

To break that law and brave the wrath Divine.
That death would come I know, as come it must
Without thy proclamation, and to die
Before my hour I count it so much gain.
For when a life is full of wretchedness,
As mine has been, is it not gain to die?
Little I care if I such doom must meet;
But I care much not uninterred to leave
His corpse that was of the same mother born.
One pains me sore, the other pains me not;
And if to thee I seem to play the fool,
To me it seems that to a fool I play it.

CHORUS.

She shows the savage spirit of her sire,
And to misfortune is untaught to bend.

CRON.

Know that the most self-willed most often fall.
Iron that hath been tempered by the fire
To a surpassing hardness, when it breaks,
We often see shattered most thoroughly;
And a small bit suffices to subdue
The fiery steed. High thoughts become not those
Who owe subjection to another's will.
This maid before displayed her insolence
In overstepping what the laws ordained;
And now again displays it, glorying
And laughing in our face over her crimes.
It is not I that am the man, but she,
If she can thus usurp and go unscathed.
Be she my sister's child or child of one
Nearer in blood than all around our hearth,
She shall not the last penalty escape,
Nor shall her sister."

CHORUS.

(Lines 781-800).

"Unconquered Love, against whose might
Wealth's golden mansion hath no ward,
That in the maiden's dimpled cheek by night
Keeps thy guard;
The ocean wave to bear thy tread is taught;
The rural homestead, gods, and men are brought
Alike thy power to own; who feels it is distraught.

'Tis thou that upright hearts and pure dost lead
From virtue's ways to ways of sin.
'Tis thou whose influence in our Thebes does breed
Strife among kin.
O'er all prevails the charm of Beauty's eyes,
Charm that with Law supreme in empire vies,
For Aphrodite's power all rebel force defies."

These lines, vigorous and faithful, as they are, only give imperfectly the beauties of the original, which in point of pathos and tragic force has never been surpassed by any production of the Tragic Muse. We congratulate Toronto on its enterprise.

The Varsity seems to be improving since it donned its new suit, and is always a welcome visitor. Another subject that is occupying the attention of some is that of Canadian poets.

The Varsity of Jan. 31st contains such an article from the pen of Mr. Jas. A. Tucker. He takes up more particularly the work of William A. Stephens, the pioneer poet of Ontario.

The *University Monthly* for January contains a critique from the pen of Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, upon "Seaward, an Elegy on the death of Thomas William Parsons," by Richard Hovey, a poem which, the Professor remarks, was written in his study at Kingscroft, and in the woods about King's College

Prof. Roberts says:—

" 'Seaward' appears to me to be much the most important English elegy since Arnold's 'Thyrsis' and Swinburn's 'Ave atque Vale.' It belongs to the rank and fellowship of these poems. It is in the direct line of descent from the work of the Sicilian elegists—Bion's 'Lament for Adonis' and the 'Lament for Bion' of Moschus—through the 'Lycidas' and the 'Adonais'; but the pastoral element common to all its predecessors except the 'Ave atque Vale' has disappeared, and the poem is modern in spirit.

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"The language of 'Seaward' is singularly felicitous, and shows a command of the richest harmonies of words. The poem is written in what Arnold called 'the grand manner,' and is full of spacious Miltonic phrases. Miltonic, too, is its mastery of the organ-music of proper names—a mastery which is superbly displayed in the concluding stanza."

The following lines seem specially good:

"O mourners by the sea, who loved him most!
I watch you where you move, I see you all;
Unmarked I glide among you like a ghost,
And on the portico, in room and hall,
Lay visionary fingers on your hair.
You do not feel their unsubstantial fall
Nor hear my silent tread, but I am there."

"O Death, I shout back to thy hearty hail."

"Time, like a wind, blows through the lyric leaves
Above his head, and from the shaken boughs
Aeolian music falls; but he receives
Its endless changes in alert repose.
Nor drifts unconscious as a dead leaf blown
On with the wind, and senseless that it blows,
But hears the chords like armies marching on."

The same paper gives a critique of Prof. Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day, and Ave! an ode for the Shelley Centenary." One of these songs entitled "Burnt Lands" is worthy of reproduction here:—

"On other fields and other scenes the morn
Laughs from her blue—but not such fields are these
Where comes no cheer of summer leaves and bees.
And no shade mitigates the day's white scorn,
These serious acres vast no groves adorn;
But giant trunks, bleak shapes that once were trees,
Tower naked, unassuaged of rain or breeze,
Their stern grey isolation grimly borne
The months roll over them, and mark no change,
But when Spring stirs, or Autumn stills, the year,
Perchance some phantom leafage rustles faint
[strange,
Through their parched dreams—some old time notes ring,
When in his slender treble, far and clear,
Reiterates the rain-bird his complaint."

The *Monthly* has come out in a tasteful new cover, but the change in size is hardly an improvement.