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GLADSTONE'S ODES OF HORACE.

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[ποτε λήγεις
Σχέτλιος ἔδδοι γεραιέ, σὺ μὲν πόρον σὺ
δὲν δ' αἰμιχανός ἔδδοι γεραιέ.
Hom. Iliad X., 164.

"Beshrew thy heart, old man! No labor seems
For thee too hard
Thou dost too much, old man."
Lord Derby's Translation.

HORACE was too sensible to be ignorant of his merits as a poet, and too honest to affect such ignorance. He tells us plainly that he knows his works will survive him, and that his fame as a poet will reach the furthest limits of the known world. This is indeed the argument of the last odes of the second and third books. In the former, he playfully writes that he feels the wings of the immortal bird of song springing from his shoulders, and the down gathering on his fingers, and in the latter, intended at the time as his final song, he breaks out exultingly in a pæan of triumph, when, putting as it were the coping stone on his finished works, he exclaims, "Exegi monumentum ore perennius," ("I have reared a monument more durable than brass,") and in the same ode he adds, "Non omnis moriar," etc., which Gladstone renders:

"Not all of me shall die; my praise
Shall grow and never end."

If the spirit of the poet can look down from the Elysian fields or wher-

ever else it may be, and cares to know what has happened and is happening on this earth, he would see that his anticipations have been more than realized. From the day the stylus of the poet inscribed the lines quoted above, until now, his poems have been the solace and delight of each successive generation of scholars, especially of English scholars, and have been published again and again in every European language, and to-day (what Horace certainly could not have foreseen), he is as great a favorite with the scholars of the New World as with those of the Old; so that one of the former, an enthusiastic admirer and graceful translator of his odes, is justified in writing—

"Now on strong wing through upper air,
Two worlds beneath, the old and new,
The Roman swan is wafted where
The Roman eagles never flew." *

Within the last thirty or forty years several excellent English translations of the Odes have appeared. But his admirers cannot be held in check, and the work still goes on apace; the last translation, the one now under consideration, being by our English political Nestor, the old man eloquent, who in his 85th year has found time (in a brief interval of enforced idle-

* John Osborne Sargent—*Horatian Echoes.*