder the Roman physiognomy has lasted among us to this day.

*In the "west countree" is a little village called "Constantine."

†"London," p. 70.