

## "OLD MOTHER HUBBARD."

[The following Latin version of our old nursery friend,

"Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To give her poor dog a bone."

was sent to Mr. G. Mercer Adams, Editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, by Mr. E. L. Curry, B.A., of Grimsby, who informs him that it was contributed in 1868 to the press by an English Grammar School master, under the signature of "Ultor Ego."]

Capsam scrutata est Hubbardia, sedula mater,  
Ut catulo tenet quaveret ossa suo:  
Nil ibi comparat: capsam deprendit inanem:  
Quo fit uti caro nulla sit esca cani.  
Protinus hinc properans se fert pistoris ad aedes,  
Ut catulo panem comparet inde suo:  
Ast ubi naeta cibum retro vestigia torsit,  
Ab-tulerat eam mors trucidata canem!  
Ad fabri mærens se contulit inde tabernam,  
Mergaturæ aream qua tegeretur humo.  
Ocius inde domum rediit mærore gravata,  
Multiplici risu conceitit ille gona:  
Attonita est: tamen it properans ad omassa petenda:  
Foe la quidem, at pura provida lauce tulit.  
Mox regressa domum, quid tum perterrita vidit?  
Fumificam eam calidus ore gerit!  
It Cereris potum quærens caponis ad aedes,  
In sella reduci conspiciendus erat  
Vinum album rubrumque petit, repetitque tabernam:  
Mox redit, inque caput sistitur ecce canis!  
Pileolum querit, quæsit deinde potita  
Mox redit, et saltans eni pede pulsatur humum.  
Pona petit: tum parva forens nova monstra stupebat,  
Tallatis calanitis, fundit ab ore melos!  
Sartorem petit, tunica parvula catello:  
Mox redit et capro rectoris imbat iter:  
Canes-los querit: secum mercurio reportat:  
Ecce canis solers acta diurna legit!  
Toxiceum petit linum parvula: reversa est:  
Pollice deducit mollia fila colo!  
Vestimenta petit: prope meretura revertit,  
Et sua jam catulus tegmina cinctus erat!  
Femina se curvat, catulus caput ipse vicissim.  
Sum tua," mater ait: his boar inde canis.

## A TRIBUTE TO DR. O. W. HOLMES.

Two hundred and more representatives of the profession of medicine in New-York city, gave a complimentary dinner last week to the distinguished professor, poet and author, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Fordyce Barker presided, and at the end of the menu made a brief introductory address. Dr. A. H. Smith followed with a humorous poem, which was well received. The opening lines thus greeted the guest of the evening:

You've heard of the deacon's one-hoss shay  
Which, finished in Boston the self-same day  
That the City of Lisbon went to pot,  
Did a century's service, and then was not.  
But the record's at fault which says that it bust  
Into simply a heap of amorphous dust;  
For after the wreck of that wonderful tub,  
Out of the ruins they saved a hub:  
And the hub has since stood for a Boston town,  
Hub of the Universe—note that down.  
But an orderly hub, as all will own,  
Must have something central to turn upon,  
And, rubber-cushioned, and true, and bright,  
We have the axle here to-night.

Dr. Holmes responded to the greeting with his wonted wit, humor and grace, albeit tempered with more than his usual indulgence in the minor tone of regret over the lapse of time. His response was in verse, and in the epigrammatic style in which he has long been an acknowledged master. We cull from it these lines:

Am I your creditor? Too well I know  
How Friendship pays the debt it does not owe.  
Shaped a poor semblance fondly to its mind,  
Adds all the virtues that it fails to find,  
Adorns with graces to its heart's content,  
Borrowed from love what nature's never lent,  
Till what with halo, jewels, gilding, paint,  
The veriest sinner deems himself a saint.  
Thus while you pay these honors as my due,  
I love my value's larger part to you  
And in the tribute of the hour I see  
Not what I am, but what I ought to be.

Full well I knew the strong heroic line  
Has lost its fashion since I made it mine;  
But there are tricks old singers will not learn,  
And this grave measure still must serve my turn.  
So the old bird resumes the self-same note  
His first young summer wakened in his throat:  
The self-same tune the old canary sings,  
And all unchanged the bobolink's carol rings:  
When the tired songsters of the day are still  
The thrush repeats his long-remembered trill:  
Are alters not the crow's persistent caw,  
The Yankee's "How," the stammering Briton's  
"How?"

And so the hand that takes the lyre for you  
Plays the old tune on strings that once were new.  
Nor let the rhythm of the hour deride  
The straight-backed measure with its stately stride:  
It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope:  
It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of Pope:  
In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter strain;  
Byron and Campbell wore its clanking chain:  
I smile to listen while the critic's scorn  
Plants the proud purple kings have nobly worn:  
Did each new rhymist try his dainty skill  
And mould his frozen phrases as he will:  
We thank the artist for his neat device:  
The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is ice.

Fashions will change—the new costume allures,  
Unfading still the better type endures:  
While the slashed doublet of the cavalier  
Gave the old knight the pomp of chivalier,  
Our last-batched dandy with his glass and stick  
Recalls the semblance of a new-born chick:  
(To match the model he is aiming at  
He ought to wear an egg-shell for a hat.)  
Which of these objects would a painter choose,  
And which Velasquez or Van Dyke refuse?

When your kind summons reached my calm retreat,  
Who are the friends, I questioned, I shall meet?  
Some in young manhood shivering with desire  
To feel the genial warmth of fortune's fire,  
Each with his bellows ready in his hand  
To puff the flame just waiting to be fanned:  
Some heads half-silvered, some with snow-white hair,  
A crown ungarished glistening here and there,  
The mimic moonlight gleaming on the scalps  
As evening's Empress lights the shining Alps.  
But count the crowds that throng your festal scenes,  
How few that knew the century in its teens!

Save for the lingering handful fate befriends,  
Life's busy day the Sabbath decade ends!  
When that is over, how with what remains  
Of nature's outfit, muscle, nerve and brains?

Brothers in art, who live for others' needs  
In duty's bondage, mercy's gracious deeds,  
Of all who toil beneath the circling sun  
Whose evening's rest than yours more fairly won?  
Though many a cloud your struggling morn obscures,  
What sunset brings a brighter sky than yours?

I, who your labors for a while have shared,  
New tasks have sought, with new companions fared,  
For Nature's servant far too often seen  
A loiterer by the waves of Hippocrene:  
Yet round the earlier friendship twines the new,  
My footsteps wander, but my heart is true.  
Nor e'er forgets the living or the dead  
Who trod with me the paths where science led.

How can I tell you, O my loving friends,  
What light, what warmth your joyous welcome lends  
To life's late hour? Alas! my song is sung,  
Its fading accents falter on my tongue.  
Sweet friends, if shrinking in the banquet's blaze,  
Your blushing guest must face the breath of praise,  
Speak not too well of one who scarce will know  
Himself transfigured in its rosy glow:  
Say kindly of him what is chiefly true,  
Remembering always he belongs to you:  
Deal with him as a truant, if you will,  
But claim him, keep him, call him brother still!

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, responded very happily to the toast of "The Clergy." He declared that the "medicine-man and the priest" were originally one and the same person. Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. President, that we may be working back, in some sense, to the old idea? I do not mean to the use of exorcisms and amulets and charms and incantations and fumigations in our practice, but are we not beginning to recognize the fact that a "medicine-man" may be also something more and have a priesthood to discharge? Why are we here to-night? Is it simply to greet a distinguished professor of anatomy, a wise dispenser of pills and potions and boluses? Is it not also to honor one who belongs to the priesthood of science and art and literature and humanity? Our honored guest has never been formally ordained to any priestly function, and has never, so far as I know, worn a surplice or been addressed as reverend; but he has helped us to bear the burdens and ills of life more patiently, he has brought light and joy into many a dreary dwelling, he has ministered to the mind diseased, and therefore we extend to him the "right hand of fellowship." I wonder if the doctor knows how much sunlight he has brought into many a poor person's sermon, and what a relief it sometimes is to turn from the Athanasius of the school to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," from the dry, dreary pages of Turretin to the Deacon's Masterpiece, and from Pool's Synopsis to poor Elsie Venner. If wit is the highest wisdom, as in its best form it certainly is, how much we learn from him. We weep and smile by turns as we read; for, ever and anon, a rift of sunshine breaks in upon the rain, and the song of the bird is heard above the moaning of the sea, and whether we are most refreshed by the laughing or the crying it is not always easy to say. Whatever chord he strikes, an echo comes back from the heart, prompt and clear.

Hon. W. M. Evans was called upon to reply to the toast of "The Bar." He kept the audience in a continual "chop sea" of laughter. In the course of his remarks he expressed his wonder "how the Boston people were able to put up so long with Dr. Holmes, who, while he furnished a great deal of reputation to Boston, took also a principal share of the reputation of Boston."

Hon. George William Curtis spoke in behalf of "Literature." He drew a graceful picture of the rivalry in letters of Boston and New York, awarding full honors of course to the achievements of the wise men of the East. He likened their assemblage of glories to the Round Table of King Arthur Poets, romancers, historians, philosophers, essayists—masters in every art and in every science, were blended there into the godliest literary fellowship whereof our Western world has record. "Gentlemen, one of the knights at that table sits this evening at ours. He has shown us again and again the sweet kindred of tears and laughter. His frolicking fancy, his tender sympathy, his sparkling thought, his flashing wit, have shone upon and illuminated his own time as they will charm and brighten ours. Had I magic finer than that of yours, I could reveal to you at this moment, doubtless, those who are sitting by this doubly laureled guest. Your art, Mr. chairman, your art, gentlemen, and that for which I speak, may well confess his renown. But mark his own impartiality; while he professes medicine he practices literature; while he cools the fever that wastes the body he kindles the fires that enoble the soul; and soothing mortal pain with cunning anodyne, he has distilled an immortal joy from the divine nepenthe of song. By that finer magic, could I at this wretched hour but touch your eyes for a moment, surely we should see by his side the great Sydney taking one hand, and the other should rest, not in that of Rabelais; no, but in those of Sir Thomas Browne, and of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, and that younger Brown, of Edinburgh, to whom my friend referred, would gladly own him as a brother; while his airy fancy and penetrating pathos would breathe softly in the ear of our poets, 'My Master, my Master.' Well, sir, I respect his modesty. I shall not mention his name. Mention it? Why should I? He has written it indelibly on the literature of his country, and upon the hearts of his countrymen."

Whitlaw Reid, editor of the *Tribune*, spoke for "The Press," and with admirable effect, al-

though the hour was late and guests had lost something of the first zest of the occasion. Said Mr. Reid at the conclusion of his words: "It is one of the pleasantest things connected with Dr. Holmes' relinquishment of some of the burdens he has been bearing that he has the right, in this mellow Indian summer of his fruitful life, to know that his fame is still a growing one. The very flash and glitter of his wit have sometimes blinded men's eyes to the rich and generous qualities that lay beneath it. Lowell painted him as

'A Leyden jar, always full-charged, from which fit The electrical tingles of hit after hit.'

This tribute from your profession, Mr. Chairman, has served to recall to us how many more are his titles to renown, how wide has been the field of his work and how rich the harvest he has gleaned. And it gives us the welcome opportunity to show that New York prizes him no less than Boston, and is glad to thank him alike for the pleasure he has for so many years given us all personally; for the example of his life, for the service he has rendered our literature and the honor he has done our country."

## DAFFODILS AND POETS.

The word daffodil is somewhat loosely used; it stands strictly for the flower of the *Narcissus Pseudonarcissus*. This plant is called in various places, besides daffodil: daffadilly, daffadown-dilly, daffadown, and daffily. Some suppose the word to be a corruption of *asfodel*; but others maintain that it is simply a form of an old English word, *asfodel*.

The *asfodel* belongs to the family of lilies, while the daffodil is an *amaryllid*. They are allied to each other, and in some of the old herbals they are certainly confused, while in others their distinctiveness is maintained. Markham, in his "English Housewife," 1637 (quoted in the English Dialect Society's "Dictionary of Plant Names"), says: "You must be careful that you take not daffodil for asfodel." In that quaint old book, "The Names of Herbes in Greke Latin English Dache and Frenche wyth the commune names that Herbaries and Apotecaries use. Gathered by William Turner," three daffodils are given. This was in 1548. "Narcissus is of diuerse sortes. There is one wyth a purple floure, which I neuer saw, and an other wyth a white floure, which groweth plentifully in my Lordes gardine in Syon, and it is called of diuerse, whyte lous tibi, it may be called also whyte daffadyl. Plenie maketh mention of a kynde called Narcissus herbaceus, which is after my judgement our yelowoe daffodyl." These are the *Narcissus poeticus* and the *Narcissus Pseudonarcissus*. Elsewhere Turner mentions a third: "It groweth in gardines in Anwerp, it may be named in Englishe whyte asfodel, or dache daffodil." This is the *Asfodelus ramosus*.

Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," makes this distinction:

Amongst those things of sent, there prick they in the lily  
And neere to that againe, her sister daffadilly.

Drayton sings also of a shepherdess under the name of Daffodil:

My fair flower thou didst not meet,  
Nor news of her didst bring.  
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet  
Than that by yonder spring.

This conceit seems to have been common, for an old song begins:

Now fair Daffodilla is come to town,  
With her yellow petticoat and her green gown.

With the Elizabethans, especially, the daffodil was in constant use. Robert Greene introduces it into one of his halting hexameters:

Sweet hollyhock, or else daffodil, or slips of a bay tree.

Herrick's poem, "Fair Daffodils, we weep to see," is too familiar to need quotation. It enshrines a charming fancy, but it is hardly true to nature, the daffodil being, as we have seen, a long-enduring flower, and not one which, as the poet says, "hastes away so soon." Herrick puts the daffodil into many of his lines, and always with a pleasant flavor:

Tipping the comely country round,  
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.

And again:

Thy feasting table shall be hills  
With daisies spread, and daffodils  
Where thou shalt sit, and rest thy head  
For most shall give thee melody.

The two passages in which Milton mentions the daffodil are among the most beautiful pieces of poetry in the language. The first is in "Comus":

Care her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Milton probably used the word gaudy with reference rather to its older sense, as that which brings gladness, than to its more modern meaning, which infers something ostentatiously and coarsely colored. The second passage is in "Lycidas":

Did amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Passing to our later poets we come first upon Keats. He knew not only how to touch the beautiful mythology of Greece without dulling

its brightness, but also how to bring up in a single phrase, perhaps better than any other of the moderns, the rural spirit of his own country. The passage to be quoted is from the opening of "Endymion":

Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in.

Mr. Tennyson's allusions to the daffodil, besides the one already given, are confined to its color and to its lustrous quality:

On a bed of daffodil sky.

The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave

When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies.

Matthew Arnold has one characteristic line in "Thyrsis":

I know the wood which hides the daffodil.

Of the minor poets who have contributed to the anthology of the daffodil there is only space to mention a few. John Clare, who seldom uses a wrong phrase in describing rural appearances, alludes, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," to the drooping habit of the flower:

What time the dew's unsullied drops,  
In burnish'd gold, distil  
On crocus flowers' untwining tops  
And drooping daffodil.

In Thomas Hood's beautiful "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a fay, speaking as the hand maid of Spring, is made to say:

The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,  
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;  
Pansies, and those veiled muses, meek violets,  
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen:  
And golden daffodils, plucked for May's queen.

In Bryant's "Invitation to the Country" we find it mentioned among "Blue-birds" and "Easter sparrows":

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,  
The daffodil is our door-side queen;  
She pushes upward the sword already,  
To spot with sunshine the early green.

In some parts of England, daffodils, in allusion of course to the season during which they are frequently in flower, are called Lent lilies and Lenten lilies. This last is sometimes curiously corrupted into lantern lilies. In Devonshire they are also known as Lent roses, and the peculiar plural form Lent lilies is sometimes used. In Frederick William Faber's now little known poem, "Sir Lancelot," this ecclesiastical association of the daffodil is recognized. The passage occurs in the fourth book, "The Beautiful Year":

First, like a flock of children, purely white,  
The snowdrops lead the van  
The wood is twinkling with a thousand eyes,  
And, by harmonious shading reconciled  
With that low-lying atmosphere of stars,  
The deep Lent lilies grow among the flowers—  
Like constellations girt with lesser orbs.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The theatrical manager is known by the company he keeps.

THERE is an actor about rejoicing in the name of Mustard. It is said that he draws well, and is reckoned a very smart man.

FIFTEEN thousand dollars is the sum supposed to have been paid by Fanny Davenport for the exclusive American rights to Fedora.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL has given an order for 250 dresses for "Siberia" for next season. They will be very handsome, and will cost \$7,000.

PATTI says she likes good music as well as any one, but for real enjoyment in the way of amusement she prefers a good musical entertainment.

DION BOURGCAULT, upon being called before the curtain each evening at the Star Theatre, says: "I will not give a speech, as the English Government might ask for my extradition."

MRS. SCALCHI complains that Mapleson does not "paper" upon her nights, and does upon the nights when Patti does not sing. As she is to sing with Abbey next year, the love between her and Mapleson is rather cool just now.

FANNY DAVENPORT has grown ten years younger since she went away. Her figure, which was inclined to embonpoint, is now as slender as could be wished, and her face glows with health and lively spirits. Yielding to the foreign fashion, she has sacrificed most of her hair to the shears. What is left clusters in short curls over the neck and forehead, giving her countenance a piquante expression. She will go in a few days to her summer home at Canton, among the Pennsylvania mountains.

I SAW Paddock, the husband of Maggie Mitchell, at the Wednesday matinee at Colonel Stan's Park Theatre. He is a good illustration of the saw "Age can not wither." etc. He got off a good thing at the expense of his better-half in our conversation. "How's business this season?" I queried. "Splendid! turn 'em away everywhere." "How do you account for it?" I thought, with all due deference, that your star was a trifle on the wane." "How do I account for it? My dear boy, confidentially now, it is this present rage for the antique!"

THERE is great probability that Eastbourne will be the scene of another Royal visit during the present year. The new hospital erected to the memory of the late Princess Alice will, it is expected, be opened by the Prince of Wales early in the summer. The final acceptance by his Royal Highness has, however, not been received, but there are strong expectations that during the month of June the Prince's engagements will admit of his visiting Eastbourne to inaugurate a lasting memorial to his sister.