

Our Wallet.

THE HYMENEAL HYMN OF CATULLUS.

Those who have read Matthew Arnold's essay on Pagan and Christian Religious Poetry may further exemplify the train of thought therein suggested, by reading the following version of one of the best movements of a Roman "Marriage Service," about 50 B.C. It claims the sole merit of literal reproduction of the words and rhythm of the original. As compared with the marriage service of the historic Christian Church, it wants altogether the sacramental spiritualization of the latter,—the idea of an indissoluble union; on the other hand, it has a frank joyousness of tone, a genial recognition of human happiness, not to be found in services saddened by the gloom of the cloister, and treating the passions and joys of human nature as "lusts" of "natural brute beasts." Observe, too, the thorough purity of tone with which this delicate subject is treated by one who was certainly not the most prudish of Roman lyric poets.

THE BRIDAL HYMN OF CATULLUS.

THE YOUTHS.

Hesper is coming! Arise, O youths, for Hesper in heaven
Feebly at length hath lit the wished-for flame of his torches.
Now it is time to rise, to leave the banquet of abundance.
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

Maidens! hear ye the youths? With answering song take your
places;
Only too soon his fires have the Star of Evening kindled.
Only too soon! And see the confident front of our rivals,—
Confident not without cause! They will sing a song to the pur-
pose:
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE YOUTHS.

Not for an easy prize, O maidens, to us is the struggle.
See how the maidens rise with songs well studied beforehand.
Not in vain are their cares; they will sing what all will re-
member.
Soon will their song begin, soon we respond, as is fitting.
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

Hesper! is there a star than thee more cruel in heaven?
Who can't a maiden tear from the fond embrace of her mother.
Who from her mother's arms a clinging maid can't dis sever,
And the chaste maiden yield to the ardent arms of a lover.
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE YOUTHS.

Hesper! is there a star than thee more blessed in heaven?
Who by your fires confirmest already plighted espousals,
Those which the pair have pledged, the parents plighted before-
hand,
Nor can ratify yet till thy torch be lighted in heaven!
What better boon can the gods than that glad hour have ac-
corded?
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

One of our maiden band, O mates, is taken by Hesper,
Well may the watch awake when Hesper rises! for always
Thieves prowl forth at night, whom thou that bringest the night-
fall,
Hesper, in thy pursuits and theirs, alike dost resemble.

THE YOUTHS.

How the unwedded choir with well-feigned grief are complaining,
How if that which they scorn in secret spirit desire they;
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

Even as a flower that grows in a secret place in a garden,
Hid from the herd as they graze, and never hurt by the plough-
share,
Soothed by the breeze, made strong by the sun, and fed by the
shower.
Many a youth has desired it oft, and many a maiden;
But when torn from its stem, deflowered by the gathering finger,
Never more will the youths desire it now, nor the maidens;
So a girl in her bloom is dear to her home and her kindred,
So when the flower is plucked that blossoms but once in a lifetime,
Never a joy to the youths is she, nor dear to the maidens,
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE YOUTHS.

Even as a vine that grows in some void place in the vineyard,
Never can climb on high, nor lift the load of its clusters,
But as it bends on the earth beneath its burden of branches,
Touches with topmost shoot its root, thus grovelling earthwards,
Yet if that vine twine round some stalwart elm as a husband,
Many the swains that then, and many the steers that shall
tend it,

THE GIRLS.

So is a maid when unwooed, in waning years when unwedded;
But when for wedlock ripe she is joined in love to a husband,
Dear is she to her lord, and at home is more of a solace.
Therefore with such a mate, we pray thee maiden, contend not.
Ill were it to contend with him, the choice of your father.
Father or mother's choice, you well may bend to their bidding.
Not your own is your maiden dower, it is part from your parents,
One-third share is your father's, one-third share is your
mother's,
One third only your own; with two against thee dispute not,
Who to your husband's hands their right, with the dower have
conceded,
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

Written for the 'Varsity, by C. Pelham Mulbany, M.D.

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FRENCH AND GERMAN.

These languages ought
To be properly taught
By thoroughly competent teachers;
For they certainly are
In the Modern Depart-
-ment by far the most prominent features.

But now, as it stands,
One might visit the lands
Of *la belle France*, or schon Germanee,
Without knowing a name
Which has risen to fame
In these great countries over the sea.

And the reason is this:
That the lecturers miss
The true scope of their work, which should be:
Not to hear recitations,
But give learned dissertations
On the literature, language, you see.

Scene, the College; Time, noon;
And the students too soon
To the German room came, for their lecture.
When the hour's just done,
—At ten minutes to one—
In strolls Herr Rip Van to inspect yer!

One day when Rip came
Late,—and who could dare blame?—
The students were gone. For, just listen,