

## Our Contributors.

### THE AWAKENING.

BESIDE a rill that cleaves the jewelled mead  
 In twain, dreaming of love, Youth, sleeping, lay;  
 Unheeding the fierce Sun's devouring ray  
 That, withering, smites. Sweet pity yearns to plead  
 With Love and succor followeth the need,  
 Shadowing with arching wings that gently sway,  
 And fan his pillowed locks, Love broods away,  
 In ministry divine from passion freed.  
 Upsprings the sleeper from soft, fitful dreams,  
 In amorous clasp that radiant form to seize,  
 And purg, chaste lips with kiss unholy stain:—  
 Untempered pour the hot, relentless beams  
 O'er brow and dumb, parched lip. On trembling knees  
 He falls, alone with fretful passion's pain.

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### TRANSLATIONS ADEQUATE AND INADEQUATE.

IN Dryden's "Dedication" in his translation of Virgil's *Æneid* to the Marquis of Normanby, we meet with the following language:

"There is a beauty of sound in some Latin words which is wholly lost when rendered into any modern tongue. An example is found in the "*Mollis Amaracus*", in which Venus is said to have laid Ascanius when he was removed to the Italian bowers and Cupid was stealthily introduced to the Queen in his stead. If I should translate, "*Amaracus*" by *Sweet Marjoram*, as the word signifies, the reader would think I have mistaken Virgil; for so humble a term would give a mean idea of the thing. The sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, that it raises our fancies, to conceive of something more noble than a common herb, and we, in imagination, place him on *roses* and spread *lilies* over him—a bed not unworthy of the grandson of the goddess."

The words, which our author employs as a rendering of the passage, will be admitted by all to be very beautiful and quite in harmony with the sentiment of the translation, though not an accurate reproduction of the original. I will quote the passage and then introduce the words of Virgil on which it is founded:

"The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,  
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:  
 Seated in her lap amid a train of loves  
 She gently bears him to the blissful groves;  
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,  
 And safely lays him on a flowery bed."

The original is in these words:

"At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietam.  
 Irrigat, et totum gremio dea tollit in altos  
 Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis Amaracus illam,  
 Floribus et dulci aspicans complectitur umbra."

We are reminded, as we read the verses of Virgil, of the inimitable act of Butler, with which, from the midst of burlesque, and that too not very dignified and with the happiest irony he rather successfully combats the doctrine propounded by our translator. The author of "*Hudibras*"

is telling of Trulla and of her exploit in rescuing the bear and conducting him by a cord and ring in his nose to a place of safety and refreshment. Of the heroine the clever humorist thus delivers himself:

"She proudly marched before and led  
 The warrior to a grassy bed—  
 As authors write—"in a cool shade  
 Of eglantine and roses made,  
 Close by a softly murmuring stream,  
 Where lovers fondly loll and dream".

If Dryden had been fortunate enough to think of *Eglantine*, he might have regretted the want of "roses" and "lilies", with which he was tempted to translate the "*Amaracus*", and thus have furnished a bed "worthy" of the royal boy—the pride of *Æneas* and the pet of his goddess grandmother.

But to the suggested substitution it may be objected that the "*Eglantine*" would scarcely be preferable as a bed to the "*Amaracus*"—that is, the *sweet briar*, to the *sweet marjoram*; indeed that in one respect it would be less desirable, for there would be thorns among the roses; it is the "*mollis Amaricus*"—the soft and downy herb, that Virgil supplies for the gentle boys; the bed was intended to be so soft that A. would not waken from his over-powering slumbers, till all the mischief which V. designed had been fully accomplished.

But we must not forget the point from which we started. It was "the beauty of the sound" belonging to the Latin word and the assumed difficulty of finding an adequate representation of it in English, with which we had to do. If "melody" of language is all that concerns us, it is respectfully suggested, that the word "*Eglantine*" is perhaps quite as musical to the ear as those which gave so much pleasure, and justly so, to the delighted translator of the Roman poet.

C. D. RANDALL.

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### WHO?

WHO is it mays all beauty?  
 Blends bitter with all sweet?  
 Steals the heart out of duty?  
 Sows tares among our wheat?

Who is it fans our passions  
 Into a mortal flame?  
 What craft is it that fashions  
 Our gold to things of shame?

With poison drugs our wine-cup?  
 Mixes death with our bread?  
 Haunts and torments the living?  
 And will not spare the dead?

Who binds, ere we receive it,  
 Our life to small and low?  
 And mocks us when we leave it,  
 With prophecy of woe?

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT.