

inn, and which this poor offender gazed at from over this very sill. Here, where it used to be securely fastened, is the mark of the rack, and ominous stains and splashes on the floor; there, just below the sign of the Cross, is the great ring to which the ankle chains were fastened, and not far off the trap door is shown through which bodies, when done with, were lowered into the Thames, which then washed the stones of this building. What a curious sight must this gruesome dungeon have presented when full to suffocation with the Lollard dissenters, the good Lord Cobham in their midst—a curious sight, truly, for Him who said "Little children, love one another." And the actors and audiences change places as the years go on; for now it is Protestants torturing Catholics, now Catholics chaining Protestants, and this always in the name of the religion preached by the Man of Peace and Sorrows. The story goes that no prisoners were here after Mary's time—if we except Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, confined for debt—the run on the prison occurring from the beginning of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth centuries. Now it is part of the Bishop of Lichfield's town house (the Archbishops of Canterbury having no use for the Tower, it is lent to the Lichfield Bishops), and many people climb up here to look at a sight as interesting as any in London. Just a small, square room, twelve feet by twelve, lighted by a narrow window, through which you can see the brown-sailed boats slipping by to Battersea and Kew, and, across the waters, can note the square-towers of the hideous church erected in memory of Vanbrugh by his daughters, under the shadow of which dwells for ever for all Dickens lovers, the Doll's Dressmaker. Only a small, square room, but deep-cut from roof to floor by the hands of our ancestors, who yesterday sighed in the sunshine that fell on their chains; cut with a verse remembered from the Psalms, or pathetic records by dots and lines of year-long months lived here, mottoes, Christian names, and many, many times repeated, the sign of the Cross. The bells from Lambeth chime for service: that sound must often have floated up, torturing the prisoners, for the parish church is very old, and has stood close against the Palace for many a century. Clouds float slowly past, the light shifts and pales, cries come from the river yonder. Nothing has changed but human nature. Those terrible Inquisitors would hardly understand such men as Archbishop Benson and Cardinal Manning.

The day of the Battle of Trafalgar I guess will long be remembered in London. I passed the Landseer lions at half-past one, and found them glaring over a regiment of police; but everything was then ominously quiet in the streets about. Constables, four abreast, marched continually round the square, warning away loiterers, while squadrons of mounted inspectors clattered up and down, up and down, keeping a vigilant lookout. It was a curious sight. A thousand visitors left the "Grand" Hotel during the last week, in consequence of the scare, and the difference all this has made in the number of country visitors to town is enormous. The first breach in the peace occurred about three o'clock, when the sounds of a brass band were heard in the direction of St. Martin's Lane. Then the first engagement took place, Mrs. Taylor clinging to a banner crowned with a Cap of Liberty, with both hands, and—like a second Jeanne D'Arc—swearing loudly she would die rather than surrender. But the flag was captured by a resolute policeman, and Mrs. Taylor was carried away in a fainting condition, and her gallant followers fled in disorder towards Holborn. A daughter of Frederick Taylor, the water-colour painter, found herself unexpectedly mixed up in one of the outlying *mêlées*, and was immensely alarmed, as she says not only was the sight itself horrid, but the unearthly cries of the mob were quite appalling. The mob were all armed with either thick sticks or short pieces of wood. I am told that the entrance of the soldiers, a brilliant blaze of colours, was quite dramatic, among the black-clothed policemen and the mud-coloured crowd. Another attempt is expected, and every window for some distance from Trafalgar Square is engaged at ruinous prices by peaceable citizens who wish to see the sights.

WALTER POWELL.

#### LYRICAL TRANSLATIONS.\*

Not often in a country like this, which is yet in the struggling and money-getting stage, and where intellectual and literary efforts are apt rather to take the so-called practical turn, shall a man be found who has had the heart to devote the best of his hours to the study of poets in foreign and even dead languages. Still rarer will be the man who has had the industry and ability to render these poets in any highly acceptable manner into English verse. The office of the translator, too, albeit rather a thankless one, and not often rewarded with a very high degree of fame, is nevertheless so rare, so useful, and so honourable in the eyes of the eager student of letters, that the latter will hardly rank him below the original creator, if his work be at all freely and faithfully done. For these reasons this very small and unpretentious work by Mr. Charles J. Parham is deserving of much more than a passing notice, and should be greeted kindly by the lovers of good books, not only for what is in it but because it must be the first fruit of better things in the future. It is only a little book, but it contains translations of single short lyrics from no less than thirty-one authors in the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Provençal tongues. Here the reader will find *lensons* from the old troubadours, a famous *servente* of Bertrand de Born, the warrior-poet of Cœur de Lion's time; *madrigals* and *letrillas* from the Prince of Esquilache, Camoëns, Melo, and others of the Spanish and Portuguese; lyrics, playful or serious, from Metastasio and various Italians; *anciones* from Riojo, Calderon, Gil Vicente and so on. It is very little, but the promise is good, for Mr. Parham does not translate after the manner of those who think that it is sufficient to have

transferred an approximation to the meaning and feeling of the original into some common set form of English verse; the result being nothing more than a very commonplace English poem. He has aimed at retaining in his translation the genuine sense, flavour, form, and rhythm of his original, and in many cases he has completely succeeded. His translation of the famous Address to the Nightingale, *Pajarillo que Cantas*, of the Prince of Esquilache, is a beautiful and charming poem, and must retain a great part of the excellence of the original Spanish. Mr. Parham has appended two or three poems of his own, one of which, *The Siesta*, breathes the spirit of his translation, and proves him to be thoroughly saturated with the luxurious fancy and feelings of the South.

A. LAMPMAN.

#### THE BODY TO THE SOUL.

[See Longfellow's translation of an old Saxon poem, "The Soul to the Body."]

HA! my friend, with joy I greet thee,  
For I oft have longed to meet thee,  
Having much I fain would ask thee  
Which to answer may o'ertask thee,  
Seeing thou art but a shade,  
And no more may'st claim mine aid.

Hast thou then full liberty,  
Being loosed from bonds to me?  
Having gained the freedom prized  
Have thy dreams been realised?  
Can'st thou roam without control  
O'er the earth from pole to pole?  
Or on greater journeys far  
Wing thy flight from star to star?  
Are the mysteries which vexed thee  
In thy days of flesh, perplexed thee  
With their aspects so involved,  
To thy spirit vision solved?

Thou wert wont in bygone days  
To revile my laggard ways,  
Cramping thee when nobly stirred,  
Hindering thee in deed and word,  
Even thine inmost thoughts disturbing  
With my base, incessant curbing,  
Dragging thee from airy heights  
By ignoble appetites,  
In thy perfect liberty  
Fares it better now with thee?  
Can'st thou reason without strain  
Hampered by no flagging brain  
Was it flesh obscured thy sight  
Is it now most clear and bright,  
Fed by pure, ethereal light?

O vain boaster, proud to call  
Thyself survivor of the pall,  
Phoenix from funereal pyre,  
Sole defier of Death's ire.  
Know'st thou not eternity  
Is for me as well as thee?  
Though beneath the range of life,  
Still I wage incessant strife  
To effect a resurrection  
From the earth-clods' loathed connection  
For my power cannot be hid,  
Oozing through the coffin lid,  
Like a genius of the deep,  
In a gaseous form I creep  
Upwards, climbing even as thou  
Thought'st to soar when on my brow  
Death's cold, clammy touch was laid—  
Magic touch which straightway made  
Me a corpse and thee a shade.  
Thus I reach the surface where  
I can scent the morning air,  
Through the blossoms of the rose  
Which upon my hillock grows,  
Through the flowers that live and bloom  
In the foul breath from the tomb.  
Once escaped to light of day  
From the hampering clods of clay,  
On the winds I speed away:  
Sporting through the realm of air,  
Flying here and flying there,  
Comrade of the wayward breeze,  
On the meadows, on the trees,  
Stooping down with viewless feet,  
In the rain, or snow, or sleet,  
Finding forms to animate,  
Suited to my altered state;  
Thus existence I inherit,  
Changed from body into spirit,  
Live and move without thine aid,  
What more canst thou do, vain shade?

WM. MCGILL.

\*Lyrical Translations. By Charles J. Parham, Ottawa.