

which is lost in translation, when a strict adherence to accent and rhythm is attempted, then it is right to alter, and as a matter of fact the result of such variation is more accurate than a more literal reproduction would be. As a rule it is usually in cases where the beauty and value of the poem depend more on form and movement than the most alteration is advisable. A very literal rendering often best reproduces a poem whose chief beauty lies in the thought. Two short lyrics given below may serve as extreme examples of this view. In the first poem by Gleim a very free translation seemed best to preserve the condensed style and rapid movement of the original:

Rosen plücke, Rosen blühn,
Morgen ist nicht heut!
Keine Stunde lass entfliehn,
Flüchtig ist die Zeit!

Pluck the roses in their bloom,
Autumn is not Spring!
Snatch each hour as it flies,
Time is on the wing!

Trinke, küsse! Sieh es ist
Heut Gelegenheit!
Weisst du wo du morgen bist?
Flüchtig ist die Zeit!

This day's thine, but who can tell
What the next may bring?
Drain the cup of love and mirth
Time is on the wing!

Aufschub einer guten That
Hat schon oft gereut!
Hurtig leben ist mein Rath,
Flüchtig ist die Zeit!

Love deferred is love undone
'Tis a foolish thing!
Swiftly live thy span of life,
Time is on the wing!

In "Das Herz," by Hermann Neumann, on the other hand, as will be seen by a careful comparison of the two poems, an almost literal translation seemed best to produce the same effect:

Zwei Kammern hat das Herz.
Drin wohnen
Die Freude und der Schmerz.

Two chambers has the heart
Wherein do dwell
Sorrow and joy apart.

Wacht Freude in der einen.
So schlummert
Der schmerz still in der seinen.

When joy wakes in her nest
Sorrow is still
And lies in quiet rest.

O Freude, habe Acht
Sprich leise
Dass nicht der Schmerz erwacht.

Oh joy, beware! nor break
The calm—speak low
Lest sorrow should awake.

Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is perhaps one of the most perfect illustrations of the use of this license in the hands of one who was qualified, had he chosen, to give a most literal rendering of the great Persian poet's work. The probable tameness of such a rendering may be gathered from the few fragments left of the same poem by Emerson. Fitzgerald grasped the conception of the whole, and following after the spirit, did not allow himself to be shackled by too close an adherence to the letter. It is the same powerful comprehension of the spirit of Dante's work which gives its value to Cary's translation of the Divina Commedia, and makes it, in spite of some shortcomings, the most valuable translation we have of Dante. Cary allows the great poet to speak through him, and himself scarcely appears; perhaps it is the reverse of this which makes Longfellow's translation, notwithstanding so much that is beautiful and valuable, unsatisfactory to those who know Dante in the original. But a poet in his own right is somewhat handicapped in reproducing another poet's work, his own individuality will not always take a subordinate place.

It should be remembered, whatever the method employed, that the one aim of the translator must be faithfulness in its highest sense, that the beauty and grace must be reproduced as well as the thought which pervades them, and, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti reminded us, it is the first law of translation that a good poem shall not be made into a bad one.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

Dr. John Cleland and Dr. John Yule Mackay, Professors of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow and in University College, Dundee, respectively, have in press a textbook on "The Anatomy of the Human Body," for the use of students of medicine and science. The object of the authors has been to produce a work that should be accurate, comprehensive, up to date, and yet sufficiently brief for the use of students. The book, which will be published by Macmillan & Co., has been copiously illustrated, many of the figures being from original drawings, and a liberal use of photography has been made in the preparation of the engravings of the bones and joints.

Rondel.

Sweet-heart, rest thy golden head
Upon this breast that loves thee well,
Deeper thoughts than tongue can tell,
Gentler dreams than ere were fed,
Full on plains of Asphodel,
Sleep beneath thy bosom's swell.
Sweet-heart, rest thy golden head
Upon this breast that loves thee well.
When the rede of life is read,
And the watchers hear the knell
Of the slow sweet passing bell,
Once on this breast, though cold and dead,
Sweet-heart rest thy golden head.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

The Soldiers' Burial Ground,
Halifax, N.S.

The soldiers' burial ground! veiled round with years,
(No funeral train for decades ten or more
Hath marched with steady step these pathways o'er)
And consecrated with lorn widows' tears.
We muse, ye warriors! of the sobs, and fears
Expressed, which begged you in the motherland
To stay. Revered and duty-martyred band,
At sea, in early waking-hours, the years
Ye heard creak harshly, when the sails were raised;
Though military prowess high be praised,
Methinks ye deemed it a vain-glorious thing,
For one brief moment, as ye thought of home,
And here to-day a verse of song we bring;
Your valour still shall thrill us where we roam.

New York.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

Music and the Drama.

THE concerts given under the direction of Theodore Thomas, by the Chicago Orchestra last week, were not, I regret to say, attended by very large audiences. Indeed, when the very reasonable prices are taken into consideration, the slim attendance almost completely blots out any reputation we may have made for being a musical people. The prices surely could not have kept lovers of good music and beautiful orchestral playing from going, because as I said before, they were most reasonable, in fact very little higher than the most ordinary of popular concerts. Moreover, the weather was not to blame, as the nights were perfect, and the walking and street car service all that could be desired. So what is the reason? The Orchestra plays superbly, the eminent conductor one of the greatest in the world, and the programmes were of great excellence. There is only one reason, think it out for yourselves. I was only able to attend the first concert, much to my disappointment and sorrow, but I was delighted with the splendid playing, the rich living music which welled up and surrounded one with its elevating, noble harmonies, and eloquent expression. Why is it good music saddens? It seems to come from a far distant land, which we may never see, and although of our own creation seems foreign to us. Whilst it fascinates and cheers, yet it is always imploring, beckoning, enticing. Minor music is suggestive of deep sadness and plaintive passionate melancholy. One felt this in an irresistible manner, whilst the throbbing music of Tschaikowsky's 6th symphony or symphonic suite was being played. This music is wonderfully intense. It plays with our emotions as a child plays with a loved toy, and although there are moments when gaiety or witchery seems rampant, and the melodies are more sprightly and less sincere, it is only temporary, before we again plunge into the tidal surf of elemental human passion. It is plaintive enough, and the title "Pathetic" does not lead astray. The chief theme of the second movement is exquisite, and the orchestral effects charming in variety and riotous imagination. What can be more effective than a mass of violins playing a melody in unison? The swaying tone weaves mellow, golden hues, as rich and variegated as the bloom on exotic flowers. Such an effect greeted one in the