

whether some modern slang expressions such as 'kowitzed' and 'humans' are appropriate, though modern equivalents for ancient things, such as cancan (*κόρδαξ*), truce of God (*ἐκεχειρία*) and trade-unionists (*τεχνίται*) are unexceptionable. Jokes are well reproduced, and notes are sparingly given at the foot of the page to explain the allusions.

A. S. OWEN.

*Verse Translation from Classic Authors.* (New Edition). By C. E. F. STARKEY, M.A. 7½" × 4¾". Pp. 164. Hove, Sussex: Combridge. Cloth, 5s. net.

ONE half of this volume is devoted to translations from Horace's *Odes*; the other half is divided between Sophoclean choruses, Catullus, and Lucretius. Mr. Starkey has employed a great variety of metres, but has not always used that which is most suited to the spirit of the original. At times he seems jaunty as in the translation of Hor. *Od.* I. 10, and it jars upon us when the deserted Ariadne sings:

'He's upon mid-ocean,  
Not a soul is near me,  
Fate with cruel triumph  
In my strait would jeer me;  
Grudging me the solace  
Of an ear to hear me.'

Sometimes we catch the note of the modern hymn: that is especially so in the choruses of Sophocles which some-

times suggest the Scotch psalter, while in the translation of Hor. *Od.* I. 24 we have an uncomfortable reminiscence of Bishop Heber in—

'Our dear one is gone, and we fain must deplore  
him,  
Unchecked in our yearning, unashamed in  
our moan.  
Melpomene, teach us a dirge to chant o'er him,  
O dowered by the father with silvery tone.'

In language he has done little to reproduce the different styles of the poets he translates. It is difficult to feel that Lucretius is the original, when we read—

'Glamour of poetry is o'er my lay.'

On the whole he has been more successful with Horace in this respect, as he has caught something of the feeling of *Hours in Idleness*, and even in the more dignified poems (as *Od.* I. 35) is satisfactory when, as in that instance, his metre does not make him flippant. These verses were written for the translator's more advanced pupils. There may have been at least a smile at the lines—

Yes! night's harbinger is blazing  
Over Oeta in the skies.  
They are bursting from the banquet.

But perhaps care was taken that Oeta should be pronounced as unlike 'eater' as possible.

A. S. OWEN.

## IN MEMORIAM.

'SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.'

EST ubi te terra, beate miles,  
exulem condit socialis atque  
pectore in grato tenet et tenebit  
omne per aevum.

Flore primaevae veluti virentis  
de tuo flores speciem cruore,  
sic feret vires speciosa tellus,  
Gallia palmam.

Nec, puer fortis, morieris omnis;  
at tuus flos usque animi virebit  
iam tuo terra cineri iacentis  
consociata.

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