

Γ.

ΑΓΓΛΙΚΑ

Τῷ Κ^ψ Ο. Α. Ellissen,

(Γράψαντί μοι πολύγλωσσον ἐπιστολήν ἑμμετρον).

I knew you were the pet of Greek and German Muses;
but that you stricke so well the strings of Byrons lyre
and use so misterly the luth that Musset uses,
that was unknown to me, and is what I admire.

Τῇ Κ^α * * ἐπὶ βιβλίου μου.

Accept this little book and don't say « what a bother! »
Put by what it contains, but don't forget the author.

Τῇ Κ^α Α, νέα μυθιστοριογράφω καὶ ποιητρίᾳ

(Ἰγγλίδι, ἐν Ems, 1883).

Lost were the Muses, when
they left Parnassus' mountain.
I found the youngest one again
by Emses healing fountain.



Τῇ Κ^α . . . ἐπὶ βιβλίου μου.

On the Parnassus' splendid height
once sat the Muses with Apollo,
and Pindar sang before their shrine.
The earth was gaie, the sky was bright.
Now 't is a marsh all dull and hollow,
where in the silent dreary night
you hear no verses but like mine.

Εἰς λεύκωμα νέας Ἀμερικανίδος.

Long struggled Columbus against wind and wave,
until to the old world a sister-world he gave.
Most happy was he, and his gift was most precious.
But still happier am I, as, sitting in peace,
I see shining so bright to the blue sky of Greece
what the new world contains most pretty and most gra-
[cious.