

VIC. That was the first sound in the song of love!
 Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
 Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
 Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
 And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
 The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

If any doubt that WORDSWORTH'S 'comfort in the strength of love' can be exaggerated, let him or her 'inwardly digest' the following picture of the power of this passion, drawn by VICTORIAN:

WHAT I most prize in woman
 Is her affection, not her intellect.
 Compare me with the great men of the earth—
 What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
 But if thou lovest—mark me, I say lovest—
 The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
 The world of the affections is thy world—
 Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
 Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
 Feeding its flame. The element of fire
 Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
 But burns as brightly in a gypsy camp
 As in a palace hall.

How forcible are the following thoughtful lines:

HYP. HAST thou e'er reflected
 How much lies hidden in that one word *now*?
 VIC. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
 I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
 That could we, by some spell of magic, change
 The world and its inhabitants to stone,
 In the same attitudes they now are in,
 What fearful glances downward might we cast
 Into the hollow chasms of human life!
 What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
 Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
 What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
 What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
 What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
 What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!
 What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
 What lovers with their marble lips together!

But we are admonished of our lack of space; and are left only room to say to every lover—whether of some precious maid, or more precious 'wife and mother now,' or lover only of the beautiful and the true in poetry—to obtain the 'Spanish Student,' and lay 'its gentle teachings to the new-warmed heart.'

CLASSICAL STUDIES: ESSAYS ON ANCIENT LITERATURE AND ART: with the Biography and Correspondence of eminent Philologists. By DAVID SEARS, President of Newton Theological Institution; Professor B. B. EDWARDS, of Andover; and Professor C. C. FELTON, of Harvard University. BOSTON: GOULD, KENDALL, AND LINCOLN.

THIS work will be warmly welcomed by scholars, and all true lovers of classical learning. Professor EDWARDS furnishes an essay upon the study of Greek literature, of classical antiquity, and upon the school of philology in Holland; President SEARS presents the reader with an article upon the schools of German philology, a very voluminous correspondence between eminent philologists in Germany, together with a history of the Latin language; and Professor FELTON contributes an admirable paper upon the Wealth of the Greeks in Works of Plastic Art; the superiority of the Greek Language in the use of its Dialects; the education of the Moral Sentiment among the Ancient Greeks; and, as we have reason, from internal evidence, to believe, the excellent 'Introduction.' We are glad to learn from this last-mentioned treatise, that amidst the din of practical interests, the rivalries of commerce, and the great enterprises of the age, classical studies are gaining ground in public estimation. It is a much more common thing now for young

men to continue them after leaving college than in former days. 'The excitements of modern literature lend additional ardor to classical studies. The young blood of modern literature has put new life into the literature of the dead languages.' GOETHE'S 'Iphigenia,' TALFOURD'S 'Ion,' MILTON'S 'Samson Agonistes' and its Dorian choruses, and the creations of the myriad-minded poet of England, are cited in proof of this position. In short, the benefits, direct and indirect, of classical study are so forcibly illustrated in this work, that we hope to see it widely diffused, as an offset against the declamations of the ignorant—who undervalue what they do not understand—against classical acquirements and sound learning.

THE FIRST TEN CANTOS OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Newly translated into English verse. By T. W. PARSONS. BOSTON: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

THE well-printed pamphlet before us, as will be seen from its title-page, is merely a specimen of a larger, and as we infer, yet unfinished attempt. We can hardly believe however that it will long remain incomplete, if the approving voice of capable judges shall have weight with the author, to 'whet his purpose.' Although the work must needs abide a triple test, in a comparison with the original, with previous translations, and with finished English poems, it is our own belief, and that of others 'whose judgment cries in the top of ours,' that it will endure the ordeal with honor to the translator. We regard MR. PARSONS'S translation as indeed excellent. The versification is melodious and smooth, and the translator has evidently been scrupulously careful to confine himself to the exact sense of the original. To the merits of the great creations of DANTE, it is of course quite unnecessary to advert; but of the illustrious Italian's claims to the character of a *philosopher* it may not be amiss to speak. We glean from a comprehensive and instructive essay, addressed by the translator to the reader, that DANTE was the greatest philosopher of his age. As early as the fourteenth century, he was familiar with the sphericity of the earth, and alluded to the existence of a western hemisphere. He was acquainted with the theory of winds, and had a curious insight into the phenomena of the production of rain. 'He hinted at the laws of gravitation, anticipated NEWTON'S theory of attraction and repulsion, and announced the tendency of the magnet to the polar star. He anticipated also the discovery of the circulation of the blood; he described and explained the phenomena of the shooting stars; and long before the telescope of GALILEO, he taught us that the milky way was nothing else than the combination of light with an immense number of smaller orbs.' The fine etching of the bust of DANTE, which forms the frontispiece of the pamphlet before us, indicates we think, beside the other noble characteristics of the poet, this philosophical bent of his mind. The translator's lines on this bust are admirable. We annex a few forceful stanzas:

'SEE from this counterfeit of him
Whom *Amo* shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, but a fight;
Could any *BEATRICE* see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips, as *Cumæ's* cavern close,
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsolled still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Peace dwells not here; this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien, when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.'

We counsel MR. PARSONS to pursue the commendable task which he has allotted to himself, the commencement alone of which redounds so much to the credit of his taste, scholarship, and skill. He cannot fail of entire success.