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Horatian.

The man whose nerve stern virtue strings,
Firm by his lofty purpose clings,
Quails not beneath the scowl of kings,
And braves the rude democracy.

The lordly soul nor sees with dread
The gale leash Adria's billowy bed,
Nor hissing from his right hand red
The bolt of Heaven's high Thunderer.

Be earth's big orb asunder riven !
Crash too the azure roof of Heaven !
Down on his head the wreck be driven !
'Twill smite him smiling panicless.

Upborne by virtue, Leda's son—
Alcides—each his honors won;
Each trod the Empyrean on
And stormed the starry citadels.

Looking over an old journal we found the above translation of Horace's third ode of the third book. A part only is given here. What think you of its merits as a lyric?

Horace could discourse as sublimely on virtue as if he himself were virtuous. But poor Horace was a notable coward. Besides he preferred Venus and Bacchus and Ease to all things, and the temple of Indolence presented greater attractions to him than the temple of Fame. However, Horace was a genial, peace-loving, temperate man. He was a great lover of rural retirement. On the whole he was a pretty good fellow, much better than his age. He has not left any Roman above him in lyric excellence. Nothing in the range of literature can surpass the above stanzas in loftiness of spirit, grandeur of conception, and fire of expression. Consider, too, that when the translation is so excellent, what the original must have been.

Italy.

ITALIA, land of poetry and music! how many hearts have mourned over the evil destiny which has in all ages crushed her exalted genius, and fettered her aspirations with chains of adamant. It was for her that the great heart of Browning beat as she looked through "Casa Guidi Windows" upon a people, than whom, perhaps, a greater, by nature, exists not, yet enervated morally and physically by the most uncompromising and elaborately organized system of tyranny which it has been the misfortune of this world to behold. Is any one enamoured of the Romish religion? Let him look on Italy as it was in 1848 and for centuries before; if he can find anything God-like in a faith which brings a nation's life and religious spirit of the most exalted type to the gates of death, we give him credit for the most wondrous logical jugglery. When we have looked upon the outcasts of that land, earning a precarious livelihood in utter isolation from their kind, grinding their heart's blood out drop by drop at a barrel organ, we have thought that truly the goddess of fortune is most extreme in caprice, now elevating a race to the lordship of the world, now hurling them down into the abysses of ignominy and despair. But the Papacy, though the greatest, is not the only foe with which Italian genius and liberty has had to contend. Disunion,—a people rent asunder into a score of insignificant states, frequently contending in bloody internecine wars—this likewise has condemned Italy to the galling yoke of foreign military despotism. Who that has thought of the glorious eras of such petty states as Venice and Florence, great in arms, unrivalled in commercial prosperity, giving laws to the whole world of belles lettres, her palaces of art decked with most splendid achievements of the artistic genius, but has wondered of what such a people were capable if once they