

Other types are churches (many), baths, temples, monasteries, castles. One house at Medjdel is remarkable for its size and preservation; it is in two parts, the upper being reached not from the lower but by an outside stairway: the lower half has workrooms, stables, stores, servants' rooms; the upper, living rooms for the family. In the main upper room is an inscription which gives its title as *τρίκλιος*. Some houses have towers of their own. This section is illustrated by good photographs, plans, and restorations. Amongst the inscriptions is an imperial edict of Anastasius, written in Greek, with rules for military service (like that of Ptolemais in CIG. 5187). Most of them are brief and of familiar types; one (155) which mentions Avidius Cassius on a building far to the south, when he was Governor of Syria, is of importance, because Domascewski has assumed from similar evidence that he was Governor of Arabia.

An attempt at verse is found in the epigraph 160, where we have (in the Asiatic

manner) two hexameter couplets with a pentameter between. There are a few Latin inscriptions. An individual touch is rare, as in 231 *χέρετε, παῖ Ἐρατίων Ἀγρίππα δευτέρη, καὶ μήτηρ Δάμαλις Φίλα κε ξένη*. Mr. Butler has a chapter on Trajan's Road from Bosra to the Red Sea, the first attempt at a complete description. Mr. Magie deals with its milestones.

Amongst the northern inscriptions is the dedication of a barrack (915) (A.D. 558-9), built by an unknown Thomas and his nephew Jacobus; the lines (as in 992) are trying to be iambic, it appears. Thomas, a rich man, built this instead of distributing largess to the mob, and he receives just credit for the deed. He also dedicated a bath to the public, at least to 'all property-holders' (918), which we recommend to the notice of Mr. George as a possible hen-roost. There are some scriptural quotations, particularly 1016, and many of religious import, perhaps even magical in a mild way (1018, hexameters).

W. H. D. ROUSE.

OBITUARY

DR. A. W. VERRALL.

IN the passing away of Dr. Verrall we have lost a scholar and critic, not only of the first rank, but with a *differentia* which, in the judgment of many, left him without a rival. His insight seemed to reach, in a degree beyond that of others, through the works that he was studying to the whole temper of mind and character of their authors; and this, coupled with a rare alertness, enabled him to see deeper, and to detect hints, allusions, suggestions, which those who do not bring the same seeing eye must inevitably miss, and which some, for the same reason, will fail to see even when they are pointed out. Few men can have raised so many problems in familiar fields, and it may be safely said that no one has shown so fertile an ingenuity in offering solutions of them, often sure, and always plausible. To study one of his editions of a Greek play was like walking through a well-known country with one who is at once artist and

botanist; one thought one knew all about it, but his companionship revealed a neglected treasure or an unnoticed beauty at every turn. It would be foolish for even his most ardent admirer to deny that this very *ἀγχίνοια* at times betrayed him into error; no man is free from the *défauts de ses qualités*. But in Verrall's case these occasional aberrations were hardly to be regretted, for his advocacy of an untenable position was as likely as not to be more suggestive and stimulating than many a note unimpeachably correct; mere sun-spots, they do not affect the illuminating power of the bulk of his work. Every page of his commentaries gives evidence of a sound and well-tempered judgment, a fine discrimination, and the most delicate linguistic and literary taste. To this combination of knowledge, insight, alertness, taste, and judgment—qualities rarely found united in the same degree of perfection—was added the charm of a forcible and brilliant style, with the result that all his books are extra-

ordinarily stimulating. In the lecture-room, as his pupils testify, this quality was even more conspicuous; and the statement will be readily accepted by anyone familiar with the liveliness and dramatic manner of his conversation.

His editions of the plays of the *Oresteia* are hardly likely to be superseded for generations, if ever; they set him in the forefront of commentators on Greek tragedy, and will remain, with his *Medea*, a lasting monument of his scholarship and genius. One prominent feature of his work on the two tragedians to whom he chiefly devoted himself may perhaps be specially mentioned. He continually reminded us of a fact of which both editors and students were apt to become oblivious—that *δρᾶμα* means *action*, that the Greek tragedies were not composed to be read, but to be acted, and that any reading or interpretation of the text which does not accord with the dramatic requirements stands *ipso facto* condemned. How fruitful were the logical conclusions which he drew from this indisputable axiom; and how often did he remove an obscurity by pointing out that the written word only needed the interpretation of an actor's glance or gesture.

Great and permanent as is the value of his work on Aeschylus, it may be doubted whether that on Euripides will not be of even more far-reaching effect. He has undoubtedly rehabilitated him as a dramatist in the estimation of the present generation, showing that he was not the 'botcher' that Swinburne called him, and giving back into our hands as plays what, for want of a competent interpreter, we had rashly thought were no plays. It is safe to prophesy that his studies in this connexion in the three published volumes of essays will be regarded as marking an epoch in the poet's posthumous reputation.

His election to the Professorship of English Literature no doubt came as a surprise, and perhaps caused misgiving, to the general public; but those who had heard his masterly Clarke Lectures—and still more those personal friends who knew how minute and comprehensive was his knowledge of our literature, who had been charmed by the originality and brilliance of his offhand criticisms, and amazed by the readiness

with which he would pour out long quotations in verse or prose—*verbally accurate*, for his verbal memory was phenomenal—these felt sure that tenure of the office would only add to his fame. As is well known, it did so. Alas, that it was a burst of sunset splendour!

His many personal friends—and few men could have had more—have to mourn not only the rarely gifted scholar, but also one of the most lovable of men and most inspiring of companions. He was amiable and gentle, extraordinarily unselfish, readily interested in what interested others, generous in his judgments, generous with his time and counsel, generous with his purse. The patience and courage with which he bore for many years his increasing bodily affliction was amazing,—reduced to a condition which would have demoralised most men, he was never heard to utter a syllable of repining or rebellion.

Pure and noble soul, it is ours indeed to mourn 'the heavy change, now thou art gone,' but we will remember that thine is the gladness of the larger life!

εἰ γὰρ τὸ σῶμα θνητόν, οὐ σ' ὄλον, φίλε,
θάνατος καθεῖλε, σχήματος δ' ἄλλου βίου
ψυχὴ τυχοῦσα ξῆ φθορᾶς ἀκέραιος.

M. A. B.

SOUNDS a cry of lamentation o'er the
plain
For the burden of the anguish and
the pain;
Sounds a ringing note of triumph from
the height
For a courage that was clothed upon
with light;
For the gallant guide who scaled the
peaks of thought,
Who thro' mist and darkness still the
truth outsoight;
For the hand forth-stretched to help a
faltering friend,
And the torch upheld before us to the
end;
For the living, quickening spirit that
has sped,
For the subtle breath that breathed
upon the dead
Till the phantoms drawn across th'
estranging tide
Walked once more in real presence at
our side;

For the will that burst the fetters of the
 past
 And from bondage gave us liberty at
 last,
 When the seeker had the mystery
 unsealed
 And 'the human' his humanity re-
 vealed;
 For the man who overcrowded and
 overcame
 What a weaker soul might shatter or
 might maim;
 For the lightsome heart and vivid
 thought that threw
 Grace afresh about things noble and
 things true.
 Still his mind a radiance flashes on the
 page,
 Still his light shines clear, rekindling
 youth in age;
 As the ruddy glow upon the hills at eve
 Strikes a message to our hearts, and
 we believe.

D. A. S.

DR. E. S. ROBERTS.

A FRIEND and former pupil of Dr. E. S. Roberts, late Master of Gonville and Cain's College, writes of his work as follows:—

According to a widespread tradition, not easy to break down, Caius, as having been refounded by a distinguished physician, was specially devoted to medical studies. Roberts, however, early recognised that one of the chief advantages of the Collegiate system is that students of widely different departments of knowledge should be brought into contact, and one of his main objects, while encouraging the best students of the medical sciences, was to make the College also a centre for other forms of learning. In the sixties and earlier Caius had trained many mathematicians, but its classical students had not been very numerous. In Roberts's Tutorship linguistic studies made a great advance. Roberts spared neither time nor labour to do the best for his men. He was diffident about his powers as a lecturer, and lectured in public for the most part only on Greek Epigraphy, Greek Dialects, and Comparative Philology. But he was a sound scholar in pure

classics also, and, though he rarely wrote compositions himself, was a very careful and painstaking corrector of his pupils' exercises both in prose and verse. Nor were his classical pupils his only care. Finding that the less capable of the medical students experienced great difficulties with the subjects of their first medical examination, he took up the different subjects himself and worked through them, in order that he might the more thoroughly understand the obstacles in the way of his men and be able to help them, as he often did in private evening classes. Roberts, however, was always resolved that he should not be entirely immersed in Tutorial duties. In 1878 he published a translation of Pezzi's little book on Comparative Philology, which was at the time the only book of the kind at all up-to-date, and devoted the scanty leisure of many years to his *Introduction to Greek Epigraphy*. The book at once became a standard work. Although Roberts had adopted Kirchhoff's classification of the Greek alphabets, his book was no mere copy of Kirchhoff. It contained far more: the commentaries upon the Greek inscriptions were most valuable to students, and the literature of the subject was mastered and well digested for their use. The life of a Tutor in a large college is no sinecure, and a great part of this work was written between midnight and two in the morning.

When a University Lectureship in Comparative Philology was established in 1884 Roberts was appointed to it on the understanding that he should devote himself mainly to Epigraphy and Greek Dialects, while Dr. Peile undertook the more technical departments of Comparative Philology. This Lectureship he relinquished when about to become Vice-Chancellor in 1906, and he used laughingly to say that it was impossible to resume the study of Epigraphy after being Vice-Chancellor, because during the two years of tenure of that office it was impossible to read and no less impossible afterwards to overtake what perforce had been left unread. He continued however to take College classes in the philological subjects for Part I. of the Classical Tripos, and to these admitted students also from other Colleges.