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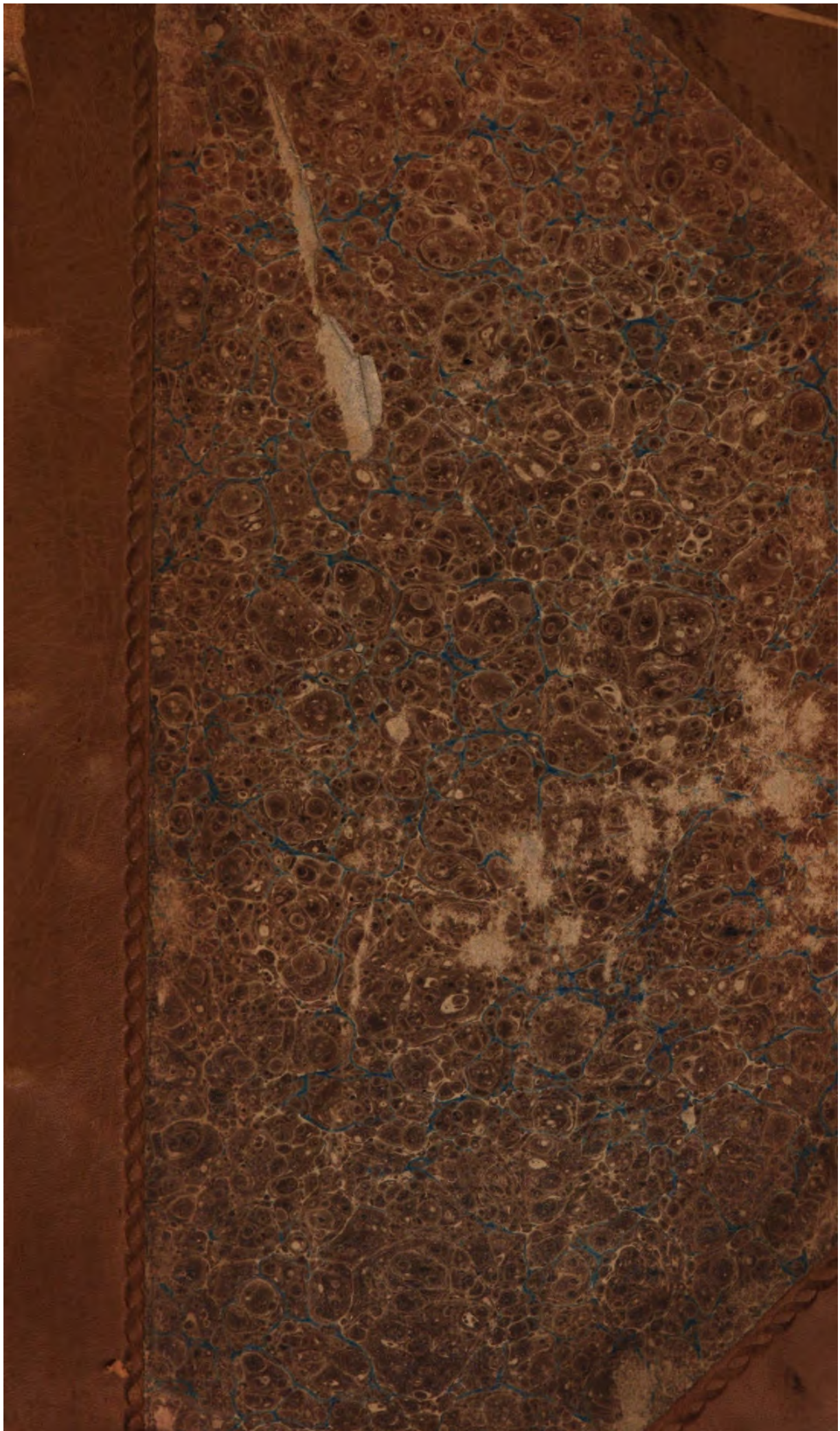
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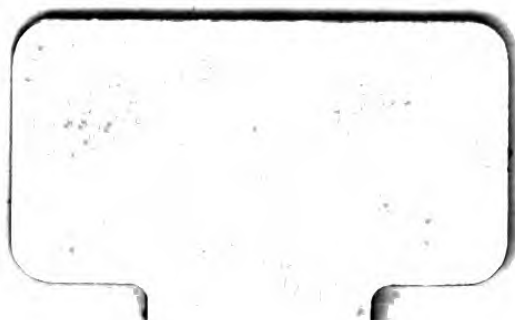
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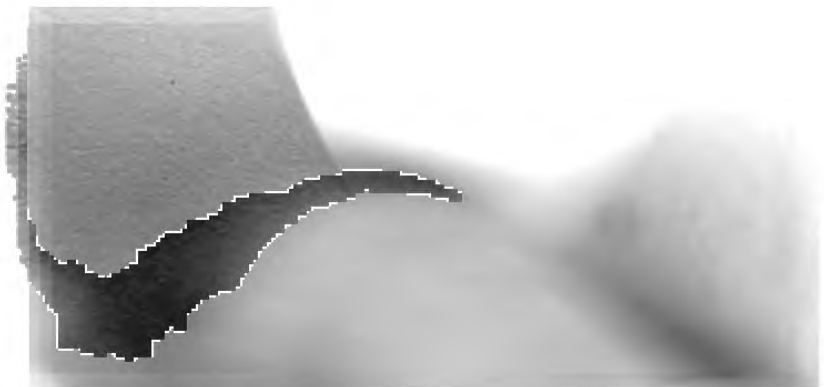
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S. 18. 1827.

# DE ETICÆ,

VERSES

TRANSLATED.

WITH.



ius esse poetas,  
udere versum  
t, uti nos,  
um.  
ue os  
nozem.

HOR.

MARSHALL,



✓

18. 12.

# HORÆ POETICÆ,

OR

A SERIES OF VERSES

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY THOMAS SMITH.



----- Ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,  
Excerptam numero : neque enim concludere versum  
Dixeris esse satis ; neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,  
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.  
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os  
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

HOR.

London :

PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,  
STATIONERS'-HALL COURT.

1827.

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1827.

93



**GAINSBOROUGH:**

**PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF MESSRS. DRURY, SILVER STREET.**

TO

**HENRY BACON HICKMAN, ESQ.**

OF THONOCK HALL, NEAR GAINSBOROUGH,

AS A SLIGHT, BUT SINCERE TOKEN

OF

GRATITUDE FOR PERSONAL FAVOURS AND ATTENTIONS,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS INSCRIBED BY HIS OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

**THE AUTHOR.**



## PREFACE.

---

THE Author of the following pages commits them to the public, with humility; to candid and liberal criticism, with the conviction that they require indulgence; but to his subscribers, with feelings of gratitude, and with the wish that they may prove acceptable.

Many of the pieces were originally written with no other immediate view than that of gratifying the Author's taste for versification; of improving the hours of his leisure; and of doing something towards that amelioration of mind which, as it is the foundation of all true

excellence in life, it is the duty, the interest, and the glory of man to effect. Whatever his labours may prove to others, they have not been wholly in vain to himself: and if, from the publication, his hopes should be disappointed, his primary object has, at least, been, in some measure, obtained.

To its fate, then, the Author consigns this little volume: and, if it should neither prove instructive, nor amusing, let it serve to exercise the virtues of candour and forbearance.

Gainsborough, May 10th, 1827.

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## REFLECTIONS

AMONG THE TOMBS IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF THE AUTHOR'S  
NATIVE VILLAGE. JULY 1, 1823.

---

Défendez-vous par la grandeur ;  
Alléguez la beauté, la vertu, la jeunesse ;  
La mort ravit tout sans pudeur :  
Un jour le monde entier accroîtra sa richesse.  
Il n'est rien de moins ignoré,  
Et puis qu'il faut que je le dis,  
Rien où l'on soit moins préparé.

LA FONTAINE.

WHILE this rude village its rude scenes displays  
Of festive joys, priz'd in my boyish days ;  
While now the villagers their hours employ  
In clam'rous mirth, and noisy scenes of joy,



Let me retire to that neglected spot,  
Where all its dead lie mould'ring, now forgot :  
Resolv'd to improve my visit all I can,  
I'll ponder o'er the certain fate of man.  
Within the sacred precincts of the dead,  
How many a moral lesson may be read !  
The dead remind the living they must die,  
And turn the thoughts to fairer realms on high.  
What, from the stroke of death, can mortals save,  
Or stay their progress to the silent grave !  
Man, in his highest glory, fades away,  
As flow'rs exhale their odours, and decay !

Behold the spot ! how awfully sublime !  
Rich with the spoils of all-subduing time.  
On ev'ry side, where'er I turn mine eye,  
The unsparing spoiler's awful trophies lie.

Behold what havoc the stern tyrant's made !  
Behold his victims all around me laid !  
Around me lie, on ev'ry side bestrown,  
In shapeless ruins, numbers whom I've known ;  
While here and there a rising mound appears  
Of some companion of my boyish years.

How does the mind, as rolling years advance,  
Prove the transforming pow'r of circumstance !  
Nay, man, whatever he may choose to own,  
The creature is of circumstance alone.  
Me, in my boyhood's prime, were wont to please  
The rude exploits and rustic feats of these :  
Joys did their simple converse then impart---  
Yea, kindle raptures in my youthful heart.

Past are these scenes ! and past their pow'r to charm !

No more my breast such scenes and converse warm.

The things of childhood riper years discard,

And nobler objects claim the man's regard.

When, in remembrance, to these times I turn,

How does my heart, in gloomy sadness, burn !

In youth's bright morn, where'er we cast our eyes,  
Gay, gilded scenes, and flatt'ring prospects rise.

The fiery fancy of the impetuous boy,

Depictures only what he shall enjoy :

Disease and death far hence he's sure to place,

Nor sees the latter till they're face to face.

Ah ! now, dear shades, where are your pleasing dreams  
Of life protracted ?---visionary schemes !

Now, humbled in the dust, for ever lie  
The hopes which rais'd your youthful spirits high ;  
The joys which you beheld, with ardent eyes,  
Through time's long vista, in succession rise.  
Little you thought how soon your end would come,  
And that your days would prove a scanty sum.  
The flow'r of spring oft feels a wintry blast,  
And its first day of glory proves its last :  
So, when your rising beauties sought to bloom,  
The spoiler came, and swept you to the tomb :  
And here, beneath a pond'rous mass of clay,  
Worms riot where the graces long'd to play !  
Until that day be come, (and come it must,)  
When I, like you, shall mingle with the dust ;  
Until I feel disease's killing breath,  
And o'er me blow the putrid winds of death,

Farewell, dear shades ! I will not say to you,  
A *long* farewell ! 'Tis but a *short* adieu.  
The stayless wheels of ceaseless time move on,  
And soon the most extended life is gone ;  
Soon shall this feeling heart forget to beat---  
Then, in the realms of death, at least we meet.

Within this land of silence and of peace,  
All ranks are equal, all distinctions cease.  
Soon as the spirit leaves its earthly crust,  
Crowns, mitres, cowls, lie levell'd in the dust.  
The rich, the poor, the proud, the grave, the gay,  
Lie in one common bed of cheerless clay.  
No more the opprest the oppressor's voice shall hear ;  
No more the slave the tyrant's hand shall fear ;  
Their equal ashes in one state repose,  
Accursed these, commiserated those.

See here the fate of sublunary things---  
The beggar's humble guise---the pomp of kings !  
How does the pride of mortals pass away !  
Swift as the short-liv'd insects of a day !  
Yet man, in his brief consequence, appears  
As if there were no limit to his years.  
Why proud of that which, in a moment, may  
Become a mere offensive lump of clay ?  
Within myself ten thousand springs I see ;  
One snapt, I drop into eternity.  
Ten thousand wheels this fragile life move on ;  
One stopt, the vital principle is gone.

If these drear graves awake the solemn thought,  
That, after death, to judgment man is brought ;  
If they proclaim the certainty of death,  
That fleeting life is but a very breath ;

If some proclaim that man may disappear  
Swift as an arrow cuts the yielding air ;  
Swift as an eagle darteth to her nest ;  
Swift as the lightning shines from east to west,  
'Tis more than madness sure, if more can be,  
To live unmindful of eternity :  
To live, as down the stream of time we float,  
On life's vast issues without serious thought.

Short and uncertain is the life of man---  
His most protracted pilgrimage a span !  
Yet both these circumstances, we shall find,  
Advance the solid int'rests of mankind.  
From this, what caution ! that, what care proceeds  
To crowd this earthly span with virtuous deeds !  
Soon we shall die, we know ; but how, or when,  
Is wisely hidden from the sons of men.

Could we our time, and mode of death foresee,  
Our life a scene of wretchedness would be.  
O happy ignorance of future things !  
What joy unspeakable thy presence brings !  
Without this ignorance, how could man fulfil  
The wise appointments of the Almighty's Will !

Though, for a season, we may here endure,  
From death we never can be call'd secure.  
What various ages for one common fate  
These scatter'd stones around me all relate !  
Around me lies how many a death-chain'd tongue,  
Between the grades of aged and of young !  
Some, like the tender bud, just peeping forth,  
Then straightway mingling with their parent earth.  
Some, like the blooming flow'r, in beauty's pride,  
Rais'd high their heads, then fell to earth, and died.



Some, wasting slowly, by unseen decay,  
Amid declining glories, pass'd away ;  
While some, of all that life endears bereft,  
This checker'd scene of joys and sorrows left :  
By sickness worn, with wasting grief oppress,  
In hoary age, here found untroubled rest ;  
Here found the passage to that blissful shore,  
Where joys, with sorrows, shall be known no more ;  
Where man shall never toil, nor grieve, nor cry ;  
Where ev'ry tear is wip'd from ev'ry eye ;  
Where his new pow'rs, immortal, wasteless all,  
For no revival, no repairs shall call ;  
Where, in illimitable vigour, they  
Shall rise, increasing through eternal day ;  
Upon the noblest objects they shall rest---  
“ For ever blessing, and for ever blest !”

This is the state to which my heart aspires,  
Which fills my breast with more than mortal fires.  
O may I keep, through life, this state in view ;  
And gain it when to earth I bid adieu !

Now o'er my Parents' tombs I cast my eyes---  
And, O what mingled thoughts and feelings rise !  
Now I behold the verdant graves of those  
From whom to ever-varying life I rose ;  
To act the part by Heav'n's own self design'd,  
And fill some purpose of the Omniscient Mind ;  
To move some wheel, in nature's vast machine,  
Nor, till my circle's mark'd, to quit the scene.  
O may my breast with virtuous ardour swell,  
The important ends of life to accomplish well !  
May I resolve, as, o'er these ashes, I  
Drop sorrow's tear, and heave affection's sigh ;

As here I stand, in melancholy mood,  
And, in sad silence, o'er these relics brood,  
To strive, with zeal, to be supremely good ;  
To improve each talent as a Christian should ;  
To go, with sweet composure, to my end,  
And to the grave, with cheering hope, descend !

But whence this trouble ? why thus sad, my soul ?  
Why, in my breast, let sorrow's billows roll ?  
Man, for the realms of bliss beyond the skies,  
Shall, from the tomb, array'd in glories, rise.  
Here, far from all the various ills that can  
Mar, or destroy, the happiness of man,  
My Parents live ; where now they must admire  
The matchless wisdom of the Eternal Sire,  
In all the appointments they were wont to call  
The sad effects of man's First Parents' fall.

Where now this vulgar prejudice they see  
In its true shades of real deformity.  
A mere chimera of the human mind ;  
No truth of heav'nly origin they find ;  
A feeble scheme to explain how evil rose---  
Evil that has with good the selfsame Cause.  
The beauteous rose that wounds us with its thorus,  
A luscious fragrance yields while it adorns.  
The storm that purifies the air around,  
Oft lays our dwellings level with the ground ;  
Ingulfs the seaman's bark in treacherous sands,  
And makes destructive inroads on our lands.  
The frame that makes us capable of joy,  
Produces pain our pleasures to destroy.  
Whether primeval man had sinn'd, or not,  
Both natural ills and moral were our lot.

Perhaps the pains and griefs we suffer here,  
In Heav'n may render pleasure doubly dear.  
How this may be, we cannot truly say---  
That evil's necessary here we may :  
We see it work most salutary ends,  
And, for the pain it gives, make vast amends.  
And, in this cheering doctrine, we may rest,  
Unerring Wisdom has ordain'd the best !

Now, from this awe-inspiring place, I go,  
Still to the tomb, while life's red streams shall flow :  
And, till I'm laid as these remains now lie,  
Be this my business, *To prepare to die !*

**A MORNING HYMN.**

COMPOSED FOR FAMILY DEVOTION.

---

God of love, and God of might,  
Be thy glorious name ador'd,  
For the blessings of the light ;  
For the joys of morn restor'd.

Lord, receive our ardent praise,  
For unnumber'd mercies past ;  
For the bliss that crowns our days ;  
For the hopes that gild our last.

Through the day, we crave thy care ;  
Grant what seems the best to thee ;

Grant, from ev'ry fatal snare,  
That our wand'ring feet be free.

Through our yet-uncertain date,  
Let us to thy glory live ;  
Let us, whatsoe'er our state,  
Still to thee our praises give.

When the mortal hour draws nigh ;  
When our strength and flesh shall fail,  
Let us for thy presence sigh ;  
Let us scenes celestial hail :

There to join the angelic throng,  
And, in loftier notes of praise,  
Raise a purer, nobler song  
To the God of endless days !

## VERSES

Occasioned by the story of the Gainsboro' Apparition stated  
in the Doncaster Gazette of Friday, Sept. 12, 1823.

---

-----δ'Οὐλυμπόνδε βεβήκει,  
Δώματ' ἐς αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς, μετὰ δαίμονας ἄλλας.  
ὍΜΗΡΟΣ.

OF all the silly tales that reach our ears,  
The tale of ghosts the silliest oft appears.  
Hatch'd in the visions of the gloom of night,  
It will not bear the blaze of reason's light.  
A porous substance, crumbling at the touch  
Of reason's hand, its fragile nature's such.



A stupid picture of all forms and minds,  
Where gaping nonsense its own image finds ;  
Distortion only and deformity,  
In ev'ry feature of its face we see :  
The form that's cast in doting folly's mould,  
Can but an idiot's lineaments unfold.  
Whence can the passion for the marvellous spring,  
Of which I here in feeble numbers sing ?  
To tales of horror what can men entice ?  
Sure flagrant imbecility, or vice.  
From bitter fountains bitter streams arise ;  
From vice, or folly, nothing good, or wise :  
Nature and truth engage the well-form'd mind,  
But the weak head to fables is inclin'd.

What is a ghost ? a disembodied mind ?

A spirit not to human form confin'd ;

Incognizable by the sense of man---  
Something beyond his finite pow'rs to scan ?  
If so, it seems, a ghost doth really mean  
Something that neither can be heard nor seen :  
And, if no other meaning be avow'd,  
This *postulatum* clearly stands allow'd,  
That, through all nature's comprehensive range,  
To naught can we compare this being strange.  
'Tis a negation of each property  
That's known to us throughout the world we see.  
Yet ghosts are mostly *hideous to behold!*  
(Of *beauteous* ghosts but rarely are we told!)  
A *noise* they make, but not to *charm* our ears,  
A *horrid* din to excite our *keenest fears*.  
Yea, have not lying legends made pretence,  
That, in some monster's form, they shock the sense

Of sight and hearing?---why not shock as well,  
The sense of feeling and the sense of smell?  
Why not, ye ghost-historians, represent  
Them rough and smooth, of sweet and fetid scent?  
Why to be seen and heard, but never felt?  
Why seen so near, yet never to be smelt?  
It seems as if your ghosts conspir'd to tease  
Man's eyes and ears, but left him else at ease.  
What has no parallel to natural things,  
Can ne'er be seen with legs, or arms, or wings ;  
Nor seen at all, if what I've said be true,  
Because 'tis not an object of the view.  
Yet with what limbs have fables dress'd it out,  
In bloated shapes, as if it had the gout !  
In various trades and offices employ'd,  
Yet to be taken, cannot be decoy'd !

Now like a warrior, arm'd from top to toe,  
Breathing revenge against the furious foe ;  
Burning to spread the purple streams of war,  
And ride triumphant in the murd'rous car.  
Now like a headless man, a hideous sight !  
A bloody butcher putting flies to flight :  
Like something, mostly, in a monstrous shape---  
A two-legg'd dog---a jackass, half an ape.  
Now like a pig, with a prodigious snout ;  
Now like a horse, with both his eyes put out ;  
Now like an eagle flying, without wings ;  
Or like a bird, without a throat, that sings.  
This Proteus-being takes each creature's form,  
From reasoning man down to the reptile worm :  
Both men and animals are ghostly themes,  
In the vagaries of an idiot's dreams.

Yet not to men and animals confin'd,  
A ghost may be a *thing* of *any* kind :  
*Monstrum horrendum* of each shape and hue---  
A something---nothing---ev'ry thing we view !

But then to this dilemma we are brought,  
(We're in some strait or other always caught,)   
That brutes and lifeless things have spirits plain---  
How is it else that they appear again ?  
Besides the ghosts of men are mostly said  
To wear the things they wore ere they were dead.  
Hence then it will appear that boots and shoes  
Have got, like men, a precious soul to lose.  
How else could ghosts of garments be possess'd ?  
Man leaves his raiment when he sinks to rest :  
Naked and helpless to the world he came ;  
Naked and helpless out he goes the same.

Ye who believe the Ruler of the skies  
E'er makes the dead before the living rise,  
Say for what purpose does he interfere,  
To make the tenants of the tomb appear ?  
Say, when the God of nature intervenes,  
Must not the end be worthy of the means ?  
Say, does it with his boundless wisdom square,  
To grant the object of a selfish pray'r ;  
To make some knave, or cheat resign his prey,  
And back again the yellow dross convey ?  
Would not the object here be private good,  
And by the world be little understood :  
And, to secure a private, paltry end,  
Does God to work a miracle descend ?  
Is not his gen'ral providence complete,  
To punish vice, and villany defeat ?

Lo ! when Jehovah deigns to interfere,  
The nations tremble, and his presence fear ;  
Wide as the world the impressions made extend,  
And lasting as the years which never end !  
But scarcely any arguments will make  
Some minds the most revolting views forsake.  
Some love to dress the image call'd a sprite,  
In all the horrors of the darksome night ;  
To send this bugbear through the world to roam,  
To frighten thieves and drunkards to their home.

Why send imaginary terrors forth ?  
Terrors too real o'erspread the spacious earth.  
Why raise the mould'ring bodies of the dead ?  
Of living evils man's enough to dread.  
Here, with a scanty morsel in his hands,  
Keen-pinching poverty, lank-visag'd, stands ;

There pale disease blights with his with'ring breath,  
Or lays his subjects in the arms of death.  
Now black ingratitude abandons those  
From whom his comforts and convenience rose ;  
Now griping av'rice heaves the sordid sigh---  
Fresh hoards of wealth for ever in his eye !  
And skulking treachery perfidious goes,  
Trampling on honour, basest of her foes !  
These, and a thousand other ills, there are,  
Our joys to hinder, and our peace to mar.

Hence then the idle story of a ghost !  
E'er found an idle fancy at the most,  
Unless where sickness feverish phantoms brings,  
Or flitting visions of discordant things.  
Some wretch, perhaps, whose conscience wakes at last,  
And keenly gnaws his heart for vices past ;



Portrays the vengeance of offended heav'n  
Against the sins he dares not hope forgiv'n!  
In this sad state his mind together brings  
A hideous compound of ideal things,  
But which, in this distress'd condition, he  
Fancies an absolute reality.

Then off he goes, relates he's seen a ghost---  
The vulgar quickly make from this a host.  
'Mongst the *profanum vulgus* ghosts abound ;  
Here, and here chiefly, are they to be found.  
These, to beguile the fire-side hours of night,  
Tell fairy tales till senseless with affright ;  
Then off to bed they go to ease their fears,  
And still the noise of goblins in their ears ;  
But fancy here mingles incongruous things,  
To cats gives scales ; dogs, feathers ; horses, wings ;

Dreaming of ghosts, thus on their beds they lie,  
Till fair Aurora tinge the morning sky :  
With apparitions toss the night away,  
Then talk of goblins through the livelong day.

The vulgar are a magnifying clan ;  
They make of ev'ry trifle all they can :  
A tale to them's superlatively dull,  
Unless it be with wonders cramm'd quite full.  
If but a petty mole-hill meet their eyes,  
They've seen a mighty mountain pierce the skies !  
Throw but a lighted match against their head,  
Jove's hurl'd a flaming bolt to strike them dead !  
Or, if a spark impinge upon their nose,  
'Tis Jove's own self the livid lightning throws !  
*Multum in parvo*, thus their motto runs,  
The twinkling stars to other worlds are suns ;

And, if the thing, as sages say, be such,  
Why not believe a *little* to be *much* !

Let fairy tales and goblin stories die,  
Or, with the legends of the Gentiles, lie ;  
A genuine Christian spurns them with disdain---  
As the vagaries of a Heathen's brain ;  
Or as the turbid visions of disease,  
That source of phantoms which the senses tease ;  
That source from which appearances may rise,  
That seem devoid of all fallacious guise ;  
Which, as the illustrious Alderson has said,\*  
May e'en reflect the image of the dead ;

---

\* See an Essay on Apparitions, by Dr. Alderson, of Hull ; of which, it is believed, a new edition has lately been published.

But not the image of the dead alone,  
The image of the living may be shown,  
As well when Phoebus shoots his burning ray,  
As when the sable Morpheus holds his sway.  
Phantoms, indeed, from this sad source may rise ;  
But then they're from *ourselves*, not from the *skies* ;  
Not, from the gloomy mansions of the grave,  
Come, pow'rless as the dead, some life to save ;  
Or come to announce some spot where treasures lie  
Hid in the ground, conceal'd from ev'ry eye,  
And trick the miser who might hope to find,  
When he should rise, these treasures left behind.  
Ghosts, when they're real, are ministers of pain ;  
They follow only in the sickly train ;  
They indicate the frame is out of health,  
Not that the miser's robb'd his heir of wealth :

They're those appearances disease creates,  
And ne'er portend the fall of kings, or states.  
They give no token of the wrath divine ;  
That stars will fall, or suns refuse to shine ;  
That nature's self is waxing to decay ;  
That time will cease, and worlds be swept away.

---

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship, soother of all human woes,  
Will ne'er subsist among fair virtue's foes.  
For sordid interest though it is profess'd,  
On virtue's basis only will it rest :  
On this foundation friendship stands secure ;  
And will, unchang'd, through changeful life endure ;  
Will, when its offices on earth are o'er,  
Revive, in heav'n, to last for evermore !

**A GENERAL EPITAPH.**

---

**Go, Reader ! try to crowd into thy span  
The various virtues which adorn the man.  
Time, with a silent, ceaseless step, moves on,  
And soon the longest life on earth is gone ;  
No rank, no wealth, no genius can secure  
Its proud possessor from the mortal hour ;  
To the cold grave, ere long, must thou depart---  
In the cold grave ' is no device or art !'**

To God be pious, to thy race be kind ;  
Discharge each duty, with an upright mind ;  
Nor think a thought, nor feel a feeling wrong ;  
In genuine purity of heart be strong ;  
Then calmly wait the summons of thy God ;  
Nor dread his vengeance, nor despise his rod :  
What, after death, what glorious scenes may rise  
Of bliss, of wonder, to attract thy eyes,  
Leave to the world's Great Ruler ;---he'll fulfil  
The righteous counsels of his sacred will !

## THE TASK DELIGHTFUL.

---

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe th'enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

ONE might suppose, from Thomson's glowing strains,  
The instructor's were a lot unknown to pains ;  
A fragrant paradise of choicest flowers ;  
A sunny sequence of delicious bowers,  
Where all conspires to lull each sense to rest,  
And man is more than permanently blest ;

D



No wild where rugged briars and furze unite,  
In barren horrors, to repulse the sight ;  
But one pure scene of pure unmingled joy---  
Pleasure devoid of pain, and bliss without alloy !

“ Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought.”  
Delightful task, indeed ! when youth are fraught  
With suavity of temper, manners mild,  
And all those powers which form the docile child :  
And when the youthful mind shall really glow  
For what it ought to feel, and ought to know ;  
Then, in itself, the task delightful shines,  
And to perform *this* task my heart inclines.

But, what delight ! when 'tis your lot to find  
A heap of lumber fill the seat of mind ;

When, in your subject, you can only trace  
Those vile propensions which the youth disgrace :  
Wayward, perverse, to any thing inclin'd,  
But the amendment of his heart and mind ;  
When neither parent will the youth withstand,  
But grant whate'er his humour may demand.

And, what delight ! when 'tis your fate to meet  
With an incorrigible dunce complete,  
Whose gloomy soul is like the rayless mine,  
In which the cheerful sun can never shine.  
As soon unite the periods *then* and *now*,  
As twine with laurels such a pupil's brow.  
Sure to instruct a youth like this were vain,  
And must produce the instructor bitter pain ;  
For who can bring from rayless darkness light,  
Or polish that which never will grow bright ?

Though in a station born where mind might be  
Refin'd and cultur'd to the last degree,  
Still, where unconquerable dulness reigns,  
No skill can make the produce pay the pains :  
On barren soils to scatter goodly seed,  
Were but to sow to reap the noxious weed.  
Vain were the hope, and fruitless were the toil,  
To bring from sandy deserts wine or oil :  
Though genial suns and showers on rocks may fall,  
From flinty rocks what can our labours call ?  
Surely the task were *undelightful* here---  
This truth is as the sun, at noonday, clear.

And, what delight ! when 'tis your lot to find  
But faulty talents, with worse taste combin'd ;  
To find a huntsman's genius only beam,  
And whips and bugles but the fav'rite theme ;

And, through a wild career of giddy days,  
Hounds, horses, hunters claim the youngster's praise.

And, what delight ! to fill the pupil's *hands*  
With crudities his *head* ne'er understands ;  
For injudicious parents chiefly look  
At what their children *enter* in a *book*,  
And strangely fancy, when the book is fill'd,  
In its contents their offspring must be skill'd.

When will such flagrant trifling have an end,  
And parents aim their children's *minds* to mend ;  
When will they strive to effect the nobler part,  
The genuine culture of the head and heart ;  
Strive to supply the only motive just  
To make the teacher faithful to his trust ;  
Nor furnish (could they but the fact believe !)  
A stimulus to trifle and deceive ?

A thousand more such strange delights as these,  
I might enumerate, if they would please.  
And couldst thou, Thomson, feel one thrill of bliss  
In such delectable employ as this !  
Sure, sure, a most peculiar taste has he  
To whom such labours can *delightful* be :  
Labours that prove too oft a useless task---  
But, who receives the blame, here let me ask ?  
Seldom the boy, who does what in him lies  
To thwart the generous aims to make him wise ;  
'Tis e'er his tutor, who has labour'd hard  
For a mere pittance, and a base reward.

How meanly paid the doctors of the mind,  
For intellectual, moral health design'd !  
Full oft a paltry shilling pays the fee  
For one whole week of arduous industry ;

And that as grudgingly bestow'd at last,  
As is the penny to the beggar cast :  
Nay, what is worse, bestow'd, (O sad vexation !)  
Oft with a torrent of vituperation.

Though learning's cheapness may promote its spread,  
Say, should its labourers toil for merely bread ?  
Should those whose time and life are wholly spent,  
To polish nature, give the mind its bent,  
To train the soul to virtue, and to bliss,  
And point the way to brighter worlds than this,  
Should they be left to dread, in life's decline,  
The doom of penury, in want to pine !  
For numbers by the task delightful can  
Earn little more than a mere labouring man.

What patrons has the lowly tutor got ?  
What prince, what peer smiles on his humble lot ?  
Say, has he ever the delight to claim  
One generous friend of an illustrious name ?  
A village squire, or poor divine at most,  
Is, in his list of friends, the noblest boast :  
This, his best patron ; this, his highest pride---  
His earthly solace, and his heavenly guide ;  
A kind auxiliary, with a scanty store ;  
Does all he can, and grieves to do no more.

Those who for learning's interests should provide,  
Take in ignoble pleasures chiefly pride.  
Few are the illustrious nobles of our days  
Smit with the love of never-fading bays ;  
Few of the wealthy, or the titled group,  
Will to the scholar's occupation stoop ;

Few with a genuine, with an ardent flame,  
Burn for a Byron's, or a Newton's fame ;  
They like their horses, and their hounds far more  
Than books of science, or of ancient lore :  
Few are their efforts to dispel the gloom,  
Which haunts the needy student to the tomb ;  
Yet *these* might make the task delightful, be  
A task delightful in reality.

But, to conclude my *undelightful* strain,  
Which some will call presumptuous, false, or vain,  
No more I'll canvass the delightful theme---  
Delightful truly in a poet's dream !  
And in the visionary views of those  
Who never knew an humble tutor's woes.



## AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Written under the pressure of severe illness.

---

GREAT God, with wonder and with love,

Thy goodness I survey ;

Thine are the blessings of the night,

And those that crown the day.

Through the wide range of nature's field

Thou hear'st the various cries ;

And thy all-gracious providence

The various wants supplies.

Beings that wing the fluid air ;

That range the briny deep ;

That climb the hills, or scour the plain,  
Or in the valley creep :

These on thy sovereign bounty feed ;  
Upon thy care depend ;  
To all that lives, and moves, and breathes,  
Thou art the faithful friend.

In the past troubles of my life,  
How clear thy goodness shines ;  
Yet, when affliction's storms arise,  
How dark thy wise designs !

Though fell disease invades my frame,  
'Twill work some gracious end :  
In life prolong'd, or death conceal'd,  
'Tis thine to comprehend.

44 AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

But, Lord, I supplicate thy peace  
Beyond this scene of woes,  
If forth thy fatal mandate's gone,  
And my career must close.

But, if thy renovating power  
My health again restore,  
Grant that I lead a virtuous life,  
And love thee more and more.

Then, to the mansions of the tomb,  
Whene'er I tread the road,  
Fearless I pass the gloomy vale,  
Supported by my God !

YORK, Nov. 1814.

**AN IMITATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.**

Written Sunday Morning, Oct. 20, 1822.

---

**FATHER of ev'ry living race,  
Enthron'd above the skies,  
Whose boundless power pervades all space---  
Beyond conception wise.**

**Thy sacred name be used aright ;  
All to thy laws be won ;  
As in the blissful realms of light,  
On earth thy will be done.**

The daily food which nature needs,  
Let thy kind hand bestow ;  
As we forgive, when mercy pleads,  
Thy heavenly mercy show.

Let no temptation's luring smiles  
Seduce our feet astray ;  
Nor let the fatal tempter's wiles  
Secure the intended prey.

The kingdom, and the power are thine,  
And thine that glorious ray,  
Which shall, in bright perfection, shine  
Through never-ending day !

**TRANSLATIONS,**

**&c.**

## Α'.---ΕΙΣ ΛΥΡΑΝ.

(Ex Anacreonte.)

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας,  
 θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ᾄδειν·  
 Ἄ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς  
 Ἔρωτα μῆνον ἤχεϊ.  
 Ἦμειψα νεῦρα πρῶην  
 Καὶ τὴν λύρην ἅπασαν·  
 Καὶ γὰρ μὲν ἦδον ἄθλως  
 Ἡρακλῆς. λύρη δὲ  
 Ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.  
 Χαίροιτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,  
 Ἡρωες· ἡ λύρη γὰρ  
 Μόνως ἔρωτας ᾄδει.

## I.---ON HIS LYRE.

(From Anacreon.)

ATREUS' sons I wish to praise,  
Would to Cadmus tune my lays ;  
But my lyre, in amorous tone,  
With its chords sounds love alone.  
Late I made a change entire---  
Chang'd the chords and all the lyre,  
Hercules to sing I strove,  
But the lyre responded love.  
Fare ye well, heroic train !  
You I strive to sing in vain ;  
For my lyre, in amorous tone,  
Love resounds, and love alone.



## B'.---ΕΙΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑΣ.

(Ex Anacreonte.)

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις,  
 Ὅπλας δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,  
 Ποδωκίην λαγωῖς,  
 Λέεσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων,  
 Τοῖς ἰχθύσιν τὸ νηκτὸν,  
 Τοῖς ὀρνέοις πέτασθαι,  
 Τοῖς ἀνδράσι φρόνημα·  
 Γυναιξὶν ἄκ' ἔτ' εἶχεν.  
 Τί ἔν δίδωσι; κάλλος·  
 Ἐντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν,  
 Ἐντ' ἐγχείων ἀπάντων.  
 Νικᾷ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον,  
 Καὶ πῦρ, καλή τις ἔσα.

## II.---ON WOMEN.

(From Anacreon.)

NATURE bulls with horns endows ;  
On the courser hoofs bestows ;  
She for all her children cares,---  
Speedy feet she gives to hares ;  
Gives to lions yawning jaws,  
Gaping teeth, and griping claws ;  
Gives to fish the power to swim  
Through the deep, or o'er it skim ;  
Gives the feather'd tribes to fly,  
Soaring to the lofty sky ;  
Magnanimity to man,  
Bounteous still through all her plan ;

But, for women, she'd no more  
Of the gifts she gave before.  
What, then, did she give the fair,  
Objects of her tenderest care ?  
Beauty :---beauty women wield  
In the place of ev'ry shield ;  
In the place of ev'ry spear,  
Its resistless charms appear.  
She who claims the attractive grace  
Of a beauteous form and face,  
Overcomes both fire and sword,  
Conquers e'en the conquering lord !

## ΛΖ'.---ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ.

(Ex Anacreonte.)

Ἴδε, πῶς ἔαρος φανέντος  
 Χάριτες ρόδα βρύσιν·  
 Ἴδε, πῶς κῦμα θαλάσσης  
 Ἀπαλύνεται γαλήνη.  
 Ἴδε, πῶς νῆσσα κολυμβᾷ.  
 Ἴδε, πῶς γέρανος ὀδεύει·  
 Ἀφελῶς δ'ἔλαμψε Τίτάν.  
 Νεφελῶν σκιαὶ δονῶνται,  
 Τὰ βροτῶν δ'ἔλαμψεν ἔργα·  
 Καρποῖσι γαῖα προκύπτει.  
 Καρπὸς ἐλαίας προκύπτει.  
 Βρομὶς σέφεται νᾶμα.  
 Κατὰ φύλλον, κατὰ κλῶνα,  
 Καθελῶν ἤνθησε καρπός.

**XXXVII.---ON THE SPRING.**

(From Anacreon.)

**MARK ! the rosy spring appearing,**

**How the graces roses shed ;**

**Mark ! its softening influence cheering**

**O'er the tumid ocean spread.**

**Mark ! the glassy surface cleaving,**

**Diving, how the duck descends ;**

**Mark ! to us, a winter leaving,**

**How the crane migrating tends.**

**Now, with constant brilliance, shineth**

**Titan, journeying through the day ;**

Chasing, till his orb declineth,  
Shadows flung from clouds away.

Mortal labours, yielding pleasure,  
With a cheering lustre shine ;  
Now the earth bends forth with treasure ;  
Now the olive's fruits incline.

Mark ! the inspiring draughts of Bacchus,  
Wreath'd with flowery chaplets round,  
Antidotes to cares that rack us,  
In the smiling goblet crown'd.

Now the fragrant blossoms perish ;  
On their flowery ruins rise  
Fruits, that beauteous blossoms cherish ;  
Fruits, of spring the glorious prize !

## Με'.---ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

(Ex Anacreonte.)

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι,  
 Χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλῆσαι·  
 Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων,  
 Ἄποτυγχάνειν φιλῶντα.  
 Γένος ἑδὲν εἰς ἔρωτα.  
 Σοφίη, τρόπος, πατεῖται.  
 Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν.  
 Ἄπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς  
 Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας.  
 Διὰ τῆτον ἕκ ἀδελφός,  
 Διὰ τῆτον ἑ τοκῆες·  
 Πόλεμοι, φόνοι, δι' αὐτόν.  
 Τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ὀλλύμεσθα  
 Διὰ τῆτον οἱ φιλῶντες.

**XLVI.---ON LOVE.**

(From Anacreon.)

**NOT to love indeed is hard ;  
Love itself we thus regard ;  
But the hardest thing of all  
That a lover can befall,  
Is to lose his dearest hope,  
Still with all its pains to cope.  
Birth to love's all-generous flame,  
Birth has no exclusive claim.  
Lo ! the race of sordid mind,  
Not at all to love inclin'd,  
Trample wisdom in the dust,  
Money only is their lust :**



Gold for ever in their eyes,  
Worth, like wisdom, they despise.  
Curs'd be he who first lov'd gold !  
Who his heart for money sold---  
Money, source of ev'ry ill  
Always proves, and ever will.  
Gold's resistless power employ'd,  
Brothers, parents are destroy'd ;  
Wars and murders hence arise,  
Horrid shrieks and funeral cries ;  
And, what's even worse than this,  
Gold destroys the lover's bliss !

**THE SAME PARAPHRASTICALLY.**

**PAINFUL** living void of love ;  
**Painful** all its pleasures prove ;  
**But** the pain surpassing all  
**That**, in love, the heart can gall,  
**Is** to feel it brighter blaze,  
**Whilst** the flame of life decays,  
**Still** to life's remotest hour,  
**Still** in vain to feel its power :  
**And** to know the increasing pain  
**Shall**, till life expires, remain.  
**Birth** to love's all-generous flame,  
**Birth** has no exclusive claim.

See it ev'ry rank pervade ;  
Rich and poor alike invade.  
Now it strikes the warrior's heart ;  
Now the vanquish'd feels its smart ;  
Now it thrills the royal breast ;  
Now the slave with love's oppress'd ;  
Now its quivering lightnings play  
O'er the hearts of grave and gay :  
Money only can control  
Love's effulgence in the soul.  
Lo ! the race of sordid mind,  
Not at all to love inclin'd,  
Trample wisdom in the dust,  
Money only is their lust :  
Gold for ever in their eyes,  
Worth, like wisdom, they despise.

Curs'd be he who first lov'd gold !  
Who his heart for money sold---  
Money, source of ev'ry ill  
Always proves, and ever will.  
Gold's resistless power employ'd,  
Brothers, parents are destroy'd ;  
Wars and murders hence arise,  
Horrid shrieks and funeral cries ;  
And, what's even worse than this,  
Gold destroys the lover's bliss !

## ΜΖ'.---ΕΙΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΑ.

(Ex Anacreonte.)

Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνόν,  
Φιλῶ νέον χορευτάν.  
Γέρων δ' ὄταν χορεύῃ,  
Τρίχας γέρων μὲν ἔστι,  
Τὰς δὲ φρένας νεάζει.

**XLVII.---ON AN OLD MAN.**

(From Anacreon.)

**GIVE** me a blithsome jocund man,  
Whom years have render'd gray,  
**Give** me the youth to dance who can,  
And yields to music's sway.

**Lo !** when the man that's old can move  
On mirth's "fantastic toe,"  
**His** locks a length of years may prove,  
But young his spirits grow.

## ΠΕΡΙ ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ.

(Excerptum.)

Θεὸν νόμιζε, καὶ σέβου, ζήτει δὲ μή·  
 Ὡς ὄντα τῆτον, καὶ παρόντ' αἰεὶ σέβου·  
 Τί ἐστὶν ὁ Θεὸς, οὐ θέλει σε μανθάνειν.

## ON GOD.

(An Extract.)

LET the Great God thy nobler powers employ,  
 And let his worship be thy purest joy ;  
 Before him bow with reverence, and adore,  
 But never seek his essence to explore :  
 As God eternal, and as ever near,  
 With holy zeal adore him, and with fear :  
 But, what he is, he gives thee not to scan---  
 Too dark a theme for frail, short-sighted man !

VIRGILII ECLOGA QUARTA.

POELLIO.



## ARGUMENTUM.

*Carmen bucolicum ad Consulem, quem v. 11 POLLIONEM nominat, se exorsurum esse profitetur Maro: 1...3. Agi nunc ultimam ætatem a Sibylla memoratam: Inde melioris ætatis vitam humano generi redituram esse pronuntiat, et quidem puero aliquo nato, in Pollionis quidem Consulatu 4...14. Ille adscriptus erit heroibus, et orbis terrarum pacati erit regnator 15...17. Jam vero melior illa ætas, ætati aureæ ac Saturniæ similis, per gradus succedet, ita ut puero nato exordia, 18...25; incrementa vero sua habitura sit, quando ille adoleverit, 26...36; cumulata autem ut sit et perfecta ab omnibus partibus, ubi ille ad virilem ætatem pervenerit: 37...45. Reliqua sunt exultantis lætitiæ et vota facientis ac gratulantis poetæ: 46 ad finem.*

## VIRGILII ECLOGA QUARTA.

---

SICELIDES Musæ, paullo majora canamus ;  
 Non omnis arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ ;  
 Si canimus silvas, silvæ sint Consule dignæ.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas ;

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.           5

Jam redit et Virgo ; redeunt Saturnia regna ;

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum  
 Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,  
 Casta fave Lucina : tuus jam regnat Apollo.       10

Teque adeo decus hoc ævi, te Consule, inibit,  
 Pollio ; et incipient magni procedere menses.

Te duce, si qua manent, sceleris vestigia nostri

Inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.

Ille deum vitam adcipiet, divisque videbit 15

Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis;

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,

Errantis ederas passim cum baccare, tellus,

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho. 20

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ

Ubera; nec magnos metuent armenta leones.

Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni

Occidet; Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum. 25

At, simul heroum laudes et facta parentis

Jam legere, et quæ sit poteris cognoscere virtus;

Molli paullatim flavescet campus arista,

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva;

VIRGILII ECLOGA QUARTA. 69

Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella. 30  
Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,  
Quæ tentare Thetim ratibus, quæ cingere muris  
Oppida, quæ jubeant telluri infindere sulcos.  
Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo  
Delectos heroas; erunt etiam altera bella; 35  
Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.  
Hinc, ubi jam firmata virum te fecerit ætas,  
Cedet et ipse mari vector; nec nautica pinus  
Mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus.  
Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem; 40  
Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator.  
Nec varios discet mentiri lana colores:  
Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti  
Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera luto;  
Sponte sua sandyx pascentis vestiet agnos. 45  
Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite, fuis\*

70      VIRGILII ECLOGA QUARTA.

Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcae.

Adgredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,

Cara deum suboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!

Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum;      50

Terrasque tractusque maris coelumque profundum;

Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,

Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,      55

Nec Linus; huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit:

Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.

Pan etiam Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,

Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem;      60

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.

Incipe, parve puer; cui non risere parentes,

Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

THE IV. ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

POETRY.

## ARGUMENT.

*Maro intimates that he is about to begin a pastoral poem to a Consul, whom, v. 11, [19,] he calls POLLIO: 1...3. [1...6.] that he is going to sing the arrival of the last age foretold by the Cumæan Sibyl: After that he sings that the life of a better age is about to return to the human race, and indeed from the birth of some child, even in the Consulship of Pollio, 4...14. [7...26.] That he shall be ranked with heroes, and shall be the ruler of the world (the Roman empire) reduced to peace, 15...17. [27...32.] Moreover, the distinguished better age, like the golden and Saturnian one, shall advance by degrees, so as to have its commencement with the birth of the child, 18...25; [33...46;] its enlargements with his adolescence, 26...36; [47...62;] and its fulness and perfection in every respect with his manhood. 37...45. [63...82.] The remainder is expressive of the joy of the poet, exulting in the prospect of the approaching age, of his prayers for its advent under circumstances favourable to his celebrating the deeds of its founder, with a congratulatory invitation of his birth: 46 [83] to the end.*

NOTE.---The figures within brackets refer to the Translation,  
the other to the Original.

## VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE.

---

AWHILE, Sicilian Muses, let us raise  
Sublimer strains on nobler themes of praise ;  
Not all, the groves and lowly tamarisks please ;  
Sicilian Muses, if we sing of trees,  
The woods may worthy of a Consul be,           5  
And silvan shades become his dignity.

Now the last age of verse Cumæan's come ;  
A mighty series from a finish'd sum  
Of ages dawns. The Virgin comes again ;  
And Saturn now resumes his blissful reign.       10



74 VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE

Now a new race the Sire Almighty sends,  
And from high heaven this progeny descends.  
O, chaste Lucina! o'er his birth preside;  
To you the gods the sacred trust confide.  
The iron race shall first beneath his sway 15  
Cease to exist, and pass unseen away;  
O'er all the world a golden one shall rise:  
Now reigns, Lucina, your Apollo wise.  
Whilst you, O Pollio! your high honours grace,  
Shall this bright glory of the age take place; 20  
And mighty months begin to roll away,  
Whilst you shall own Imperial Cæsar's sway.  
If of our crimes some traces still remain,  
Beneath your consulship shall ev'ry stain  
Be wip'd away. So shall the earth appear 25  
Freed from the bondage of perpetual fear.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE 75

The expected child, plant of celestial seed !  
The course of life the gods pursue shall lead.  
Blended with gods this youth shall heroes see ;  
With valorous chiefs and gods himself shall be. 30  
He o'er the world, reduc'd to peace, shall reign,  
And by his father's virtues men restrain.  
The earth, untill'd, for thee, O babe ! shall bring  
The earliest offerings of the genial spring.  
Here winding ivy clasping baccar round, 35  
There colocasia with acanthus found.  
Homeward shall goats spontaneously repair,  
Their milk-swollen udders to the fold to bear.  
The steer shall with the lion fearless graze ;  
And the pleas'd earth a flowery cradle raise, 40  
To aid the slumbers of thy infant hours,  
And to regale thee with its fragrant pow'rs.

76 VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE.

No longer lurking shall the serpent lie,  
But, with the guileful poisonous weed, shall die ;  
In ev'ry region shall amomum grow, 45  
And ev'ry wind Assyrian odours blow.  
But, when to riper powers sufficient grown,  
To read of heroes, how your father shone,  
Their praises, his exploits at once to learn,  
And virtue's beauteous lineaments, discern, 50  
Yellow the plain shall by degrees appear, '  
In golden glory with the tender ear ;  
From rugged briars shall blushing grapes depend ;  
From sturdy oaks mellifluous drops descend.  
Of pristine guilt some traces still shall be, 55  
To tempt the sailor to explore the sea,  
And states with walls their cities shall surround,  
And the bright share in furrows cut the ground.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE. 77

Another Tiphys shall once more arise  
To steer an Argo for a golden prize, 60  
With chosen heroes ; other wars shall rage,  
And wake the Achilles of some Trojan age.  
But, when ripe years have nerv'd thy frame with  
strength,  
And age mature has made thee man at length,  
The hardy seaman shall forsake the main, 65  
And swelling surges spend their rage in vain ;  
Hence, that the earth may prove one common store,  
The freighted ship shall cleave the waves no more ;  
Now ev'ry land shall ev'ry thing produce  
For man's convenience, or his generous use. 70  
No more the glebe the harrow shall refine,  
Nor pruning-hook retrench the fruitful vine ;  
The ploughman now shall take the yoke away,  
And free his bulls from its oppressive sway ;

78 VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE.

Nor shall the flock's warm covering meet the  
view, 75

In various colours of dissembled hue :

The ram, in nature's purple vest, shall stray,

And, in the meads, his blushing robes display ;

Or, in a saffron garb, unborrow'd, shine,

And emulate the glory of the mine ; 80

While, o'er the grazing lambs' luxurious dress,

Shall nature's hand vermilion's tinge impress.

The Fates, concurring in this high decree,

Say to their spindles, "Glorious ages, be !

"Ages like these, run on ; and thus shall shine 85

"The brilliant radiance of a state divine !"

Belov'd of all the illustrious powers above,

Child of the gods, distinguish'd care of Jove !

Come to the lofty honours that remain

To grace the splendours of thy blissful reign ; 90

VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE. 79

(And soon the sun of that auspicious day  
Shall chase the lingering gloom of dull delay ;)  
See the round world its ponderous mass incline,  
See earth, sea, skies exult with joy divine ;  
See, in the prospect of an age like this, 95  
How all things tremble with the thrill of bliss !  
O may my life and muse so long remain,  
To sing thy glories in a deathless strain !  
Not Thracian Orpheus shall surpass my lays,  
Nor Linus ; (thou the immortal theme of praise ;) 100  
That, though his mother, this, his heavenly sire  
Unite to aid, and swell the notes of fire ;  
To Orpheus' lays should Calliopea's join,  
With Linus', fair Apollo's notes divine ;  
Yea Pan, should Pan, the god and pride of  
swains, 105  
Arcadian Pan, but emulate my strains,

80 VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE.

Arcadian judges, with himself, should say,  
Vain were his efforts to transcend my lay!  
Come, child of hope! come give thy mother joy,  
To mark the unfolding reason of her boy;       110  
Thy mother by her smile begin to tell,  
And let her beating heart with rapture swell;  
Ten tedious months of long and loathing pain  
Have o'er thy mother roll'd to introduce thy reign.  
Begin, O babe! begin, illustrious boy!       115  
To know thy mother by her smile of joy;  
Celestial honours ne'er await the child  
On whom his earthly parents have not smil'd:  
No god esteems him worthy of his board,  
Nor goddess honours as her nuptial lord.       120

## EX HORATIO.

LUCULLI miles collecta viatica, multis  
Ærumnis lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem  
Perdiderat : post hoc, vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti  
Iratu pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,  
Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,  
Summè munito, et multarum divite rerum.  
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,  
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummûm.  
Fortè sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor  
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem  
Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem :  
I, bone, quò virtus tua te vocat : i, pede fausto,  
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. Quid stas ?  
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus : Ibit,  
Ibit eò, quò vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.



## FROM HORACE.

ONCE as a soldier of Lucullus lay,  
Worn out by grinding toil's oppressive sway,  
And, in deep slumbers, snor'd the night away,  
He, to a farthing, all his substance lost :  
Then, like a raging wolf, with hunger cross'd,  
Vext with himself as much as with his foe,  
He drove a royal guard, as rumours go,  
Forth from his high-wall'd post, enrich'd with stores  
For fields, where crimson war terrific roars.  
Illustrious now by this exploit achiev'd,  
He twenty thousand sesterces receiv'd,  
Besides the honourable presents he  
Obtain'd for this, his deed of bravery.

It chanc'd, about this time, his general's aim  
Was to destroy some fort I cannot name,  
When he, to encourage the same desperate man,  
In terms to move a coward's heart, began :  
"Go, my brave fellow, where your valour calls ;  
"With prosperous step, advance to hostile walls ;  
"Why, why delay ? Go, crown'd with glory, forth ;  
"There ampler honours shall reward your worth !"  
To this that shrewd, though rustic man, replies,  
Crown'd with the lustre of his recent prize :  
"Let him who's lost his purse the occasion seize---  
"*He'll go, he'll go* wherever you may please !"

## DE FORMA.

FORMA bonum fragile est : quantumque accedit ad

annos,

Fit minor ; et spatio carpitur ipsa suo.

Nec violæ semper, nec hiantia lilia florent ;

Et riget amissâ spina relictâ rosâ.

Et tibi jam cani venient, formose, capilli ;

Jam venient rugæ, quæ tibi corpus arent.

---

ON BEAUTY.

A PARAPHRASE.

BEAUTY is a frail possession,

Losing grace while gathering years ;

Beauty wanes with time's progression,

Withers, dies, and disappears.

Do the violets ever flourish?

Do the lilies ever bloom?

These what lasting Spring shall nourish,

Or of those avert the doom!

Stript of all its blushing glory,

Mark the rose-forsaken spray;

Cold and faded, stiff and hoary,

Thus it says, or seems to say:

“Beauteous one, ere long, shall perish

Ev’ry grace your form can boast;

Ev’ry charm you proudly cherish,

In some transient years at most.

To your comely curling tresses  
Hoary locks must soon succeed ;  
Wrinkles too (this truth distresses)  
On your damask cheeks will breed.”

---

DE NATALIS SOLI DULCEDINE.

NESCIO quâ natale solum dulcedine captos  
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.  
Quid melius Româ ? Scythico quid frigore pejus ?  
Huc tamen ex illâ barbarus urbe fugit.  
Assuetos tauri saltus, assueta leones  
( Nec feritas illos impedit) antra petunt.

## ON THE CHARM OF OUR NATIVE SOIL.

His native soil to ev'ry mortal yields

Delights surpassing human speech to tell ;

Man never can forget his native fields,

Whate'er his state, where'er his lot to dwell.

What better sure than Rome, can aught be said ?

What worse than piercing Scythian cold, declare ?

Hither, however, from that city fled

A savage, panting for his native air.

The powerful bull desires his wonted range,

The undaunted lion his accustom'd den ;

The fiercest beast that scours the desert strange,

Will, spite of wildness, seek his haunt again.

## EX LUCRETIO.

TE sequor, O Graiæ gentis Decus ! inque tuis nunc  
 Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis,  
 Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem,  
 Quòd te imitari aveo-----

*This passage, from Lucretius, appears as the motto on the title-page of Pope's translation of the Iliad. It is here rendered to suit its accommodation to that purpose. But the Graiæ gentis Decus, to whom Lucretius addresses himself, is Epicurus, not Homer.*

GLORY of Greece ! now in thy steps I tread,  
 Thou most illustrious of the tuneful dead,  
 Thou orb refulgent of the land of Greece,  
 Immortal name ! since thine shall never cease ;

Thee I pursue, nor with the ambitious aim  
To rival Homer in his deathless fame ;  
A generous impulse does my bosom move---  
I follow rather for the sake of love :  
To copy thee is my supreme delight---  
The example noble---let me nobly write !

---

**SUMMA VIRTUS, VIA IN CŒLUM.**

**PULCHRUM** eminere est inter illustres viros ;  
Consulere patriæ ; parcere afflictis ; ferâ  
Cæde abstinere ; tempus atque iræ dare,  
Orbi quietem, seculo pacem suo.  
Hæc summa virtus, petitur hâc cœlum viâ.



**THE HIGHEST VIRTUE, THE WAY TO  
HEAVEN.**

**ILLUSTRIOUS 'mongst illustrious men to stand ;  
To advance the welfare of our native land ;  
To make affliction's bending load more light ;  
To abstain from slaughter---from the bloody fight ;  
To give to anger time its strength to lose ;  
Peace to our age, and to the world repose ;  
This is the thing most lovely to behold ;  
This is the pearl of higher price than gold ;  
This is the way to reach that blissful state,  
The glorious mansion of the good and great !**

**DOLORES IN AMORE.**

**QUOT lepores in Atho, quot apes pascuntur in Hyblâ :**

**Cærula quot baccas Pallados arbor habet :**

**Littore quot conchæ ; tot sunt in amore dolores :**

**Quæ patimur, multo spicula felle madent.**

**PAINS IN LOVE.**

**ON Athos numerous as the hares that run ;**

**And as the bees that feed in Hybla's sun ;**

**And as the berries of the olive tree ;**

**And as the shells along the shore we see ;**

**In love so numerous are the painful smarts :**

**And drunk with gall that pierce us are the darts.**

**AMICI IN REBUS SECUNDIS ET ADVERSIS.**

**EN** ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,  
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis ;  
Ut fera nimbo tumuerunt æquora vento,  
In mediis, lacerâ puppe, relinquor aquis.

**FRIENDS IN PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.**

**BEHOLD** me once, when prosperous breezes blew,  
And swell'd my sails, friends, only friends, I knew ;  
But, when the wild tumultuous ocean rose,  
Rous'd by the wind with driving rain that blows,  
Then, wreck'd my bark, forsaken I remain  
Amid the dashing billows of the main.

**SUUM SEPULTURÆ CONTEMPTUM EX-  
PRIMIT THEODORUS.**

**MINABATUR** Theodoro philosopho tyrannus mortem,  
et quidem sine sepulturâ. Cui Theodorus: O te  
ineptum, si putas interesse, supra terram an infra,  
putrescam !

**THEODORUS EXPRESSES HIS CONTEMPT  
OF BURIAL.**

**A TYRANT**, threatening, Theodorus doom'd  
To die, and vow'd he should not be entomb'd:  
"O foolish fellow !" Theodorus said,  
"What can it matter, tyrant, when I'm dead,  
"Whether, beneath the ground, I then decay,  
"Or, in putrescent vapours, waste away !"

*Verses and Particulars (chiefly) from the Life of  
Virgil, prefixed to the Delphin Edition of that  
Author.*

**NOCTE** pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane :

**Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.**

**THROUGH** all the night it pours down streams of rain,

**Then,** in the morn, we've splendid sights again :

**Thus Cæsar** has with **Jove** an equal sway ;

**This** rules the night, and that directs the day.

**Augustus** gave splendid sights to the people in the day, **Jupiter** rained in the night: in this manner they were said to share the empire of the world. These verses, which are the production of **Virgil**, were se-

cretly fixed on the gates of the imperial palace, and were so flattering to Augustus that he desired to know the author. One Bathyllus, a poet of inferior note, others being silent, ascribed them to himself. Wherefore he was rewarded and honoured by Cæsar. Virgil, not bearing this patiently, affixed to the same gates this commencement, *Sic vos non vobis*, (*So you not for yourselves*,) four times, thus :

*Sic vos non vobis* . . . . .

*Sic vos non vobis* . . . . .

*Sic vos non vobis* . . . . .

*Sic vos non vobis* . . . . .

Augustus required that these verses should be completed ; which when some had attempted in vain, Virgil thus subjoined to the prefixed distich :

**Hos ego versiculos feci ; tulit alter honores :**

*Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves ;*

*Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves ;*

*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes ;*

*Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.*

'Twas I indeed these little verses made ;  
Honour'd for which another's been, and paid :  
So do ye, birds, that mount the ethereal air,  
Not for yourselves your curious nests prepare ;  
So do ye, tenants of the shepherd's fold,  
Not for yourselves your fleecy coverings hold ;  
So do ye, bees industrious, daily strive  
To store with choicest sweets the honied hive ;  
So likewise when ye, oxen, draw the plough,  
Not for yourselves your stubborn necks ye bow.

This affair being known, Bathyllus was, for some time, the common talk of Rome, but Maro rose in the estimation of the people.

## DE VARI CŒNA.

AD cœnam nuper Varus me fortè vocavit ;

Ornatus dives, parvula cœna, fuit.

Auro, non dapibus, oneratur mensa : ministri

Apponunt oculis plurima, pauca gulæ.

Tunc ego : Non oculos, sed ventrem pascere veni ;

Aut appone dapes, Vare, vel aufer opes.

## ON VARUS' SUPPER.

VARUS lately chanc'd to invite me,

To partake the nightly meal ;

Richly garnish'd to delight me

Was his board, with flaming zeal.



But a slender supper grac'd it,  
Gold, not food, the table loads ;  
For the eyes the servants plac'd it,  
Not to cheer where hunger goads.

Then said I, with grief repining,  
Not my eyes I'm come to feed,  
But a hungry stomach pining  
For the want of food I need.

To my wants, as well as wishes,  
Varus, let thy treat apply ;  
Or remove thy golden dishes,  
If thou wilt not thus comply.

## AD ÆLIAM.

SI memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes :

Expuit una duos tussis, et una duos.

Jam`secura potes totis tussire diebus ;

Nil isthic, quod agat, tertia tussis habet.

## TO ÆLIA.

IF I remember, Ælia, you'd four teeth ;

Front of your mouth they were, 'bove or beneath ;

Just as a tempest sweeping from the north,

A furious cough drove two directly forth ;

The other two, with an impulsive sway,

Up by the roots another tore away :

Now careless you may cough the year about ;

A third has nothing there it can drive out.

## IN CAPPADOCEM.

VIPERA Cappadocem malesana momordit ; at ipsa  
Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis.

## ON A CAPPADOCIAN.

WITH rancorous bite, and deadly poisonous tongue,  
A Viper once a Cappadocian stung ;  
But, when to gorge his purple blood she tried,  
Forthwith she sicken'd, and, in tortures, died.

THE END.

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