



THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

An anthology of an anthology we might call this dainty volume of Selections, if we did not recall that the Greek anthology itself, in its present form, is but a nosegay made up with the aid of extraneous and often unfragrant additions from the original garland of Meleager. Such as it is, the history of its preservation is one of the most interesting chapters in the long story of Grecian literature. The earliest of the flower-gatherers (florilegæ apes) lived in the first century before Christ, and was a Syrian Greek, "of the country of the Gadarenes," where Jesus healed the demoniac. He called his compilation *Stephanos*, or the Wreath, each of the forty-six poets represented in it being indicated by a flower, so that it is truly named anthology (florilegium). The dedication to his friend Diocles, with the prefaces of his successors, Philip and Agathias, form the fourth of the seventeen sections into which the *Anthologia Græca* is divided. Philip was a contemporary of Trajan; Agathias flourished under Justinian. In the tenth century Cephalas, who dwelt at Byzantium in the reign of Porphyrogenitus, undertook a revision of all the existing anthologies. Planudes, a monk, early in the fourteenth century, deemed it advisable to expurgate the collection of Cephalas, and on the literary re-awakening of western Europe in the following century the compilation bearing his name was the only anthology that came to light. Nevertheless, a copy of Cephalas had escaped the fury of Moslem invader and Christian zealot, and it remained for no less a scholar than Milton's antagonist, Saumaise, to discover it in the Palatine library at Heidelberg. He spent years in preparing it for the press, but without a Latin version the Leyden printers would not publish it, and death having interrupted him in the task of translation, the famous manuscript was transferred to the Vatican. For nearly two centuries it was absent from Heidelberg, but meanwhile trustworthy copies had been made and the learned world had, through Reiske, Brunck and Jacobs, been made familiar with its treasures. During the present century the Anthology has been the theme of abundant criticism, and many writers, English, French, German, Italian—of every country in Europe, indeed—have tried their hands at the translation of the poems. They are of various merit, of various length, of every age of Greek letters, and on a great diversity of subjects. In the list of authors are names found nowhere else, side by side with those of the masters of Greek song. To some (like the Antipaters, Meleager, Philip of Thessalonica, Paulus Silentiarius) are assigned compositions enough to make separate volumes, while others (such as Diphilus, Glyco and Crates the Grammarian) have left but single epigrams. Illustrious pagans—Plato, Sappho, Theocritus, Simonides—share our attention with Christian bishops like Photius and Gregory of Nazianzum. Love, sorrow, piety, satire, philosophy, art criticism and even mathematical analysis have inspired the verses. It is, in fine, a unique thesaurus of the thought, the sentiment, the imagination of a marvellous people during the vicissitudes of nearly two thousand years. We can hardly wonder that Pope Pius the Sixth, in seeking to save from the grasp of Napoleon the gathered trophies of the Vatican, took care to include the manuscript of Cephalas among his most jealously guarded treasures.

Yet here we have the essential worth and beauty of this wonderful Anthology in a convenient and comely form for 35 cents! The edition before us is one of that charming series—the Canterbury Poets, of Mr. Walter Scott. These "Selections from the Greek Anthology" are edited by Mr. Graham R. Tomson, author of "The Bird Bride and Other Poems," etc. In an "Introductory Note," the editor tells us enough about the principal poets and their successful translators to enable us to read the book with intelligent sympathy. In a few pages he has managed to convey a great deal of welcome information, interspersed with opportune criticism. He has been happy in his choice of versions, taking only those of approved scholarship and taste. Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Andrew Lang, Miss Alma Strettell, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. J. Addington Symonds (whose "Greek Poets" we would take the opportunity of recommending), Mr. W. M. Hardinge, Shelley, Cowper, John Leyden, J. A. Symonds, M.D., Prof. Lewis Campbell, John Sterling—surely that is an enumeration that speaks for itself. Reference has already been made to the dedicatory preface of Meleager to his *Stephanos*, or Garland. Mr. Hardinge's translation of it will be found in another part of this paper, and it is worth reading, both as forming a fit introduction to the Selections, and from its accuracy, conciseness and grace. One of the tenderest and most touching of laments is the "Dakrua Soi" of the same poet. Mr. Lang's version of which (though probably familiar to some of our readers) we cannot refrain from reproducing:

AT THE GRAVE OF HELIODORA.

Tears for my lady dead—
Heliodore!
Salt tears and strange to shed,
Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead,

Love, do we send,
Longed for, remembered,
Lover and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed;
Empty the gifts we bring,
Gifts to the dead!
Go, tears, and go, lament,
Far from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went
Down through the gloom!
Ah! for my flower, my love,
Hades has taken!
Ah! for the dust above
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
Gently to rest!

Surely, after reading this, the author of "Romantic Love" will not insist that the ancients knew nothing of the passion. Or for another phase of it, let him study this of Agathias as rendered by Miss Strettell:

Since she was watched and could not kiss me closely,
Divine Rhodanthe cast her maiden zone
From off her waist, and holding it thus loosely
By the one end, she put a kiss thereon;
Then I—Love's stream as through a channel taking—
My lips upon the other end did press
And drew the kisses in, while ceaseless making,
Thus from afar, reply to her caress.
So the sweet girdle did beguile our pain,
Being a ferry for our kisses twain.

Here are the closing lines from Mr. Lang's version of the Sidonian Antipater's epigram on Erinna's short-lived music:

Better the swan's song than a windy world
Of rooks in the April sky!

Here is something that Callimachus may have written:
Dead! my firstborn? No! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands that know no maid so light-hearted.

There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture—
Soft the flowers around thee—away from every disaster.
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness
Makes sorry;

Thou nor hungerest more nor thirstest, and robbed of its
glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou dwellest
securely—

Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus enshallow thee
purely!

The translation is Mr. Hardinge's.

Little Greek girls had their pets, it seems. How suggestive these lines of the Gadarene, as rendered by Dr. Garnett:

Torn from my mother's breast was I while yet
A feeble, unsuspecting leveret,
But Phæon's arms soon taught me to forget
My loss, her nimble, frisky, long-eared pet.
What lavish fare her fondness did provide!
Alas! it was too lavish, and I died.
But she enters me here, her couch beside,
And in her dreams her playmate I abide.

Of ownerless epigrams there are not a few. Here is a compliment to the King of epic poets:

Long Nature travelled, but at last she bore
Homer, then ceased from bearing evermore.
GOLDWIN SMITH.

These stanzas are among the best known in the collection, Plato being the author of the original:

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

SHELLEY.

A touching household incident is put in metre by Simmias:

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid
Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said—
"Stay with my sire; and bear instead of me
A happier child, thy age's prop to be."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

In the following lines Mr. Lang, by a happy daring, has combined two epigrams of Rufinus, taking the name from one, the sentiment from another:

GOLDEN EYES.

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet
The lovely blossoms of the spring,
For you I weave, to you I bring!
These roses with the lilies wet,
The dewy dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
Wilt thou disdain mine offering.
Ah, Golden Eyes?
Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy heart is set,
For thou, like these or anything,
Hast but thine hour of blossoming,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret,
Ah, Golden Eyes!

There are many other pieces that we would gladly reproduce if space permitted; but, as the cheapness of the book puts it within reach of every one, we trust our readers will soon have an opportunity of consulting it for themselves. Messrs. Picken & Co., of this city, have all Mr. Walter Scott's publications on sale.

Mail-Time in Muskoka.

A Muskoka day culminates, as it were, at mail-time. Then people rouse for a little from their pleasantly idle, slipping-away existence, remember there is a world outside, and grow eager for news. About the time the steamer is expected stragglers begin to appear on the wharf, the people at the hotel stroll leisurely down and boats head in from outlying camps and cottages. Presently a tooting is heard. The steamer is calling at some island in the vicinity, and a few minutes after she appears round a neighbouring point and makes her way quickly up to the wharf. Then comes a time of brief confusion. The gangway is thrust out, passengers hurry over, luggage is tumbled across, perhaps a boat or canoe makes its appearance suddenly on the shoulders of a couple of the crew, causing a swift division of the crowd, the purser carries out his mailbags, which he consigns to the hotel keeper or his deputy, who is in waiting to receive them, there is a cry of all aboard, the gangway is hauled in and the steamer is off again, carrying mails and passengers to another place. Now, the centre of attraction is the post-office, a wooden building to the rear of the hotel, and thither the people betake themselves. The little room, one corner of which is partitioned off and pigeon-holed, is soon filled to overflowing, and knots of patient and impatient waiters gather about the door, or seat themselves on the edge of the verandah near by. Ah! there are the mail-bags at last. The postmaster, generally the hotel-keeper or his clerk, shuts himself into his corner, opens one of them and begins the work of sorting, regardless of the picket of eager eyes peering at him through pigeon-holes and windows. If one could only put a little American promptness, or any other kind of promptness, into him as he pores over addresses in a way that awakens grave doubts as to whether his learning is as unimpeachable as his honesty! Meanwhile the people amuse themselves as best they can. Gay skirmishes of talk break out here and there, drowning the soberer, leaning-against-the-wall conversation of the older folk. A rude counter runs almost across the little place, and on this a lively lady has perched herself, and is bandying repartee with those immediately around her. In a corner, behind the crowd, two young girls seated on a heap of empty sacks are deep in dangerously quiet talk with a young fellow leaning up against the wall beside them. A bevy of girls near the door are whispering together, breaking out into titters as a ruddy-faced old fellow in boating costume pushes his way through them, flinging a jest at one and another as he passes. Motley is the word as far as dress is concerned. There are "tams" tilted over all sorts of faces—old, young, pretty and ugly—fascinating little jockey caps, alas! that the owners do not always merit the adjective; blazers, blue and black and black and scarlet, giving the wearer something the look of a cheerfully striped animal in the crowd; big hats and little hats, flannel suits and blouses, anything, in fact, that taste, fancy or convenience may suggest. And if any one wishes to make a discriminating study of sunburn in its various shades, let him go to Muskoka in the month of August. There he will find it from the first delicate tinge of the newcomer just lightly kissed by the sun to the deep glorious brown of the Muskoka veteran, the man who has been rusticated for months, or the fiery red of the unfortunate who refuses to tan becomingly. What a medley of accents meets the listening ear—now a strain of kindly, comfortable Scotch from the lips of a stout, motherly woman, who has no idea how funny she looks in a big sun hat tied under her chin; now a dash of brogue, or an unmistakable English accent, making one feel inclined to straighten up and behave with propriety, while from here and there in the crowd comes the drawl and nasal twang, betraying the neighbour from across the line. I was amused at a young American lad who came up to his mother on the outskirts of the throng with the remark, "Sister's in naow, guess we'll have our letters in about hef a second." For the sorting is over it last, and the distribution is just going to begin. It is against the rules for people to help themselves; and yet see, while the postman's back is turned, a brawny arm bare and brown almost to the elbow is thrust through the aperture, reaches swiftly up to an adjacent box, seizes a bundle of letters and papers and is gone like lightning. Any letters for so-and-so, or so-and-so, or so-and-so goes on steadily now for about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, followed by the ominous shake of the head or affirmative nod and reaching forth of the precious square of white paper. The fortunate retire for a first quiet read alone, or tearing open their letters on the spot regale their friends with scraps of news, while the disappointed drop off, or, angry and incredulous, prowl about the post office door, confident they saw letters addressed to them in familiar writing, and meditating another attempt when the rush is over. But finally the packet has been gone over for the last time, unclaimed letters are deposited in a drawer, the postmaster leaves his corner, shutting the door behind him, and the mail is ended for that night.

J. E. SMITH.