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DIASTROPHE.

Go not abroad,—it would not suit—
Nor on the pavement place thy foot,
Because, beholding thee,
The sun would hide his head for shame,
And we, without his luminous flame,
Would lost in darkness be.
But when the moon has mounted high,
And all the stars bestud the sky,
Then leave the lighted hearth,
And night will be no longer night,
Or day, delighted at the sight,
Will back return to earth.

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A M A L F I.

Let the reader imagine himself where, on the coast of Campania, "the waves and mountains meet," where,

"Amid her mulberry trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas."

Where

"In the middle of the cove,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Cenecet rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge"—

Where

"'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet"—
And where

"Round the headland, far away,
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay,
With its cycle of white sand;
Further still and furthestmoor,
O'er the dim-discovered coast,
Pastum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom,
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom."

Now let the poet who painted Amalfi as she was moralize on Amalfi as she is:

"Where are now the freighted barques
From the marts of East and West?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeyed to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines,
Sailing safely into port,
Chased by corsair Algerines?
Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd;
Fathoms deep beneath the sea
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls,
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies—
Even cities have their graves."

And this is Amalfi! This is the city whose harbors were crowded with the commerce of Arabia, of India, of Sicily and of Africa! This is the city which was the Queen of the Mediterranean till the terrible Guiscard came! This is the city which claimed the glory of having invented the mariner's compass! Well may Longfellow moralize on her fate.

Amalfi is famous for two circumstances, which have kept her name alive long after her commercial greatness was buried under the ruins of her national existence. It was by one of her citizens that the mariner's compass was long believed to have been invented. Her claim was at last contested, and is now believed to have no foundation in fact. Hallam deals Robertson a severe castigation for referring to Flavio Gioja as the inventor of the compass, long after that individual's claim had been exploded by the critics. A copy of Justinian's pandects was found in one of the libraries of Amalfi when she was taken by the Pisans,