

stand why the Gladstonian wire-pullers are so averse to appealing to the country at the present time.

I don't contend that such will be the case; but to show the meaning of political Pyrrhic victories. It is certain, however, that there will be gains both in London and the provinces.

The *Toronto Mail* of Feb. 8th quotes from the *London Standard* the ratification by a Nonconformist congregation of the conduct of the House of Lords in throwing out the Home Rule Bill. The Rev. Mr. Brock is the minister of the Baptist church at Hampstead, one of the London suburbs, and is greatly esteemed by people of all denominations. He is a strong Home Ruler. After the rejection of the Bill by the Lords he announced from the pulpit a meeting to discuss the conduct of the Peers. There was a large attendance and he presided. After a discussion of nearly two hours he put it to the vote, when "in favor of the Lords a forest of hands was held up, and against them only three."

Evidently many Englishmen believe the emphatic statement of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, the son of the Liberator, who is one of the 120 leading Irish Catholic Unionists, that "all (in Ireland) who have anything to lose are opposed to Home Rule."

Yours, etc.,  
FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

### DR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S TRANSLATIONS.\*

It is a matter of sincere congratulation, in the interest of English literature, that Professor Goldwin Smith has at last begun to give us some of his splendid contributions to modern thought in a permanent form. Hitherto, we have had little but articles in reviews, lectures privately printed, or a brochure here and there published. But now we are having good, solid, handsome books, which will serve as a noteworthy memorial of their distinguished author.

His books on Canada and the United States have already become standard authorities on the subjects of which they treat. His charming "Bay Leaves," originally printed for his friends, have now been given to the public; and now we have two volumes of translations from the three great Greek tragedians which it would be difficult to praise too highly.

In the preface we are furnished with a very interesting account of the origin and nature of the Greek drama. The author shows that the form of the drama was determined by its origin. Taking its beginning in the festival of Dionysus (Bacchus, as we should call him), it was celebrated with dance and song and recitations. The recitations became transformed into the drama, the dance and song were retained and became the chorus, the peculiar feature of the Greek play. According to Dr. Smith, *Æschylus* is the greatest of all, yet it was only in *Sophocles* that the dramatic art arrived at technical perfection, and his characters are less heroic and nearer to common humanity than those of *Æschylus*. *Euripides* has lower aims and less elevating methods. Perhaps recent critics have been a little hard upon him; he certainly had a sense of the beautiful and great power of moving the feelings.

The canons of translation which Professor Smith lays down are undoubtedly the right ones, as would be expected of one who is not only a supreme scholar, but a simply classical writer. We think too that he has done wisely in the selection of cer-

\*"Specimens of Greek Tragedy." Translated by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Vol. I., *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. Vol. II., *Euripides*. Price, \$2.50. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1893.

tain parts for translation and in the leaving out of others (the lyric portions). There are hundreds of passages in these volumes which might be cited as happy renderings of the original, and hardly in a less degree, as specimens of a beautiful English versification. It is rarely, indeed, that we find such a union of exactness in rendering with felicity of idiomatic expressions. Out of many passages, among which we hesitate, we select the words of Ajax before his death when he tries to convince his friends that he is only going forth to purify himself in a running stream (lines 646 ff).

"Time in its long immeasurable course,  
Turns ever dark to light, and light to dark,  
And nothing is past hope; the solemn oath  
Is broken, and the stubborn head gives way.  
I that was hard as tempered steel erewhile,  
Am softened now by yonder woman's plaint.  
I cannot bear to leave her desolate,  
Or my boy fatherless among his foes.  
I'll go to the fresh baths which lie beside  
Yon cliff, that, having washed pollution off,  
I may the goddess' heavy wrath avert.  
I'll seek me out a solitary spot,  
And there I'll hide this sword, this hated  
sword,

Burying it where it shall be seen no more;  
Let night and Hades be its armoury.  
For ever since I took it as a gift  
From Hector, our most mortal enemy,  
Our Argive hearts have never been kind to me.

True is the word, the gifts of enemies  
Are no gifts, and they bring more loss than gain.

So for the future we shall learn to bow  
To heaven's good will, and reverence the kings;

Theirs is the power, submission is our part.  
Whatever is most dread and masterful  
Yields to authority; and the winter's snow  
In time makes way for summer crowned with fruits;

In time the weary round of night gives place  
To the white steeds that bring returning day;  
In time the blustering tempest leaves at rest  
The roaring sea; in time profoundest sleep  
Loosens its bond, and lets the sleeper wake;  
Why should not time bring wisdom to us too?  
By all means shall it. I have lately learned  
That we should hate our enemy as one  
Who yet may be a friend, and so far serve  
Our friend as one that may to-morrow be  
A friend no more, since to the general,  
Friendship is but a doubtful anchorage.  
But for these matters all is ordered well.  
Go in, Tecmessa, daily offer up  
Thy prayers that my desire may be fulfilled.  
And you, my comrades, honour equally  
My wishes, and bid Teucer, when he comes,  
Be a good friend to you and think of me.  
Now go I forth upon my destined way,  
Do ye my bidding, and ye soon may hear  
That I have shuffled off this coil of ills."

### THE GHOST OF SPRING.

Sometimes, in Winter even, the ghost of  
Spring

Goes by—a day of wan, of senile sun  
And biting wind from sullen Boreas won  
With tend'rst stress, now, by the witching  
wing

Of gentler weather touched, doth pulse and  
ring

As starting into life; the iced eaves run—  
A show'r of diamonds—and the brook un-  
done,

Flows free and flushing like a living thing.

A mellow, peachen blur, the sun, at eve,  
Mid mists of creamy gold and rose goes  
down

The velvet aisles of dusk, as loathe to leave  
Such tenderness and lang'rous gales are  
blown

To him, like last lone kisses sent, the while  
His fair face flushes with a wishful smile.

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

Belleville.

### ART NOTES.

A statue of Gounod will be erected in the Monceau Park, Paris.

A Swiss National Exhibition will be held in Geneva from May 1st to October 15th, 1896.

The *Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts*, which exhibits in *Salon du Champ-de-Mars*, has re-elected M. Puvion de Chavannes as President, and MM. Carolus Duran and Rodin as Vice-Presidents.

The *Societe des Artistes Francais*, which exhibits in the *Salon des Champs-Élysées*, has re-elected M. Leon Bonnat as President, and the two Vice-Presidents, MM. Cavelier and Dautmet, to their former office.

A fund of 1,266,000 marks has been brought together in Germany for a monument to Bismarck; it is invested at three per cent. in the national loan. A committee, to report in April, has been appointed to consider a site.

The Royal Library of Brussels has come into possession of four letters of Rubens. They are of great value in regard to the art history of the city. The letters bear the dates 1616, 1619, and 1622, covering the best period of Rubens' career.

Miguel Morena, the Mexican sculptor, died recently at the City of Mexico from typhus. He was the designer of the great statue of Cuauhtemoc, on the Paseo de la Reforma, in the City of Mexico, and leaves many other monuments of his work.

The Municipal Council of St. Petersburg has submitted to the Mayor a plan for an international Exhibition to be held in 1903, which will be the date of the 200th anniversary of the founding of St. Petersburg. This will be the first Russian universal exhibition.

Fritz Ruber, of Dusseldorf, has finished, for the villa of von der Heydt in Godesberg, a series of ten paintings representing the "Fall of the Norse Gods." The spirit of the paintings is described as "Norse, heroic, monumental." The paintings are purely symbolic. The first picture of the series contains the key to the others. We see Odin at the feet of the Vola, who writes "Christ" in Greek (?) on the rock before him.

The *Union Centrale des Arts Decoratifs*, of Paris, has called a Congress to meet May 15, this year, to study and advise how best to apply the fine arts to the industry of France. The Congress will work in three sections: (1) The Development of Decorative Art in France. (2) Ways and Means; Union of Decorative Societies; Museums and Libraries. (3) Instruction in Designs; History of Art. At the end of the year, the society will publish the results attained by the Congress, papers read, etc.

We are indebted to the *Literary Digest* for the following items: W. Clark Noble has been selected to make the memorial tablet of Phillips Brooks to be placed in Trinity Church, Boston. His design shows the figure of the Bishop in high relief, front face, from the waist up. He stands in the pulpit, the ledge of which cuts off the figure. In the right hand are his eyeglasses, in the left an open book which falls over the edge of the pulpit. Gown and hair have been treated very simply, and the expression of the face is earnest and manly.

Jan Van Beers, in the *Idler* for February, has this interesting reminiscence: Long before I could write even the tiniest of letters, I drew with both pen and pencil portraits of my playfellows, my father and mother's neighbors and friends—no one escaped. Sometimes as a lad I had vague visions of being a poet, for, as you doubtless know, my father was for many years Belgian Poet Laureate, but, on the whole, I remained faithful to my old love, art; and so, when the moment came for me to choose my profession, I declared that I would be a painter, and, with this object in view, entered the Antwerp Art School when I was about seventeen. My master was