

✻ LITERATURE. ✻

TANTALUS.

*Magnus inter opes inops.*—*Horace.*

Like to that Lydian King whose palace towers  
 Rose 'neath the craggy steep of Sipylus,  
 And whom, for foul impiety to Zeus,  
 A gracious heavenly guest, the cruel powers  
 Forever mock with shows of fruits and flowers  
 And cooling streams in shadowy Tartarus,—  
 But his parched lips those waves may never sluice,  
 And hunger's gnawing pain his frame devours,—  
 I, while my heart with nature's loveliness  
 Is thrilled, life's grandeur, and love's ecstasy,  
 And while the beckoning hours pass smiling by,  
 Vainly would grasp a dream of happiness.  
 Health lights our seasons with the bloom of joy,  
 Else are we cursed with gifts which seem to bless.

R. W. SHANNON.

Kingston.

HORACE.—ODE XI, BOOK I ST.

Strive not, Leuconoë, to know what end  
 The gods above to thee and me will send ;  
 Nor with astrologers consult at all  
 That thou may'st better know what may befall.  
 Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last  
 Be this, which Tyrrhene waves 'gainst rocks do cast ;  
 Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space  
 Do not protracted hopes of life embrace.  
 Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide :  
 This day's thine own, the next may be denied.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

MATERIALISM.

The shores of Styx are lone forevermore,  
 And not one shadowy form upon the steep  
 Looms through the dusk, far as the eye can sweep,  
 To call the ferry over as of yore ;  
 But tintless rushes all about the shore [sleep,  
 Have hemmed the old boat in, while, locked in  
 Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep  
 With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.  
 For in the world of life strange rumors run  
 That now the soul departs not with the breath,  
 But that the body and the soul are one ;  
 And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,  
 The widow puts no obol, nor the son,  
 To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

MY DOG.

We two are together in the study, my dog and I...  
 Outside a fearful storm is raging.  
 The dog sits before me, and gazes straight into my eyes.

He seems as if he must say something to me. He is dumb, has no language, no ideas of his own. Still I understand him.

I understand that the same feeling exists in him as in myself : that there is no distinction between us. We are homogeneous ; the same flickering little flame glows and shines in each of us.

Death draws near, one single touch of his cold, mighty wing... And that is the end !

Who can discern, then what special flame glows in each of us ?

No !... It was not merely a man and an animal gazing mutually at each other. They were not two pairs of eyes, belonging to equal beings, that criticized each other. And in each of these pairs of eyes—in the animal's as well as the man's—one existence anxiously humbled itself before another that was its equal.

IVAN TURGENIEF.

Feb., 1878.

A POSTAL.

*To John Rhode, Esq., Boston.*

From Tybee, John, from joyless Georgian Tybee,  
 From godless, graceless Tybee by the sea,  
 Whereon at present a sojourner I be,  
 A word from me.

Fill high the bowl and fill it to o'erflowing ;  
 High let the flagon flash and flare and foam !  
 For Thursday next I'm going, going, going,  
 I'm going home.

I hate to leave (God bless the loves !) the ladies  
 With their dark eyes and smiles that thrill me so ;  
 But *peste !* the atmosphere is hot as—Hades,  
 And I must go.

So, please the gods, then, and the wind blows steady  
 And favoring, Thursday next I'll blow the foam  
 From off a cup—be sure and have it ready !—  
 With you at home.

From "Lyrics" by

GEORGE F. CAMERON.

LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

GREECE.

C. Zographos, a wealthy Greek, has given the Greek Philological Society of Constantinople the money to bring out better editions of the ancient writers of his country. The first two instalments have been published and are of importance. M. Semitelos has edited the "Antigone," and suggested in his notes many excellent emendations. The "Phoenissae" of Euripides, edited by M. Bernardakis, is the second, and is a distinct contribution to classical literature. Alexander Paspatis has written a work upon the dialects of modern Greece. M. Dimitras has published a monograph upon Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, in which he defends her warmly.