

The rendering given is just the opposite of this. The ode itself, which is expurgated from some editions as a sort of soiled dove, has a high and well-deserved reputation, in the translator's judgment, as a "work of art," and is well worth quoting at length. Horace and Lydia are the interlocutors in a beautiful dialogue which opens in the original with the line "Donec gratus eram tibi," and in which, after an estrangement, there is a reconciliation of the lovers:—

While thou wert true, while thou wert kind,
Ere round that snowy neck of thine,
A happier youth his arms had twined,
No monarch's lot could match with mine.

While Lydia was thy only flame,
Ere yet thy heart had learned to rove,
Not Roman Ilia's glorious name
Could match with hers that owned thy love.

Sweet Chloë is my mistress now,
Queen of the dance, the song, the lyre;
And O! to death I'd lightly go
So fate would spare my heart's desire.

For Calais not in vain I sigh;
His city's pride, his father's joy;
And O! a double death I'd die
So death would spare my Thuriat boy.

What if the banished love return
And link once more the broken chain?
What if this heart sweet Chloë spurn
And welcome Lydia home again?

Though he were lovelier than a star,
Thou fickle as an April sky,
And curst as Adria's waters are,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

If Mr. Smith has done no wrong to the shades of these Roman bards, it has been due, in some measure at least, to his adhering to the simple but flexible rule, if such it may be termed, laid down for his own guidance. Exact accuracy, or an attempt at exactness, either of which tends to ruggedness, is not a virtue of poetical translation, and for this the reader would hardly have been obliged to Mr. Smith. But for the pervading thought and tone that flow freely and smoothly along, and for what he himself calls, "the choice expressions," no one who has culled them, in the turning of the "Leaves," will feel other than grateful. They sparkle forth everywhere. The apt thought and world of meaning in the originals have been enlisted in the service of many a theme. Their counterparts in these pages, while showing how well the writer has grasped the full force of his text, have a happy expressiveness in their English garb that is worth looking at:—

My Pudens shall his Claudia wed this day.
Shed, torch of Hymen, shed thy brightest ray!

Fair Concord, dwell for ever by that bed:
Let Venus bless the pair so meely wed;
May the wife love with love that grows not cold,
And never to her husband's eye seem old.

—Martial: On a Friend's Wedding.

He who would heartache never know,
He who serene composure treasures,
Must friendship's chequered bliss forego;
Who has no pains, has fewer pleasures.

—The same on the Vicissitudes of Friendship.

Money or lands to give is nothing new,
They who make presents of renown are few.

—The same on Literary Chivalry.

Who wants what lords to servants give,
A lord must own, a servant live.
But, my good Olus, take my word,
Who needs no servant wants no lord.

—A Revert, by the same.

Comrades they were in virtue to the end,
And each—rare glory! earned the name of friend.

—The same on two Roman Officers buried side by side.

Delay not what thou would'st recall too late;
That which is past, that only call thine own:
Cares without end and tribulations wait,
Joy tarrieth not, but, scarcely come, is blown.

Then grasp it quickly, firmly to thy heart,
Though firmly grasped, too oft it slips away;
To talk of living is not wisdom's part:
To-morrow is too late: live thou to-day!

—The same on the Fleeting Joys of Life.

Caesar in power would no superior own,
Pompey would brook no partner of his throne.

Idly he rested on his ancient fame,
And was the shadow of a mighty name.

—Lucan's Pharsalia.

Yet useful in an age that knew not right,
One who could power with liberty unite,
Uncrowned 'mid willing subjects could remain,
The Senate rule, yet let the Senate reign.

—Cato on the death of Pompey in Pharsalia.

Now wings it to that gloomy bourne
From which no travellers return.

—Catullus.

Ofttimes a change is pleasing to the great,
And the trim cottage with its simple fare,
Served 'mid no purple tapestries of state,
Have smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

—Horace: The Poet to the Statesman.

Trust me, no skill can greater charms impart:
Love is a naked boy and scorns all art.

By thee despite to me will ne'er be done;
The woman pleases well who pleases one.

—Propertius: Beauty Unadorned.

Yet, Delia, in thy grief my spirit spare,
Mar not thy comely cheeks, thy tresses fair.
Meantime we live, and living let us prove,
Ere that fell Shadow comes, the joys of love.
Dull age creeps on; soon we no more shall play;
Lips can not whisper love when heads are gray.

—Tibullus.

Extracts like these might be multiplied in which occur oft-quoted lines from the originals. They will be noticed in other specimens of the translator's work.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

(To be concluded.)

PARIS LETTER.

AN old friend of mine, who is passing the evening of a once hard-working life in the sunniest spot in sunny Corfu, suddenly dropped in upon me. He was about the last individual I could expect to re-see on this side of the grave. "Do you remember," said he, "when you saw me off for Marseilles in 18—, it was in a violent snow-storm, and now I call on you in a cyclonic shower. Have you ever anything a shade less revolutionary in Paris weather?" "Well, meteorological extremes do meet here occasionally, and July is sometimes replaced by January. But," I asked, "what may be your motive for quitting one of the Isles of the Blessed; are you the bearer of a solution of the Eastern question, or the letter-bagman of the European powers, with protests against the McKinley Bill?" "Nothing of the sort," was his reply; "I am indulging in a whim; I am going to visit the scenes of my birth and childhood; of my"—be ought to have said *our*—"school days,

The spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot,

and a few of the battle-fields of my life." "Old man," I chimed in, "don't forget the first, where, in the corner of a certain churchyard, I, your second, tied your left hand to your side to handicap you in giving satisfaction to a lower-form boy, one of the pluckiest little fellows that ever promised, and who, after life's fever, now sleeps well—amongst the bravest of the brave? To his memory!" and you, gentle reader, would join in the toast did I mention his name.

"After your farewell tour, you return, of course, to Corfu, to chant your *Nunc Dimittis*?" "Yes, but I intend, when in England, seeing that the family tomb"—"Has at least one unfurnished apartment." "Yes, and that you will undertake—my compliments for the appropriateness of that word—to see me placed therein." "Certainly, my boy, I never refuse a request to a dying man—in robust health. Can I do anything else for you in the pre or ante-mortuary line?" "Yes, to join me in a visit to the Catacombs." "Why, my dear fellow, you have positively necrology on the brain. What have you been reading of late, 'Taylor's Holy Living and Dying,' 'Lucian's Dialogues,' or the 'Burial Service for the Dead?' *Ainsi soit-il!*"

Furnished with permission to visit the Catacombs, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a few days ago, we were admiring the copy of Bartholdi's Lion of Belfort, on the Place Denfert-Rochereau, a work only less leviathan than his Lady of Liberty at New York harbour. Within a wag of the lion's tail is a small building, in the court-yard of which is the writing on the wall, "Entrance to the Catacombs." *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es*, we did not forget, but hoped, that pending our walks among seven millions of skeletons, to not illustrate the *et in pulverem reverteris*—as roof is shaly and gravelly, having a tendency to fall in with the suddenness and grip of a Westinghouse brake.

There were 200 visitors just as curious as ourselves; as a rallying sign each carried a taper in a card candlestick with wide tray, to light us, if not to glory, to death, and, what was equally important, to protect clothes from grease drops. A few persons had lanterns. Some of the visitors were indifferent, others serious, many taciturn, and a few eloquent. The latter must have read themselves up in "Young's Night Thoughts," or the "Illustrated Père Lachaise"; they were agog on graves, worms and epitaphs. There were one or two individuals whose voluminous coat-pockets suggested a stock of provisions against possible accidents, or perhaps balls of string—homage to the prudence of Theseus in the Labyrinth.

Ranged in Indian file a guide heads the procession and the inspector counts the visitors as they slowly pass by tens down the trap-door and commence the descent of the corkscrew-staircase of ninety steps, representing a depth of sixty-six feet. There are sixty more issues, but devoted to business wants. At the bottom of the staircase you hear above the rolling of the stone on the mouth of the sepulchre—the shutting of the door by another guide, who keeps behind the last visitor in the file. You now reflect for a second on what premature burial must be, and feel a little the *lasciate ogni speranza* of Dante. The odour is heavy and sickening, a real charnel house atmosphere, though the galleries are well aired. The two-hundred-candle-light procession is lugubrious and smacks of a penitent's march in the Middle Ages.

The Catacombs are the ancient quarries, out of which the stone was extracted between the third and ninth centuries to build Paris. These quarries extend underneath two-thirds of the capital, and the rock-roof has to be sustained in several places by masonry. The foundations of the Panthéon and the Trocadéro are thus buttressed up.

When Napoleon I. contemplated the erection of a palace for his son, the King of Italy—that was a Latin Union the French liked—he selected for its site the Trocadéro; but as it was too honeycombed he relinquished the idea. Many persons are under the impression that the Catacombs contain only the contents of the cemetery of the Innocents, on which the present Central Markets stand. They are the common receptacle for all the bones of the intramural graveyards of the city, as decreed by the law of 1785.

The bones are ranged or stacked by special "bone-setters," in selected alleys, those belonging to each closed city graveyard being placed by themselves, with notice slabs setting forth the fact. Thus bones may be there dating from the age of the Cæsars and the invasion of the Normans, alongside the bones of *bourgeois* and *prolétaires* of 1884, for every five years the huge common grave of the present cemeteries is turned over, the bones carted away during the night and shot into the Catacombs for piling, while the débris of coffins are burned on the spot; the ground is then levelled, sown with grass, and re-peopled for another five years with the fresh dead. It may be said that all who have died in Paris up to 1785 sleep in the Catacombs—the multitude; great men; canonized saints; malefactors; Valois; Bourbons; Orleans; the vagrants of the Cour de Miracles; the massacred of St. Bartholomew and of 1792; the victims of the guillotine; the slain of the Revolution, and the crushed of the Commune—all are there. Saint Geneviève and Marat; Saint Vincent de Paul and Philippe Egalité; Rabelais and the Man with the Iron Mask; Marguerite de Bourgogne and Lulli; Frédégogne and Madame de Scuderi; Mademoiselle de La Vallière and Pichegru. There Condés are beside Lenoirs; Créquis; neighbours of Leblancs, Rohans, Montmorencys and Novilles; companions of Petits, Vincents and Lemaîres—a pell-mell equality of seven millions of skeletons.

As the procession moves along through selected galleries, human bones are seen artistically stacked; many a grinning skull, resting on cross bones, alternates with *tibia*, *fibula* and *humerus*, finishing with a coping of skulls; these constitute the façade of the piles; the interior of the latter are filled with the smaller bones. Such is the type of the several ossuaries, the origin of whose contents are distinguished by dedication tablets, containing appropriate verses from the Scriptures and from pagan and Christian writers in prose and verse. Naturally, the first index-dedication is that "To the memory of our ancestors." The little stream once called Lethe is now named the Samaritan Fountain, with a Gospel allusion to the waters of everlasting life. The temperature of the water remains invariably 54 degrees Fahr. There is the "alley of Job," followed by the "Crypt of Ecclesiastes."

The "Crypt of Jeremiah" quotes verse 2, chapter viii., of the prophet respecting the bones of the kings, etc., of Judah: "They shall not be buried; they shall be for dung upon the face of the earth." Instead of a quotation from Lemaire, the dramatist, that here the "crowd was solitary," Shakespeare's allusion to the dust of "imperial Caesar turned to clay, to stop a hole to keep the wind away," would harmonize better with Jeremiah. The "Crypt of the Resurrection" exhibits St. Paul's magnificent verse to the Corinthians: "This mortal must put on immortality." The "Strangers' Gallery" has a very appropriate device by the Swedish royal chaplain: "The tomb closes all our debates." One quotation is nowhere visible—David's lamentation: "I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man."

It is singular how quickly visitors become callous to the spectacles in this "skeleton tour," of three-quarters-of-an-hour's duration, and two miles in length, for only a railed off portion of the miles of galleries is traversed. Three ladies fainted, due not to the sickening sights, but to the sickening atmosphere. One man, who would "botanize on his mother's grave," was occupied pulling the tooth out of a remarkable skull for a souvenir; a funny visitor gave a scream, which brought down a fourth lady. There is a slab on which lies a collection of skulls; this Golgotha is curious; it comprises long heads, flat heads and "round" heads; some skulls had sabre marks and bullet wounds. There is further a medical collection of bones, illustrative of their diseases and malformations. To vary this "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," there is an arranged vertical section of the geological strata of Paris, composed of specimens of the real rocks and their fossils. "Quaternary man" is plentiful. The alleys correspond to the streets overhead.

It was a pleasure to arrive at Rue Dareau; ascending a height of fifty-seven feet, by eighty-four steps, we joyfully emerge—after being again counted—into sunshine, but above all into fresh air. Our rear guard is in charge of policemen; they had been stationed at the several cross-alleys, to prevent—in addition to iron bars—a visitor wandering; as the processionists pass onwards the police fall in. They guard with equal callousness the living and the dead.

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AN Italian journal describes a new pharolight, which is said to be as powerful as the electric light, and the efficiency of which is not impaired by fog, as is the case with the latter. A clockwork arrangement pours every thirty seconds ten centigrams of powdered magnesium into the flame of a round wick lamp producing an extremely brilliant flash of light. The weight of the apparatus being only about six and one-half pounds, it can readily be used for signalling purposes at sea.