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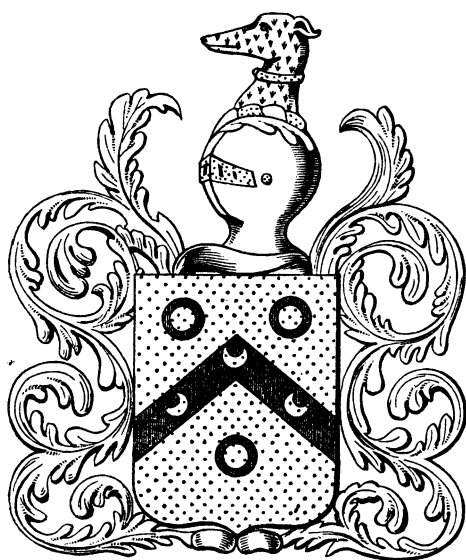






SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.





# SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM

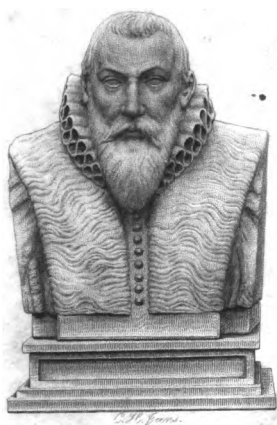
FLORIBUS TRIUM SECLORUM

CONTEXTUM

CURA

GULIELMI HAIG BROWN,

SCHOLÆ CARTHUSIANÆ ARCHIDIDASCALI.



PROSTAT APUD

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## LECTORI BENEVOLO S.



**U**T hodie nihil fere in dubium non vocatur, ita de artibus, quæ ad pueros instituendos plurimum valeant, summa contentione disputatur: nec desunt ii, qui rerum physicarum amore abrepti, veteres illas disciplinas, vulgo literas humaniores nuncupatas, ex eruditione puerili omnino depellant, ita ut, venustate atque elegantia literarum posthabita, omnia ad utilitatis normam revocentur. Sed etsi haud mirandum est si inter talem animorum æstum, qualem nunc dierum videmus concitatum, utilitati omnia a nonnullis arrogentur, videndum tamen est ne, in ipsa utilitate captanda, multa quoque utilia projiciantur, quæ amissa haud mediocriter desiderabuntur.

Jam vero ut me excerpam ex numero illorum, quibus omnia putida sunt studia præ literis Græcis et Romanis, mihi quidem in scholarum nostrarum curriculo non modo linguæ hodiernæ, verum etiam rerum physicarum rationes, suum sibi locum videntur vindicare: idque eo libentius concedo, non modo quod aliquantulum inde fructus et voluptatis ipse percepi, quatenus id in vita occupata licebat, sed multo magis quod res ipsæ dignissimæ sunt, quibus labor

et cura insumantur, adeoque quod, ut opinor, pro comperto habetur tantum abesse ut quæstiones istæ literis humanioribus officiant perdiscendis, ut iis aliquid potius afferant adjumenti. Præterea quoniam puerorum indoles mirum quantum inter se discrepant, non fieri potest quin mentes aliæ aliis rationibus sint educandæ: itaque, rerum physicarum indagatione curriculo nostro addita pluribusque ad sapientiam viis munitis, omnes pro suo quisque ingenio habent, in quo cum fructu elaborent. Sed quum necesse est neminem unquam grammaticam ignorare, nec literarum omnino expertem vivere; et quum in omni eruditione jaciendum est fundamentum aliquod, in quo aliæ quoque res adstruantur, nihil, me iudice, tantum valet cum ad vim insitam promovendam tum ad mentem corroborandam, quantum duplex illa disciplina,<sup>1</sup> quæ per multos jam annos floret apud Scholam inclytissimam quamque Britannicam: atque haud scio an nullum melius mentis informandæ instrumentum usquam possit reperiri: Quum enim ad puerilem institutionem certi aliquid nec fluxi requiri videtur, nihil sane accuratius definitum præsto est, quam linguæ, quæ summo artificio perfectæ et ex consuetudine loquendi delapsæ nequeunt jam immutari; nec quidquam cogitandi facultatem melius potest adjuvare, quam arctæ et constrictæ mathematicorum conclusiones. Si vero, id quod sæpissime inculcatur a multis neque illis spernendis auctoribus, hominis est ea potissimum investigare, quæ ad rerum naturam pertinent, si disciplina scholastica eo spectare debet, ut res nec verba indagentur, si denique omnia referenda sunt ad Virgilianum illud *Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, at certe ex ejusmodi eruditionis curriculo vix æquum est contemplationem extrudere summorum illorum operum, quæ tum ad doctri-

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<sup>1</sup> Sc. litterarum humaniorum et scientiæ mathematicæ.

nam tum ad voluptatem omnium seculorum inde ab antiquissimo tempore tradita habemus: immo vero, ut ingenium humanum, *divinæ illa particula auræ*, cetera rerum natura præstat, ita scripta ista eximia ac prope divina maxime sunt idonea ad mentem excolendam. Ut enim omittantur sacra illa monumenta, in quibus fides innititur Christiana, sane pulcherrima ea carmina Homeri *cui nihil vidimus aut simile aut secundum*, vita ea ætatis, quam vocant, *heroicæ votiva veluti descripta tabella*, Herodoti dulcis et fusa et candida oratio, graves Thucydidis sententiæ, magna Platonis et Aristotelis auctoritas, sonora Æschyli dignitas, fabulæ Sophoclis τοῦ τραγικωτάτου, concinna Euripidis suaviloquentia, hæc quidem et multa alia, si Græcos tantum respexeris, pretiosiora sane sunt, quam quæ negligentiae incuriosæ situ obruantur; adeoque tota illa sapientiæ et eloquentiæ et doctrinæ, et Græcarum et Latinarum, hereditas non ea est, quæ a nobis repudietur. Libros autem illos tanquam κτήμα ἐς αἰὲν accepimus, neque ulla, ut opinor, ætas utilitatem tanti æstimabit, ut tales viros, non suarum modo sed nostrarum etiam literarum auctores, prætereat atque obliviscatur. Ita enim arcte inter se implicantur literæ antiquæ et hodiernæ, ita oratio nostra ac sermo a vetere isto fonte derivantur, ita referti sunt libri nostri imaginibus inde desumptis, ut si quis poetas et oratores nostrates velit intelligere, is profecto non facere possit, quin aliquid ponat operæ in auctoribus Græcis et Latinis perlegendis.

At, dixerit aliquis, si constiterit auctores veteres tanta in veneratione esse habendos, tamen nihil certe opus est ut pueri in versibus Latine ac Græce factitandis exerçantur: Verum enimvero ab omnibus, ni fallor, concessum est linguæ cujuslibet scientiam nullo prorsus modo melius acquiri quam usu et consuetudine scribendi; nec dubium esse potest quin aditus ad

linguas illas veteres optime per versiculos aperiatur scribendos: itaque labor ille carminum pangendorum non ideo pueris imponitur, ut poetæ evadant, sed potius ut aptiores fiant ad utramque linguam intelligendam.

Sed quoniam "in omni labore est pretium," consentaneum est viros etiam spectatos atque probatos, qui isti studio operam felicem navaverint, aliquando libenter ad eam, qua pueri emicuerint, exercitationem recurrere et labores juveniles animi causa renovare.

Quæ cum ita sint, liber hic noster carmina et a viris et a pueris composita continet: sed ut omnia ordine procederent, illa, quæ præsto erant, quadrifariam sunt disposita, ita ut in parte prima ponerentur carmina a Carthusianis jam e pueritia egressis seu Græce seu Latine versa; in parte autem altera poematia nonnulla, eademque a viris composita; duæ vero reliquæ partes excerpta quædam ex Albo Scholastico exhiberent. Omnia autem secundum ætatem eorum, qui scripserunt, sunt ordinata, ita ut cuivis facile pateret, quantum nostri identidem in hac re profecerint.

Quod ad flosculos, unde sertum hoc nostrum est contextum, quamquam summo opere conatus sum, ut nihil desideraretur, tamen inveniuntur hiatus quidam, quos, si modo id fieri potuisset, libenter complevissem. Desunt enim nomina aliquot virorum, qui quamvis in hoc genere claruerunt, nihil tamen præbuerunt, quod in manus meas veniret. Inter quos præcipue sunt nominandi Johannes Wesley, Gulielmus Blackstone, Eduardus, Baro de Ellenborough, cum nonnullis aliis, quorum facile in mentem veniet cuivis Carthusiano.

Restat ut gratiæ agantur iis qui amore cum literarum tum Matris Almæ Carthusianæ inducti opem ad sertum hoc contexen-

dum contulerunt. Etenim sine hujusmodi auxilio non fieri potuisset, ut hæc carmina in lucem ederentur. Quum autem permultis tantum acceptum erat referendum, invidiam haudquaquam vitarem, si aliquos nominatim laudare auderem: illud autem eo minus est necessarium quod scripta per se ipsa testantur, quantum quisque auxilii in hac re præstiterit. Ceterum carmina ea, quæ nunc in publicum prodeunt, ad eum solum finem eligebantur ut, quantum in me staret, Domui Carthusianæ antiquissimæ et amatissimæ laudis aliquid conferretur. Præterea ἀνάμνημα ista, quæ, paginis primæ partis identidem subjecta, litera E distinguuntur, de meo inserui, eo magis ut lacunas aliquot typographicas explerem, quam ut librum versiculis meis qualibuscumque refecirem.

Dabam apud Æd: Carthus:

A. D. Cal. Octobr. MDCCCLXIX.









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|-------|--------------------------|--|
| 1672. | 1683.                    | ADDISON, JOSEPH — Queen's Coll. Ox. 1687; Demy of Magd. Coll. 1689; Fellow, 1698; Commissioner of Appeals, 1704; Under Sec. of State, 1706; Sec. to Lord Lieut. of Ireland, 1708; First No. of <i>Spectator</i> published, 1711; Sec. of State, 1717; died, 1719. Pp. 148, 149, 150. |
| 1843. | 1857.                    | ALCOCK, GEORGE — Talbot Medallist, 1860; Havelock Exhib. 1861; Gold Medallist, 1861; Orator, 1861; Scholar of Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1862; B. A. 1867. Pp. 295, 299.  |
| 1787. | 1800.                    | ALDERSON, EDWARD HALL — Caius Coll. Cam. 1805; Browne's Medallist (Epigrams), 1807; Senior Wrangler and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, 1809; Fellow of Caius, 1809; Latin Essay, 1810; Judge in Court of Common Pleas, 1830; died, 1857. Pp. 11, 164.                                |
| 1801. | 1811.                    | ALLAN, JOSEPH WILLIAM—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1817; B.A. 1821. P. 331.  |
| 1799. | 1811.                    | ALLAN, THOMAS ROBINSON—Gold Medallist, 1817; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1817; B.A. 1821. Pp. 327, 328.   |
| 1840. | 1855.                    | ARMSTRONG, JAMES—Talbot Medallist and Scholar, 1859; Exhibitioner of Oriel Coll. 1859; B.A. 1863. P. 291.  |
| 1805. | 1817.                    | BANNATYNE, CHARLES—Balliol Coll. Ox. 1823; B.A. 1827. P. 203.  |
| 1630. | 1640.                    | BARROW, ISAAC—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1645; Schol. 1647; Fellow, 1649; Regius Prof. of Greek, 1660; Lucasian Prof. of Mathematics, 1663; Master of Trin. Coll. 1672; died, 1677. Pp. 146, 147, 148.   |

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| 1739. | 1749. |                          | BERDMORE, SAMUEL—Jesus Coll. Cam. 1754; B.A. 1758; Fellow, 1759; Latin Essay, 1760; Head Master of Charterhouse School, 1769—1791; died, 1801. P. 154.  |
| 1805. | 1815. |                          | BLENCOWE, EDWARD—Wadham Coll. Ox. 1824; B.A. 1828; Fellow of Oriel, 1829; died, 1840. P. 337.   |
| 1835. | 1848. |                          | BLORE, GEORGE JOHN—Gold Medallist, 1853; Slade Exhib. at Ch. Ch. Ox. 1854; Student, 1854; B.A. 1858; Senior Student, 1861; Tutor, 1861; Head Master of Bromsgrove School, 1867. Pp. 99, 101, 103.   |
| 1816. | 1829. |                          | BODE, JOHN ERNEST—Orator, 1832; Gold Medallist, 1833; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1833; Hertford Scholar, 1835; B.A. 1837; Senior Student, 1837; Tutor, 1840; Classical Examiner, 1846—1848; Bampton Lecturer, 1855; Rector of Castle Camps, 1860. Pp. 33, 179. |
| 1798. | 1812. |                          | BOONE, JAMES SHERGOLD—Gold Medallist, 1816; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1816; Craven Scholar, 1817; Student of Ch. Ch. 1818; Lat. and Engl. Verse, 1817; B.A. 1820; Lat. Essay, 1820; Incumb. of St. John's, Paddington; died, 1859. P. 325.                    |
| 1803. | 1818. |                          | BORRETT, WILLIAM PENRICE—Gold Medallist, 1821; Caius Coll. Cam. 1822; B.A. 1826; M.D.; Vicar of Siston; died, 1847. Pp. 199, 334.   |
| 1821. | 1833. |                          | BOWEN, GEORGE FERGUSON—Orator, 1840; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1841; B.A. 1844; Fellow of Brasenose Coll. 1846; G.C.M.B. 1856; Governor of Queensland, 1856; Governor of New Zealand, 1867. P. 217.   |
| 1821. | 1835. |                          | BOX, HENRY ADDERLEY—Schol. of Wadham Coll. Ox. 1839; B.A. 1842. P. 364.   |
| 1845. | 1857. |                          | BOYLE, COURTENAY EDMUND—Havelock Exhib. 1862; Talbot Medallist, 1863; Orator, 1863; Student of Ch. Ch. Ox. 1863; B.A. 1868. P. 303.   |
| 1810. | 1824. |                          | BRIGHT, JOHN EDWARD—Gold Medallist, 1829; Demy of Magd. Coll. Ox. 1830; B.A. 1834. Pp. 352, 355.  |
| 1805. | 1819. |                          | BROCKHURST, JOSEPH SUMNER—St. John's Coll. Cam. 1823; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1824; B.A. 1827. P. 205.   |
| 1840. | 1849. |                          | BRODIE, ROBERT—Gold Medallist, 1858; Talbot Medallist, 1858; Orator, 1858; Balliol Coll. Ox. 1859; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1859; B.A. 1863; Student and Tutor of Ch. Ch. 1864. Pp. 123, 125, 283, 379.  |
| 1809. | 1823. |                          | BROME, JOHN—Gold Medallist, 1826; Trin. Coll. Camb. 1826. Pp. 341, 343.   |
| 1843. | 1853. |                          | BUTTER, JAMES—Orator, 1860; Talbot Medallist, 1861;   |

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		Balliol Coll. Ox. 1861; B.A. 1865; Assist. Master in School, 1865-6. P. 297.
1842.	1854.	CHAMPNEYS, BASIL—Gold Medallist, 1860; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1860; B.A. 1864. P. 293, 382.
1839.	1852.	CHAMPNEYS, WELDON—Talbot Scholar, 1852; Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1858; B.A. 1861. P. 287.
1808.	1820.	CHATFIELD, ALLEN WILLIAM—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1827; Scholar, 1829; B.A. 1831; Rector of Much Marcle, Herefordshire. Pp. 15, 142.
1806.	1821.	CHATFIELD, THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1823; Scholar, 1826; B.A. 1827; Barrister-at-Law; died, 1836. Pp. 17, 19, 164, 169.
1800.	1810.	CHURTON, EDWARD—Gold Medallist, 1818; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1818; B.A. 1821; Assistant Master in School, 1821-1830; Rector of Crayke, 1835; Archdeacon of Cleveland, 1846. P. 329.
1810.	1822.	CHURTON, HENRY B. WHITAKER—Schol. of Balliol Coll. Ox. 1828; B.A. 1831; Fellow of Brasenose Coll. 1832; Pusey and Ellerton Scholar, 1835; Preacher of Charterhouse, 1842—1844; Prebendary of Chichester; Vicar of Icklesham. P. 348.
1839.	1851.	CHURTON, JOSHUA WATSON—Gold Medallist, 1857; Schol. of Univ. Coll. Ox. 1857; died, 1860. Pp. 265, 271, 275, 277.
1809.	1821.	CLAY, JOHN GOUGH—Jesus Coll. Ox. 1827; B.A. 1831. P. 211.
1805.	1817.	COLE, JOHN GRIFFITH—Gold Medallist, 1822; Exeter Coll. Ox. 1822; B.A. 1826; Fellow, 1826. Pp. 335, 338.
1616.	1626.	CRASHAW, RICHARD—Schol. of Pemb. Coll. Cam. 1632; Fellow of Peterhouse, 1637; Ejected by Parliamentary Commission, 1644; Canon of Loretto, 1649; died, 1649. Pp. 145, 146.
1816.	1824.	CURREY, GEORGE—Gold Medallist, 1834; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1834; Bell's Schol. 1835; Schol. of St. John's, 1835; B.A. 1838; Fellow, 1838; Tutor, 1845; Preacher of Charterhouse, 1849. Pp. 35, 37.
1821.	1836.	CURTIS, CHARLES GEORGE—Gold Medallist, 1840; Postmaster of Merton, Coll. Ox. 1840; B.A. 1844; Assist. Master in School, 1846; Chaplain at Constantinople. Pp. 180, 181, 219, 365.
1845.	1856.	DAVIES, GERALD STANLEY—Gold Medallist, 1864; Orator, 1864; Schol. of Christ's Coll. Cam. 1864; B.A. 1868, P. 303, 384.

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| 1832. | 1845.                    | DAWSON-DAMER, LIONEL—Gold Medallist, 1850 ; Orator, 1851 ; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1851 ; B.A. 1855 ; Rector of Cheddington. Pp. 174, 176.   |
| 1809. | 1822.                    | DOBSON, WILLIAM—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1828 ; Schol. 1829 ; B.A. 1832 ; Fellow, 1832 ; Principal of Cheltenham Coll. 1844—1858 ; died, 1868. Pp. 23, 25, 27.   |
| 1812. | 1826.                    | ELDER, EDWARD—Schol. of Balliol Coll. Ox. 1830 ; B.A. 1834 ; Head Master of Durham School, 1846 ; Head Master of Charterhouse School, 1853 ; died, 1858. Pp. 29, 31, 356.  |
| 1835. | 1853.                    | ELLIS, ROBERT KEATE ALVES—Gold Medallist, 1854 ; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1855 ; B.A. 1859. P. 257.   |
| 1827. | 1836.                    | ELWYN, RICHARD—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1845 ; Schol. 1846 ; Bell's Schol. 1846 ; Craven Scholar, 1848 ; Lat. Essay, 1848 ; B.A. 1849 ; Fellow of Trin. Coll. 1850 ; Second Master of Charterhouse School, 1853—1858 ; Head Master 1858—1863 ; Head Master of St. Peter's School, York, 1864. Pp. 83, 85, 247. |
| 1804. | 1814.                    | FARRE, FREDERICK JOHN—Gold Medallist, 1821 ; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1823 ; B.A. 1827 ; M.D. ; Physician to Charterhouse, 1860. P. 337.  |
| 1826. | 1837.                    | FISHER, HERBERT WILLIAM—Gold Medallist, 1843 ; Orator, 1843 ; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1844 ; B.A. 1848 ; Student of Ch. Ch. 1848 ; Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Pp. 77, 369, 370, 389, 391.  |
| 1830. | 1841.                    | FLOYD, CHARLES GREENWOOD—Orator, 1848 ; Gold Medallist, 1849 ; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1849 ; B.A. 1852 ; Student, 1852. P. 379.   |
| 1836. | 1850.                    | FORSTER, CHARLES THORNTON—Talbot Medallist and Schol. of Jesus Coll. Cam. 1856 ; B.A. 1860 ; Croke Schol. 1860 ; Fellow of Jesus Coll. 1862 ; Rector of Hinxton. Pp. 95, 97.   |
| 1838. | 1850.                    | FORSTER, HENRY THORNTON—Talbot Medallist and Schol. 1857 ; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1858 ; Schol. 1860 ; B.A. 1862 ; Assist. Master in School, 1862 ; died, 1866. Pp. 125, 273.  |
| 1835. | 1853.                    | FOWLE, THOMAS WELBANK—Schol. of Oriel Coll. Ox. 1854 ; B.A. 1858. P. 257.  |
| 1812. | 1827.                    | FREESE, JOHN WELLINGTON—Gold Medallist, 1831 ; Ball. Coll. Ox. 1831 ; B.A. 1835. P. 361.   |
| 1805. | 1819.                    | FULTON, JOHN ATKINSON—Gold Medallist, 1824 ; Queen's Coll. Ox. 1824 ; B.A. 1828. P. 340.   |
| 1844. | 1856.                    | GIRDLESTONE, FREDERICK KENNEDY WILSON—Orator,  |

Born.	Admitted into School.	
		1862; Demy of Magd. Coll. Ox. 1862; B.A. 1867; Assist. Master in School, 1867. P. 395.
		HAIG-BROWN, WILLIAM—Head Master of Charterhouse School, 1863. Pp. 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 141, 179.
1824.	1835.	HALE, WILLIAM PALMER—Orator, 1842; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1843; Trin. Hall, Cam. 1844; Scholar, 1845; B.A. 1847; Barrister-at-Law. P. 368.
1803.	1816.	HALL, JOHN CECIL—Ch. Ch. Ox. 1819; B.A. 1823; Archdeacon of Sodor and Man; died, 1844. P. 195.
1795.	1806.	HARE, JULIUS CHARLES—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1812; Schol. 1814; B.A. 1816; Fellow, 1818; Tutor, 1823; Rector of Hurstmonceaux; Archdeacon of Sussex; died, 1855. P. 163.
1844.	1857.	HARTSHORNE, BERTRAM FULKE—Pemb. Coll. Ox. 1863; B.A. 1867. P. 135.
1795.	1804.	HAVELOCK, HENRY—General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.; died, 1857. P. 380.
1807.	1822.	HEBERT, CHARLES—Gold Medallist, 1825; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1826; Schol. 1828; B.A. 1831; Rector of Lowestoft. P. 344.
1833.	1844.	HENNIKER, ROBERT—Gold Medallist, 1852; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1852; B.A. 1855; Theological Prizeman, 1856. Pp. 95, 180, 251.
1835.	1849.	HENNIKER, ROWLAND—Trin. Hall, Cam. 1854; B.A. 1858. P. 259.
1846.	1857.	HODGSON, JAMES THOMAS—Univ. Coll. Ox. 1866; B.A. 1869. P. 305.
1824.	1836.	HULL, JOHN WINSTANLEY—Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1844; B.A. 1848. P. 243.
1824.	1833.	HULME, SAMUEL JOSEPH—Schol. of Wadh. Coll. Ox. 1842; B.A. 1845; Fellow, 1846; Tutor, 1847; Examiner, 1858. Pp. 79, 81, 231.
1824.	1834.	JACOBS, HENRY MICHEL—Schol. of Queen's Coll. Ox. 1841; B.A. 1845; Archdeacon of Christchurch, New Zealand. P. 229.
1802.	1816.	JAGO, WILLIAM—Ch. Ch. Ox. 1820; died, 1823. Pp. 197, 332.
1841.	1854.	JEBB, RICHARD C.—Gold Medallist, 1856; Talbot Medalist, 1856; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1858; Porson Schol. 1859; Porson Prizeman, 1859; Schol. of Trin. Coll. 1860; Craven Schol. 1860; B.A. 1862; Sen. Chancellor's Medallist, 1862; Fellow of Trin. Coll. 1863; Assist. Tutor. Pp. 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 184, 188, 269, 279, 281, 285, 289, 380.

- | Born. | Admitted<br>into School. |  |
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| 1726. | 1736.                    | JONES, WILLIAM (of Nayland)—Univ. Coll. Ox. 1744 ; B.A. 1749 ; died, 1799. P. 155.   |
| 1698. | 1709.                    | JORTIN, JOHN—Jesus Coll. Cam. 1715 ; Schol. 1716 ; B.A. 1719 ; Fellow, 1721 ; Archdeacon of Middlesex, 1764 ; died, 1770. Pp. 3, 151, 152, 153.  |
| 1818. | 1831.                    | JOYNES, RICHARD—Schol. of C. C. C. Ox. 1836 ; B.A. 1839 ; Fellow, 1839 ; Rector of Great Holland. P. 363.  |
| 1816. | 1831.                    | KING, HENRY—Schol. of Wadham Coll. 1833 ; B.A. 1837 ; Fellow of Wadham, 1837 ; Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 23, 41, 45.   |
| 1618. | 1629.                    | LOVELACE, RICHARD—Gloucester Hall, Ox. 1636 ; died, after much trouble suffered for the Royalist cause, 1658. P. 58.   |
| 1811. | 1823.                    | LUSHINGTON, EDMUND LAW—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1827 ; Schol. 1828 ; B.A. 1832 ; Fellow, 1832 ; Prof. of Greek at Glasgow Univ. 1838. Pp. 207, 209, 353.   |
| 1813. | 1823.                    | LUSHINGTON, HENRY—Gold Medallist, 1828 ; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1830 ; Porson Prizeman, 1832 ; B.A. 1834 ; Fellow, 1836 ; Sec. of State at Malta ; died, 1855 ; Pp. 21, 213, 350.  |
| 1845. | 1857.                    | MACKENZIE, KENNETH AUGUSTUS MUIR—Havelock Exhib. 1863 ; Talbot Medallist, 1864 ; Ball. Coll. Ox. 1864 ; B.A. 1869. P. 307.   |
| 1836. | 1848.                    | MALKIN, HERBERT CHARLES—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1855 ; Schol. 1857 ; B.A. 1859 ; Assist. Master in School, 1863 ; Sec. at House of Lords. Pp. 103, 105.<br>MANN, NICHOLAS—Master of Charterhouse, 1737 ; died, 1753. P. 153.  |
| 1784. | 1799.                    | MONK, JAMES HENRY—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1800 ; Schol. 1802 ; B.A. 1804 ; Chancellor's Medal, 1804 ; Fellow, 1804 ; Tutor, 1816 ; Regius Prof. of Greek, 1808 ; Dean of Peterborough, 1824 ; Bishop of Gloucester, 1830 ; died, 1856. Pp. 323, 324.  |
| 1839. | 1854.                    | NETTLESHIP, HENRY—Gold Medallist, 1855 ; Schol. of Corpus Christi Coll. Ox. 1857 ; Gaisford Prizeman, 1859 ; Hertford Scholar, 1859 ; B.A. 1861 ; Craven Essay 1861 ; Fellow of Lincoln Coll. 1861 ; Latin Essay Prizeman, 1865 ; Assist. Master at Harrow. Pp. 107, 261, 263, 267, 393. |
| 1834. | 1846.                    | NICHOLSON, WILLIAM SMITH—Ch. Ch. Ox. 1852 ; B.A. 1856. P. 255.   |
| 1845. | 1858.                    | OTTLEY, JOHN BICKERSTETH—Schol. of Trin. Hall, Cam. 1864 ; Emman. Coll. 1865 ; B.A. 1868. P. 382.  |

- | Born. | Admitted<br>into School. |  |
|-------|--------------------------|--|
| 1824. | 1838.                    | PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER—Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1842; B.A. 1847; Fellow of Exeter Coll. 1847; Examiner in Educational Department of Privy Council Office. Pp. 237, 239, 371.  |
| 1826. | 1838.                    | PALGRAVE, WILLIAM GIFFORD—Gold Medallist, 1841; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1843; B.A. 1846; Indian Army; Consul at Bagdad. P. 241, 373, 374.  |
| 1824. | 1836.                    | PALMER, EDWIN—Gold Medallist, 1842; Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1842; Ireland and Hertford Schol. 1843; Latin Essay, 1847; Latin Verse, 1844; B.A. 1845; Fellow of Ball. 1846; Tutor, 1847. Pp. 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 223, 227, 233, 235, 366. |
| 1850. | 1860.                    | PAULSON, FREDERICK GEORGE—Talbot Medallist, 1868; Gold Medallist, 1868; Orator, 1868; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1869. P. 317.  |
| 1847. | 1860.                    | PAULSON, WILLIAM HENRY—Talbot Medallist, 1865; Gold Medallist, 1865; Orator, 1865; Demy of Magd. Coll. Ox. 1866. Pp. 309, 311.   |
| 1831. | 1841.                    | PEARSON, CHARLES—Orator, 1849; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1850; Schol. 1851; B.A. 1854; Assist. Master in School, 1855. Pp. 89, 139.  |
| 1845. | 1857.                    | PEARSON, EDWARD LYNCH—Talbot Schol. 1864; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1864; B.A. 1868. P. 137.   |
| 1832. | 1842.                    | PEARSON, JOHN BATTERIDGE—St. John's Coll. Cam. 1851; Port Latin Schol. 1851; Schol. of St. John's, 1852; B.A. 1855; Fellow of Emmanuel Coll. 1855. Pp. 91, 93.   |
| 1667. |                          | PEPUSCH, JOHN CHRISTOPHER—Born at Berlin; Founded Society of Ancient Music, 1710; Mus.D. Ox. 1710; Organist of Charterhouse, 1737; died, 1752. P. 321.   |
| 1816. | 1827.                    | PHILLOTT, HENRY WRIGHT—Orator, 1833; Student of Ch. Ch. Ox. 1834; B.A. 1837; Assist. in School, 1838—1850; Rector of Stanton-on-Wye. Pp. 47, 51.   |
| 1816. | 1828.                    | POYNDER, FREDERICK—Wadham Coll. Ox. 1834; B.A. 1838; Assist. in School, 1838; Denyer's Theological Prize, 1843; Second Master, 1858. Pp. 39, 177.  |
| 1849. | 1862.                    | RICHMOND, HARRY INGLIS—Talbot Medallist and Scholar, 1866; Ball. Coll. Ox. 1868. Pp. 315, 384.   |
| 1786. | 1796.                    | RUSSELL, JOHN—Student of Ch. Ch. 1803; B.A. 1806; Assist. in School, 1806—1811; Head Master, 1811; Prebendary of Canterbury, 1827; Rector of Bishopsgate, 1832; died, 1863. P. 5.  |



- |       | Born. | Admitted<br>into School. |  |
|-------|-------|--------------------------|--|
| 1814. | 1824. |                          | SCRATCHLEY, CHARLES JOHN—Gold Medallist, 1830; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1830; Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1835; B.A. 1838; P. 359.   |
| 1827. | 1839. |                          | SOTHEBY, HANS WILLIAM—Gold Medallist, 1846; Schol. of Exeter Coll. Ox. 1846; B.A. 1849; Fellow of Exeter Coll. 1852; English Essay, 1852; Barrister-at-Law. P. 245, 376.   |
| 1830. | 1843. |                          | STONE, WILLIAM HENRY—Gold Medallist, 1848; Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1848; B.A. 1852; M.D. P. 378.   |
| 1814. | 1829. |                          | SYKES, GODFREY MILNES—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1833; Schol. 1835; B.A. 1837; Fellow and Tutor of Downing Coll. 1840; Rector of Tadlow, 1854. P. 215.   |
| 1797. | 1810. |                          | THIRLWALL, CONNOP—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1813; Bell's Schol. 1814; Schol. of Trin. Coll. 1817; Craven Schol. 1815; B.A. 1818; Sen. Chancellor's Medallist, 1818; Fellow, 1818; Bishop of St. David's, 1841. P. 195.  |
| 1827. | 1843. |                          | TWEED, HENRY EARLE—Gold Medallist, 1845; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1845; B.A. 1850; Lat. Essay, 1851; Fellow of Oriel Coll. 1851; Rector of Coleby. Pp. 87, 181, 187, 249, 375, 376.   |
| 1810. | 1822. |                          | VENABLES, GEORGE STOVIN—Jesus Coll. Cam. 1828; Schol. 1829; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1831; B.A. 1832; Fellow, 1832; Tutor, 1835; Barrister-at-Law. P. 345.   |
| 1793. | 1808. |                          | WADDINGTON, GEORGE—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1811; Schol. 1812; Univ. Schol. 1813; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1813; Senior Chancellor's Medallist, 1815; Fellow, 1816; Dean of Durham, 1842; died, 1869. Pp. 156, 159.  |
| 1799. | 1812. |                          | WADDINGTON, HORATIO—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1815; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1815; Schol. of Trin. Coll. 1817; Porson Prizeman, 1819; Pitt Schol. 1818; B.A. 1820; Chancellor's Medallist, 1820; Fellow of Trin. Coll. 1821; Under Secy. of State; Privy Councillor; died, 1867. P. 13. |
| 1823. | 1834. |                          | WALFORD, EDWARD—Gold Medallist, 1841; Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1842; Lat. Verse, 1843; B.A. 1845; Denyer Theol. Prize, 1848 and 1849. Pp. 63, 65, 67, 139, 169, 187, 221, 225, 365.   |
|       |       |                          | WALFORD, JOHN DESBOROW—Gold Medallist, 1823; Trin. Coll. Camb. 1823; Schol. 1826; B.A. 1827; Assistant Master at Winchester College. P. 339.   |
| 1814. | 1826. |                          | WALFORD, OLIVER—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1832; Schol. 1835;  |

- | Born. | Admitted<br>into School. |  |
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|       |                          | B.A. 1836; Assist. Master in School, 1836—1838;<br>Second Master, 1838; died, 1855. Pp. 171, 172, 173.   |
| 1848. | 1860.                    | WALFORD, OLIVER SUTTON—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1867. P. 313.  |
| 1830. | 1843.                    | WALLACE, ALEXANDER JOHN—Gold Medallist, 1847;<br>Postmaster of Merton Coll. Ox. 1849; Lat. Verse Prize,<br>1849. P. 182.   |
| 1844. | 1859.                    | WHARTON, EDWARD ROSS—Gold Medallist, 1862; Talbot<br>Medallist and Schol. 1862; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox.<br>1862; Ireland Schol. 1865; B.A. 1867; Fellow of<br>Jesus Coll. Ox. 1868. Pp. 127, 129, 131, 133, 301. |
| 1814. | 1826.                    | WHITBREAD, GORDON—Gold Medallist, 1832; Brasenose<br>Coll. Ox. 1832; B.A. 1836; Barrister-at-Law. P. 362.  |
| 1813. | 1826.                    | WING, JOHN WILLIAM—Schol. of Univ. Coll. Ox. 1831;<br>B.A. 1834; Fellow, 1835; Judge of County Court.<br>P. 358.   |
| 1808. | 1824.                    | YATES, JOSEPH ST. JOHN—Gold Medallist, 1827; Ch. Ch.<br>1827; Barrister-at-Law; Judge of County Court. P. 347.   |
| 1833. | 1844.                    | YOUNG, WILLIAM EDWARD ALLEN—Worcester Coll. Ox.<br>1853; B.A. 1856. P. 253.  |

ANONYMA—Pp. 193, 321, 322.

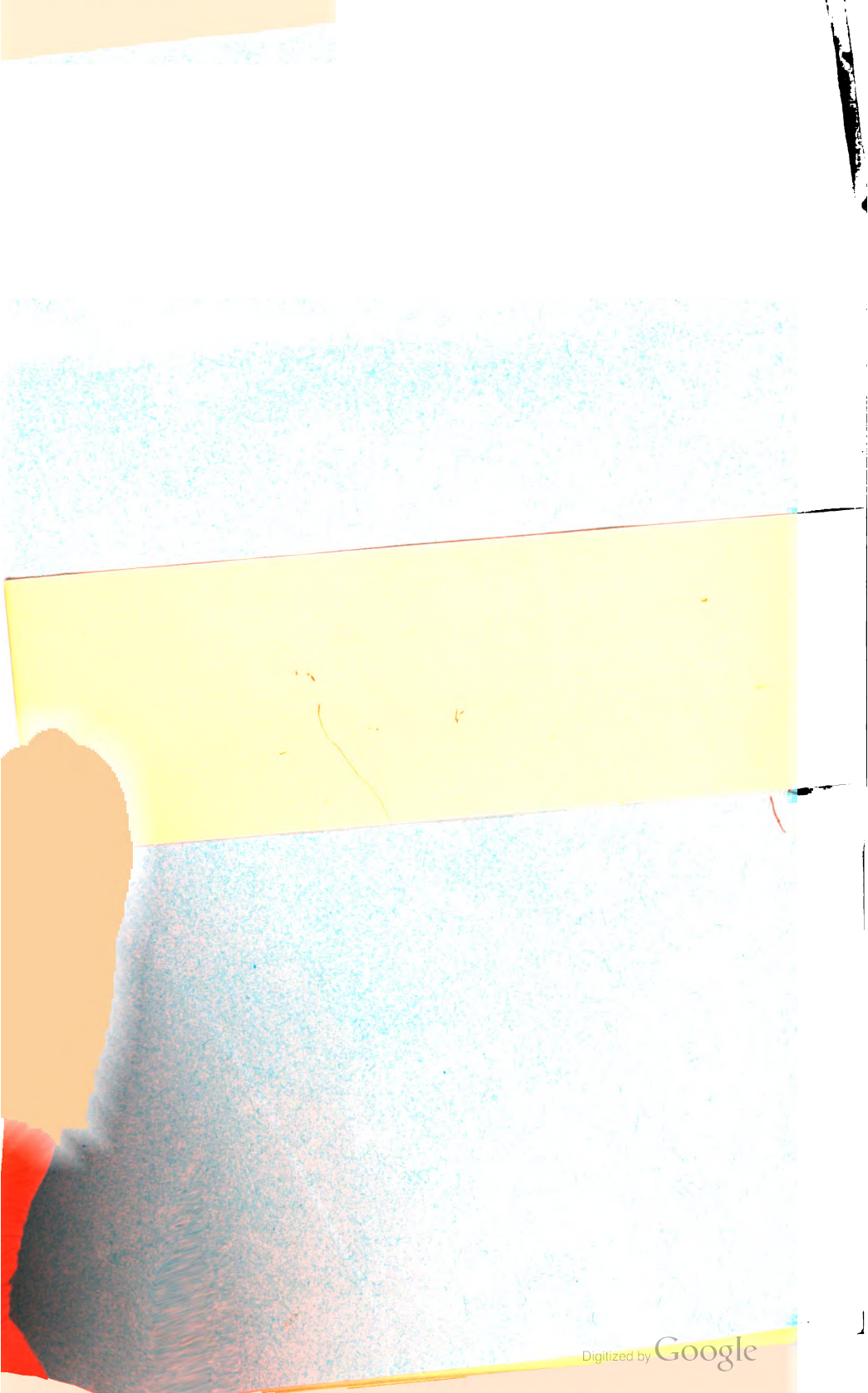
FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIANA DOMUS.



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NOTE.—By an error the stanzas on page 139 are assigned to Charles Pearson. They are the work of Mr. Henry Drury, and have already appeared in "*Arundines Cami*." Mr. Pearson, who has been absent some years from England, is in no way responsible for their appearance in this book.

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SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.



Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὦραις,  
 στρέφεται ὅτ' Ἄρκτος ἤδη  
 κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βούτου,  
 μερόπων δὲ φύλα πάντα  
 κέαται κόπῳ δαμέντα,  
 τότε Ἔρωσ ἐπισταθείς μεν  
 θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.  
 τίς, ἔφην, θύρας ἀράσσει;  
 κατὰ μεν σχίσεις ὀνείρους;  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρωσ, ἄνοιγε, φησί,  
 βρέφος εἰμὶ, μὴ φόβησαι,  
 βρέχομαι δὲ κἀσέληνον  
 κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.  
 ἔλεησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας,  
 ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἄψας  
 ἀνέψα. καὶ βρέφος μὲν  
 ἔσορῶ, φέροντα τόξον  
 πτέρυγας τε καὶ φαρέτρην.  
 παρὰ δ' ἐστίην καθίσας  
 παλάμαισι χεῖρας αὐτοῦ  
 ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης  
 ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.  
 ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθήκε,  
 φέρε, φησί, πειράσωμεν,  
 τόδε τόξον εἴ τί μοι νῦν  
 βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νεύρη.  
 τανύει δὲ, καί με τύπτει  
 μέσον ἥπαρ, ὥσπερ οἴστρος·  
 ἀνὰ δ' ἄλλεται καχάζων,  
 ξένη δ' εἶπε, συγχάρηθι·  
 κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν ἐστι,  
 σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.

ANACREON, iii.



TEMPUS erat, quo blanda quies mortalibus ægris

Incubat, et mulcet pectora fessa sopor,

Frigida quum tardi vertuntur plaustra Bootæ,

Et bigas medio Nox agit atra polo.

Constitit ante fores atque ostia clausa Cupido,

Impulit audaci terque quaterque manu.

“Quis placidos,” clamo, “pergit mihi rumpere somnos?”

“Ne metuas, aperi, sum puer,” inquit Amor;

“Solve fores; erro per opaca silentia noctis,

Verberat et læsas nixque Notusque genas.”

Quem non illa Dei potuissent verba movere?

Excutio, accensa lampade, poste seram.

Aspicio puerum pharetramque arcumque gerentem,

Concussa aligeris tela sonant humeris.

Frigore pallentem miseror totumque rigentem,

Et statuo medium sedulus ante focum.

Officiosa manus refovet digitosque sinusque,

Et multo madidas exprimit imbre comas.

Ille tremor postquam candentia membra reliquit,

Et rediit teneræ visque calorque manu,

“Experiamur,” ait, “chordam an mihi læserit imber,

Utilis an tractum possit, ut ante, sequi.”

Protinus adducto coierunt cornua nervo.

Perque meum pectus pulsa sagitta venit:

Exsiliit, plaussitque manus crudele renidens,

Lætaque dimovit talibus ora sonis:

“Gaude mecum, hospes: salvi mihi nervus et arcus;

Hoc te, ni fallor, saucia corda docent.”


JOHN JOERTIN.



## THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK TO CAPTAIN CURRIE.

*Converse Farm, near Brentwood,*

*9 o'clock P. M. August 22, 1837.*

Y dear Captain,—Uncertain whether you have or not followed our balloon with Mr. Graham, as you intended, I address these lines to your house, containing an exact account of what has happened.

After ascending a considerable height, it appeared to me as if the balloon suddenly became motionless, neither ascending nor descending; and on my enquiring the reason of Mrs. Graham, she replied, that when she ascended with a person who had never before been with a balloon, she did not like going too high, for fear the effect would be disagreeable to him. I answered her, that I felt no unpleasant effect whatsoever from the altitude we had attained, and that I wished to get out of sight of the earth altogether.

Mrs. Graham upon this threw out a considerable quantity of ballast, and we then ascended to so high a point as completely to lose sight of terra firma; for although I kept my telescope constantly to my eye, I could perceive no trace of it.

I then remarked to Mrs. Graham, that the position in which we then were was much more agreeable to me than when the earth was visible, the car having the appearance of floating on the clouds, similar to a vessel on the sea.

PERSONÆ.

ICARUS, Duke of Brunswick.

DÆDALA, Mrs. Graham.

CURIUS, Capt. Currie.

AMOR, Mr. Amor.

AGER CONVERSUS, Converse Farm.

*Icarus Curio.*



CARUS agricolæ lapsu datus hospes Amoris,  
 Conversum, ut dicunt nomine, arantis Agrum,  
 Pollicito aërios Curio servare volatus,  
 Atque, globus quo nos perferat, usque sequi,  
 Incertus, Laribus tamen haud diffisus amicis,  
 Hæc veræ mitto signa legenda rei.

Nam satis evector visus mihi protenus omnis  
 Tolle motus; iners stare repente globus.  
 Causam scire libet, quærenti Dædala reddit  
 Causam, et quæ curæ sit referenda suæ.  
 Scilicet, ignotas siquis tiro audet in auras  
 Scandere, et insuetum carpere discit iter,  
 Ingrati ne forte aliquid nimis alta tenentem  
 Sollicitet, modica providet ipsa fuga.  
 "Me," refero, "ingrati nihil hoc movet aëre, terras  
 Conspectumque omnem deseruisse velim."  
 Pulvere tum ejecto conscendimus altius, et jam  
 Firma oculis terra deficiente, beor.  
 Namque, tubum ut servo intentus, rectoque meatus  
 Lucis perlustro lumine, nulla manet.  
 "Sic positus," dico, "multo sic gratius itur,  
 Terrarum et spreto sic datur orbe frui.  
 Ætherios en per campos hic nare videtur  
 Currus, ut æquoreis cymba nat acta vadis."

Mrs. Graham at that moment drew my attention to a most beautiful appearance in the clouds, which, by the refraction of the sun's rays, gave a perfect reflection of the balloon and the car, with ourselves; adding that such a phenomenon was most extraordinary, and very seldom witnessed.

Much to my disappointment we soon regained sight of the earth, when I again expressed a desire to ascend higher; but Mrs. Graham said she was afraid we had not sufficient ascending power to do so that day.

She then discharged some ballast from the safety-bag, but rather declined to accede to my request to discharge all its contents, which rendered its effect very slight, as we remained nearly in equilibrium.

Mrs. Graham, at my request, then explained to me the management of the valve of the balloon. Shortly afterwards I asked her if my rising on my seat to take off my great coat would disturb the balance of the car; but upon her assuring me it would not, I did so, feeling it very warm.

From that moment, in my opinion, we commenced our descent, although Mrs. Graham thought the contrary; but she was convinced of her error by paper being thrown out. At this period Mrs. Graham asked me if I did not feel considerable pain in my ears; and upon my assuring her of the contrary, she said I was possessed of very strong nerves. I, however, soon experienced it to a very severe degree.

The balloon at this moment commenced twirling round like a top, in its continued descent, when Mrs. Graham asked me if it was disagreeable, saying it was occasioned by our having entered a different current of air. I replied that I did not much admire it, but that I felt no giddiness from it.

“ Quin tu flecte oculos, ubi jam pulcherrima nubem  
Exornat species : utere sorte data.  
Talis rara quidem in cœlis apparet imago,  
Nec cuivis hominum conspicienda venit.”  
Conversis tum nos oculis currumque globumque,  
Nube ex adversa reddit ut umbra, noto ;  
Vivaque refracti admirans spectacula solis  
Vix credam duplices non simul ire globos.  
Invito mox sub visum redit improba terra,  
Scandere in ætherios mens avet ægra locos.  
“ Ut fieri, quod aves, hac possit luce, verendum est,  
Nam neque par votis vis levitatis adest.”  
Hæc effata, salutarem tamen, haud mora, saccum  
Ejecto partim pulvere cauta levat.  
“ Parcius hoc facis, omnem adeo saccum ejice,” clamo.  
Dædala declinat, certa negare, caput.  
Ergo nil agitur, stabili globus aëre pendet,  
Libratumque æquo pondere servat iter.  
Edocet interea optantem me Dædala valvas  
Claudere quid præstet, quidque aperire globi.  
Sed, largus toto ut manat de corpore sudor,  
Grande malum chlamydis deposuisse volo :  
Sollicitus si stare queam, neque pondera turbem :  
Illa metus pellit : sto chlamydemque levo.  
“ Hinc, cœptum est,” aio, “ descendere :” Dædala censet  
Esse aliter : factum chartula missa probat.  
“ Aëre percussas violari an percipis aures  
Nervosque intendi ?” quod rogat illa, nego.  
“ O te nervorum felicem et roboris,” inquit :  
Nec longum atque aures perdolueri mihi.  
Tum globus ad gyros, ceu turbo volubilis, actus  
Indicat in flatus se cecidisse novos.  
Ingratum sane, sed et est quod acerbius esset,  
Nec mihi tentatur mobilitate caput.

Mrs. Graham then threw out the grapple on one side, and the safety-bag on the other, the rope of which latter was so short that it kept dangling about half a yard below the car ; a circumstance which appeared much to dissatisfy her. She then asked whether it would make me giddy to look down from the car and observe what the grappling iron was doing ? I immediately did so, and replied, it had no effect upon me. She next inquired if I remembered her informing me the balloon would be converted into a parachute, and requested me to observe it was then in that state.

I then saw her mount upon her seat and lay hold of the ropes which fastened the car to the balloon. She desired me to do the same, observing we were coming down rather faster than she wished. I followed her advice, although deliberately, observing that we were at so great a distance from the earth that I could not yet distinguish one object from another ; but I had scarcely put myself in the position required, when I felt the car strike with the utmost violence on the ground and overturn, the balloon itself touching the earth, and dragging us about thirty yards, until it rose again.

By the violence of the shock I was thrown head foremost out of the car, at the height of about eighteen feet, but I contrived to fall upon my hands, and escaped uninjured. Having gained my feet, I had the great grief of seeing Mrs. Graham fall from the car from a much higher distance than I had fallen ; and from the apparently lifeless manner in which she lay was at first fearful she was killed. I immediately proceeded to her, and found she had fallen on her head, and was quite insensible. Mr. Amor, the farmer on whose grounds we had fallen, with a number of his people, soon came to my assistance, when the unfortunate lady was conveyed to the residence of that gentleman, Converse Farm, in the parish of Doddington, near the town of Brentwood, Essex, where she still remains.

Anchora tum jacitur dextra, de parte sinistra  
Injusto saccus pondera fune trahens.  
Nec placet hoc comiti : “ Qui pendeat anchora, serva,  
Icare, sique potes, despice,” tristis ait.  
Despicio, et nulla tollens vertigine voltus  
Quæ vidi refero ex ordine, quidque queam.

Tum me discipulum appellat, revocansque magistra  
Quæ prius edocuit, nunc meminisse jubet :  
Labentes convexa etenim dum protegit umbra  
Præcipitem lapsum temperat ipse globus.  
Funibus interea, currus queis pendet in alto,  
Stans sella palmas applicat illa duas ;  
Et terram queritur citius properare. Prehensos  
Sto funes tractans ipse ducemque sequens ;  
Terram equidem, neque enim rerum discrimina certis  
Ulla oculis parent, jam procul esse reor.  
Sed vixdum stanti, en subito ruit impete currus,  
Et multo eversus verbere pulsat humum.  
Ac terram tetigitque globus, tactamque reliquit  
Nos secum abreptos, quo velit aura, ferens.

Ipsæ pedes mox ter senos evectus in altum,  
Impatiens tantæ vis rapidique mali,  
Præcipitor violens curru excutiorque : cadentem  
Protentæ illæsum sustinere manus.  
Stans comitem quæro : in cælum jam evectior, ecce,  
Labitur impingens Dædala prona caput.  
“ Dædala, tu moreris,” clamo, sensuque carentem  
Excipio accurrens ; subvenit hospes Amor  
Cum famulis præsens, atque in sua tecta receptam  
Curat, et assidua sedulitate fovet.

I instantly desired medical assistance might be sent for, and she was soon attended upon by Mr. Barlow, a surgeon of the neighbourhood, whose opinion at this moment is, that there is a serious concussion of the brain, and injury within the abdomen, but notwithstanding her great danger, he does not despair of her life. Since about five o'clock, when the fall took place, until now I have been staying beside her, and it is only within half an hour that she appears commencing the recovery of her senses. I wish you would inform Mr. Graham, from me, how distressed I am at what has happened, and, should he not have heard of the accident, I must beg of you to prepare him by degrees for this sorrowful event.

The balloon, with my great coat, hat, telescope, etc., is gone I know not where. I saw it rise to a great height after Mrs. Graham had fallen from the car.



THYRSIS, when we parted, swore  
In the spring he would return ;  
Ah ! what means yon violet flower,  
And the bud that decks the thorn ?  
'Twas the lark that upward sprung !  
'Twas the nightingale that sung !

Idle notes ! untimely green !  
Why this unavailing haste ?  
Western gales and skies serene  
Speak not always winter past :  
Cease my doubts, my fears to move,  
Spare the honour of my love.

GRAY.

Accerso medicum, hunc unum vicinia laudat,  
 Qui, rite explorans, qualia passa jacet,  
 Concussi et cæcos cerebri laterisque labores,  
 Vitæ ejus, sperans vivere posse, timet.

Ipse laboranti assideo jam quatuor horas,  
 Ac tandem miseræ mens, modo visa, redit.

Hæc me infelici dic ægre ferre marito,  
 Sive opus est, pandens singula cautus adi.

Illa chlamys mea nescio quo, tubus ille, galerus,  
 Omnia, cum raptò rapta abiere globo.

JOHN RUSSELL.



URAVIT Thyrsis, jam discessurus, amicæ  
 Adfore se reditu veris, ut ante, domi:  
 Eheu! jam fulgent violæ, jam spina tumescit,  
 Altisonum cœlo fundit alauda melos.  
 Per nemus assuetos renovat Philomela dolores,  
 "Ver redit," exclamant omnia, "Thyrsis abest."

Raucisoni cantus! nimis importuna puellæ  
 Temperies, cur vos sic properasse juvat?  
 Non semper monstrant imbres, non aura Favoni  
 Elapsas hiemes præteritumque gelu.  
 Phœbe, retro propera, versique recurrite menses,  
 Integer ut saltem restet amantis honor.

EDWARD HALL ALDERSON.





HY dost not speak ?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble son  
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you ;  
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy ;  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world  
More bound to 's mother ; yet here he lets me prate  
Like one in the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy,  
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back ; but if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:  
Down, ladies, let us shame him with our knees.

SHAKSPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 153.

Τέκνον, τί σιγᾶς; ἄρα γενναίῳ τρέφειν  
 ὀργὴν προσήκει τῶν κακῶς εἰργασμένων;  
 σὺ δ'—οὐ γὰρ αὐτῷ δακρύων οὐδὲν μέλει—  
 νῦν, ὦ τάλαινα θύγατερ, ἀντ' ἐμοῦ φράσον·  
 ξύνειπε καὶ σὺ, πατρὸς ἰκέτευσον, βρέφος·  
 ἀσύνετα συνετῶν μᾶλλον ἂν πίθοι σφ' ἴσως.  
 καὶ μὴν φέρ' εἰπὲ, μητρὶ τίς μείζω χάριν  
 βροτῶν ὀφείλει; κᾶτα πῶς λαλεῖν μ' ἔῃς  
 μάτην τάδ', ὥς τιν' ἐν ξύλῳ καθήμενον;  
 ποῦ τῇ τεκούσῃ μοῖραν, ἣν ἔδει, νέμων  
 χάριτος ἔδειξας; ἢ δ' ὑπόπτερον φίλη  
 ὄρνις νεοσσὸν, δευτέρου γόνου πόθον  
 ἀφεῖσα, κλαγγῇ πολλάκις μὲν εἰς μάχας  
 προὔπεμψε, πολλάκις δέ σ' εἰς δόμους πάλιν  
 νίκης ἔχοντ' ἐσῆγε πάντιμον γέρας.  
 πρὸς ταῦτά μ', εἰ σύγ' ἄδικα λίσσεσθαί μ' ἐρεῖς,  
 λάκτιζε, φεῖδον μηδέν· εἰ δέ γ' ἔνδικα,  
 εἰρξείς δέ τιμῆς τῆς προσηκούσης ἐμὲ,  
 τῆς μητρὸς, οἶμαι, καταφρονῶν, κακός τ' ἔσει,  
 τίσιν τε μεγάλην οὔτι μὴ φύγῃς θεῶν.—  
 ἀνὴρ ὅδ', ὥς ἔοικεν, ἔμπαλιν στρέφειν·  
 φίλαι γυναῖκες, προσπίτνειν ἤδη δοκεῖ·  
 ἱκετῶν γ' ὁμαίμων κάρτ' ἂν αἰδοῖτ' ἂν γόνυ.

HORACE WADDINGTON.



HIS Cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle :  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;  
Lofty and sour to them who loved him not,  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,  
He was most princely : ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little,  
And, to add greater honours to his age,  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.* IV. 2, 48.

Ἰερεὺς ἐκεῖνος, οὐκ ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς τινὸς  
 ρίζης πεφυκῶς, σχῆμ' ὅμως φρενῶν σάφα  
 εἶχεν τύραννον, κάρετ' ἐπήβολον·  
 σοφίας ἔτ' ὦν ἐν σπαργάνοις ἐγέυσατο,  
 ἥβῳ τ' ἔθρεψεν, ἣν δ' ἐπιστήμης πλέως  
 γλώσση τ' ἔθαλλεν εὐτρόχῳ, πειστηρίους  
 λόγους ἐλίσσων· τοῖς μὲν ἐχθροῖσιν πικρὸν  
 ἔδειξεν ὄμμα καὶ ξυνωφρυνμένον,  
 τοῖς δ' αὖ φίλοισιν, ὡς θέρος, παρῇν γλυκύς·  
 κεί τέρμα μηδὲν τῇ φιλαργύρῳ φρενὶ  
 ἔθηκε, μὴ οὐ τὰ πλείονα ζητεῖν αἰεί—  
 ἤμαρτε γὰρ τοῦτ', οὐδ' ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή—  
 λίαν γ' ὅμως, δέσποινα, βασιλικῇ χειρὶ  
 τὰ δῶρ' ἔνειμε· μάρτυρες γένεσθέ μοι,  
 οἷαν ξυνωρίδ', ὧ πόλεις Ἰψειχέ τε  
 Ὀξωνία τ', ἐν ὑμῖν ἴδρυσεν πάλαι  
 διδασκαλείων, μουσικῆς παιδευμάτων,  
 οἷν τῷ κτίσαντι θάτερον ξυνώλετο,  
 τοιοῦδ' ἀθυμοῦν ὀφφανισθῆναι πατρός,  
 τὸ δ' ἕτερον, ἄτελες ὃν περ, εὐκλείας ὅμως  
 τοσόνδ' ἀφίκται, πλεῖστ' ἀριστεύσαν τέχναις  
 καὶ νῦν προκόπτει, ὥστ' ἀείμνηστος χθονὶ  
 τῶν Χριστιανῶν τάνδρὸς ἀρετῇ μενεῖ·  
 πεσόντι δ' αὐτῷ δις τόσ' ἔσθλ' ἠθροίζετο·  
 ὃν γὰρ πρὶν ἠγνόησε, φρενομανῇ νόσον  
 νοσῶν, ἐαυτὸν, ὅστις ἦν, πρῶτον τότε  
 μαθὼν κατήσθεθ', ἡδονὴν τ' ἐξεῦθ' ὅση  
 τὸ βαιὸς εἶναι, μηδ' ἄγαν φρονεῖν μέγα·  
 μεῖζους δ' ἴν' αὐτῷ τῷ τε λευκανθεὶ κάρῳ  
 τιμὰς προσάψει, ἢ τις ἀνθρώπων ἔχει  
 πορεῖν, ἔθνησκεν εὐσεβῶν ὀρθῶς Θεόν.

ALLAN WILLIAM CHATFIELD.



HERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire  
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire,  
When, conscious of no danger from below,  
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow ;  
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound  
The blooming groves that girdled her around ;  
Her unctuous olives and her purple vines  
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)  
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,  
In peace upon her sloping hills matur'd,  
When, on a day like that of the last doom,  
A conflagration labouring in her womb,  
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,  
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.  
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise  
And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies,  
While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,  
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.  
But, oh ! what muse, and in what powers of song  
Can trace the torrent as it burns along ?  
Havoc and devastation in the van,  
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,  
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,  
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

COWPER.



TEMPUS erat, quando dormivit flamma sub Ætnâ

Et mons interno sospes ab igne fuit :

Tum non ulla sinu metuens discrimina ab alto

Edidit in cœlum culmina cana nive.

Lauricomos nondum quassarant undique saltus,

Innexos lateri, fulmina rauca sono.

Nondum læsus erat rabie fulgente procellæ

Purpureæ vitis multus ubique labor,

At pinguis dulces sociabat oliva tenebras,

Fertilis agricolæ spes, nec inane decus.

Mox tamen atra dies, illique simillima, tellus

Qua collapsa ruet, plena timoris adest :

Fert utero flammas Stygio conterrita foetu,

Terra simul stabilis contremuitque mare.

Nonne vides densos orbes glomerare per auras

Et jam sulfureis nubila fœda globis ?

Dum per Tartarea mersum caligine cœlum

Dissiliunt toto fulgura clara polo.

At quis grassantes poterit depingere flammas

Carminè ? quæve aptat talia Musa lyræ ?

En iter excidio lateque notante ruinâ

Disiectum humani signa laboris eunt.

Et nemora et vites una et volvuntur olivæ,

Graminaque et Siculi munera mille soli.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.

*Chorus puellarum Lacænarum.*

Ταῦγ'ετον αὐτ' ἐραννὸν ἐκλιπῶα,  
 Μῶα μόλε Δάκαινα πρεπτὸν ἄμιν  
 κλέωα τὸν Ἀμύκλαις Ἀπόλλω σιὸν  
 καὶ χαλκίοικον Ἀσάναν,  
 Τυνδαρίδας τ' ἄγασῶς  
 τοὶ δὴ παρ' Εὐρώταν ψιάδδοντι.  
 εἶα μάλ' ἔμβη  
 ὠϊα, κοῦφα πάλλων,  
 ὡς Σπάρταν ὑμνίωμες,  
 τᾷ σιῶν χοροὶ μέλοντι,  
 καὶ ποδῶν κτύπος,  
 ἅτε πῶλοι δ' αἱ κόραι  
 παρ τὸν Εὐρώταν  
 ἀμπάλλοντι πυκνὰ ποδοῖν  
 ἀγκονιῶαι,  
 ταὶ δὲ κόμαι σείονθ', ἅπερ βακχᾶν  
 θυρσαδδοᾶν καὶ παιδδοᾶν.  
 ἀγῆται δ' ἅ Λήδας παῖς  
 ἀγνὰ χοραγὸς εὐπρεπής.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε κόμαν παραμπύκιδδέ τε  
 χειρὶ ποδοῖν τε πάδη  
 ἧ τις ἔλαφος.

ARISTOPH. *LYSISTR.* 1300.



MUSA, grato e Taÿgeto veni :  
Dicenda templis Pallas aheneis  
Præclara, Amyclæumque numen,  
Tyndaridæque, animosa proles ;  
Quos tu trahentes sæpe diem vides,  
Eurota, ludo : rumpe moras, lyrâ  
Nectamus en ! Spartæ coronam,  
Cui melos atque placent choreæ ;  
Pulsare terram jam pede libero  
Tempus, Camœnæ : ceu properant equæ  
Missis habenis, sic jubebo  
Virgineos glomerare gressus,  
Miscereque auras pulvere : non vides,  
Lascivientes ut feriant comæ  
Ventos, gravescentique Bacchas  
Thyrsigeras referant tumultu ?  
Lædæque pulchræ filia pulcrior  
Cœtum gubernat ; dama velut cita  
Virgo renodatis capillis  
Quæque agiles celebret choreas.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.





## ΚΑΛ.

Οὕτω ποτ', ὦναξ, δειμάτων ἐπιστροφὴν  
 ἔσχον τοιούτων· νῦν γε μὴν φόβος μ' ἔχει.  
 γὰρ μὲν γὰρ ἡμῖν ἦν ἀκούσαντας μαθεῖν,  
 αὐτούς τ' ἰδόντας· καινὰ δ' ἀγγελίας ἔχει  
 παρών τις ἔνδον, οἷα φρικώδη βλέπειν  
 φρουροὶ κατεῖδον ἔννυχαι φαντάσματα·  
 λείαν' ἀγυιαῖς ἐν μέσαις λοχεύεται  
 σκύμνους· χανοῦσαι δ' εὐρὺ τυμβήρεις ἔδραι  
 νεκρούς ἀνῆκαν τοὺς κάτω κεκευθότας·  
 θοῦροι δ' ἐπ' ἄκροις νέφεσιν αἰχμῆται σάγῃ  
 ἄνδρες φλογωπῶ, στίφεσιν πυκνούμενοι  
 λόχοις τ', ἔχοντες κόσμον εὐτακτον μάχης,  
 ὁρμῶσι δῆριν· φονολιβεῖς ὅθεν δρόσοι  
 κατεψέκαζον τὴν ἔνερθ' ἀκρόπτολιν·  
 ἔφριξε τ' αἰθὴρ ὡς ἀρειφάτῃ κλόνῃ·  
 παρῆν δ' ἀκούειν ἱππικῶν φρυαγμάτων  
 ἀνδρῶν στεναγμοῦ τ' ἐν φοναῖς πεπτωκότων.  
 κλαυθμῷ δὲ κωκυτοῖς τε τρίζουσαι σκιαὶ  
 κατεῖχον ἄστρ'· ταῦτα δὴ κρείσσω λόγον,  
 Καῖσαρ, πέφνε, κάμει γ' ἐκπλήσσει φόβῳ.  
 ΚΑΙ. τί δῆτα φευκτὸν, ὃ πρὸς ὑψίστων θιῶν  
 τὸ μοιρόκραντον τέρμ' ἀκινήτως μένει ;  
 ἔξεισι μέντοι Καῖσαρ, ὡς ἴσον βροτοῖς  
 τοῖς πᾶσι κάμοι τῶνδε θεσφάτων μέτα.

HENRY LUSHINGTON.



WHO on shipboard lived from earliest youth,  
 Could represent the countenance horrible  
 Of the vex'd waters, and the indignant rage  
 Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years  
 Over the well-steer'd galleys did I rule :—  
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars  
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;  
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft  
 Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir  
 I knew the force ; and hence the rough sea's pride  
 Avail'd not to my vessel's overthrow.  
 What noble pomp and frequent have not I  
 On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end  
 I learn'd that one poor moment can suffice  
 To equalise the lofty and the low.  
 We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds,  
 And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,  
 Death is the quiet haven of us all.

WORDSWORTH.



THE man in the wilderness asked of me,  
 “ How many strawberries grow in the sea ? ”  
 I answered him, as I thought good,—  
 “ As many as red herrings grow in the wood ! ”

Εγωγε ναύτης εὐθὺς ἐκ παιδὸς γεγὼς  
 τὴν δυσθέατον τοῦ χολωθέντος σάλου  
 ὅψιν λέγειν ἔχοιμ' ἂν, εὖτ' ἐπέζεσε  
 Νότος Βοώτης τ' ἀγρίῳ μηνίματι·  
 ἔτη δὲ πεντήκοντα τῶν εὐηρέτων  
 πλοίων ἐπέστην, οὐδ' ὅσον γ' ἀφίσταται  
 δεινὸς Πελωρὸς τῶν Ἀτλαντικῶν ἀπο  
 στηλῶν, αἵστών ἐστ' ὅρος τοῖσδ' ὄμμασιν·  
 τοὺς δ' εὐρυχώρους πολλὰ πολλάκις πλέων  
 ἐπέρασα κόλπους, τῶν δ' ἐν οὐρανῷ νεφῶν  
 πάντων ὅσ' ὀρμήσαιο, δύναμιν ῥσθόμην.  
 ἐξ ὧν θαλάσσης ὕβρις ἀσθνεστέρα  
 ἦν, ἢ φθοράν πως τῆς ἐμῆς ποιῆιν νέως.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ ποῖαν λαμπρότητα πολλάκις  
 πλοίοις ὅπωπα βασιλικοῖς ἐφεστάναι,  
 καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν ἔμαθον ὡς βραχὺς χρόνος  
 τοῖς πλουσίοισι τοὺς πένητας ἐξισοῖ.  
 βίου θάλασσαν πᾶς περῶν νουτὶλλεται·  
 ἄλλος γαλήνης, λαίλαπος δυσχειμέρου  
 ἄλλος κυρήσει, τοῦδε δ' ἐν τέλει στόλου  
 ἅπασι θάνατός ἐστιν εὖορμος λιμήν.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

Εμοί ποτ' εἶπεν οὐξ ἐρημίας ἀνὴρ,  
 πόσ' ἐν θαλάσῃ γίγνεται μιμαῖκυλα ;  
 ἡμειψάμην δ' ἐγὼ νιν, ὡς οἶμαι, σοφῶς,  
 πόσαι πεφύκασ' ἐν νάπαισι μαινίδες ;

HENRY KING.



LET us quit the leafy arbour,  
And the torrent murmuring by ;  
Sol has dropp'd into his harbour,  
Weary of the open sky.

Summer ebbs ; each day that follows  
Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows,  
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,  
In His providence assign'd  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ;—fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden !  
And when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

WORDSWORTH.



INQUAMUS umbras arboribus nigras

Raucoque flumen præteriens sono ;

Cœlo fatigatus sereno

Sol abiit, repetitque pontum.

Iam transit ætas—pone diem sequens

Demissa ab alto rite dies venit,

Tenditque ad obscuras cavernas,

Frigora ubi latuere brumæ.

Qui cælum et idem res hominum regit,

Prudente nostram sic voluit modo

Sensimque declinare vitam, et

Propositum tetigisse finem.

Neglecta frustra poma homini rubent

Novique flores more suo vigent,

Et pectus invitum resignat

Tecta diu penitusque vota.


Puella, vivas tu sapientior ;

Tuusque quando præcipitat dies,


Neu poma te floresve reddant

Funeris immemorem futuri.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

OW wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother Sleep !  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue ;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean's wave  
 It blushes o'er the world :  
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

SHELLEY.

HEREFORE they might not taste of fleshly food,  
 Nor feed on ought which doth the blood contain,  
 Nor drink of wine, for wine—they say—is blood,  
 Even the blood of giants which were slain  
 By thundering Jove in the Phlegræan plain ;  
 For which the earth (as they the story tell)  
 Wroth with the gods, which to perpetual pain  
 Had damn'd her sons which 'gainst them did rebel,  
 With inward grief and malice did against them swell :

And of their vital blood, the which was shed  
 Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought  
 The fruitful vine, whose liquor, bloody red,  
 Having the minds of men with fury fraught,  
 Might in them stir up old rebellious thought  
 To make new war against the gods again ;  
 Such is the power of that same fruit, that nought  
 The fell contagion may thereof restrain,  
 Nor within reason's rule her madding mood contain.

Ἦ μὴν θάνατος θαυμαστός ἐφν,  
 θάνατος, θανάτου θ' ὕπνος ὁμαίμος·  
 παρέχει γὰρ ὁ μὲν χρῶτα παρειᾶς  
 ὥχρὸν, φθινὰς ὧς ἐστὶ σελήνη,  
 χεῖλη τε πελιδνὰ θεᾶσθαι·  
 τοῦ δὲ πρόσοψις πορφυρέα 'στὶν,  
 τρόπον Ἠφύου φέγγους, εὐτ' ἂν  
 θάσσουσα θεὰ θρόνον ἐν κύμασι  
 πᾶσαν κατέχῃ γαῖαν ἐρεύθει·  
 καίτοι θανάτὸν θ' ὕπνον τε λέγων  
 θαυμαστοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτοις.

WILLIAM DOBSON.



UOCIRCA nec carne frui dapibusve cruentis  
 Fas erat, aut illis spumantia pocula vini  
 Haurire, est etenim vinum—sic fabula—sanguis,  
 Ille giganteus sanguis, qui fulgure cæsi  
 A Jove Phlegræos straverunt undique campos;  
 Inde genus (perhibent) tellus exosa Deorum,  
 Progeniem ipsius qui sic domuere rebellem,  
 Infenso penitus tumuit fera corda dolore:  
 Nec mora, qui fuerat circum præcordia sanguis  
 Natorum, ex illo, gremium per fertile fuso,  
 Uvam fecundam peperit, quæ pressa colorem  
 Sanguineum succo referens, quum pectus iniquâ  
 Moverat humanum rabie, tunc arma ciendi  
 Consilium antiquum revocaret mente rebeli:  
 Jam vero fructûs est tanta potentia, pestis  
 Ut nullo cohibenda modo sit dira, furatque  
 Indomita, et ratio imperium devicta resignet.

WILLIAM DOBSON.





THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strawn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

BYRON.

Ἄνθρωπος τις ὡς εἰς σηκὸν ἦλθ' ὁ βάρβαρος,  
 Ἀχρυσῶ δὲ πορφυρᾷ τε τηλανγείς λόχοι  
 ἔλαμπον ὅπλοις, ὥσπερ αἱ θαλάσσιοι  
 ἄστροισι μαρμαίρουσι Γαλιλαίας ῥοαί.  
 ὡς εὐθηνούντα φύλλα θάλλοντος θέρους,  
 ἐφ' ἡλίου δυσμαΐσιν ἦν ὑπερκόποις  
 βρύοντα σημείουσιν εἰσιδεῖν στρατόν,  
 ὡς φύλλ' ἐπιπνεύσαντος Ἀρκτούρου χάμαι  
 φθίνοντα, κείνου πᾶν ἐς αὐρίον στρατοῦ  
 πανώλεθρον διψέχεται ἀνανθὲν κλέος.  
 τῆς γὰρ θυέλλης ἐπτειρωμένος βία  
 κηρὸς παρήλθε θεοσύτου διάκονος,  
 τὰ δ' ὄμματ' ἤδη τῶν καθευδόντων κρύος  
 εἶχεν θανάσιμον, καὶ ἐνὸς πηδήματος  
 πάντων ἐς αἶν καρδίας ἐκοίμισεν·  
 κάκει μὲν ἵππον ἦν ἰδεῖν προκείμενον  
 ῥῖνές τε δεινὸν ὡς τὸ πρὶν κεχῆνεσαν  
 μυκτηρόκομπα δ' οὐκ ἐνῆν φρυάγματα.  
 λευκῶ δ' ἔδευσε γαῖαν ἀσπαίρων ἀφρῶ  
 ψυχρῶ θ' ὁμοίως, ὥσπερ οἰδοῦντος σάλου  
 πέτραισιν ἐμπίπτοντος ἀλικλύστοις ἄχνη.  
 ἔκειτο δ' ὠχρὸς ἱππότης διάστροφος,  
 βρεχθεὶς μέτωπον ταῖς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ δρόσοις,  
 ἰὸς δ' ἐπὼν ἔχραινε τὴν παντευχίαν·  
 σκῆναι δ' ἐσίγων ἥ τε σημείων χλιδὴ  
 μόνη ἔλειπτο, κοῦ τις ἦν αἰχμῶν στρατῶ  
 ἐν παντὶ πίτυλος οὔτε σάλπιγγος βοή.  
 θρηνοῦσι δ' ὀρθίοισιν ἐν Νίνῃ γόοις  
 χῆραι γυναικες, ἐν δὲ τῷ Βήλου νεῶ  
 ἐχθρῶν τέθρανσται δαιμόνων ἀγάλματα,  
 ἀνδρῶν δ' ὑπέρφρον βαρβάρων κράτος, ξίφους  
 ἄθικτον, ἐμβλέψαντος εἰσάπαξ Θεοῦ,  
 ὥσπερ χιῶν τακεῖσα πᾶν διοίχεται.

EDWARD ELDER.

*Caliban.*



THOU taught me language ; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language !

*Prospero.* Hag-seed, hence !

Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?  
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches and make thee roar  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No ! pray thee !—  
I must obey : his art is of such power,  
It would controul my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

SHAKSPEARE, *Tempest*, i. 2. 363.

*Juliet.*



SHUT the door ! and, when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past help !

*Friar Laurence.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits :  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

*Juliet.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1. 44.

- Κ. **Φ**θογγὴν βροτείαν σοῖς ἔχω διδάγμασι,  
 τοσοῦτο δ' αὐτῆς εὐρόμην, ὀθούνεκα  
 λόγους ἀραίους οἶδα· πύρφορός σ' ἔλοι  
 λοιμὸς πανωλῆς φθέγμα σὸν δείξαντά μοι.
- Π. ἔξω, κελεύω, μητρὸς ἐχθίστης σπόρος·  
 οὐ μοι ξύλ' οἴσεις, τοῦ πυρὸς θρεπτήρια ;  
 οὐ θάσσον ; οὐκ ἂν αὖθις ἄλλ' ὑπηρετεῖν  
 φθάνοις ταχύνων, μή τι καὶ χειρόν παθῆς ;  
 ὀκνεῖς, στύγημα ; τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐὰν λόγοις  
 ἢ μή τι πείσθης, ἢ ποιῆς ἀκουσίως,  
 σφακέλοις σε θήσω τοῖς πάλοι στρεβλούμενον  
 ὥστ' ἐκφοβεῖν σε θῆρας ἐκβρυχώμενον.
- Κ. μὴ δῆτα ταῦτά γ'· ἀλλὰ τῷδε πειστέον·  
 σοφαῖσι γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἰσχύει τέχναις,  
 ὥστ' ἂν δύνασθαι τῆς ἐμῆς μητρὸς θεὸν  
 Σέτεβον κατασχεῖν ἔς τε δουλείαν τρέπειν.

EDWARD ELDER.

- Ι. **Π**άκτου τὸ δῶμα, κᾶτα ποιήσας τόδε  
 γόους δάκρυε τῇδε σὺν δυσδαίμονι,  
 ἢ πᾶς ἄρηξις, μῆχος, ἐλπίς οἴχεται.
- Λ. φεῦ. ἤδη τορῶς κάτοιδα σὴν λύπην, τέκνον,  
 ἢ παντελῶς δὴ τῶν φρενῶν ἰξίσταμαι,  
 καὶ γὰρ κλύω δεῖν, οὐδ' ἐπαρκέσις πάρα,  
 πρὶν δις διελθεῖν ἥλιον δι' οὐρανὸν,  
 βία σ' ἀνακτος τοῦδε γίγνεσθαι λέχος.
- Ι. μή μοί συ λέξῃς ὥς τὰδ' εἰ πεπυσμένος,  
 εἰ μή γε λέξεις πῶς τόδ' ἐκφεύγω κακόν,  
 ἄκος δὲ μηδὲν προσφέρων εὐβουλία,  
 μόνον σύ γ' εἶπέ μοι βεβουλεῦσθαι καλῶς,  
 ξίφος δ' ἄρῃξιν τοῦτό μοι δώσει τάχα.

EDWARD ELDER.



SWEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train ;  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers ;  
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 640.

*The Lady who offers her Looking Glass to Venus.*



VENUS, take my votive glass,  
 Since I am not what I was ;  
 What from this day I shall be,  
 Venus, let me never see.

PRIOR.



UAVIS adest animo nascentis spiritus Eos,  
 Quum primæ cantus emodulentur aves ;  
 Suave jubar Solis, radiis quum primus obortis  
 Hos dulces agros, hæc loca grata fovet.  
 Cui genus arboreum, cui fructus et herba nitenti  
 Et teneri flores —omnia—rore micant.  
 Tu quoque fragrantés, tellus, emittis odores,  
 Molli frugiferos imbre soluta sinus.  
 Tu quoque dulcis ades miti gratissimus hora  
 Vesperque, et tacitæ noctis amœna quies,  
 Cui sollemnis avis comes et pulcherrima Luna,  
 Astrorumque, poli plurima gemma, cohors :  
 Sed neque jucundus nascentis spiritus Eos,  
 Nec matutini carmina prima chori ;  
 Nec jubar hos dulces exurgens Solis in agros,  
 Non fructus, flores, herbaque rore micans,  
 Terrave post imbres fragrans,—non Vesperis hora  
 Gravior, aut tacitæ noctis amœna quies ;  
 Non sollemnis avis, tacitæ comes addita nocti,  
 Nocturnosque regens Cynthia luce pedes ;  
 Non quæ læta micant accenso sidera cælo,  
 Nulla mihi sine te dulcia, nulla placent.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.



NON sum, qualis eram : speculum hoc, Venus, accipe votum :  
 Quale dehinc fiam, ne, Venus, aspiciam.

E.



ENVY not, in any moods,  
The captive void of noble rage;  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes  
His licence in the field of time,  
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
For whom a conscience never wakes.

Nor, though it count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth,  
That stagnates in the weeds of sloth,  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I hold it, when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

*Per Livia.*



LIVIA suol ridere  
Nei tristi eventi:  
E ha cor sì barbaro?  
No; ma bei denti.

A. D'ELCI.



ON homini invideo, cui dura ad claustra retento  
 Ingenua rabie mens male sana vacat :  
 Non merulæ, angusto quæ nata in carcere vernas  
 Nec gaudet silvas nec meminisse dolet.

Non equidem invideo, viridis qui prata juventæ  
 Ludenti similis, sed sine lege, petit.  
 Compede quem nulla religat mens conscia pravi,  
 Nec vigili somnos verbere Poena quatit.

Nec laudo, eximia quamvis se sorte bearit,  
 Siquis amicitiae pignora nulla dedit.  
 Desidia mihi nulla placent stagnantia corda,  
 Pectoribus vacuis displicet emta quies.

Hæc meliora voco — quæ sors mihi cunque dolenti  
 Attulerit, doleo, at mens mihi certa manet.  
 Amissos potius plorem lacrimosus amores,  
 Quam nullo arguerim tempore, quid sit amor.

GEORGE CURREY.



LIENA semper damna Chloris irridet :  
 Num Chloris adeo barbaros habet mores ?  
 Minime : sed adeo candidos habet dentes.

E.





NCE on a time a paper kite  
Was mounted to a wondrous height,  
Where, giddy with its elevation,  
It thus express'd self-admiration :  
See how yon crowds of gazing people  
Admire my flight above the steeple ;  
How would they wonder if they knew  
All that a kite like me could do !  
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,  
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight  
But, ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,  
My string confines me near the ground ;  
I'd have the eagle's towering wing,  
Might I but fly without a string.  
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,  
To break the string—at last it broke !  
Deprived at once of all its stay,  
In vain it tried to soar away ;  
Unable its own weight to bear  
It flutter'd downwards in the air,  
Unable its own course to guide,  
The wind soon plunged it in the tide.  
O foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,  
How couldst thou fly without a string ?  
My heart replied : O Lord, I see  
How much the kite resembles me !  
Forgetful that by thee I stand,  
Impatient of thy ruling hand,  
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines,  
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns ;



MILVIUS, ut fama est, quondam (mirabile visu !)

Charteus ex alto despiciebat humum.

Et liquidas carpens paullo jactantior auras

Ipse suas laudes, magnaue verba dabat :

Ecce feror super ora virum : comitatur euntem

Plausibus insolitæ conscia turba fugæ.

Sed quanto melius novissent, (quæ mea virtus)

Qualis sit milvo, me volitante, vigor.

Si nubes, oculos cursu fallente, secarem,

Non humile ingrediens, dummodo liber, iter ;

Sed sors dura premit—miserumque ad limina terræ

Captivum angusto carcere lora tenent.

Certarem rapidis aquilæ perniciosior alis

Surgere si fatum, sed sine fune, daret.

Interea trepido tentabat vincula nisu

Si qua importunum rumperet arte jugum.

Rumpitur—atque vagos nullo retinente volatus,

Ætherias frustra gestit inire vias.

Pondere devector proprio, sine viribus ullis,

Præcipiti gyro pronus ad ima cadit.

Ignarumque suos proprio moderamine cursus

Flectere, demergunt æquore flabra Noti.

Ah ! demens ! non ala tibi neque robora pennæ,

Milvi, quid velles fune carere tuo ?

Respondet dicto citius mens conscia culpæ,

Quam similis, Domine, est milvius iste mei !

Non sine te stantem præsens me dextera fallit,

Impatiens freni, te moderante, regor.

Quam sæpe impositos volui transcendere fines,

Quos mihi descripsit provida cura Dei.

For something more and something higher  
 How oft indulged a vain desire !  
 And, but for grace and love divine,  
 A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

NEWTON.



SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;  
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country-houses gay,  
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
 And we hear, aye, birds tune this pretty lay,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

T. NASH.

*Das Kind in der Wiege.*



LÜCKLICHER Säugling ! dir ist ein unendlicher Raum  
 noch die Wiege :  
 Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt.

SCHILLER.

Quam sæpe indulsi vano suspiria cordi,  
 Nescio quid quærens altius atque prius !  
 Et nisi faustus amor divino numine adesset,  
 Tam mihi quam milvo vasta ruina foret.

GEORGE CUREY.



ULCE Ver, annum imperio benigno  
 Tu regis ; lætum tibi rus virescit ;  
 Et juvat junctis manibus puellas  
 Pellere terram.

Solvitur frigus penetrans, melosque  
 Per nemus fundunt volucres canoræ,  
 Et domos omnes foliis adornant  
 Buxus et ilex.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,  
 Dulce pastorum resonant avenæ,  
 Dulce olent agri, pede pulchra bellis  
 Pressa resurgit.

Jam puer suavem repetit puellam,  
 Jamque anus Solem repetunt apricæ,  
 Læta per vicos iterata nostros  
 Carmina surgunt.

FREDERICK POYNDER.



ACTENTI puero nimis incunabula vasta :  
 Tellus, quanta patet, fit nimis arcta viro.

E.



SONG for the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who hath ruled in the forest long :—  
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
 And his fifty arms so strong !  
 There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
 And the fire in the west fades out ;  
 And he sheweth his might in the wild midnight,  
 When the storms through his branches shout !

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone :—  
 And still flourish he, a green hale tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone !

In the days of old, when the spring with gold  
 Was tinging his branches grey,  
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet  
 To gather the dew of May.  
 And all that day to the rebeck gay  
 They frolick'd with lovesome swains ;  
 They are gone,—they are dead,—in the churchyard  
 laid,—  
 But the tree, he still remains !  
 Then sing, &c. &c.

He saw the good times when the Christmas chimes  
 Were a merry sound to hear :—  
 When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,  
 Were full of good English cheer.



AUDIBUS quercum cēlebrate, quercum  
 Mille nodosis validam lacertis,  
 Late inumbrantem viridi minorem  
 Vertice sylvam.

Qualis, occasu rutilante Phœbi,  
 Luridum tollit caput, impotentem  
 Provocans Eurum, rabidas movente  
 Nocte procellas.

Testis actorum melius dierum,  
 Quum prius, Maio viridante ramos,  
 Ducerent lætas hilari choreas  
 Agmine Nymphæ,

Rore conspersæ tenero, procacem  
 Nec repugnantes juvenum catervam,  
 Donec haud fessum aspicerent reversa  
 Sidera ludum.

Simplices ruris periere ritus !  
 Morte jampridem pueri et puellæ  
 Dormiunt :— arbor manet auctiori  
 Fronde superstes.

Testis actorum melius dierum,  
 Quum prius, sacra redeunte luce,  
 Mos erat nostris meritos Deorum  
 Reddere honores :

Nec repellebant inopem superba  
 Divites mensa, at simul accubantes  
 Rite gaudebant pariter jocosum  
 Ducere festum.

Now gold hath the sway we all obey,  
 And a ruthless king is he !  
 But he never shall send our ancient friend  
 To be toss'd on the stormy sea !

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone :—  
 And still flourish he, a green hale tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone !

H. F. CHORLEY.



SINGLE figure told your years  
 When I began to woo :  
 That age is doubled, and, dear Rose,  
 My love is doubled too.

I loved you much for childhood's spring  
 Which in your features smiled,  
 But more because I then could read  
 The woman in the child.

Still be the promise kept, and still  
 May each successive hour  
 Add to the beauty of the bud  
 The sweetness of the flower.

Posterum, auratis inhians acervis,  
 Deditumque acri genus heu ! tyranno  
 Impiis nullos tremuit carinis  
                     Findere fluctus.

Huic tamen caræ rabies habendi  
 Arbori parcat : pelagique casus  
 Vitet haud ullo violanda sævi  
                     Verbere ferri.

Laudibus quercum celebrate, quercum  
 Gloriam silvæ, facile inter omnes  
 Principem æquales, decus et futuri  
                     Nobile sæcli !  
                     HENRY KING.



UUM primum, Rosa cara, te colebam,  
 Litera una tuos notabat annos,  
 Ista nunc geminata floret ætas,  
 Et meus geminatus ardet ignis.  
 Nimirum mihi grata eras, quod ore  
 Ridebat juvenile ver in isto,  
 Sed magis, quia parva prædicabas,  
 Qualis mox mulier fores futura.  
 Sic crescant, precor, ingeni vigores ;  
 Horæ, quotquot eunt, fugacis ævi  
 Pergant addere gemmulæ venustæ  
 Floris gaudia suaviora pleni.

E.





*REEN grow the rashes, O !  
 Green grow the rashes, O !  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O !*

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O !  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O !

The warly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O !  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O !

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O !  
 An' warly cares an' warly men  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O !  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O !

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O !  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O !

BURNS.



*LOREANT junci virides, at illa  
Grata præ cunctis mihi, quæ sub umbra  
Haud repugnantes videt ambientem  
Hora puellas.*

Omnes cura premit: dispar sibi mille figuris,  
Omnibus est horis certus ubique dolor!  
Quid prodest longis lente lassarier annis,  
Ni Venus oblectet fœmineusque decor?

En tibi divitias! insta! sequere! ah miser! illæ  
Eludunt avidam somnia vana manum!  
Sin vero arripias, nummis inhiesque senescens  
Quæsitis,—hæc tu gaudia vera putas?

Luna precor tantum subluceat orbe benigno  
Dum facilem reddit se mea Myra mihi,  
Tuque, miser, vigiles,—curisque exesus amaris  
Inferno pereas sordida præda Deo!

Ridesne? at stulto licet indulgere cachinno  
Frigidius glacie qui tibi pectus habes!  
Rex olim quo non sapientior extitit alter  
Haud uno lætos carpsit amore dies:

Hac se operas superasse omnes Natura creatrix  
Jactat, et hic posito limite cessat iners:  
Namque Mares primum tiro rudis, inde Puellas  
Extremum summæ protulit artis opus.

HENRY KING.



MARK'D, when vernal meads were bright,  
And many a primrose smil'd,  
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light,  
A dimpled three years child.  
A basket on one tender arm  
Contain'd her precious store,  
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,  
Told proudly o'er and o'er.  
The other wound with earnest hold  
About her blooming guide,  
A maid who scarce twelve years had told :  
So walk'd they side by side.  
One a bright bud, and one might seem  
A sister flower half-blown ;  
Full joyous in their loving dream,  
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by : again  
That loving pair I met :  
On russet heath and bowery lane,  
The autumnal sun had set.  
And chill and damp that Sunday eve  
Breath'd on the mourners' road  
That bright-eyed little one to leave  
Safe in the saints' abode.  
Behind the guardian sister came,  
Her bright brow dim and pale,—  
O cheer thee, maiden ! in His Name  
Who stilled Jairus' wail.



IDI equidem, quum prata novi pinxere colores,  
 Et micuit verno primula multa solo,  
 Trimam, cui nituit gelasinus in ore, puellam,  
 Lætantem, ut læta est lux oriente die.  
 Altera gestabat calathum manus, ipsa triumphans  
 Condita sarta suas dinumerabat opes.  
 Altera sollicita implicuit manus arte sororem,  
 Cui juvenilis adhuc sedit in ore rubor.  
 Tres quater hæc etiam vixdum compleverat annos,  
 Incessere pari duxque comesque gradu :  
 Visa mihi teneræ similis soror altera gemmæ,  
 Quæ velut in nido vix patefacta latet :  
 Altera maturos mox explicitura colores :  
 Utraque amicitiae compede vincta fuit.  
 Una utrumque animum pascebat amoris imago,  
 Vernis auspiciis lætus Aprilis erat.

Æstas præteriit velox, iterumque puellas  
 Vidi ego, quas dulcis consociarat amor :  
 Tempore quo campos, umbrosa que compita circum  
 Lumine pallebat jam brevior dies.  
 Humida frigebant auctumni flamina, dum te  
 Funebris ad tumulum, parvula, pompa vehit.  
 Tu tua tecta petis proprio nitidissima cœlo,  
 Altera te sequitur pallida fronte soror.  
 Parce tamen lacrymis, nam te solabitur unus,  
 Cujus voce fuit reddita nata patri.

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft,  
 That held by thine so fast ;  
 The fond appealing eye, full oft  
 T'ward thee for refuge cast.  
 Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone !  
 No more from stranger's face  
 Or startling sound the timid one  
 Shall hide in thine embrace.  
 Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,  
 And dreary seems thy way :  
 But what if nearer than before  
 She watch thee, even to-day ?  
 What if henceforth by Heaven's decree,  
 She leave thee not alone,  
 But in her turn prove guide to thee  
 In ways to angels known ?  
 O yield thee to her whisperings sweet :  
 Away with thoughts of gloom !  
 In love the loving spirits greet,  
 Who wait to bless her tomb.  
 In loving hope with her unseen  
 Walk as in hallow'd air :  
 When foes are strong and trials keen,  
 Think, " what if she be there ? "

KEBLE.

*Epitafio d' Ettore.*

TTORE io fui Trojan, prence, guerriero ;  
 Fe i miei dì brevi Achille, eterni Omero.

A. D' ELCI.

In desiderio frustra petis anxia molles,  
 Quæ tenero amplexu te tenuere, manus :  
 Quique in te toties vertentes lumina ocelli,  
 Præsidium visi sunt rogitare tuum.  
 Dulce ministerium, labor O suavissimus, omnis  
 Tutelæ periit non reparandus honos.  
 Non illam subitosve sonos faciemve timentem  
 Insuetam poteris condere amica sinu.  
 Qui fuerat vitæ periit labor unicus, et nunc  
 Quod superest operæ, tædia sola putes.  
 Forsitan illa tamen tibi nunc divinitus adsit,  
 Et tibi sit propior quam fuit ante, comes.  
 Forsitan et Patris cœlestia jussa facessens,  
 Invigilet cursu tempus in omne tuo.  
 Cujus et ipsa pedes tu nuper amore regebas,  
 Indicet Angelicas dux tibi facta vias.  
 Audi igitur quas vox mittit tibi caeca loquelas,  
 “Ite procul tenebræ, spes nova surgat,” ait.  
 Ni fallor, tumultum vigilant pia numina circum,  
 Tu voci illorum verba referre velis.  
 Obscuram tu carpe viam spe freta fideli,  
 Neu timeas, quo te dux vocat alma, sequi.  
 Hostibus in mediis interque pericula vitæ  
 Non parva auxilii pars erit illa tui.

HENRY WRIGHT PHILLOTT.



IC jaceo, princeps, bellator, Troius Hector :  
 Vitam a Pelida raptam mihi servat Homerus.

E.



ABRINA fair,

Listen where thou art sitting,  
Under the glassy cool translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair :  
Listen for dear honour's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,  
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us  
In name of great Oceanus ;  
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;  
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wizard's book ;  
By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,  
By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands :  
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the songs of Sirens sweet ;  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;  
By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
From thy coral-paven bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answer'd have :  
Listen and save.

MILTON, *Comus*, 859.



T tu, quæ gelido recubans sub marmore flores  
     Nectis odoratis implicitura comis,  
 Audi ubi perfusus electri rore capillos  
     Colligis, et votis, diva Sabrina, fave.  
 Cui lacus est curæ nitidis argenteus undis,  
     Invocat intactæ te pietatis honos.  
 Te per et Oceani nomen, sævumque tridentem,  
     Quo concussa pavet terra, Sabrina, veni ;  
 Perque gravem incessu Tethyn, rugasque seniles  
     Nereos oramus, Carpathiumque magum :  
 Per te squamosum concha Tritona recurva,  
     Per veteris Glauci carmina plena Deo ;  
 Leucothææque manus graciles, natumque regentem  
     Littora, perque Thetin gemmiferosque pedes ;  
 Dulces Sirenum illecebras, mellita sororum  
     Carmina, per caræ funera Parthenopes,  
 Quæque adamantea residens in rupe, solutas  
     Pectine deducit pulchra Ligea comas :  
 Per quæcunque tuæ solita est sub margine lymphæ  
     Noctu virgineos ducere Nympha choros,  
 Surge, age, sublimis roseum caput effer ab unda  
     Pumiceumque tuum linque, Sabrina, torum.  
 Præcipites cohibe fluctus, precibusque vocata  
     Annue, neu verbis verba referre neges ;  
 Audi igitur, tu nostra salus, te Diva precamur,  
     Audi, et supplicibus, Diva Sabrina, fave.

HENRY WRIGHT PHILLOTT.





F old sat Freedom on the heights,  
 The thunders breaking at her feet:  
 Above her shook the starry lights:  
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place did she rejoice,  
 Self-gather'd in her prophet mind,  
 But fragments of her mighty voice  
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down through town and field,  
 To mingle with the human race:  
 And part by part to men reveal'd  
 The fulness of her face.

TENNYSON.

*La Rosa.*



L i se stessa invaghita, e del suo bello  
 Si specchiava la Rosa  
 In un limpido e rapido ruscello.  
 Quando d' ogni sua foglia  
 Un aura impetuosa  
 La bella Rosa spoglia.  
 Cascar' nel rio le foglie: e il rio fuggendo  
 Se le porta correndo:  
 E così la beltà  
 Rapidissimamente, oh Dio! sen va.

FRANCESCO DE LEMENE.



NSEDIT quondam Libertas ardua montes ;  
 Fulmina sub nudo dissiluisse pede.  
 Pura super tremula micuerunt sidera luce :  
 Aure bibit strepitus congregientis aquæ.  
 Sola sibi placuit divinæ conscia mentis ;  
 Vix legeret fractos ventus ab ore sonos.  
 Descendit tandem camposque invisit et urbes,  
 Comis et humanum cœpit adire genus ;  
 Detractoque minutatim velamine monstrat  
 Quot sibi sint veneres, quantus in ore decor.

EDWIN PALMER.



PSA suæ rosa dum lætatur imagine formæ,  
 In speculum celeris despiciebat aquæ ;  
 Quum subito zephyri violentior incidit aura,  
 Decussitque omnes vis inopina comas.  
 Iam capit exuvias rivus correptaque secum  
 Fert spolia, æternam quo secatur ipse viam.  
 Haud aliter, miserum ! tenero cadit ore venustas,  
 Tollitur et rapida forma colorque fuga.

EDWIN PALMER.

*Macbeth.*



WHAT is that noise ?

*Seyton.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. (*Exit.*)

*M.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears ;  
The time has been my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
As life were in't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;  
Direness, familiar to my slaugh'trous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me. (*Re-enter Seyton.*) Wherefore  
was that cry ?

*S.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

*M.* Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.—

SHAKSPEARE. *Macbeth*, v. 5, 7.



THE earth walketh on the earth, glittering like gold,  
The earth goeth from the earth, not when it wold,  
The earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,  
The earth sayeth to the earth : These shall be ours.

Μα. Εἰ τί τοῦτο ;

Οἰκ. Θῆλυς ἦν, ὤναξ, βοή.

Μα. Χρόνος μὲν ἤδη δαρὸς ἐξότου φόβον  
οὐκ οἶδ' ἔγωγε τίς ποτ' ἔστ', ἐπεὶ προτοῦ  
μεσονυκτίοις βοαῖσι κῆρ ἐπήγνυτο  
μῦθος τε γοερός ὀρθίαν ἴστη τρίχα  
ὥστ' αὐτόπρεμνον δέρμα κινεῖσθαι δοκεῖν.  
νῦν δ' ἐμπέπλησμαι τῶν κακῶν· τὰ δεινὰ δὲ  
ἐμαῖσι φονέως φροντίσιν σύνεστ' αἰεί,  
ὥστ' οὐδ' ἅπαξ τρέσαιμ' ἄν. ἢ βοῇ τίς ἦν ;

Οἰκ. ἢ σὴ γυνὴ τέθνηκε· πάντ' ἀκήκοας.

Μα. σκιά βίος τοῖς ζῶσιν, ὑποκριτῆς μὲν οὖν  
ὅστις κατ' ἡμᾶρ περιπατῶν σεμνύνεται  
κατ' ἐς τὸ μηδὲν ἐφθάρη· κάλλιστα δ' ἂν  
μύθῳ νιν εἰκάσειας ἐκμεμνηνότες,  
κομποῦντος ὀργῇ μέγαλ', ἀναυδήτῳ τὸ πᾶν.

EDWIN PALMER.



NCEDIT terra terrenus, fulgidus auro,

Terrenus terra, non ubi malit, abit.

Muros in terra terrenus ponit et arces,

Terrenus terræ, nostra, ait, ista manent.

E.



LAS ! they had been friends in youth,  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
 And constancy lives in realms above ;  
     And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
 And to be wroth with one we love,  
     Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain  
     And insult to his heart's best brother :  
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
     But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
     Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
 A dreary sea now flows between ;—  
     But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



IEN que Paul soit dans l'indigence,  
 Son envie et sa médisance  
 M'empeschent de le soulager.  
 Sa fortune est en grand désordre,  
 Il ne trouve plus à manger,  
 Mais il trouve toujours à mordre.

CHARLEVAL.



NANIMI prima fuerant ætate sodales,  
 Subruit, heu, longam subdola lingua fidem :  
 Spinosumque iter est vitæ, præcepsque iuventus :  
 Nescia mutari numina sola manent :  
 Et subita incautos torquet dementia fratres,  
 Ut semel est ira sollicitatus amor.  
 Talis et hos inter venit furor : aspera dictu  
 Jecerat in fratrem frater uterque suum.  
 Dissiluere jugum nunquam reditura sub unum  
 Pectora. Væ ! quanto constitit ille dies.  
 Stant procul aversi : lacerum sed pectus utrique  
 Vulnus habet ; neutri subvenit alter amor.  
 Sic ubi divulsæ fracto stant vertice rupes,  
 Improba quas mediis dividit unda fretis,  
 Fœderis antiqui nullum vestigia fulmen,  
 Non sol æstivus, non abolebit hiems.

EDWIN PALMER.



PAULINUS est egenus, idem lividus  
 Paulinus est, magnaue maledicentia,  
 Nil igitur illi ferre solati queo.  
 Tantoque luxu patria perdidit bona,  
 Ut nil edendum suppetat ; rei tamen  
 Paratum habebit affatim, quod mordeat.

E.



OR deedes doe die, how ever nobly done,  
 And thoughts of men doe as themselves decay :  
 But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,  
 Recorded by the Muses, live for ay ;  
 Ne may with storming showers be washt away,  
 Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,  
 Nor age nor envie shall them ever wast.  
 In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine,  
 Seeke, with Pyramides to heaven aspired,  
 Or huge colosses built with costlie paine,  
 Or brasen pillours never to be fired,  
 Or shrines made of the metal most desired  
 To make their memories for ever live :  
 For how can mortal immortalitie give ?

SPENSER.



STONE walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage ;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for a hermitage :  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free ;  
 Angels alone, that soar above,  
 Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.



MORTUA facta premit senium noctisque sub umbras  
 Consilia humani funeris instar eunt.  
 Docta tamen paribus numeris decurrere verba  
 Pieridum cura tempus in omne manent :  
 His neque longa dies rapidæ nec sæva procellæ  
 Flamina, nec tristi verbere Livor obest.  
 Frustra Pyramidas tollunt ad sidera reges  
 Grandiaque immenso signa labore parant,  
 Et nunquam arsuras statuunt ex ære columnas  
 Splendidaque aurato nota sepulchra tholo,  
 Nomen ut æternum superet ; mortalia nunquam  
 Immortale valent continuare decus.

EDWIN PALMER.



MUI nocet incluso murorum saxeæ moles ?  
 Oppositi clathri quem cohibere valent ?  
 Nempe ibi, si superest animi constantia puri,  
 Otia suppeditant et sine fraude quies.  
 Dum mihi tutus amor vincolo solvatur ab omni,  
 Dum liceat menti quamlibet ire fugam.  
 Angelica ipsa cohors, quæ pervolat ardua cœli,  
 Sorte potest nulla liberiore frui.

E.





S when some hunter in the spring hath found  
 A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,  
 Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,  
 And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,  
 And followed her to find her where she fell  
 Far off:—anon her mate comes winging back  
 From hunting, and a great way off descries  
 His huddling young left sole: at that he checks  
 His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps,  
 Circles above his eyry, with loud screams,  
 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she  
 Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
 In some far stony gorge out of his ken,  
 A heap of fluttering feathers: never more  
 Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;  
 Never the black and dripping precipices  
 Echo the stormy scream as she sails by:  
 As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,  
 So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood  
 Over his dying son, but knew him not.

M. ARNOLD.

*Epitafio d' Alessandro Magno.*



S ON nato in Pella, in Babilonia estinto;  
 Tutti, ô stranier, fuor che me stesso, ho vinto.

A. D'ELCI.



C velut impositam nido pullosque foventem  
 Venator si forte aquilam conspexit in altis  
 Montibus, abruptas qua subrigit insula cautes  
 Cincta lacu, cœlique fuga convexa petentem  
 Fixit agens telis, certamque per avia prædam  
 Insequitur: redit ecce volans ex æquore conjux,  
 Desertosque procul nidos et frigida tecta  
 Agnovit, pennisque inhibet gyrisque minutis  
 Atque indignanti similis loca nota suosque  
 Circuit et magno absentem clamore reposcit.  
 Nequiquam. Procul illa domo convalle remota  
 Inter saxa jacet moriens; lethalis arundo  
 Hæret adhuc lateri: vanas sine corpore plumas  
 Misceri cumulo rapidisque undare putares  
 Flatibus. Ast illam jam non velut ante volantem  
 Unda lacus oculis reddet; non humidus atro  
 Mons latere horrisonas referet sub sidera voces.  
 Ut nidum ingentis luctus petit inscius ales,  
 Immotis sic Persa oculis sua damna tuetur  
 Inscius et patrio morientem vulnere natum.

EDWIN PALMER.



LLE ego, qui Pellæ natus, Babylone peremptus,  
 Me præter, nequii dedomuisse nihil.

E.

*Gratiano.*



WHAT is the matter ?

*Othello.*

Behold, I have a weapon !

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop : but, O vain boast,

Who can controul his fate ? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd :

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'Tis a lost fear ;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires. Where should Othello go ?

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v. 2, 259.



THIS is the last rose of summer, left blooming alone ;

All her lovely companions are faded and gone.

No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,

To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,

Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them ;

Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves on the bed,

Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow when friendships decay,

And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away ;

When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,

Oh ! who would inhabit this bleak world alone ?

THOMAS MOORE.

Γ. Τί δ' ἔστι τοῦτο ;

Ο. λεύσσεθ' ὡς ἔχω ξίφος  
 τοιοῦτον οἶον οὔτις ἀνθρώπων ποτε  
 μηρῷ προσῆψεν ἄλλος εἰς χρεῖαν μάχης.  
 ἤδη ποτ' αὐτὸς τῷδε σὺν ξίφει μόνος  
 πολλῷ πλέω κωλύματ' ἐξεκρουσάμην  
 ὧν φαίνεθ' ὑμεῖς· εἰς κενὸν δ' ἐκόμπασα·  
 τὰ δ' οὖν βέβηκε· μοῖρά τοι πάντων κρατεῖ.  
 πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ φοβεῖσθε, κἄν ἔχω ξίφος·  
 δρόμον γὰρ ἤκω τέρμα κἀφίγμαι σκοποῦ  
 ἑναντίλλομαι δὲ σῇμ' ὁρῶν πανύστατον.  
 ἄρ' ἐκπέπληχθε ; τοῦξ ἐμοῦ κενὸν δέος.  
 ἅπαξ δ' ἐφορμηθέντες ὡς μαχούμενοι  
 φεύγειν μ' ἴδοιτ' ἄν· τίς δ' ἐμοὶ φυγὴ πάρα ;

EDWIN PALMER.



PIRAT adhuc vacuo, spirat rosa suavis, in horto,

Et comites, olim quæ viguere, dolet ;

Reddere nec superest quæ jam suspiria possit,

Risibus aut risus consociare, soror.

Ergo erat ut viduo vellem te linquere culmo ?

Dormit amor, dormit quicquid amoris erat.

Qua jacet ille, jace : licet hæc inodora recumbant,

Sit mihi marcentem spargere fronde torum.

Sic et amicitiae flos marcet : hebescit amoris

Gemma senescentis ; fugerit ille, sequar.

Fugit amor ; languent extinctis pectora flammis ;

Quis trahat ah ! solo solus in orbe moras ?

EDWARD WALFORD.

Μέγα τι σθένος ἂ Κύπρις ἐκφέρεται νίκας αἰεί.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν θεῶν  
 παρέβαν, καὶ ὅπως Κρονίδαν ἀπάτασεν οὐ λέγω,  
 οὐδὲ τὸν ἔννυχον Αἴδαν,  
 ἦ Ποσειδάωνα τινάκτορα γαίας·  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τάνδ' ἄρ' ἄκοιτιν  
 τίνες ἀμφίγυοι κατέβαν πρὸ γάμων, τίνες  
 πάμπληκτα παγκόνιτά τ' ἐξῆλθον ἄεθλ' ἀγώνων.  
 ὁ μὲν ἦν ποταμοῦ σθένος, ὑψικέρω τετραόρου  
 φάσμα ταύρου,  
 Ἀχελῷος ἀπ' Οἰνιαδᾶν, ὁ δὲ Βακχείας ἀπο  
 ἦλθε παλίντονα Θήβας,  
 τόξα καὶ λόγχας ῥόπαλόν τε τινάσσων,  
 παῖς Δίος· οἱ τότε' ἀολλεῖς  
 ἴσαν ἐς μέσον ἱέμενοι λεχέων· μόνα δ'  
 εὐλεκτρος ἐν μέσῳ Κύπρις ῥαβδονομεῖ ξυνοῦσα.

SOPH. *Trach.* 497.



THE earth walketh on the earth, glittering like gold,  
 The earth goeth from the earth, not when it wold,  
 The earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,  
 The earth sayeth to the earth: These shall be ours.



VICTORIARUM ferre solet decus  
 Magnum Dione. Victa ego numina  
 Iovisque decepti dolores  
 Prætereo Stygiumque Ditem,  
 Regemque, terræ cuspide qui solum  
 Quassat tremenda. Fas mihi dicere,  
 Qui propter insanos amores  
 Ancipitem subiere pugnam ;  
 Hinc tauriformi fronte superbiens  
 Adstat, modo amnis nunc quadrupes, bovis  
 Conversus in formam, relinquens  
 CEniacas Achelöus undas.  
 Hinc ille Thebis impiger Hercules  
 Nutritus, arcus ex humero leves  
 Et tela suspendens ; gravemque  
 Dextra quatit metuenda clavum ;  
 Dis natus ipsis. Hi thalamum ruunt  
 Nymphæ expetentes. Quos Venus arbitra  
 Committit, incertumque pugnæ  
 Æqua regit variantis æstum.

EDWARD WALFORD.

Ἀμπρός βέβηχ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἐπι,  
 ἄκων ἀπῆλθ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἀπο,  
 πύργους ἔδειμ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἐπι,  
 ἡμῖν τὰδ' ἔσθ', ὁ γήϊνος τῇ γῇ λέγει.

E.

Τότ' ἦν χερὸς, ἦν δὲ τόξων πάταγος,  
 ταυρείων τ' ἀνάμιγδα κεράτων.  
 ἦν δ' ἀμφίπλεκτοι  
 κλίμακες, ἦν δὲ μετώπων ὀλόοντα  
 πλήγματα καὶ στόνος ἀμφοῖν.  
 ἅ δ' εὐώπις ἄβρὰ  
 τηλανγεῖ παρ' ὄχθῃ  
 ἦστο, τὸν ὄν προσμένονσ' ἀκοίταν.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ μάτηρ μὲν οἶα φράζω,  
 τὸ δ' ἀμφινείκητον ὄμμα νύμφας  
 ἐλεινὸν ἀμμένει·  
 καπὸ ματρὸς ἄφαρ βέβακεν,  
 ὥστε πόρτις ἐρήμα.

SOPH. *Trach.* 516.

*L'Agnello.*



N Agnel, che la madre e il genitore  
 Dal Lupo rio sbranati avea perduto,  
 Spargendo per la selva alto clamore  
 Domandava difesa ad ogni brutto.  
 Ebber tutti pietà del suo dolore;  
 Ma niuno offerse al suo dolore aiuto.  
 Dell' innocente oppresso dal più forte  
 Fuor della selva ancor questa è la sorte.

G. G. DE ROSSI.



UM dextra dextræ telaque fervidis  
 Illisa telis : cornua tum bovi  
 Concussa ; tunc in colla victor  
 Inque humeros onerosus hæsit.  
 Nec frons frequentes sustinuit diu  
 Infracta plagas. Tristior interim  
 Labentis in ripa fluenti,  
 Prospiciens nova bella, sedit,  
 Quem sors maritum mox dederit, sinu  
 Fotura conjux. Virgineus color  
 Et flos juventutis decoræ  
 Pulchrrior e lacrymis refulsit.  
 Nunc et—sed istæc quid queror amplius ?  
 Illa, ut relictis bucula vallibus,  
 Nunc præda victoris, protervo  
 Cruda viro, miseranda restat.

EDWARD WALFORD.



GNUS tenellus, perditis parentibus,  
 Quem dente sævo infestus orbarat lupo,  
 Implebat omne lugubri questu nemus,  
 Cunctas precatus, ut darent opem, feras.  
 Nullam ferarum tantus haud movit dolor,  
 Opem dolenti nulla quæsitam tulit.  
 Sic, innocentem cum premit superbia,  
 Fit sæpe, nec fit illud in sylvis modo.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.



*La mort de Chauvin.*

HAUVIN sonnait sur Seine ses aubades  
 Donna tel aise aux gentilles Naiades,  
 Que l'ung pour tons des aquatiques dieux  
 Parla ainsy : le ton melodieux  
 De ce Chauvin, frères, nous pourroit nuire  
 Par traict de temps et nos femmes seduire  
 Iusqu' à les faire yssyr de la clere unde  
 Pour habiter la terre large et ronde.  
 Ne fait au chant de son psalterion  
 Sortir des eaux les dauphins Arion ?  
 Ne tira pas Orpheüs Eurydice  
 Hors des enfers ? Cela nous est indice  
 Que cestuy-ci, qui mieulx que ces deux sonne,  
 Et qui tant est gratieuse personne,  
 Nous pourroit bien nos nymphes suborner.  
 Ces mots finyz, se prinrent à tourner  
 Ces dieux jaloux autour de la nasselle  
 Du bon Chauvin et renversans icelle,  
 L'ont en leurs eaux plongé et suffocé  
 Puis chacun d'eulx des nymphes s'est mocqué  
 En leur disant : Venez, dames, venez,  
 Voici Chauvin, que si cher vous tenez :  
 Commandez lui que danser il vous face.  
 Lors le baisant ainsy mort en la face,  
 Toutes sur luy de leurs yeulx espondirent  
 Nouvelles eaux, et après le rendirent  
 Dessouz la terre ez mains de ses amys  
 Qui l'ont ensemble en sepulture mys.

CL. MAROT.



EQUANICUM ad flumen cithara Calvinus eoa  
 Naiadum cecinit carmina grata choro :  
 Ast ita subter aquas Divis ex omnibus unus,  
 En, socii, doctum, quod facit iste, melos :  
 Hæc olim poterunt nobis mala multa movere,  
 Et nitidis nymphas elicuisse vadis.  
 Forsitan et cupiant nos deliquisse sub undis  
 Arvaque terrestres lata habitare plagæ.  
 Scilicet e pelago traxit delphinas Arion,  
 Et docuit blandæ carmina amare lyræ :  
 Eurydicen Orpheus imo revocavit ab Orco,  
 Indicio moniti discite recta, dei.  
 Iste etenim superat cantando doctior ambos,  
 Oraque præstanti vix minus arte placent :  
 Nempe potest talis nostras quoque fallere nymphas :  
 Dixerat ille : omnes iraque amorque rapit.  
 Illicet in vatem Divom convolvitur agmen,  
 Effunditque in aquas cymba reversa virum.  
 Illum letifero merserunt gurgite raptum,  
 Inque vices probris increpuere deas :  
 En agite, o Nymphæ, venit Calvinus, adeste,  
 Præsto est, quem tanto suestis amore sequi.  
 Quin illum citharam ad choreas aptare jubetis ;  
 Oscula sed tacitis dat dea quæque labris.  
 Tunc oculis cunctæ lacrymas, nova flumina, fundunt,  
 Littoreoque virum restituere solo,  
 Sic comitem excipiunt comites, pia turba, priores  
 Et faciunt una debita jura rogo.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.



PITANUM soboles, socia nostri sanguinis  
 Generata cœlo, aspiciite religatum asperis  
 Vinctumque saxis, navem ut horrisono freto  
 Noctem paventes timidi adnectunt navitæ,  
 Saturnius me sic infixit Jupiter,  
 Jovisque numen Mulcibri adscivit manus :  
 Hos ille cuneos fabrica crudeli inserens  
 Perrupit artus, qua miser sollertia  
 Transverberatus castrum hoc Furiarum incolò.  
 Jam tertio me quoque funesto die,  
 Tristi advolatu, aduncis lacerans unguibus,  
 Jovis satelles pastu dilaniat fero ;  
 Tum jecore opimo farta et satiata affatim  
 Clangorem fundit vastum, et sublime avolans  
 Pinnata cauda nostrum adulat sanguinem.

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* ii. 23.

*Der Greis.*



N EARCH ist lahm, ist blind, ist taub,  
 Ist halb schon der Verwesung Raub  
 Und längst die Beute schlauer Erben.  
 Wann wird der todte Mann doch sterben ?

WEISSER.

Ἀλλ' Οὐρανοῦ φύτμα, Τιτάνων γένος,  
 κήδευμ' ὅμαιμον, ἴδετέ μ' ἐν στυφλαῖς πέτραις  
 δεδεμένον ὧδε καὶ πεπασσαλευμένον,  
 ναύτης τις ὡς καθῆψε πόντιον σκάφος  
 ἐν βαρυβρόμῳ ῥηγμῖνι, τῆς νυκτὸς φόβῳ,  
 οὕτως ὁ Κρόνιος Ζεὺς μ' ἐπήξατ' ἐνθάδε,  
 ὁ Ζεὺς γὰρ αὐτὸς ὦπλισ' Ἡφαίστου χέρας,  
 ὃς σφῆνας ὤμοις ἐμβαλὼν τούτους τέχνη  
 ἔρρηξεν ἄρθρα, τῇ δὲ χειρωναξία  
 διάτορος οἶκον τόνδ' Ἐρινύων ἔχω·  
 σκήψας δὲ λυπρῶς μ' ἡμερῶν τριῶν διὰ  
 διεσπάραξ' ὁ Ζηνὸς ὠμηστῆς κύων,  
 κάπειτα πλησθεὶς ἥπατος δημοῦ τ' ἄδην  
 δεινὴν βοὴν ἀφῆκε, κάκποτούμενος  
 οὐρᾷ πτερωτῷ τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκμάσσει φόνον.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.



URDUS Nearchus cæcus et claudus pede  
 Ex altera jam parte corporis perît:  
 Dudum Nearchum captat heredum cohors;  
 Quando Nearchus mortuus volet mori?

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

*Sic vos non vobis.*



PORTA il buon villanel da strania riva  
 Sovra gli omeri suoi pianta novella,  
 E col favor della più bassa stella  
 Fa che risorga nel suo campo, e viva :  
 Indi 'l sole e la pioggia e l' aura estiva  
 L' adorna e pasce e la fa lieta e bella.  
 Gode 'l cultore e sè felice appella,  
 Che delle sue fatiche al premio arriva.  
 Ma i pomi un tempo a lui serbati e cari  
 Rapace mano in breve spazio coglie ;  
 Tanta è la copia degl' ingordi avari.  
 Così, lasso, in un giorno altri mi toglie  
 Il dolce frutto di tanti anni amari,  
 Ed io rimango ad odorar le foglie.

FRANCESCO BECCUTI.



HOLD that man the worst of public foes,  
 Who either for his own or children's sake,  
 To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife,  
 Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house.  
 For being through his cowardice allowed  
 Her station, taken everywhere for pure,  
 She, like a new disease, unknown to men,  
 Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,  
 Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes and saps  
 The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse  
 With devils' leaps, and poisons half the young.  
 Worst of the worst, were that man he that reigns !  
 Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart  
 Than thou resealed in thy place of light,  
 The mockery of my people and their bane.

TENNYSON.



USTICUS arboream stirpem, non ante repertam,  
 Rettulit externo, pondere lætus, agro.  
 Rure suo adlatum posuit: cœloque favente  
 Hactenus ignoto pullulat illa solo.  
 Brachia Sol pluviaeque almisque Favonius auris  
 Condecorant: læto numine pulchra viget.  
 Jam, felix operæ, cultor sua poma recenset,  
 Gaudiaque ingenti digna labore rapit.  
 Sed, quibus immoritur captus dulcedine, fructus  
 Sustulit abreptos furis avara manus.  
 Scilicet haud defit furum mala copia; at ipsi  
 Sic mihi post operam fructus inanis abit.  
 Nam subiens alter duros sperata per annos  
 Poma rapit: tantum frondibus ipse fruor.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

Οὗτος μὲν ἐστίν, ὡς ἐμοὶ κριτῇ, πόλει  
 ἔχθιστος, ὅστις ἡ τέκνων κέρδος σκοπῶν  
 ἡ καὶ αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ, δημόθρουν τ' ὀκνῶν ψόγον,  
 γυναικ', ἄπιστον ἐξελεγχθεῖσαν σαφῶς  
 δόμοισιν οἰκουροῦσαν ἐμμένειν ἔα·  
 ἐκ τῆς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δειλίας ἔτ' ἐντελὴς  
 μένουσα κεδνὴ πανταχοῦ νομίζεται,  
 ἔρπει δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὡς νόσημά τι  
 νεοσπόρητον, οὐδέ τις φυλάσσεται.  
 πονηρὰ δ' ἀστράπτουσ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βέλη  
 πιστῶν θ' ὑφέιλε τὴν προθυμίαν φίλων  
 φρένας τε κινεῖ δυσθέοις σκιρτήμασι,  
 νέους τε πάντας ὤλεσ', ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος.  
 ἀλλ' ἐκ κακῶν κάκιστον, εἰ τοιοῦτος ὦν  
 τὰ σκῆπτρα νωμᾷ· τοίγαρ ἥδιον δρακεῖν  
 δόμους τ' αἵστους φρενοβόρους τ' ἀλγηδόνας  
 ἢ καὶ σ' ἀνιδρυθεῖσαν ἐμφανεῖ θρόνῳ·  
 γέλων ἐμοῖς ἀστοῖσι καὶ νόσημ' ἅμα.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

*A l'Espérance.*

CHARMANTE Espérance,  
O source du plaisir,  
Tu m'apportes d'avance  
Un riant avenir.

Et si ton allégresse  
Ne garde toujours foi,  
Toujours, belle déesse,  
Je suis fidèle à toi.

Les maux, que je regrette,  
Tu bannis de mon cœur ;  
Va cherche ma Ninette,  
Fais aussi son bonheur.

La trouves-tu cruelle,  
Ne songe-t-elle à moi,  
Reste à jamais chez elle,  
Car je renonce à toi.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.



MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory ;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

SHELLEY.

Ελπίς, θεὰ γλυκίστη,  
 χαρᾶς τε νᾶμα πάσης,  
 σύ μοι φθάνεις προχείρουνς  
 τὰς ἡδονὰς φέρουσα·

κεῖ, κουφόνους τις οὔσα,  
 ψεύδεις μέ σου κλύοντα,  
 ἐγὼ, καλὴ Θέαινα,  
 σοὶ πιστὸς ἂν μένοιμι.

τάλγῃμαθ', ἀμὲ δάκνει  
 τὴν καρδίαν, διώκεις·  
 ἔλθ' ἔλθε πρὸς Νέαιραν  
 ποίει δὲ χάσμα καὐτῇ.

ἦν δύσκολον δ' ἐφεύρης  
 καὶ τὰμὰ μὴ φρονούσαν,  
 μίμν' εἰσαεὶ παρ' αὐτῇ,  
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ μελήσεις.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.



UUM tacet argutus fidicen, modulamina cantus  
 In memori resonant corde reposita tamen.  
 Quum marcent violæ, fragrantis spiritus auræ  
 Sensibus in vivis, quos tetigere, manet.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.





RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,  
The line of yellow light dies fast away  
That crowned the eastern copse ; and chill and dun  
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,  
And echo bids good-night from every glade ;  
Yet wait a while, and see the calm leaves float,  
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide !  
And yet no second spring have they in store,  
But where they fall forgotten to abide,  
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,  
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,  
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,  
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,  
In all the world of busy life around  
No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky  
No drop for them of kindly influence found.

KEBLE.



OL rubet, occiduam vix tangens lumine silvam,  
Fusca premit campos jam breviorque dies.  
Pallet et eoum tenui quæ cinxerat auro  
Lux nemus: inque vicem nox tenebrosa subit.

Ultima venator lassus modulamina tentat,  
Vox nemorum ingeminat consociata "Vale:"  
Respice sed frondes placida tam morte caducas;  
Cuique parens arbos, quæ tegit et tumultum.

Lene cadit sic nostra ætas: sed veris honores  
Illis alterius non sinit esse Deus.  
Qua cecidere, jacent; faciat nec funera quisquam;  
Frondebis hæc sors est, non meliora rogant.

Mox tamen hic verni resonabunt aëre cantus,  
Mille dabit circa florea sarta nemus—  
Rore novo gemmæ revirescent; omnia ut olim  
Deliciæ et læti gaudia veris erunt.

Sed nihil his superest: perierunt, inscia turba;  
Quicquid agunt homines, hos manet una quies;  
Sic neque sunt nobis curæ, neque munera norunt  
Dulcia quæ cœli gratia fundit humi.

HERBERT WILLIAM FISHER.



HUS was this place,

A happy rural seat of various views :

Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,

Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks

Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,

Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store,

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :

Another side umbrageous grots and caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps

Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall

Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,

That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd

Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 246.

*Epitaph.*



N this marble casket lies

A matchless jewel of rich price ;

Whom Nature, in the world's disdain,

But showed, and put it up again.

Η ν μὲν ἦδε σοι πόλεως ἄπο  
 ἔδρα καλή, διδοῦσα παντοίαν θέαν·  
 ἄλση γὰρ ἦν εὐδενδρα, πεύκινον δάκρυ  
 στάζοντ' ἀπ' ὄζων, βαλσάμου τ' εὐοσμίαν·  
 καὶ τῇδε λειμών, τῇδε πλάξ λευρά διὰ  
 δένδρων ἐφαίνετ', ἐν δὲ ποιμινίων νομαί,  
 φοίνιξ τ' ἐπ' ὄχθοις·—εἴτα καὶ κόλπον νάπη  
 ἐξ ἀνθεμώδους ὕδασι διάβροχος ῥόδον  
 κέντροις ἄφρακτον, ποικίλον τ' ἀνθῶν γάνος,  
 ἥδιστα θησανρίσματ' ἐκδίδωσ' αἰεί.  
 ταῦτ' ἐκλιπόντι δάσκι' εἰσελθεῖν πάρα  
 σπηλαῖά τ' ἀντρων καὶ μύχους ψυκτηρίους,  
 ἐφ' οἷς ἐβλαστε καὶ παρερπύζουσ' ἀβρῶς  
 σταφυλὴν τίθησιν ἄμπελος μελάγχχιμον.  
 κὰν τῷδε πολλῶν δοχμίαν κλιτὺν διὰ  
 οὐκ ἀψόφητος λείβεται κρηνῶν ῥόος,  
 εἴτ' οὖν ἀφάντων μυρίοισι ῥεύμασιν,  
 εἴτ' ἐς κάτοπτρον ὑαλινὸν λίμνης, ὅθι  
 ὄχθαι διπλοῦνται μυρσίναις ἐστεμμέναι,  
 κάλλιστα συμβάλλουσι παμμίκτους ῥοάς.

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME.



EMMA hac marmorea latet sub arca  
 Omni ditior æstimatione,  
 Quam nostro generi dei invidentes  
 Monstratam semel abdidere rursum.

E.



WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun  
 Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,  
 Then issuing cheerful to thy sport repair ;  
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
 And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds.  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, and from the hollow'd bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow ;  
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;  
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game,  
 Straight as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap ;  
 Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook.

THOMSON.

*Épitaphe d'un Ami.*



I-GÎT qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidèle,  
 Et jusques au tombeau des amis le modèle ;  
 Il ne me quitta pas quand je perdis mon bien.  
 —C'était un homme unique!—Hélas! c'était mon chien!

EDMUND DALLIER.



UUM rapido Phœbus radio tepefecit ad imum  
 Flumina, vinque dei sentit genus omne natantum,  
 Linque domum, lætusque dolos artemque parato :  
 Præsertim si jam Zephyri spirantibus auris  
 Nubila transcurrunt altum volitantia cœlum.  
 Tuque exquire locum, quo jam miscerier alto  
 Lympha fugax trepidat stagno, aut spumantibus undis  
 Obstanti insultat lapidi, ripamve cavatam  
 Effugit, obliquatque vias iteratque relictas ;  
 Huc ubi fallacem tenui libramine muscam  
 Miseris et multa retro circumtrahis arte,  
 Contemplator ; aquas summas aurasque videbis,  
 Sive fames hoc sive animus suadebit inanis,  
 Tentare et saltu pisces captare rapacem  
 Escam hami ; tu deinde insta celer ipse, manuque  
 Leniter admota simul hamum infige recurvum.

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME.



HIC jacet ingenioque fideque insignis ; amoris  
 Exemplar veri mortis ad usque diem.  
 Quum mea perdideram, non me tamen ille reliquit :  
 —O hominem rarum !—Væ, canis ille fuit.

E.



OUR child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !  
 Rocks, waves and winds, the shatter'd bark delay ;  
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.  
 But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep ;  
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.  
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
 The grot that heard his song of other times,  
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,  
 His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,  
 Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,  
 Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind ;  
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace :  
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,  
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !  
 While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,  
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,  
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

CAMPBELL.

*Trost.*



ENN dich die Lsterzung sticht,  
 So lass dir dies zum Troste sagen ;  
 Die schlechtesten Frchte sind es nicht  
 Woran die Wespen nagen.

BRGER.



URA pericla ferens, immitis alumne procellæ,  
 Tristia cui frangunt fata virile decus.  
 Saxa ratem quassam fluctus ventique morantur,  
 Corque tuum mœret, sunt tua tecta procul.  
 Spes tamen excubias agitat sub lumine Lunæ,  
 Spes magica pontum voce levare potest.  
 Et citius currente poli per sidera rima  
 Pervigilem mentem gaudia visa foveat.  
 En ! juga se tollunt terræ dilecta paternæ,  
 En ! resonans olim carmine silva patet ;  
 En ! humilisque domus parvæque antenna carinæ  
 Cumque lacu vitreo florea vallis adest.  
 Omnia pervolitant animum, ventoque secundo,  
 Unde abiit mœstus littora nauta tenet ;  
 Quo se cunque ferat, vultus agnoscit amicos,  
 Conjugis et tandem currit ad ora suæ,  
 Quumque genas Helenes flentis per gaudia tersit,  
 Suspirans natos pignora cara fovet.  
 Quin etiam exceptus post tædia longa salutat  
 Ridentem dominum, qua valet arte, canis ;  
 Dumque oculi celeres huc illuc hospitis errant,  
 Ore sequens cupido dicere tentat Ave.

RICHARD ELWYN.



ENE malus rodit livor ? sic collige tecum :  
 Nec vespa ex hortis pessima quæque petit.

E.





HE current that with gentle murmur glides,  
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;  
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
 He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;  
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
 Then let me go and hinder not my course ;  
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
 And make a pastime of each weary step,  
 Till the last step have brought me to my love ;  
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 7. 25.



T last,  
 Far in the horizon to the north, appear'd  
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region stretch'd  
 In battailous aspect, and, nearer view,  
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
 The banded Powers of Satan hasting on  
 With furious expedition : for they ween'd  
 That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,  
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
 To set the envier of his state, the proud  
 Aspirer ; but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
 In the mid-way.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 78.

Τὸ νᾶμ' ὃ κινεῖν ἥσυχον ψόφον φιλεῖ  
 εἶρχθ' ἐν, σάφ' οἶσθα, δεινὸν ἐκφυσᾷ μένος·  
 ἀλλ' εἰ ρέοντι μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν πάρα  
 σύμφωνα σὺν ψήφοισι ποικίλλει μέλη.  
 φυτῶν ὅσ' ὄχθαις ἐμπεφυκότ' ἐν πλάνοις  
 προσῆλθεν ἡπίοισι χεῖλεσιν θιγόν,  
 οὕτως τ' ἀπορρέει κρυφθὲν ἐν πολλαῖς πτυχαῖς  
 ἥδιστα παῖζον εἰς θάλασσαν ἀγρίαν·  
 καὶ νῦν ἰούσαν μὴ σὺ κωλύσῃς ἐμέ,  
 ὥς γὰρ τὸ νᾶμα ρεύσομαι μάλ' ἡσύχως.  
 ὁδοὶ τε μακραὶ παιδιὰ δόξουσί μοι  
 ἕως ἂν εὐρουσ' ἄνδρα φίλτατον τύχω·  
 κάπειτα παῦλαν, ὥς τις ἐν τοῖς νερτέροις  
 ψυχὴ λυθεῖσα τῶν πόνων, εὐρήσομαι.

RICHARD ELWYN.

Ἡ δὲ πρὸς Ἄρκτον τηλόθεν προῦφαίνετο,  
 ἐκ τερμάτων πρὸς τέρματ' αἰθέρος ταθεῖς,  
 χῶρός τις αἴθων κείς μάχην τεταγμένος.  
 τᾶμπροσθεν ὀρθαῖς οὐρανὸς λογχῶν ἀκμαῖς  
 ἀνηρίθμων ἔφριξε, πολλά τ' ἦν ἰδεῖν  
 σὺν ποικίλοις ἀσπίδων κύκλοις κράνη,  
 λαμπρῶν ἔχουσι σημάτων κομπάσματα.  
 χωρεῖ γὰρ ἐγγὺς συμμιγῆς ἐχθρῶν στρατὸς,  
 ὅσον τάχιστα δεινὸν ἐκπνέων Ἄρη,  
 αὐχῶν κατ' ἰσχὺν ἢ δόλοισι αὐθήμερον  
 ὄρους κρατῆσιν οὐ καθίζανει Θεός,  
 καὶ τὸν φθονοῦντα κάκδίκως ὑπέρφρονα  
 τὸν Ἐχθρὸν ἱεροῖς ἐγκαταστήσειν θρόνοις.  
 μεσοῦντα δ' αὐτῶν ἐσφάλη βουλευματα.

RICHARD ELWYN.



WHILE thus I debated, in reverie centred,  
 An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, enter'd ;  
 A fine-spoken, underbred fellow was he,  
 And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.  
 " Why what have we here ? why, this is good eating :  
 Your own, I suppose ? or is it in waiting ?"  
 " Why whose should it be ?" said I, with a flounce ;  
 " I get these things often," (though that was a bounce)  
 " Some lords, my acquaintance, who settle the nation,  
 Are pleased to be kind : but I hate ostentation."  
 " Ay, that is the case, then," said he, very gay,  
 " I'm glad I have taken your house in my way.  
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me,  
 No words, I insist on't precisely at three.  
 We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be there ;  
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.  
 And now as I think on't, as I am a sinner,  
 We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.  
 What say you, a pasty ? you shall and you must ;  
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust :  
 Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile End.  
 No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend !"  
 So snatching his hat, he was off like the wind,  
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

GOLDSMITH.



THE swallow 's a quick arrow, that may show  
 With what an instant swiftness life doth flow.

HOLYDAY.



AS mecum meditor curas, et totus in his sum :  
 Cum subito irrumpit quidam, vix nomine notus,  
 Scurra dicax ; sibi si voluissem credere, amicus  
 Ut mihi nusquam alius. Tunc ridens, meque, ferinamque  
 Arripiens oculis, “ Unde, o carissime,” clamat,  
 “ Unde tibi hæc tam pulchra obsonia ? cuive parantur ?”  
 Ipse, indignanti similis, “ Cuine ista parentur  
 Dona, rogas ? — Misere mihi hæc, qui plurima mittant  
 Talia, primores populi—jactantior æquo  
 Ne videar, nolim ista loqui—queis utor amicis.”  
 Falsa quidem hæc, fateor. Contra hic, “ Feliciter,” inquit  
 Exultans, “ hodie tetigi tua limina ; mecum  
 Cras eris ; ad nonam mecum cœnare necesse est.  
 Sic volo, sic jubeo. Varius tibi, Virgiliusque,  
 Una aderunt, pluresque ; tuus, si notior esset  
 Mæcenas nobis, simul afforet. Et mihi si quid  
 Credis, adhuc cœnæ deerant obsonia. Nosti  
 Quid Caiæ sapiant nostræ pulmenta ? Ferinæ  
 Sic melius quod habes—sic Di voluere—coquetur.  
 Desine—nulla tibi est, carissime, causa sequendi.  
 I puer, et mecum hæc propera deferre Suburram.”  
 Tum subito, abripiens sese, fugit ocyor alis  
 Ventorum — puer atque obsonia nostra sequuntur.

HENRY EARLE TWEED.



LES hirundo volat dimissæ more sagittæ,  
 Scilicet hinc discas, quam cito vita fluat.

E.



NDER foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem ; other creature here,  
 Bird, beast, insect or worm, durst enter none ;  
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower  
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
 Nor Faunus haunted.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 700.



ANY a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs ;  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night :  
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 137.



UB pedibus violæ ferrugineique hyacinthi  
 Distinxere solum, quod versicoloribus herbis  
 More pavimenti gemmis radiantis et auro  
 Emicuit: non hic volucres, non sæcla ferarum,  
 Aut tenues muscæ, genus aut ignobile vermes,  
 Nulla sacrum audebant animalia vincere limen,  
 Usque adeo obtutus hominum defixa timebant;  
 Nec non sacra magis neque opacior umbra patebat,  
 Pan ubi Silvanusque Pater, seu quisquis inani  
 Agrestes animos Deus olim numine ludit,  
 Gaudebant lassi levibus se dedere somnis.

CHARLES PEARSON.

Ὁ ὦ νῦν κατ' ὄρθρον πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις  
 ἀνδρῶν ἐς ὄψιν ἦλθεν, ὥς ποθ' ἤσυχαι  
 δρόσους νεώρεις αὐξάνοι δακρύμασι.  
 θρήνων τ' ἀνιῆς αἰθέρια φυσήματα  
 πρὸς τοῖσι νέφεσιν ἄλλα προσβάλλει νέφη·  
 εὐτ' ἂν δὲ πρῶθ' ὁ πάντα θερμαίνων θεὸς  
 δηλοῖ πρόσσωθεν, ὥς ἀναπτύξων πάλιν  
 Ἡοῦς κνεφαῖα δεμνίων πετάσματα,  
 ἥδη ποθ' οὐμὸς παῖς ὁ δύσθυμος φυγῇ  
 φάους ἄποπτος εἰς δόμους κλέπτει πόδα,  
 ἔσω δὲ θαλάμων κλήσεται μόνος μόνων,  
 μοχλοῖς δ' ἀπείρξας ἀγνὸν ἡμέρας φάος  
 ἐμήσαθ' οὕτως εὐφρονὴν οὐκ εὐφρονήν.  
 πῶς δ' οὐ δύσσορnis δύσποτμος θ' ὁ νῦν τρόπος  
 ἀνδρὸς γένοιτ' ἄν, μὴ φρενῶν εὐβουλία  
 ἀφανοῦς λυθείσης αἰτίας, ἥτις κυρεῖ.

CHARLES PEARSON.



O marble statüe, nor high  
 Aspiring pyramid, be raised  
 To hide its head within the skie!  
 What claim have I to memory?  
 God, be Thou only praised!

Thou in a moment canst defeate  
 The mighty conquests of the proude,  
 And blast the laurels of the great;  
 Thou canst make brightest glorie set  
 O' th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of art  
 Hold out against the assault of stormes?  
 Or how can brasse to him impart  
 Sence of surviving fame, whose heart  
 Is now resolved to wormes?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!  
 Eternitie! why build'st thou here?  
 Dost thou not see the highest tide  
 Its humbled streame i' th' ocean hido,  
 And nere the same appeare?

That tide, which did its banks o'erflow,  
 As sent abroad by th' angry sea,  
 To level vastest buildings low  
 And all our trophies overthrow,  
 Ebbes like a thief away.

No laurel wreath around my brow!  
 To thee, my God, all praise, whose law  
 The conquer'd both and conqu'ror bow,  
 For both dissolve to ayre, if thou  
 Thy influence but withdraw.

HABINGTON.



EC signa forma marmorea mihi,  
Moles nec alte condita verticem  
Extollat in nubes : futuræ  
Cur repetam monumenta famæ ?

Laudem mereris tu Deus unicam !  
Prosternis heræ tempore gloriam  
Regum superborum, decori  
Nominis abripiens honores.

Tu, quicquid orbem clarius obtinet,  
Tu nube condis letifera, Deus !  
Num semper obstabit ruenti  
Artis opus miserum procellæ ?

Num forma cordi possit ahenea  
Sensum futuræ tradere gloriæ,  
Invisa quod vermes caterva  
Jam propriam tenuere sedem ?

Cæca triumphans stultitia, decus  
Cur inde famæ perpetuum rapis ?  
Nonne æstus in pontum recedens  
Grandis aquas humiles resorbet ?

Sic furis instar, sic abit in mare,  
Ripas per omnes qui modo fervidus  
Surgebat, indignam tropæis  
Et domibus minitans ruinam.

Mortale laurus ne decoret caput !  
Tu laude dignus ! te dominum ferunt  
Et victor et victus minores :  
Te sine depereunt uterque !

JOHN BATTERIDGE PEARSON.





O cloud, no relic of the sunken day  
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip  
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues :  
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !  
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,  
But hear no murmuring ; it flows silently  
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,  
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,  
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers  
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find  
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.  
And, hark ! the nightingale begins its song,  
" Most musical, most melancholy " bird !  
Most melancholy bird ! O idle thought ;  
In nature there is nothing melancholy !  
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced  
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
(And so, poor wretch, fill'd all things with himself,  
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrows), he and such as he  
First named these notes a melancholy strain,  
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



THE dying mole, some say, opens his eyes :  
The rich, till 'tis too late, will not be wise.

HOLYDAY.



AM nebulæ Hesperii devexi et solis imago  
 Decessere plagis: tenuis nec in æthere lucet  
 Balteus, et tremuli jam dudum abiire colores;  
 En age! muscoso recubemus ponte quieti:  
 Cernis ut ante pedes niteat pellucidus amnis,  
 Murmur abest: tacito percurrit flumine rivus  
 Gramine prætextas ripas: silet undique tellus.  
 Fragrantes redolent nocturnis flatibus auræ:  
 Astraque si nimium pallenti luce refulgent,  
 Jam vernos animis iterum revocabimus imbres,  
 Infusis pluviis ubi gaudet terra virescens,  
 Stellarumque animis referet nova gaudia pallor.  
 Heus! iterum jam voce nemus Philomela canora  
 Personat, arguto mæstissima gutture cantans,  
 Judice te tristis! quanta o fallacia verbi.  
 Nil mæsti, nil progenuit Natura creatrix.  
 Noctivagus quidam, memori quem mente repostum  
 Usque recens lædebat et insanabile vulnus,  
 Aut neglectus amor, tardive injuria morbi:  
 Quique miser spatium omne sui complere, sonosque  
 Ipse suum voluit molles narrare dolorem:  
 Tristia non alius tum primum hæc carmina finxit  
 Notaque jam multi referunt mendacia vates.

JOHN BATTERIDGE PEARSON.



ALPA, ita fama refert, oculos moritura recludit;  
 Divitibus ratio, non nisi sera, venit.

E.



AD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,  
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar ;  
 There would I weep my woes,  
 There seek my lost repose,  
 Till grief my eyes should close  
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare  
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air ?  
 To thy new lover hie,  
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
 Then in thy bosom try,  
 What peace is there !

BURNS.



HE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove :  
 A maid whom there were none to praise  
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,  
 Half-hidden from the eye ;  
 Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be ;  
 But she is in her grave, and oh !  
 The difference to me !

WORDSWORTH.

*Fidem mutatosque deos flebit.*



RAS oceani petam remotas  
 Et quacunq̃ feri, petam, fragores  
 Undarum Borea strepunt strepente ;  
 Mecum solus ibi nefanda facta  
 Flebo—solus ibi colam quietem :  
 Donec mors misero dabit sepulchro  
 Conclusos oculos, et acquiescam.  
 Plusquam fœmineis dolis dolosa,  
 An tot vota, homines deosque testes,  
 Ferri flaminibus mihi dedisti ?  
 I nunc et Lycidæ feras amores—  
 Pyrrhæ ludibrio suus sit Arcas—  
 I nunc, junde jocos—sinu sub imo  
 Te læsæ Nemesis manet fidei.

ROBERT HENNIKER.



ST procul e triviis sedes bene nota columbis,  
 Unde trahit nomen proxima ripa suum.  
 His virgo in latebris laudantum verba fefellit,  
 Vix adeo pauci, queis coleretur, erant.

Tegmine sic violæ sublucet purpura nigræ  
 Sicubi muscoso semisepulta jacet :  
 Sic quoque fulget honos stellæ, quum sola per auras  
 Emicuit, comitum deficiente choro.

Vix paucis aderat miseræ vox nuntia famæ,  
 Phyllida quum terris abstulit atra dies ;  
 Sed jacet in tumulto, mihi quo discrimine notum est,  
 Nam jacet in damnum væ mihi ! rapta meum.

CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER.



T was a strange  
 Sensation that came o'er me, when at first  
 From the broad sunshine I stepped in ; and saw  
 The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after  
 The closing door, was gone : and all about me,  
 'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows  
 Fantastically cast. Here six or seven  
 Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me  
 In a half circle. Each one in his hand  
 A sceptre bore, and on his head a star :  
 And in the town no other light was there  
 But from those stars—all seem'd to come from thence.  
 " These are the planets," said that low old man,  
 " They govern worldly fates, and for that cause,  
 Are imaged here as kings. He, furthest from you,  
 Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,  
 With bent and yellow forehead,—it is Saturn :  
 He opposite the king with the red light,  
 An armed man for the battle,—that is Mars ;  
 And both these bring but little luck to men."

COLERIDGE.



WIXT kings and tyrants there's this difference known :  
 Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

HERRICK.



ESCIO quid miri trepidantes occupat artus  
 Quum de sole meos nigrantia lumina primum  
 Accepere gradus. Jam jam radiique sequaces  
 Conduntur valvis claudentibus—omnia circum  
 Pallida nox horrore tegit visendaque miris  
 Pariete surrexere modis umbracula rerum.

Membra giganteis hic tollunt vasta columnis  
 Ordine sex reges, pariterque in cornua flectunt;  
 Omnes sceptrā ferunt, capiti sedet omnibus astrum:  
 At circum tenebræ, nisi qua sibi luce maligna  
 Astra nitent sublustre et densior ingruit horror.  
 Continuo ille senex “errantia lumina cœli,  
 Fatorum reges, ergo simulamine regum  
 Hic umbrata vides;” dixit “procul ille gravatus  
 Frigidus invidiaque senex et tristior annis,  
 Cui rugis frons scabra et duro livida curvo,  
 Adspice,—Saturnus. Contra qui lumine rubro  
 Ardet dira tuens armisque in bella—Gradivus;  
 Numina terrigenum haudquaquam felicia sæclis.”

CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER.



REGES tyrannosque inter illud interest;  
 Sibi tyranni consulunt, reges suis.

E.



THOU bid'st me sing the lay I sung to thee  
 In other days, ere joy had left this brow,  
 But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,  
 How different feels the heart that breathes them now.  
 The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same  
 We saw this morning on its stem so gay;  
 But ah! the dew of dawn, that breath which came  
 Like life o'er all its leaves, has pass'd away.

Since first thy music touch'd thy heart and mine  
 How many a joy and pain o'er both have past,  
 The joy, a light too precious long to shine,  
 The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last:  
 And though that lay would like the voice of home  
 Breathe o'er our ears, 'twould waken now a sigh,—  
 Ah! not as then for fancied woes to come,—  
 But sadder far for real bliss gone by.

MOORE.

Ἀμοῖρ' ἅ κρυερὰ τὸ καλὸ παῖδ' Ἀφροδίτας  
 ἤρπασε, τῶν καλῶν τίς κόρος ἐστ' Ἀἰδι;  
 ἀλλὰ σύ γ', Ἀγγελία, τὸν ἀήδεα μῦθον ἔχουσα,  
 βάσκ' ἴθι παγκοίταν εἰς Αἶδαο δόμον.  
 λέξον δ', ὦ δαῖμον, τὰν καλὰν ὤλεσας ἄγραν,  
 οὐ γάρ τὰς ψυχὰς οὐδὲ τὰ σώματ' ἔχεις·  
 αἱ μὲν γάρ ψυχαὶ μετέβησαν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν,  
 σώματα δ' ἐν γαίᾳ νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχει.

*Anthol. Gr.*



UÆ, quum cura hilari nondum sub fronte sedebat,  
 Carmina cantabam, nunc iterare jubes.  
 At quamvis eadem referat modulamina cantus,  
 Ah! quam mutatum cor recinentis erit.  
 Salva stirpe quidem rosa mane efflabat odores,  
 En! eadem religat jam tibi nocte comas.  
 Qua vero afflabat vitalem spiritus auram,  
 Matutinus abest ros periitque decor.  
 Ex quo tu nostras tetigisti carmine mentes,  
 Gaudia quot nobis quotque fuere mala.  
 Illa quidem meliora ac quæ mansura fuerunt,  
 Perpetua hæc omnes nube timenda dies.  
 Et quamvis memores vox illa attingeret aures,  
 Grata domum revocans præteritosque dies,  
 Tristia sub nostro suspiria corde moveret,  
 Non tamen ignaris, quod tulit ante, mali:  
 Tum modo venturi suspiria vana dolores,  
 Nunc, ploranda magis! gaudia rapta cient.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.



ORTE abrepta mala Veneris jacet optima proles,  
 Optima quæque rapit mortis avara manus.  
 At tu, Fama, quidem duri prænuntia fati,  
 Invisum hospitium, limina Ditis adi.  
 Et refer: Optatæ fugiunt te, pessime, prædæ,  
 Non pucrorum animas pulchra neque ossa tenes.  
 Namque animæ cœli petierunt ostia: tellus  
 Corpora tranquillo vincta sopore tegit.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.





Y Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
 The primrose banks how fair :  
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
 And o'er the cottage sings ;  
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string  
 In lordly lighted ha' :  
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
 Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey  
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;  
 But are their hearts as light as ours  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd in the flowery glen  
 In shepherd's phrase will woo ;  
 The courtier tells a finer tale ;  
 But is his heart as true ?

These wild wood flowers I've pu'd to deck  
 That spotless breast of thine :  
 The courtiers' gems may witness love,  
 But 'tis na love like mine.

BURNS.



ONNE vides, mea Delia, ut hic nemus omne virescit,  
Purpureo ut violæ ripa colore nitet ?  
Ad lucem Zephyris flos quisque vocantibus exit  
Atque tuas agitat molliter aura comas :

Non ubi regifico resplendent atria luxu,  
Ast humiles supra cantat alauda casas :  
Munera nec solis fundit natura tyrannis,  
Gaudia pastori præbuit æqua manu.

Et quamvis, ubi multa aulæ dat lumina tæda,  
Percutiat plectro dextra perita lyram,  
Non minus agresti modulatus arundine carmen  
Per sylvas calamum tangere pastor amat.

Forsitan et nostros mensæ conviva superbæ  
Despiciat ludos ruricolumque choros.  
Num vacat hic cura, num gaudia concipit intra,  
Qualia sub corylis pectora nostra movent ?

Agricola in pratis cantu profitetur amorem,  
Scilicet agricolæ carmen agreste sonat :  
His meliora canet magna nutritus in aula,  
Num pariter stabit religione fides ?

Hos tibi sylvestres decerpsi ruris honores :  
Digna utinam niveo sint ea sarta sinu !  
Dona licet pretiosa ignem testentur Iolæ,  
Non ille, ut Corydon, totus amore flagrat.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

*Epitaph in West Firle Churchyard, Sussex, on a young  
School Teacher.*



RAINED for a better world, yet here below  
 'Twas not permitted thee to point the way,  
 Where childhood's tottering steps might safely go  
 To reach the threshold of eternal day :  
 This was denied thee : but to thee was given  
 To see more plainly thine own path to heaven.



AH ! fading joy, how quickly art thou past !  
 Yet we thy ruin haste :  
 As if the cares of human life were few,  
 We seek out new,  
 And follow fate which would too fast pursue.

See how on every bough the birds express  
 In their sweet notes their happiness ;  
 They all enjoy, and nothing spare,  
 But on their mother Nature lay their care.

Why then should man, the lord of all below,  
 Such troubles choose to know,  
 As none of all his subjects undergo ?

DRYDEN.



PSA parata sequi cœlestis gaudia vitæ,  
 Tu voluisti alios hæc docuisse sequi.  
 Nec tua sors pueris infirmos ducere gressus,  
 Qua patet æternæ janua tuta die.  
 Non Pater hoc dederat: dederat modo limina cœli  
 Cernere qua posses ipsa adiisse via.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.



HEU! lætitiæ breves  
 Ut marcent! celerique ut fugiunt pede!  
 At nos accelerare iter  
 Conamur; veluti vita hominum breves  
 Absint sollicitudines,  
 Semper nos alias quærimus inscii,  
 Fortunam et petimus malam,  
 Quæ pennis nimium præpetibus volat,  
 Et nos insequitur cita.  
 Audisne ut volucres undique cantibus  
 Lætis delicias suas  
 Ramis concelebrent! omnia prodiga  
 Quæ natura dedit manu  
 Decerpunt avide; matris et in sinu  
 Naturæ impositas leves  
 Curas dejiciunt. Quidne homines ita,  
 Quos æque volucrum genus  
 Agnoscit dominos, et pecudes feræ,  
 Jam multas cupiunt pati  
 Curas, innumeri queis famuli carent?

HERBERT CHARLES MALKIN.



OCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,  
 O'er the mountains he is gane ;  
 And with him is a' my bliss,  
 Nought but griefs with me remain—

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,  
 Plashy sleets and beating rain ;  
 Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,  
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep  
 O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,  
 Sound and safely may he sleep,  
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be.

He will think on her he loves,  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;  
 For where'er he distant roves,  
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

BURNS.



EEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan ;  
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone ;  
 Violets plucked the sweetest rain  
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;  
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;  
 Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see :  
 Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,  
 Why should sadness longer last ?  
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;  
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

FLETCHER.



LTIMA discedens rapuit mihi basia Damon,  
 Summaque per montis culmina carpsit iter ;  
 Effugitque simul mea cum Damone voluptas,  
 Et corde in læso nil nisi luctus inest.

Parcite dilecto, spirantes æthere venti,  
 Parcat et effusis turbidus imber aquis ;  
 Quum cadis e coelo, candentis velleris instar,  
 Parce viatori, sæva pruina, meo.

Omnia cum tenebris per terras Vesper obumbrat,  
 Atque tegit pulchri lumina læta die,  
 Tutus et incolumis per noctis dormiat horas,  
 Et nova surgenti gaudia mane ferat.

Dilectæ ante oculos occurret forma puellæ,  
 Lingua susurrabit nomina cara Chloes ;  
 Nam quæcumque vagans ignota ad littora oberret,  
 Damonis repetent pectora fida domum.

HERBERT CHARLES MALKIN.



MITTE supervacuas jam tandem mitte querelas,  
 Lapsa fugit lacrymis irrevocanda dies.  
 Decerptæ violæ quamvis gratissimus imber  
 Nec recreat formam, nec renovare valet :  
 Ergo iterum religa crines, nova gaudia vultu  
 Sume ; nefas cæcos Sortis adire sinus.  
 Lætitiæ somni vanescunt more fugacis,  
 Num luctus vitam proroget usque suam ?  
 Mærorem gemitus duplicato vulnere torquent,  
 Desine jam tandem desine, Chlори, queri.

E.




WHEN evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground ;  
 And early, ere the slumbrous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout,  
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.  
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sireus' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.


MILTON.

Εἴ τις ἅπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει  
 ναυηγὸς πλώει δις βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.

*Anthol. Gr.*


 UM mea, cum prima rebus nox ingruit umbra,  
 Montem et sacratos lustrant vestigia fines :  
 Necdum compositis spirantes frondibus auræ  
 Mane cient subita tacitam dulcedine silvam,  
 Necdum rauca altos pertemptant cornua dumos,  
 Primus ego plantas numeratas ordine justo  
 Carminibus viso pollens et munere vocum :  
 Ast intempesta mortales languida sensus  
 Cum pressit sub nocte quies, his auribus adsunt  
 Carmina Sirenum concordia divinarum,  
 Quæ servant novies intextos orbibus orbes,  
 Et vim Parcarum dulci lenimine semper  
 Mulcent, atque manus vitalia fila tenentes,  
 Uno adamanteum vertentes impete fusum,  
 Fata ex quo pendent hominum immutata deumque.  
 Carminis hæc virtus, hæc vis dulcedinis altæ,  
 Cui paret placata trium mens dura sororum,  
 Et res perpetuo nutantes fœdere constant.  
 Quin etiam hic numeris terrai ducitur orbis  
 Coelestique sono, nec vos auditis inertes,  
 Corpora quos humana premunt, auresque gravatæ.

HENRY NETTLESHIP.


 UI, jam conjugio functus, nova vincula quærit,  
 Ille bis infestas naufragus intrat aquas.

E.





HE merchant, to conceal his treasure  
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name ;  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,  
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;  
 When Cloe noted her desire,  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 And with my numbers mix my sighs ;  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :  
 I sung and gazed ; I play'd and trembled :  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

PRIOR.

*Colombo.*



U scopri un mondo, e il doni al soglio Ibero ;  
 E chiudi i tristi giorni in ceppi indegni ;  
 Dà il suo nome al tuo mondo altro nocchiero :  
 Questa han mercede i sovrumani ingegni.

A. BERTOLA.



Proprias ficto qui mittunt nomine merces,  
 Dumque opibus metuunt, infitiantur opes,  
 Sic in amore Chloes Glyceræ mentimur amorem;  
 Hæc speciem confert versibus, illa facem.  
 Tres sumus in Glyceræ; mecum lyra cessat ibidem,  
 Aptæ satis domini questibus, aptæ dolis.  
 Versiculos idem attuleram non melle carentes:  
 Forte rogat, nectam verba modosque, Chloe.  
 Nec mora, præludo fidibus, cantare paratus:  
 Spirat amor, spirat mixtus amore timor.  
 Ast ita de Glyceræ quod bellum est cunque loquebar,  
 Ut colerem vultu plura loquente Chloen.  
 Nec color huic unus, nec frons innubila læsæ:  
 Ipse queror, stupeo, blandior, uror, amo.  
 At Venus irridens, dum multa iocantur Amores,  
 "Istud ut infabre dissimulatur!" ait.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.



Udas Hesperii inventum regibus orbem;  
 Te senio fessum vincula iniqua terunt;  
 Alterius nautæ tuus orbis nomine claret:  
 Merces divinis ista fit ingeniis.

E.



ALL these he saw ; but what he fain had seen  
 He could not see, the kindly human face,  
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
 Sat often in the seaward gazing gorge,  
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :  
 No sail from day to day, but every day  
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the east,  
 The blaze upon his island overhead ;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;  
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail.

TENNYSON.

*Am Flusse.*



ERFLIESSET vielgeliebte Lieder,  
 Zum Meere der Vergessenheit !  
 Kein Knabe sing' entzückt euch wieder,  
 Kein Mädchen in der Blüthenzeit.

Ihr sanget nur von meiner Lieben ;  
 Nun spricht sie meiner Treue Hohn :  
 Ihr wart ins Wasser eingeschrieben ;  
 So fiesst denn auch mit ihm davon.

GOETHE.



ÆC videt: illud abest quod maxima cura videndi,  
 Vultus abest humanus, abest humana loquela;  
 Non videt hæc, non audit, at audiit innumerorum  
 Stridere mergorum torquentia milia gyros,  
 Audiit ex alto glomerantum pondus aquarum  
 Saxa fragore quati, vel in æthere murmura summo  
 Brachia motantis silvæ, motantis honores  
 Aerios, vel præcipitem prono agmine rivum  
 In mare devolvi; sive errat solus ad undas,  
 Seu pelagus spectante diem sub caute fatigans  
 Naufragus expectat navem. Lux trudere lucem,  
 Nulla venire rates, sed solibus addere soles  
 Per palmas frangenda rubentis tela diei,  
 Per iuga, per filices: furit ignibus æquor eoīs,  
 Terra furit mediis, furit emorientibus æquor,  
 Mox orbis magni astrorum grandescere cœlo,  
 Mox gravius mugire salum, mox rursus oborti  
 Tela rubere die, nec obortum albescere velum.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.



TE carmina abite delicata,  
 Lethæo maris obruenda fluctu;  
 Ne vestros numeros puer beatus,  
 Neu formosa iteret puella cantu.  
 Vos tantum canitis meos amores,  
 At nunc illa fidem superba ridet,  
 Ergo scripta in aquæ fluentis unda  
 Ite unda peritura cum fluenti.

E.



HAT though the field be lost ?  
 All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what else is not to be overcome :—  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
 This downfall ; since, by fate, the strength of gods,  
 And this empyreal substance, cannot fail :  
 Since, through experience of this great event,  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, i. 105.



IVER is time in water : as it came,  
 Still so it flows, yet never is the same.

HOLYDAY.

Απεσφάλημεν τῇσδ' ἀγωνίας· τί μήν ;  
 οὐ καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἐσφάλεθ'· οὐ τὸ καρτερεῖν,  
 οὐ τὰς ἀσάντους καὶ μεταδρόμους ἀράς,  
 οὐ τὸν καμῖσθαι μὴθ' ὑποπτήξειν ποτὲ  
 μέλλοντα θυμὸν, ἄλλο τ' εἴ τι δύσμαχον,  
 ταῦτ' οὐτ' ἀπειλαῖς κείνος οὔτε μὴ βία  
 ἐμ' ἐξέλη ποτ'· ἀλλὰ προσπесόνθ' ἔδρας  
 θακεῖν γονυπετεῖς ἐξισοῦν τε δαίμονι  
 τὸν ἄρτι παπτήναντα μὴ τυραννίδος  
 πρὸς τοῦδ' ἀμάρτοι· παντὸς αἵσχιον τόδε,  
 καὶ πτωμάτων ἂν οἶα νῦν πεπτώκαμεν  
 ἔχθιον εἴη πταῖσμα· δαιμόνων ἐπεὶ  
 ἰσχύν τε σῶμά τ' ἐκ πυρὸς κεκραμένον  
 φθίνειν πέπρωται μήποτ'· εἰδότες δ' ἂν αὖ  
 οἶον τόδ' ἠγωνίσμεθ', ἐς προθυμίαν  
 χείρους μὲν οὖν, κρείσσους δέ γ' ἐς προμηθίαν,  
 μετ' ἐλπίδος μέλλοιμεν εὐτυχεστέρας  
 ἢ χερσὶν ἢ δόλοισιν ἀσπόνδῳ στάσει  
 ἐλᾶν ἀπάνστως τὸν μέγα στυγούμενον,  
 ὃς νῦν μεγαυχῆς περιχαρεῖ φρονήματι  
 ἔχει μόναρχος εἰς θεῶν τυραννίδα.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.



RIVULUS est ætas fluitans : nunc præterit unda,  
 Nunc subit : at nunquam, quæ fuit ante, manet.

E.



E gave men speech, and speech created thought  
Which is the measure of the universe ;  
And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,  
Which shook but fell not : and the harmonious mind  
Pour'd itself forth in all-prophetic song ;  
And music lifted up the listening spirit  
Until it wak'd, exempt from mortal care,  
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound ;  
And human hands first-mimick'd and then mock'd,  
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,  
The human form, till marble grew divine,  
And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see  
Reflected in their race, behold, and perish :  
He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,  
And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.  
He taught the implicated orbits woven  
Of the wide-wandering stars ; and how the sun  
Changes his lair, and by what secret spell  
The pale moon is transform'd, when her broad eye  
Gazes not on the interlunar sea.  
He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,  
The tempest-winged chariots of the ocean,  
And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then  
Were built, and through their snow-like columns flow'd  
The warm winds, and the azure æther shone,  
And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen :  
Such, the alleviations of his state,  
Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs  
Withering in destin'd pain.

SHELLEY.

Φθογγὴν βροτοῖς ἔδωκεν, ἐκ δ' αὐτῆς λόγος  
 ἔβλαστε, πάντων κυριώτατον μέτρον·  
 σοφία δ' ἐπενθορόνυσα γῇ τε καὶ θεοῖς  
 ἔσεισεν οὐ σφαλέντας· εὐρυθμος δὲ φρὴν  
 ἐπέδραμ' ὕμνων ἀναβολὰς χρηστηρίους,  
 μελωδίαισιν ὥστ' ἀναπτερούμενον  
 θνητῶν τιν' ἔξω ξυμφορῶν θεοῦ δίκην  
 βαίνειν ἐφ' ὕγροῖς κύμασιν τερπνοῦ μέλους.  
 καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν εἶδος ἡτίμα βροτῶν  
 ὁ τοῦθ' ὑπερβαίνουσιν ἐκ μιμουμένου  
 μορφὴν διαρθρῶν ἰσοθέοις τυκίσμασιν·  
 ὧν κάλλος αἱ γυναῖκες ἐνθυμούμεναι  
 ἔτικτον ἅς τις οὐκ ἰδὼν ἀλίσκεται ;  
 ἐδείξαμεν δὲ τὰκ φυτῶν κρηνῶν τ' ἄκη,  
 αἰρεῖ δὲ τοὺς πίνοντας ἐξ ἄλγους ὕπνος,  
 ὕπνου δὲ θάνατος ἐξομοιοῦται τρόποις.  
 πολυπλάνων δ' ἔφραζε συμπεπλεγμένας  
 ἄστρον κελεύθους στροφάδας, ἥλιόν θ' ὅθεν  
 τίν' ἔρχεται κευθμῶνα, καὶ μήνης κύκλον,  
 ποίαις ἐπωδαῖς ὥχρη κηλούμενος  
 πελάγους ἀναυγήτοισιν ἐν μεταλλαγαῖς.  
 λινόπτερόν οὖν ὀχήματ' ἐμψύχοις ἴσα  
 τίς ἄλλος ἐξηγήσατ' οἰακοστροφεῖν ;  
 ἔγνω δὲ Κέλτης Ἰνδον. εἴτα πλινθυφῇ  
 ἦν σταθμὰ, λευκὴν δ' εὐαεῖς παραστάδα  
 διῆσσαν αὖραι, κυάνεος δ' ὥφθη πόλος,  
 γλαυκόν τε πόντου κῦμ' ὑπόσκιοι τ' ἄκραι.  
 τοιαῦτ' ἀφέρτουν δαίμονος κουφίσματα  
 βροτοῖς Προμηθεὺς ἡὔρεν, ὧν μετάρσιος  
 ταῖς μοιροκράντοις πημοναῖς αὐαίνεται.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.



*Fedalma.*

O, no—I will not say it—I will go!  
 Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven  
 Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.  
 This deed and I have ripened with the hours:  
 It is a part of me—a wakened thought  
 That, rising like a giant, masters me,  
 And grows into a doom. O mother life,  
 That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,  
 Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,  
 Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,  
 And pledged me to redeem.—I'll pay the debt!  
 You gave me strength that I should pour it all  
 Into this anguish. I can never shrink  
 Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big  
 With things that might be. Father, I will go.  
 O Father, will the women of our tribe  
 Suffer as I do in the years to come  
 When you have made them great in Africa?  
 Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel  
 A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?  
 Were it not better when we reach that shore  
 To raise a funeral pile and perish all?  
 So closing up a myriad avenues  
 To misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—  
 Will these sharp pains buy any certain good?

*Zarca.* Nay, never falter: no great deed is done  
 By falterers who wish for certainty.  
 No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,  
 The undivided will to seek the good:  
 The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,  
 Is to have been a hero.

GEORGE ELIOT.

- Φ. Μὴ δῆτ' ἐρῶ τόδ' οὔ ποτ'· ἀλλ' ἄμ' ἔψομαι.  
 πάτερ, δέδοκται· μηδ' ἴση ζήην θεοῖς  
 κωκύμασιν φρίσσουσα τηλουροῦ δύης.  
 ἔμοι γὰρ ἔργον συντρόφως τόδ' ἤκμασεν  
 ὡς συμπεφυκός· οὐ μέλημ' ἐγρηγορὸς  
 γίγας τις ὡς πάνταρχον αἵρεται φρενῶν,  
 δίκην ἀνάγκης βριῖθον· ὦ ζωῆς γάνος  
 μητρῶον, ὦ δόξασά μ' ἠπίως τρέφειν,  
 κὰν γαστρί μ' οὔσαν πῦρ ἄρ' ὤρισας περᾶν,  
 ψυχῆς δ' ἀπαρτῶσ' ἐλπίδας πολλῶν μίας  
 τελεῖν κατηγγύησας· ὡς τίσω χρέος.  
 σθένος γὰρ εἴ μοι δοῦσ' ἴν' ἐγχείαιμι πᾶν  
 εἰς τήνδ' ἀνίαν· οὐδ' ἂν εἰς στενὴν χαρὰν  
 θυμὸν κατισχνάναιμ' ἔτ' ἐξωγκωμένον  
 ἔρωτι τοῦ μέλλοντος· ἔψομαι, πάτερ.  
 ἦ χἀτέραις, γεννητορ, ἐμφύλων μένει  
 ἔμοις ἴσ' ἀντλεῖν ὕστερόν ποτ' ἄλγεσι  
 Λιβύης καθ' ἔδρας σου χάριν τιμωμέναις;  
 οὐκοῦν ἀδήλων ἐκλυθεῖς ἤδη κακῶν  
 ζήνοῖδα κάμνουσ'; εἴτα δρᾶν προὔργου τάδε;  
 οὐ κρεῖσσον ἀκτὴν ἰγμένοις Λιβυστικὴν  
 κοινῇ πυρὰν νήσασιν ἐξολωλέναι,  
 ἀνηρίθμους εἴρξασι προσβολὰς κακῶν  
 οὔπω φανέντων; φεῦ· φρέν' ὡς βαρύνομαι·  
 μῶν κέρδος ὠδὶς ἐμπολᾷ πικρὰ σαφές;  
 Ζ. μὴ νυν ὀκνήσῃς μηδέν· ὡς ὅσοι σαφῇ  
 ποθοῦντες ὀκνοῦσ', οὐδὲν ἥνυσαν μέγα.  
 σαφές γὰρ ἀγαθῶν φρὴν ἀκίνητος μόνον  
 σπουδὴ τ' ἀκραφνῆς τὰ γὰθ' ἐξιχνοσκοπεῖν.  
 λείπει δ' ὁ δράσας λαμπρὰ τοῖς ἐμφυλίοις  
 λῶστον τόδ', οὐνεκ' ἠξίωσε λαμπρὰ δρᾶν.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.



THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,  
The vapours weep their burden to the ground,  
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,  
And after many a summer dies the swan.  
Me only cruel immortality  
Consumes ; I wither slowly in thine arms,  
Here, in the quiet limit of the world,  
A white hair'd shadow roaming like a dream  
The ever silent spaces of the East,  
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas ! for this grey shadow, once a man,  
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd  
To his great heart none other than a God !  
I ask'd thee, " Give me immortality."  
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.  
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,  
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,  
And though they could not end me, left me maim'd  
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,  
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now  
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,  
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears  
To hear me ! Let me go : take back thy gift !  
Why should a man desire in any way  
To vary from the kindly race of men,  
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance,  
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all.



ARCESCUNT nemorum, nemorum labuntur honores,  
 Roriferæ deflent nubes, oriuntur et arvis  
 Incumbunt subterque hominum defuncta recumbunt  
 Sæcla, nec æstates non deciduntur oloris.  
 Solus ego immortale trahens ægerrimus ævum  
 Carpor: inaresco, te complectente, quietum  
 Limen ad hoc mundi, dum cana remetior umbra  
 Secretas orientis imagine vanior aulas,  
 Multiplices nebulas, sublustria templa diei.

Heu senis hanc umbram, prius e terrestribus unum,  
 Quum specie florens et te dignante cubili,  
 Dignabaris enim, quicquid sublime minatus,  
 Quin darer in superos, adeo nil rebar abesse!  
*Concilies, dixi, cælum mihi.* Blanda roganti  
 Annuis: haud aliter terræ quoque plenior heres  
 Largirique solet, nec habere quod imputet illud.  
 Sed rabiem explerunt ultrices acriter horæ,  
 Et stravere graves et mutavere terendo,  
 Quodque necem citra poterant, deformis adessem  
 Æternæ voluere, iuventutisque senectus  
 Divinæ divina, meæ facis ipse superstes.  
 Num vel amor tanti, pulcherrima? sidere quanquam,  
 Dum loquor, impendente, tuæ duce lampadis albo,  
 Suave coruscantes oculi miserantis obortis  
 Stant lacrimis? Absolve, precor, retro exime donum.  
 Cur velit humani generis transcendere quoquam  
 Fœdus homo, aut sanctos ultra procedere fines?  
 Hic cunctis claudenda, hic clausa probabitur ætas.

A soft air fans the cloud apart, then comes  
A glimpse of that dark world, where I was born.  
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals  
From thy pure brows and from thy shoulders pure,  
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.  
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,  
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,  
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team  
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise!  
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,  
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful  
In silence, then before thine answer given  
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,  
And make me tremble lest a saying, learnt  
In days far off on that dark earth, be true?  
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart,  
In days far off and with what other eyes,  
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—  
The lucid outline forming round thee, saw  
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;  
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood  
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all  
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,  
Mouth, forehead, eyelids growing dewy-warm  
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds  
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd  
Whispering I know not what of wild and sweet,  
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,  
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Intremuit zephyro nubes : hiemale meorum  
Nosco exul litus, senis incunabula nosco.  
Ecce tuo miror de vertice lumen oriri,  
Miror ab ambrosio non enarrabile collo,  
Miror rite novam sumentia pectora vitam.  
Iamque tepere genas sensim et splendescere cerno  
Instantis dulces oculos, necdum orbibus illi  
Astra hebetant plenis, necdum exultantia fervent  
Corda reposcentum sibi quæ moderetur equorum,  
Effunduntque iubas, ut opaca volumina currus,  
Discutiat tenebrarum, insultetque ignifer umbris.

En tua te quoties inter mea vota venustas  
Induit, expectans quid responsura moreris  
Deseror, et lacrimis astans humector euntis.

Quo lacrimis me usque exanimas? quo me usque  
                  timentem  
Ne sit verum, angis ; quod egeno lucis in ævo  
Nocte laborantum memini portendere famam,  
*Ipsos, quæ dederint, non posse resumere divos?*

Hei mihi, quam non his oculis Tithonus inhærens,  
Ille ego si spiro, quam non hoc corde tuebar  
Gliscere te cingens iubar, et pallentis apricos  
Stare comis cirros, miramque subire videbar,  
Te subeunte vicem, penitus magis ossa calescens,  
Quo portæ magis et rubor ardescebat obortæ!  
At tua labra tuo crebrum irrorantia nectar  
Os frontemque dabant resupini et lumina circum  
Oscula, quis vernæ non germina suavius halant  
Semireducta rosæ ; nec secius oscula figens,  
Nescio quid clementis inexpertique canebas.  
Crescere sic Phœbi plusquam mortale recorder  
Carmen, at in turres nebulosam assurgere Troiam.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East :  
 How can my nature longer mix with thine ?  
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet  
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam  
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes  
 Of happy men that have the power to die,  
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.  
 Release me and restore me to the ground :  
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave ;  
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn ;  
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,  
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON.

*Comus.*



**W**HAT chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?

*Lady.* Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

*C.* Could that divide you from near-ushering guides ?

*L.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*C.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?

*L.* To seek in the valley some cool friendly spring.

*C.* And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?

*L.* They were but twain and purposed quick return.

*C.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*L.* How easy my misfortune is to hit !

*C.* Imports their loss beyond the present need ?

*L.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*C.* Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom ?

*L.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

MILTON.

Ne tamen æternum his claustris orientis in ævum  
 Sæpiar: an leti fruar immortalibus heres  
 Amplius? en roseis involvor frigidus umbris,  
 Frigida candescunt tua limina, friget eoum  
 Sub pede rugato limen, cum mane vapores  
 Submittunt procul obscuro cingentia tractu  
 Arva domos hominum, quis posse perire beatīs  
 Contigit, aut fato cæspes potiore sepultis.  
 Da moriar, da reddar humo: tu cætera lustras,  
 Tu senis agnosces tumultum: reparabis honorem  
 Tu, dea, quot redeunt luces: me terra recondet  
 Terrenum: per me sileant hæc templa licebit,  
 Tuque albis volvere revolværisque quadrigis.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

- K. Πόθεν δ' ἐρήμην τήνδ' ἔχεις, γύναι, τύχην;  
 Γ. τοῦδ' ἐκ σκότου τε καὶ πεπλεγμένης σκιάς.  
 K. πομπῆς σ' ἄρωγῆς τοῖσδε νοσφίσαι πάρα;  
 Γ. ταύτῃ γὰρ ὥς καμοῦσαν ἐν χλότη ἔλιπον.  
 K. ψεύδοντες, ὑβρίζοντες, ἦ τίνος χάριν;  
 Γ. ὥστ' ἐν νάπαισι ψυχρὸν ἐξευρεῖν ῥόον.  
 K. τὸ σὺν δ' ἔρημον ὥς λελοίπασιν κára;  
 Γ. δισσοὶ γὰρ ὄντες, ὥστε νοστήσαι τάχα.  
 K. ἴσως φθάσασα νύξ ἐκώλυσεν πόρου.  
 Γ. ὥς ῥάδιόν γε συμφορᾶς τυχεῖν ἐμῆς.  
 K. μέλλεις δὲ τούτῳ δαρὸν ἄχθεσθαι πότῳ;  
 Γ. ἀπώλεσ' ὥσῃ τοὺς κασιγνήτους ἐμούς,  
 K. πότερον ἔθ' ἠβάσκοντας, ἢ νέους ἀκμήν;  
 Γ. λεία γάρ, Ἡβης ὥς χροά, παρηίδες.

ROBERT BRODIE.





DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood ;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood :  
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,  
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets ;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :  
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,  
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

SHAKSPEARE.



SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night !  
 Out of the misty eastern wave,  
 Where all the long and lone daylight  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
 Which make thee terrible and dear—  
 Swift be thy flight.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray  
 Star-inwrought !  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
 Come, long-sought !



TEMPUS edax, sævos ungues obtunde leonis,  
 Fac sobolem ut Tellus devoret ipsa suam.  
 Tuque manu sævos vellas de tigride dentes,  
 Sanguineo vivax igne cremetur avis.  
 Te duce, succedant jucundæ tristibus horæ,  
 Tuque feras Terræ, quæ mala ferre libet.  
 Abripias celeri cursu labentia vitæ  
 Gaudia : sola nefas hæc tibi culpa manet.  
 Ne tua noster Amor præstet vestigia vultu,  
 Frons ea ne dextra sit violata tua ;  
 Utque homines discant quæ sit pulcherrima rerum,  
 Hoc decus integrum tu superesse sinas.  
 Plurima damna feras : spretis, Rex invidè, damnis,  
 Vivet in æternum carmine noster Amor.

ROBERT BRODIE.



SUPER Hesperias, i, noctis spiritus undas,  
 I pede veloci ! Nebuloso elapsus ab antro,  
 Solus ubi tecum per tædia longa diei  
 Gaudia texebas aliis, aliisque dolores ;  
 His timor, ast illos adiens dilectus ut hospes,  
 Præpete jam decede fuga. Tibi candida formam  
 Vestimenta tegant, astris subtexta. Diei  
 Lumina, Dive, tuis præstringas lassa capillis,  
 Labra movens labris, donec defessa quiescat.  
 Deinde mare et terras magnasque vagatus in urbes  
 Cuique soporifera contingens lumina virga,  
 O ! venias, quæsitate diu. Quum primus eoi

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
                   I sigh'd for thee !  
 When light rode high and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,  
 Lingering like an unloved guest,  
                   I sigh'd for thee !

Thy brother Death came and cried :  
                   Would'st thou me ?  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee,  
 Shall I nestle near thy side ?  
 Would'st thou me ? and I replied :  
                   No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,  
                   Soon, too soon !  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled :  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night,—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
                   Come soon, soon !

SHELLEY.



WEET Hesper-Phosphor, double name,  
 For what is one, the first, the last,  
 Thou, like my present and my past,  
 Thy place is changed ; thou art the same.

TENNYSON.

Aspexi surgens incerta crepuscula cœli,  
 Te multo gemitu te, te, dilecte, petivi.  
 Sol ubi per medias surrexerat arduus auras  
 Rores depellens teneros ; floresque gravati  
 Arboreæque comæ medio languere sub æstu,  
 Defessusque dies tardis, inamatus ut hospes,  
 Decedens pedibus requiem repetivit amœnam,  
 Te multo gemitu te, te, dilecte, petivi.

Mors mihi subvenit, frater tuus. Ille "Petisne  
 Me," dixit, "socium?" Somnus quoque venit amatus  
 Filius iste tuus, nebula præstrictus ocellos,  
 Et ceu quæ medio sub sole examina mussant,  
 Murmurat: "Anne tuum propter latus otia carpam?  
 Mene cupis socium?" "Quis te desiderat?" inquam.  
 Mors veniet, quum tu vita defunctus abibis,  
 Ah citius veniet. Quum tu confugeris, altus  
 Adveniet somnus ; mihi tu tua munera tendas,  
 Munera non quæsita alias. O ! Spiritus alme,  
 Huc celeri cursu, venientem huc dirige currum.

HENRY THORNTON FORSTER.

Ἐσπερε φῶσφορ', ἐνὸς χαῖρ' οὖνομα δίπλοον ἄστρου,  
 χαῖρε φάος τ' ἐρατὸν καὶ σκότον αἰνὸν ἄγων·  
 ὥς γὰρ ἐμοὶ βίος ἄλλος ὁ νῦν, ὁ δὲ πρόσθεν ἀπῆλθε,  
 τὼς τόπον ἄλλον ἔχεις σχῆμα δὲ ταὐτὸ φέρεις.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.



HE world's great age begins anew,  
 The golden years return,  
 And earth doth like a snake renew  
 Her winter weeds outworn :  
 A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
 From waves serener far ;  
 A new Peneus rolls its fountains  
 Against the morning star.  
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep,  
 Another Athens shall arise,  
 And to remoter time  
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
 The splendour of its prime,  
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
 All earth can take or heaven can give.

SHELLEY.



WELL for him whose will is strong !  
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;  
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :  
 For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,  
 Nor all Calamity's longest waves confound,  
 Who seems a promontory of rock,  
 That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,  
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
 Tempest buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

TENNYSON.



NNORUM series redit  
 magna, iam redit aureum  
 sæculum, omnia iam senectam  
     exuunt velut anguis ;  
 iactat Graecia pulcior  
 montes et placidum salum,  
 Peneumque videt novis  
     lucifer fluere undis ;  
 Tempe prospiciunt aquas  
 clariora, ubi Cyclades  
 dormiunt novæ et æquoris  
     vada aprica tuentur ;  
 iamque arx altera Palladi  
 surget atque minoribus,  
 sol ut occiduus sui  
     splendorem dabit ortus,  
 tradet munera cælitum  
 cuncta, tradet opes soli  
 cunctas, si sibi gloriam  
     longam fata negarint.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

Τρὶς μάκαρ ὅστις λῆμ' ἰσχύει,  
     καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ βραχέ' ἐστὶ πάθη,  
 μοχθῶν δ' αὐτ' οὐκ ἔκδικα μοχθεῖ,  
 κόμπος δὲ γέλως τ' οὐ νιν κινεῖ  
 δεινῆς τε κλυδὼν ἄγριος ἄτης,  
 οἷος γάρ τις κρημνὸς προβλῆς,  
 οὐ περί κόμπος δεινὸς ὄρωρεν  
 κλύζει τε περίξ οἶδμ' ὠκεανοῦ,  
 πληγεῖς ἀνέμοις στεφάνην τε φέρων  
     πύργων ἕστηκεν ἐς αἰί.

κ

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.



OW storming fury rose  
 And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now  
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing brayed  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots raged : dire was the noise  
 Of conflict, overhead the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd  
 Both battles main with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven  
 Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth  
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when  
 Millions of fierce encountering angels fought  
 On either side, the least of whom could wield  
 Those elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all their regions.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 207.

*Meeres-Stille.*



IEFE Stille herrscht im Wasser,  
 Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,  
 Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer  
 Glatte Fläche rings umher.  
 Keine Luft von keiner Seite !  
 Todesstille fürchterlich !  
 In der ungeheuern Weite  
 Reget keine Welle sich.

GOETHE.



INDE furor clamorque, novus quatit inde tumultus  
 Tranquillas olim sedes atque otia dia,  
 Iamque super telis rauco collisa fragore  
 Tela fremunt, rapidæque rotæ currusque sonantes  
 Horrendum; tractuque volant flammante per auras  
 Igniferi hastarum lapsus; succenditur æther,  
 Et sub flammarum diro velamine turmæ  
 Armis confluxere. Locos gravis impetus omnes  
 Concussit, cœlique imæ tremuere cavernæ;  
 Nec tellus immota illis venientibus esset,  
 Si tellus jam facta foret; tam multa ruebant  
 Milia pignantum sævo stimulata furore,  
 Quorum quisque manu totas regere aëris oras  
 Aëris et tota vi sese armare valeret.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.



ETUMUERE undæ: stant alta silentia ponto:  
 Navita continuas anxius horret aquas.  
 Omnia mors taciturna premit: nusquam aura vagatur:  
 Nec fluctus pelagi marmora vasta movet.

E.





WITH lorn delight the scene I viewed ;  
 Past joys and sorrows were renewed ;  
 My infant hopes and fears  
 Looked lovely through the solitude  
 Of retrospective years.

And still in Memory's twilight bowers  
 The spirits of departed hours,  
 With mellowing tints, pourtray  
 The blossoms of life's vernal flowers  
 For ever fallen away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er  
 Sanguine with hope we look before,  
 The future good to find ;  
 In age, when error charms no more,  
 For bliss we look behind.

J. MONTGOMERY.



THIS is a favour'd place ; Famine or Blight,  
 Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light  
 Upon its mountain-peaks ; blind vultures, they  
 Sail onward far upon their fatal way ;  
 The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm  
 To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm  
 Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,  
 From which its fields and woods ever renew  
 Their green and golden immortality.  
 And from the sea there rise, and from the sky  
 There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,  
 Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,  
 Which sun or moon or zephyr draw aside.

SHELLEY.



IS visis redit et lætitia et præteritus dolor,  
 Et cor mira tenent gaudia, nam, quas habui puer,  
 Spes primique metus forma aliena et decore haud suo  
 Rident, ut referunt quæ iuvat elapsa revolvere :  
 Nec non ut tacita nocte morans in nemoris sinu,  
 Sub luna tenues vidi animas ludere pallida,  
 Sic mentem in memorem flos redit ætatis amabilis,  
 Florisve umbra redit ; nam periit purpureus color.  
 Dum spes cæca iuventæ manet et somnia fervida,  
 Quæ ventura videntur cupidi prospicimus bona ;  
 Errorem simul ac dura senectæ manus abstulit  
 Mæsti protinus in præteritos respicimus dies.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.



NSULA dis accepta caret rubigine semper  
 Omnes peste caret belloque fameque per annos.  
 Namque lues cæcas ceu voltur travolat auras  
 Atque alios petit atra locos ; non terra movetur  
 Unquam, non placidas vis effera tempestatum  
 Ausa unquam temerare plagas fulgore sonoro,  
 Cœruleumque patet nulla violante procella  
 Cœlum, et tranquillos tractus rigat imbriferum ver,  
 Ver rigat imbriferum campos et picta vireta  
 Ut semper viridem renouent aureumque nitorem,  
 Eque mari semper surgens deque æthere lapsa  
 Aura levis molli perflat loca læta vapore  
 Multiplicemque sinum per saltus fundit amœnos  
 Quos sol et zephyri retegunt et lumina lunæ.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.



THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God  
 Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king.  
 Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 32.



ALL things are wonder since the world began,  
 The world's a riddle, and the meaning's man.

HOLYDAY.

Σ' ἐ τὸν πρέποντ' αὐγαῖσί τ' ἐξεστεμμένον,  
 τῆς σῆς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς μῦνος ὃς φαίνει βροτοῖς  
 ὡς τοῦδε κόσμον τοῦ νεοκτίστου Θεός,  
 οὗ δὴ φλέγοντος πᾶν ἀμανροῦται σέλας  
 ἄστρον τὸ νυκτίφαντον, ἥλιον λέγω,  
 ἀλλ' οὗ τι φωνῶ προσφιλὴς σ' ἐπώνυμον,  
 λέξων δὲ τὰς ἀκτῖνας ὡς ἀποστυγῶ,  
 αἱ μοι διδοῦσι τὴν ὑπόμνησιν τανῦν  
 οἶων ποτ' ἐξέπιπτον, ἐκπρεπῆς τὸ πρὶν  
 τοῦ σοῦ πανόπτου τ' ὦν ἀνωτέρω κύκλον,  
 ἔσθ' ὕβρις ἐξέστρεψεν ἢ τ' ἀνωφελὴς  
 φιλοτιμία με, τὴν μάχην ποιούμενον  
 πρὸς κείνον, ὃς τὰ πάντ' ἐν οὐρανῷ κρατεῖ.  
 τί δὴ τάδ' ; ἦν γὰρ ἐξ ἐμοῦ γ' ἀνάξιος  
 κείνος τοιοῦτοῖς ἀνταμύνεσθαι κακοῖς,  
 ὅστις μ' ἐποίησ' οἷος ἦν ὑψοῦ ποτὲ  
 παιδρὰν δι' ἀρχὴν, ὅστις ἄλλον οὐδένα  
 ὦν ἐσθλὸς ὠνείδιζεν· οὗ τι δύσφορον  
 δούλευμα τοῦτ' ἦν· τοιγαροῦν ἐπαινέσαι  
 κείνον λιταῖσι καὶ κατειδέναι χάριν  
 ἐλάχιστον ἀντάλλαγμα τοιούτων ἀν ἦν·  
 ὅσον γ' ὀφείλημ· ἀλλὰ καίπερ εὔπαθὼν  
 ἔγωγ' ἐφάνθην ἀντιδοὺς κακουργίαν.

BERTRAM FULKE HARTSHORNE.



ENDIQUE ab effecto mundo miracula fiunt :  
 Ænigma est mundus, significatur homo.

E.

*King Henry.*



OU all look strangely on me, and you most ;  
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

*Chief Justice.* I am assured, if I be measured rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No !


How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me ?  
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?  
May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten ?

*Ch. Jus.* I then did use the person of your father ;  
The image of his power lay then in me,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgement ;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought,  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword,  
That guards the peace and safety of your person !

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV.* pt. 2, v. 2. 60.

- B. Πάντες με δεινῶς εἰσορᾷ ἄλλοι τε καὶ  
 σύ γ', εὖ γὰρ οἶσθα σαυτὸν οὐ φιλοῦντ' ἐμέ.
- Δ. καὶ μὴν δικαίῳ τοῖσι γοῦν φρονοῦσιν εὖ  
 τοιαῦτά μ', ὦναξ, οὐ καταξίως παθεῖν.
- B. ἄρχων γὰρ ὅστις ἐλπίδας τοσάσδ' ἔχω,  
 πῶς σῆς τοιαύτης ὕβρεως ἀμνημονῶ;  
 τί δὴ μ' ἀπειλῇ καὶ λόγοις δήσας ἔχεις  
 ἄγχιστον ἀρχῆς; μῶν ἄρ' ἦν τοδ' εὐπετέες,  
 ἀμνημόνευτον ἐν ῥοαῖς Δήθης ἄπαξ;
- Δ. ἐγὼ τότε ἄλκῃ πατρὸς ἐχρώμην σέθεν  
 τυραννίδος τ' εἰδῶλον αὐτ' ἐνῆν ἐμοί,  
 οὐ δὴ, νόμων ὅτ' αὐτὸς οἰακόστροφος  
 σπουδὴν παρέσχον ἔννομος πρὸ τῆς πόλεως,  
 μνεῖαν γ' ἀπωθῶν καξιώματος πρόσσω  
 δυνάμιν τε σεμνὴν τῶν νόμων τε καὶ δίκης,  
 κἄνακτος εἰκόν', ὃν γε προὔφαινον παρῶν  
 αὐτός μ' ἐπληξας ἐν δίκης ἔδρα χερί·  
 ἀνθ' ὧν ἄθ' ὑβρίζοντα πατέρα σὸν τάδε,  
 ἀνθαδία μὲν ἐννόμως δ' ἐπεξιῶν,  
 δεσμοῖς σ' ἐκλεις, καὶ τόδ' ἡμαρτον τότε,  
 τόλμα ποτ' αὐτὸς σκῆπτρον ἐν μέρει νέμων  
 εἰ δὴ σὸς υἱὸς τὰπιτάγματα στυγοῖ  
 δίκην τ' ἀπωθῶν σεμνότιμον ἐξ ἔδρας  
 βάθρον νόμων σφήλειε, καμβλύνει ξίφος  
 ὃ γ' ἀσφαλῶς ἔσωσεν εἰρήνην σέθεν.


EDWARD LYNCH PEARSON.

Y the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,  
when we remembered thee, O Sion.

As for our harps, we hanged them up on the  
trees that are therein.

For they that led us away captive required of us  
then a song, and melody in our heaviness : Sing us one  
of the songs of Sion.

*Psalm cxxxvii.*

ROPHET of God ! arise and take  
With thee the words of wrath divine,  
The scourge of heaven to shake  
O'er yon apostate shrine !

Where angels down the lucid stair  
Came hovering to our sainted sires,  
Now, in the twilight, glare  
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend,  
Scatter the ashes, be the arm,  
That idols would befriend,  
Shrunk at thy withering charm.

KEBLE.



PROPTER aquas Babylonis  
 Captæ memores Sionis  
 Flevimus relictæ,  
 Sortis vicem congementes,  
 Muti lyram suspendentes  
 Fronde de salicti.

Nam qui victor nos agebat  
 Et ad flagra deducebat,  
 “Age, carmen patrium,”  
 Inquit, “quale canebatis,  
 Quale melos ferebatis  
 Inter tecta civium.”

EDWARD WALFORD.



ATES, surge, Dei ; surge et adulteram  
 In gentem ætherias præcipita minas,  
 Flagrum concute cœli  
 Hoc fanum super impium.

Scalis agmen ubi pensile lucidis  
 Invisere pios angelicum patres,  
 Nunc falsæ magica artis  
 Splendet flamma crepusculo.

I, devota cadant saxa sub hostia,  
 I, sparge et cineres : brachia macera  
 Torva voce profanas  
 Amplectentia imagines.

CHARLES PEARSON.





Y God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say :  
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was thine :  
Thy will be done.

If but my fainting heart be blest,  
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :  
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



DEUS, mi care Pater, terenti  
Devixæ vitæ salebrosa tesqua  
Pectore ex imo mihi da profari  
Sic voluisti.

Si Tuo jussu rapiatur ultro  
Omne quod carum est, ego non reluctor :  
Id Tuum est, en, quod dederas, resigno :  
Sic voluisti.

Suppetat cordi modo vis labanti,  
Et Tuum numen, pius hospes, adsit ;  
Cuncta permitto tibi destinanda :  
Sic voluisti.

Tu meam mentem renoves in horas,  
Ut Tua mistæ maneant repostum  
Nil, quod obniti valeat fatenti,  
Sic voluisti.

Postmodo in vitam superam vocatus  
Has preces, olim lacrymis remistas,  
Proferam, compos melioris oræ,  
Sic voluisti.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

## Τὴν Κυριακὴν Εὐχὴν

Caliginosa insomnique nocte ægrotanti animo ut solatium  
afferret, in metrum Tragicum Iambicum reddidit Allen Gulielmus  
Chatfield, domus Carthusianæ olim alumnus.

Ω τρισμέγιστε γῆς τε κοῦρανοῦ Πάτερ,  
ἀγναῖς λιταῖσι τοῦνομ' ὑμνεῖσθω τὸ Σόν.  
τῆς σῆς φανήτω πᾶσι βασιλείας σέλας·  
τὸ Σὸν κρατεῖτω γῆς ἔφ', ὡς ἐν οὐρανῳ,  
βούλημα· τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν ἄρτον δίδου.  
τὰ δ' ἀμπλακήματ', εὐχόμεσθ', ἡμῖν ἄφες,  
ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἀλλήλοισιν ὧδ' ἀφίμεν·  
φείδου Σὺ, μηδ' ἐς πεῖραν ἐμβάλῃς σφοδράν.  
ἔργων πονηρῶν καθέων ἐχθρῶν ἄπο  
ῥῦσαι Σὰ τέκνα· Σοὶ γάρ ἐστ' ἀλκὴ, κράτος,  
καὶ δόξα γ' εἰς ἀτέρμον' αἰώνων δρόμον.

ALLEN WILLIAM CHATFIELD.



SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

II.







## SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

### II.

*Quare cum Publicanis manducat Magister vester?*

St. Matth. ix. 11.



ERGO istis socium se peccatoribus addit?

Ergo istis sacrum non negat ille latus?

Tu, Pharisæe, rogas cur Jesus fecerit istud?

Næ dicam: Jesus non Pharisæus erat.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

*Piscatores vocati.*—St. Matth. vi. 19.



UDITE jam, pisces, segura sub æquora; pisces

Nos quoque, sed varia sub ratione, sumus.

Non potuisse capi, vobis spes una salutis,

Una salus nobis est, potuisse capi.

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Aquæ in vinum versæ.*—St. Joann. ii.



UNDE rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis ?  
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas ?  
 Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite Numen ;  
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

*Pharisæus et Publicanus.*—St. Luc. xviii.



EN duo templum adeunt, diversis mentibus ambo,  
 Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum.  
 It gravis hic et in ipsa ferox penetralia tendit,  
 Plus habet hic templi, plus habet ille Dei.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

*Ex Epistola inter iter ad Lutet. Parisiorum data ad Magistrum  
 Sociosque Coll: SS. Trin. Cant.*

\* \* \* \* \*



URA per<sup>1</sup> hæc segetum flavis uberrima gazis  
 Dum segnes urgemus equos, vacat acta subire  
 Tempora, sollicitaque retexere sæcula cura,  
 Debitaque his nostri generis primordia terris.  
 Scilicet his egressa locis Mavortia pubes,  
 Signa ducis sectata sui, (quem, semine nullo  
 Natum, jure suum Fortuna volebat alumnum,)  
 Invasit vestris lætum natalibus orbem,  
 Ferroque edomuit, dubiique favore Gradivi  
 Adjecit titulisque ducalibus Anglica regna,

<sup>1</sup> Normandy.

Et cum Saxonico Nortmannos sanguine junxit.  
 Utque genus ducens atro de funere Trojæ  
 Reliquiisque iræ Argolicæ flammæque Pelasgæ,  
 Incola jactantis septena cacumina Romæ,  
 In Phrygios delatus agros, circumspicit omnes  
 Sollicitis oculis nec segni indagine quærit,  
 An formæ fatale forum, surgentia pinis  
 Umbrosis Idæ juga, num Simoentis arenas  
 Et domino rerum Tibri cognata fluenta  
 Xantheasque sagax possit dignoscere lymphas,  
 Ac densas inter segetes si rudera forte  
 Emineant, Trojæ quas conjectura ruinas  
 Cogitet, hasce diu lacrymoso lumine figens  
 Prisca novo Priami renovat dispendia luctu :  
 Sic nostros recolebat avos pia cura.

\* \* \* \* \*

ISAAC BARROW.

*De Vita ac Dignitate sua.*

(*Ex epicedio in ducem Albemarlæ.*)



UBLICA ne repetam, nimium quæ vasta Supremi  
 Nobis porrexit Numinis illa manus :  
 Multa obvenerunt privatæ commoda vitæ,  
 Quæ par est magno sumpta referre duci :  
 Quod sub jucundæ requievi tegmine pacis,  
 Vita quod a tragicis est procul acta malis ;  
 Quod placitis studiis Musisque insonantibus ampla  
 Otia (ne dicam præmia) contigerint,  
 Turpibus ejectis dominis, vanoque furore,  
 Qui se pro pura religione tulit,



Quod licet obsequium regi deferre benigno,  
 Et vero cultum verum adhibere Deo ;  
 Hæc ego tanta boni forti prudente probaque  
 Obtineoque opera possideoque ducis.  
 Huic igitur grates dum fundere conor, ineptus  
 Esse queo, longus vix, reor, esse queo.  
 Sin videar, veniam extremæ non abnue culpæ,  
 Quisquis eris (si quis), qui legis ista, precor.

ISAAC BARROW.

*Ad Carolum II. Regem.*



E magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo ;  
 At nemo sensit te rediisse minus.

ISAAC BARROW.

*De Mortuorum Resurrectione.*



A pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,  
 Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli  
 Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,  
 Explicita est: molem rursus coalescit in unam  
 Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus  
 Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.  
 Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago  
 Vultum truncata atque inhoneste vulnere nares  
 Manca, et adhuc deest infirmi de corpore multum.  
 Paulatim in rigidum vita insinuata cadaver  
 Motu ægro vixdum redivivos erigit artus.  
 Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota  
 Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

*Ex Barometri Descriptione.*

AM cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras  
 Conscia lympha monet brumamque et frigora narrat ;  
 Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali  
 Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores,  
 Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur  
 Æstatem et large diffuso lumine rident.  
 Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor  
 Et nimium oppressus contendit ad ardua vitri,  
 Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces  
 Excoquit, et languent consumpto prata virore.  
 Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ  
 Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,  
 Pabula venturæ pluvix, tum fusile pondus  
 Inferiora petit, nec certior ardea cœlos  
 Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras  
 Tranando crassas fruitur sublimius aura,  
 Discutit et madidas rorantia nubila pennix.  
 Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant  
 Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor :  
 Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther  
 Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.  
 Quin ubi plus æquo descendens unda metalli  
 Fundum amat impatiens pluvix metuensque procellæ,  
 Agricolæ caveant ; non hoc impune colonus  
 Aspicit, ostendit mox fæta vaporibus aura  
 Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.  
 At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum  
 Subsidad, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,  
 Cætera quæque tument ; eversis flumina ripis  
 Expatia ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis  
 Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

*Pugnam inter se committunt Pygmæi et Grues.*



AMQUE procul sonus auditur piceamque volantum  
 Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem ;  
 Crebrescit tandem atque oculis se plurimus offert  
 Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens  
 Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.  
 Turba polum replet specieque immanis obumbrat  
 Agmina Pygmæorum et densa in nubibus hæret,  
 Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.  
 Belli ardent studio Pygmæi et lumine sævo  
 Suspiciunt hostem ; nec longum tempus, et ingens  
 Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu  
 Præcipitat gravis et bellum sperantibus infert :  
 Fit fragor, avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.  
 Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis  
 Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.  
 Armorum pendet fortuna : hic fixa volucris  
 Cuspide sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu  
 Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem  
 Imbelle et curvos in morte recolligit unguis.  
 Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis  
 Singultusque ciet crebros pedibusque pusillis  
 Tundit humum et moriens unguem execratur acutum.  
 Æstuat omne solum strepitu tepidoque rubescit  
 Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ  
 Unguesque et digiti commistaque rostra lacertis.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

*De Insula Beatorum.* (Pind. Ol. ii. 128).



IGNOTA nostris sideribus jacet,  
 Sedes, beato quæ recipit sinu  
 Sanctosque vates, quique læti  
 Pro patria oppetiere mortem :  
 Quam, vasta Nereus brachia porrigens,  
 Immensus ambit fluctibus inviis,  
 Terrasque mortalesque gentes,  
 Horrisonis procul arcet undis.  
 Vernus pererrat prata Favonius,  
 Leni susurro per tremulum nemus  
 Spirans, odoratosque pennis  
 Discutit irriguis liquores.  
 Surgunt per agros undique rosidos  
 Flores, amicti mille coloribus,  
 Solique gemmas explicantes  
 Dulce nitent radiante vultu :  
 Aut pensiles ex arboribus sacris  
 Blande reclinant aureolum caput,  
 Aut consiti vernante ripa  
 Stagna colunt gelidosque fontes.  
 His gens, dolorum nescia, vividum  
 Nectens lacertis et capiti decus,  
 Incedit immortale fulgens  
 Perpetua viridis juvena.

JOHN JORTIN.

*De Anima.*

OSTQUAM discussis fulsit lux prima tenebris,  
 Et sibi commissos junxit sol impiger axes,  
 Astraque fixa polo Lunæque argenteus orbis  
 Nocte suas habuere vices, sua regna, silenti,  
 Errantesque novas stellæ duxere choreas,  
 Terraque formosum ridens, et flabilis aer,  
 Et pontus fluviique suos cepere colonos  
 Felices lætosque etsi rationis egentes,  
 Magnus rerum Opifex mundi primordia circum  
 Aspexit, placido collaudans omnia vultu.  
 Tunc, operi finem imponens, e pectore fudit  
 Fæcundas voces Animamque exsistere jussit.  
 Jusserat; et subito tu, præstantissima rerum,  
 Ante Deum stabas; cui sic Pater ore sereno:  
 “Dulcis progenies, æternæ Mentis imago,  
 I, pete terrestres oras, tibi credita regna,  
 Formosumque habita corpus, formosior hospes:  
 Quæ sit origo tibi, quo sis reditura, memento  
 Nil in te Mors juris habet, victricia quamvis  
 Arma sonent dextra, quamvis augusta triumphis  
 Incedat, vultuque et cuspide terreat orbem.  
 Sperne minas Fati Noctisque inamabile regnum.”  
 Annuit Omnipotens; sparsi per inane profundum  
 Intremuere orbes et inhorruit ultimus æther.

JOHN JORTIN.



ATTENDE paullum, quisquis es. Subtus jacet  
NICOLAUS MANN,

Olim magister, nunc remistus pulvere.  
Quis ille vel quid egerit, bene aut secus,  
In vita omitte quæritare, scit Deus :  
Monere maluit hoc, quod ad te pertinet,  
Bene universis tu fac et fieri velis,  
Semper benigni Patris omnium memor.  
Sic si paratus huc intres, precibus tuis  
Cælum patebit, ipse quum stabis reus  
Die suprema sub tremendo Iudice,  
Ratione vitæ reddita laudaberis.

NICHOLAS MANN.

*Epitaphium Felis, quæ decessit anno MDCCCLVI, nata  
annos xiv, menses ii, dies iv.*



ESSA annis morboque gravi, mitissima Felis,  
Infernos tandem cogor adire lacus :  
Et mihi subridens Proserpina dixit : “ Habeto  
Elysios soles, Elysiumque nemus.”  
Sed bene si merui, facilis Regina silentum,  
Da mihi saltem una nocte redire domum,  
Nocte redire domum, dominoque hæc dicere in aurem,  
“ Te tua fida etiam trans Styga Felis amat.”

JOHN JORTIN.

*Hoc erat in votis.*



UALIS per nemorum nigra silentia  
Vallesque irriguas et virides domos  
Serpit fons placidus murmure languido,  
Secretum peragens iter :

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas  
 Paullum ludit agros et sinuat fugam,  
 Donec præcipiti jam pede defluus

Miscetur gremio maris :

Talis per tacitam devia semitam  
 Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,  
 Non experta fori jurgia turbidi aut  
 Palmæ sanguineum decus.

Cumque instant tenebræ et lux brevis occidit,  
 Et ludo satura et fessa laboribus,  
 Somni frater iners membra jacentia  
 Componat gelida manu.

JOHN JORTIN.

*Ad discipulum, Indiam profecturum, cum M. Tullii  
 libris de officiis.*



RTIUM docilis puer bonarum,  
 Moribus quoque qui places modestis,  
 Cum petis procul hinc iturus oram  
 Qua Ganges rapidas profundit undas,  
 Qua Solis propiore sicca curru  
 Et tellus calet, usque sis beatus  
 Te quo per mare, longa per viarum  
 Quo sors cunque ferat levesque venti.  
 Et satis revehas domum inde mercis  
 Exteræ et lapidum et micantis auri,  
 Et quicquid peregre misella plebes  
 Perditæ cupit, at manum memento  
 Immunem super omnia ut reportes,

Nec laudem pretio minore vendas.  
 Quod tecum hinc tuleris bonum piumque  
 Et, gazis Arabum Indiæque gemmis  
 Continet melius quod hic libellus,  
 O cave monitus, cave id relinquas.

SAMUEL BERDMORE.

*A Monastic Ode*

*Written at a Seat, under some sequestered Oaks, in a natural  
 wilderness, near Gestingthorpe.*



OLITUDO quam dilecta !  
 Hinc in cælum via recta.  
 Procul est insanitatis  
 Et theatrum vanitatis.  
 Plebs si sævit, hic sedebo  
 Et quæ supra sunt, videbo ;  
 Mecum Angeli cantabunt,  
 Cæli Dominum laudabunt.  
 O si semper hic sederem,  
 Mundi turbas nec viderem !  
 Me dum tollent angelorum  
 Grex ad Paradisi Chorum,  
 Et, ut sanctus eremita,  
 Dulci requiescam vita.

WILLIAM JONES.



——— Ver proterit æstas,  
 Interitura, simul  
 Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit ; et mox  
 Bruma recurrit iners.—HOR.



AUD secus ac Cypriam nigris advecta cavernam  
 Fluctibus Oceani pacavit murmura Patris  
 Alma Venus—venti jam tum posuere—remotis  
 Sedibus attonitæ Nymphæ exsiluere—per undas  
 Triton, et Nereus, atque Inous Melicerta  
 Lusit, et ipse pecus ducens per coerula Proteus,  
 Crebræque Halcyonum fulsere in littore pennæ :  
 Haud aliter, sævæ lætissima filia Brumæ,  
 Cara mihi Musisque, fugas jam patria tandem  
 Nubila, et optantem moderandum suscipis annum.  
 En ! tibi summittunt fallentia lilia odores,  
 En ! tibi certatim violæ atque halans hyacinthus,  
 Et rosa virgineum nequicquam imitata pudorem.  
 Oh ! quam tota mihi spirare Sabæa videtur,  
 Atque Hybla Ætnææ metuens vicinia flammæ !  
 Vos oh ! vos latebræ, quascumque in pectore condit  
 Felici nostram fallentes pace carinam  
 Oceanus, nisi vos frustra finxere Camœnæ  
 Vere frui æterno et larga juvenescere Flora,  
 Pandite secretas valles et frigida Tempe,  
 Puniceoque mihi nemora interfusa decore.  
 Illic hospitium platani vernantis, et antra  
 Pumicibus laqueata, atque interlapsa per umbram  
 Turba levis Dryadum, et ludens per opaca Cupido.  
 Illic et tenuis serpit per gramina rivus,  
 Per nemorum latebras, et myrtea vincula longum  
 Insinuans iter et teneris moriturus in herbis.  
 Quo mihi cessistis, Zephyri ? quo verna refugit  
 Temperies ? itane ? et citius dulcissima vitæ

Tempora labuntur? sed nec sua gaudia desunt  
Æstati, quanquam bacchata canicula toto  
Versetur cælo et sævissimus induat ignes  
Sirius. O Hæmi valles atque antra Diones  
Frigida, vosque adeo, Parnassi culmina, vatem  
Pierios inter languentem condite rores.  
Illic quærenti faciles sub vespere somnos  
Dum me Narcissi impediunt, aurasque sequaces  
Tardat odor; dum cuncta tacent, nisi murmuret auris  
Pulsa vagis cithara, aut Nymphis illusa jocosis  
Somnia decutiat dulcis fallacia Musæ.  
En avida jamjam videor bibere aure fugaces  
Cantus et toto fluitantia carmina cælo:  
Jam lucos peragrarè pios et amcena Deorum  
Concilia! ecce cava qua valle Diana vagetur  
Endymiona petens—illic delphinas Ariën  
Mulcet et ille puer ludit per opaca Hyacinthus—  
Illum vel Scythicæ gentes flevè cadentem,  
Et Tanaim qui potat, et immanes Agathyrsi  
Et Riphæa polo vicina—illum ultimus Indus  
Hyrceanæque inter prærupta cubilia tigres.  
Jamjam inter campos nebula per inania vectus  
Lucentes spatior—nisi me vaga ludat imago—  
Sed lusisse juvat—ne solvite somnia, quercus,  
Quæcunque inter vos miscentes murmura cælum  
Laudatis placidum et variæ miracula terræ.  
Verum ubi jam nemorum harmoniam solemque furentem  
Rosida pacavit tacitæ clementia Lunæ  
Clivosa dum rupe fruor, per inane natantes  
Suspiciens gemmas et non imitabile lumen,  
Fallar agens terris animumque in sidera fundam.  
Hora fugit tacita et laudantem deserit æstas:  
Quo, dilecta, volas? quæ te felicior ora

Accipiet? celeri liquidum premis æthera penna  
 Quaque premis video tractus albescere lucis,  
 Et vaga surripiunt supremos flamina odores.  
 Quin age, pampinea redimite, Autumne, corona,  
 Fer mihi fulgentes hortos, flaventiaque arva,  
 Gargaraque spicis lætissima, et Ismara Baccho.  
 Inter culta Ceres, inter nemora alta Sileni  
 Versantur thiasi, et Cicones spatiantur in antris,  
 Natura aurescit, gravidusque exuberat annus.  
 Felix, agricolam quem non fallacia torquent  
 Horrea, non aliena movet fastidia messis!  
 Illum non strepitus regum, aut discordia vexat,  
 Non conjurata in bellum quæ volvitur Arctos.

Verum ubi jam tandem victo gravis incubat anno  
 Bruma, et deciduæ volitant ex arbore frondes,  
 Eurusque Zephyrusque fremunt, et pallida lento  
 Torpet sole dies, jam tum securus amatæ  
 Conjugis in gremio, perque oscula dulcia fusus,  
 Ventorum increpitat rabies, hyememque sonantem.  
 Interea totum non secius æthera turbo  
 Miscet, nec curvis sibi temperat unda carinis.  
 Quid tibi Riphæas arces, obductaque pigra  
 Regna canam glacie, rapidique cubilia Cauri?  
 Quave agit excubias Boreas, rabiemque procellæ  
 Ipse novam præbet languenti, et sufficit alas!  
 Qualis ubi nuper, socia Virtute, retorsit  
 Gallorum vires, et non superabile fulmen.  
 Scilicet horrendo periere exercita cœlo  
 Agmina, perque vias acres, infidaque plaustis  
 Flumina, et in rigidas subito correpta cavernas.  
 Scilicet has forsân cædes albentiaque ossa  
 Inveniens quondam, Agrestis, mirabere quales  
 Ambitio ediderit (quam non impune) ruinas!

GEORGE WADDINGTON.

*Germania Lipsiæ vindicata.*



IRTUTE functos non premere aurei

Fastidit anni primitiis humus,

Non parcit irrorare tristis

Funereo Philomela questu,

Nocte et Dianæ sidere testibus ;

Nec sacra multi fontis aqua loca,

Nec laude nec famæ ministra

(Siquid id est) caruere Musa.

Fas immoreris, fas, Dea, paululum

Carpas doloris gaudia, mox graves

Motura pæanas, lyræque

Pollicitas potiora chordas.

Festum quotannis nobilitet diem

Feliciori numine Jupiter

Nec nube solari, remisto

Sole, neget, Zephyrique flatu,

Ex quo solutas lætior aspicit

Fortuna gentes. Te, pede barbaro

Per regna qui dudum ruebas

Nunquam hiemis viduata curru,

Tenet retortum Lipsia non tuis

Petita ventis : scilicet aureæ

Amica Libertas Camœnæ

Pierias sibi sacrat umbras ;

Sæpe ipsa Divis juncta sororibus,  
 Effusa crines per niveos sinus,  
 Vacavit Albinæ quieti  
 Et tumidæ sine lege chordæ ;

Sæpe ipsa—sed quis per trepidum æthera  
 Fati ingruentis nuncius it fragor ?  
 Quorsum ista per campos et ægram  
 Invigilat spatiosa noctem

Non nuptialis tæda ? fremit ferox  
 Bellona, risu non sine flebili,  
 Superque fumantes acervos  
 Præcipitem rotat Euris alam.

O si quis adstas ætheris incola,  
 Dignamque pulsans Elysio chelyn,  
 Non ante concessum stupenti  
 Insinuas animo furorem,

Advectus aulas dic age lucidas,  
 Dic feriatis manibus Armini,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quo Marte Germani fatigent,  
 Queis iterum auspiciis tyrannum !

Quid mirum, ubi illos et pudor et fides  
 Mutata multa non sine gloria  
 Fallit laborantes, neque horret  
 Canities galeata bellum ?

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Tac. ad fin. Ann. Lib. 2. Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ &c. . . . .  
 . . . . caniturque adhuc apud barbaras gentes.

Quid mirum, ubi omnis cum Tanai memor  
Volga auspicato proruit impetu,  
Et Mosqua, Libertatis ara,  
Spirat adhuc furiale flabrum ?

Ergo ista cessat jam rabies facem  
Mentita frustra fulguream, neque  
Victor triumphatas, ut ante,  
Purpureo quatis axe gentes.

Quin ulla possunt munera ferreum  
Curvare ? vittam Pax tibi supplicem,  
Astræa languentes ocellos  
Sustulit, innocuo ore libans

Mellitiores melle tibi preces :  
Insane, quod si tu minus audias,  
Est Ultor in cœlis, et ira  
Deciduo metuenda telo.

Te gloriam, te non ita creditos  
Infensa poscit Gallia filios,  
Et gemma regalis cruentæ  
Eripitur male tuta fronti.

Nullusne, læsa jam rate, naufragi  
Comes tyranni ? scilicet obvio  
Amore complectetur umbra  
Borbonidæ, neque rarus hospes

(Siquid pii sit Manibus) impiger  
Grati rependet præmia pectoris !  
Quin natus adstabit, viroque  
Egregio bene fida conjux !

Te, pejeratum et triste caput, gravi  
Dudum æstuantem turbine, te maris  
Terræque mensorem coercet  
Exigua brevis unda ripa,

Mutata solis numina lacrymis  
Fleture ; dum nos sidera candidæ  
Præsaga respectant quietis,  
Composito veneranda ponto.

En ipsa venit, quam petimus diu,  
Pax ipsa, verna nube premens caput ;  
Allapsa per fluctus coruscos  
Halcyonum potiore penna :

Cui sarta, vinclis non sine myrteis,  
Furtim effluentes impediunt comas ;  
Plumisque lascivis odoram  
Sollicitat levis aura vestem.

Præbete, Reges, hospitium Deæ,  
Tardate gemmis et trabe citrea ;  
Me parva vatem solvet ara,  
Propter aquas et amœna sylvæ

Frontem innocentem sanguinis erigens ;  
Neu casta desint lilia cum rosis,  
Neu laurei tutela rami  
Fulmineos cohibentis ictus.

Illic frequens non pessima munerum  
Grata Sacerdos rite feram manu,  
Cum Luna vix nascente cornu  
Per dubiam pavet ire noctem.

GEORGE WADDINGTON.

*Human Sacrifices.*

\* \* \* \* \*



NDORUM sic sæpe piavit victima Divos  
 Humana, humanoque litatur sanguine Ganges.  
 Ætherium ecce faces rutilanti lumine lambunt  
 Campum, ipsæ tenebræ ferali luce rubescunt:  
 Igneus astrorum chorus en deforme refugit  
 Prodigium, stellarum acies caligat opaca,  
 Frustra nocturni pallescit lumen Olympi,  
 Luna, hebeti radio: tum millia plurima flagrant  
 Tædarum, et cœli somnum splendore lacesunt.  
 Undique per roseas jam fumus odorifer auras  
 Fluctuat en tremulus, nebulaque supernatat orbi.  
 Fulmineo reboant crepitantia tympana pulsu  
 Surdasque obtundunt aures, dum millia vocum  
 Murmura continuis cantus clangoribus ardent,  
 Et fremit horrissonis ululatibus arduus æther.  
 Te, Deus, exclamant, te sylva profunda remugit,  
 Invia te rupes reboat, te concitus amnis.  
 Sulfureis sic vecta alis ignique trisulco  
 Fulminis ira fremit per nigra silentia cœli.  
 Funerea apparet vatum circumdata turba  
 Victima vota Dei, gemmantis flore juventæ  
 Virgo decens: oculus, modo qui spirabat amores  
 Et tenerum melos,<sup>1</sup> et lætati lumina veris,  
 Nunc periturus hebet, socias ni forte gementes  
 Conspiciat, circum tum vero pallidus ori  
 Intremuit risus, medio ceu Cynthia cœlo  
 Pervia translucet per nubila, lumine nimbos  
 Suffundens, tremuloque nitent candore tenebræ.

\* \* \* \* \*

JULIUS CHARLES HARE.

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<sup>1</sup> The music breathing from her face.—BYRON.



*Inscription for a Drinking Cup, made from a mulberry tree  
formerly growing in a School yard, and presented  
to an old scholar of the School.*



E cujus patula prius sub umbra  
Lusisti, puer inscius futuri,  
Oppressam senio procella fregit,  
Nunc mira faber arte fecit auro  
Splendentem calicem, merique odora  
En læti tibi sum ministra Bacchi.  
At tu, si sapias, memor vetustæ  
Mori, carpe diem brevisque vita  
Spem longam reseces; tibi mihique  
Eheu non revocanda fugit ætas.

EDWARD HALL ALDERSON.

Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.

*Thucyd.*

Χαῖρέ μοι νίκας δαΐφρων ἀνασσα,  
φιλτάτα στυγνῷ θυγάτηρ ἼΑρηος,  
σεμνὸν ἂ ναίεις ἀπάνευθε γαίης  
ὥρανόν, αἰὲν

ἐμπλέκοισ' ἀνδρῶν, Ἄρετᾶ, καρήνοισ  
ἀγλαῶν γλυκὺν στεφάνων ἄωτον,  
ἀστραπαῖς θᾶσσον πτερύγεσσι κούφαις  
αἶθαλοέσσας

καὶ πνοᾷ ἐλαυνομένα, τίν' ἄμῃν  
ξυνὸν ἡρώων κελαδεῖν πέπρωται  
αἶνον; ἥ τίν' ἄδυμελῇ λύρα πρέ-  
-ποισαν ἀοιδάν;

πα γὰρ οἱ πρόσθεν σοφία πρόφαντοι ;  
 σοὶ μόνῃ τόδ' εὖχος ἔδωχ' ὁ Δαίμων  
 ἄφθιτον, σκάπτῃ περιόισαν ἄλλων  
 ὕστατον ἄρχειν.

οἱ δὲ κέλσαντες ποτὶ τέρμα λαμπρῷ  
 εὐτυχῶς βίῳ, σκοτόεντα τύμβον  
 ἴξον, ὧ περίξ πλοκάμους ἐλίσσει  
 ἥρεμα κισσὸς

καὶ ῥόδον, καὶ πορφυρέων λοχεία  
 ἀνθέων ὁδμὰν ἀνέμοις πνεόντων  
 ὧν μεταξὺ φερβόμεναι κύκλῳ βομ-  
 -βεῦντι μέλισσαι.

δειέλοις δ' αὖ τεκνολέτειρ' ὑφ' ὥραις,  
 ἥρος ὀρνίς ἡμερόφωνος, ὑμᾶς  
 ὀλβίσει μέλποισα λιγύν νεκρούς περ  
 ὕμνον ἀοιδῶν.

ἀλλ' ὅταν στερῶαῖς βαρέως τινάξας  
 τάν τε γὰν φοιτᾷ Βορέας ἀέλλαις,  
 ἄλμυρόν τε πόντον, ὀλεθρίῳ ναύ-  
 -ταισι φόβοιο

σύμβολον, τόθ' ἂ γενέτειρ' ἐφέρψει  
 φροντίδων μνάμα πραπίδεσσι τερπνᾶν,  
 ἔς τε γ' ἂν βίῃ θάνατος σύνεδρον  
 οἶκτον ἀπείρξῃ.

τίς δὲ παγχρύσοις πελάθει μίτραισι  
 παρθένων ὁμάγυρις ; ἥνιδ' ἄθλων  
 ἴσταται τῶν ὑμετέρων τόδ' ἀντί-  
 ποινον, ἀγῶνες

ἔννομοι πομπά τε γέρας μαχατῶν·  
 ἦνθε Μοισάων θεράπων πεδίλῳ  
 Δωρικῷ φωνὰν κιθάρα τε κραιπνῶς  
 ποικιλόγαρυν

ἀρμόσας, ὁδὸν δ' ἐπίκουρον εὐρών  
 ἔσσεται κλυταῖς ἐπέων πτυχαῖσι,  
 τοὺς ἐν ὑσμίνῃ περὶ πατρίδος πεσ-  
 -όντας ἐπαινεῖν·

καὶ βοὰν τάχ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἴει  
 δίπτυχον δισσὰν παλαμᾶν, ὅσοι περ  
 τεύχε' ἀμπεῖχον κατὰ γᾶν, ὅσοι τ' ἐφ'  
 ὑγρὰ θαλάσσας

κύματ' αὔζοντες μελάθροις ἄμιλλαν  
 νηπίοις θ' ἄβας φιλόπλουτον υἱοῖς,  
 τὰς δὲ σᾶς ποθεινοτάτας μάλιστ' ἔρ-  
 -ωτι δαμέντες

καλλονᾶς, θνατῶν βασιλεία Τιμά·  
 τίς θανεῖν γὰρ μαρνάμενος φοβεῖται,  
 καὶ πόνους τλᾶναι μαλερούς, τίς Ἄτας  
 δῆγματα θορνεῖ,

εἰσιδὼν σὲ, παρθένε, προσγελεῦσαν  
 ὄμμασιν φαιδροῖς, γονέων τε κρείσσω,  
 καὶ κρυφαίων ἀθάνατον μετᾶλλων  
 καρπὸν ἄγοισαν ;

σεῦσθε, μὴ φείδεσθ', ἀμάχους δ' Ἑριννὺς  
 ζευγνύτω θεῶρις κύνας, ἐν μέσῳ δὲ  
 θηκτὸν ἐκχείτω ξίφος ἀπλέτως μελ-  
 -άγχιμον αἶμα·

ἔσσεται τοσόνδ' ὄνομ' ἔξοπισθεν  
καὶ τροπαῖα μαρμαρέαν τε παντᾶ  
γράμματα σταλᾶν, ὅποσους θ' ἐκάστα  
γαῖα κέκληται·

εἴθ' ἔγωγ' ὥς τις πετεηνὸς ὄρνις  
παντὶ θυμῷ σὺν τε δίκᾳ γενοίμαν  
ἐργμάτων ὑψηλοτάτων βροτοῖσι  
μάρτυς ἀλαθήης·

οὐ γὰρ, οὐ δῆτ' ἂν τινος ἐκφύγοιτε  
ἄνθεος λόγων ἔτι τυγχάνοντες,  
ἣ τεχνᾶν, ὅσας ἐδίδαξ' ὁ Φοῖβος  
τέκτονας ὕμνων,

μείλιχον τόδ' ἀντιτεμὼν ἄκεσμα  
συμφορᾶς, ἀμαχανίας τε θνατῶν·  
νῦν δε λήξασαι χελύων, ἴδ', αὐταὶ  
ρίμφα βιβῶντι

εὐτρεπίσδοισαι χορὸν ἐν θεάτρῳ  
αἱ φίλανλοι σὺν Χαρίτεσσι Μοῖσαι·  
ἐν δὲ Κλειῷ Μελοπόμενα τ' ἐπιστατ-  
-εῦσιν ἐορταῖς·

εἰσορῶσ' Ἀλευθερία γέγηθεν,  
σπαργανωθὲν ἐκ νεφελᾶν πρόσωπον  
ὑπόθεν ρίψας, ὀλοαῖσι δάν κε-  
-κρυμμένον ὄρφναις·

ἐξ ὅτου ροαῖς νοτίοις παρεῖαν  
δακρύων τέγξας ἀπέφευγε τλάμων  
Ἑλλάδ' οὐκ αὖθις ποτὶ γαῖαν ἐλπίσ-  
-δοισα κατελθεῖν.

τοίγαρ οὐδ' ὑμῖν ἔτι μοῖρα πικρὰ  
 ἄχθος Αἰτναίων σκοπέλων ἐν Ἄδα  
 κείσεται λυπηρότερον, κατ' ὅσους  
 ἀμφιβαλοῖσα

φᾶρος ὀρφναῖον· τί τάφων ὕνειαρ,  
 εἰκόνων τί χαλκοτύπων, αὐτμάν  
 τοῖς νέοις τὰν πρὶν κατάγειν νέον τ' ἄ-  
 -γαλμα δοκοισᾶν ;

φέρτερον γάρ ἀνδρὶ τυχεῖν τόδ' ἐστίν,  
 ὄντιν' οὐκ ἑῶντι λαθεῖν θανόντῃ,  
 οὐδὲ πάμπαν τὰ ζοφόντα πίνειν  
 ὕδατα Λάθας

οἱ σοφοί, πτανοῖσι δ' αἰεὶ δι' αὔρας  
 ποσσὶ βαίνοντες, πεδιῶν τ' ἔνερθεν  
 θιγγάνειν ὑπερφρονέοντες ἄκρων,  
 ἄμβροτον ἀνλάν

ὠρανῶ τολμῶντι βαλεῖν αἰδαῖς·  
 ἀλλ' ἔπαινον γὰρ προσέβα τε Μοῖσας  
 ὡκέως κύρος, βελέεσσιν ὑμᾶς  
 οὔ ποτ' ἀφάντοις

δυσχερὲς γῆρας δαμάσει, φθόνος τε·  
 εὖ πάθοιτ' εὐδαίμονες, εὖ πάθοιτε,  
 τὰν πάροιθεν δυστυχιᾶν τὸ λοιπὸν  
 ἐκτὸς εὔντες.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.

*Ad fratrem, morte sua imminente, T. K. E. C.*

Ω φίλτατ' ἀντάδελφε, σοὶ δ' ἀρνήσομαι  
 ὅποι' ἔπασχον καὶ νῦν πάσχω κακά·  
 θανεῖν πέπρωται πᾶσιν, οἷδ', ἅπαξ ποτὲ,  
 ὅσοιπερ εἰσορῶμεν ἥλιον βροτοί.  
 τὸ δ' εἶδέναι τόδ' αὐτὸ, πῆνικ' ἔρχεται,  
 παῦροι τόδ' εὐρήκασι, πρὶν τέλος μολεῖν.  
 ὅς δ' ἂν μάλιστα τοῦτο γιγνώσκῃ, λαβὼν  
 σοφίας ἐκεῖνος τούπικλημ' ἀποίχεται·  
 ἐμοὶ δὲ πάντα ταῦτ' ἐναντί' ἐξέβη,  
 οὐ γὰρ σοφὸς πέφυκ', ἐπίσταμαι δ' ὅμως  
 βράχιστον ὄντα τὸν ἐπιόντα μοι βίον,  
 δαρὸν χρόνον γὰρ οἶχομαι τάλας ἐγώ,  
 ἀγῶνα τὸν μέλλοντα περιφοβούμενος  
 ὃς σπέρχεται νῦν καὶ παρέστι πλησίον.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.

*Venetia.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ELICES nimium terræ! qua purior æther  
 Perpetuique micant soles; quibus unica semper  
 Temperies cœli faciesque innubila ridet  
 Æquoris. Hinc placidus per tempora volvitur annus  
 Festivique dies; hunc exsulat urbe severa  
 Pauperies, ditesque fugax avertitur aulas.  
 Aurea ibi puppis<sup>1</sup> mirantibus innatat undis,  
 Sæpius et citharæ in numerum pulsata resultat  
 Vox audita procul, levibusque immurmurat auris

<sup>1</sup> Gondola.

Flebilis. Æquoreas thalamo sub fluminis alti  
 Credideris cecinisse deas, aut Orphea raptam  
 Mœrere Eurydicen. Veluti quum victa sopore  
 Membra jacent, dubiam ludunt ubi somnia mentem,  
 Evigilant ignes animi, variæque recursant  
 Erranti species, sensuque impune vaganti  
 Libera mens formas rerum miratur inanes :  
 Dum vehimur, subito albenti de marmore fana  
 Attonitos raptant sensus et mille figuræ  
 Templorum, auratæque domus : quas plurima circum  
 Flamma novo fulgore rubet, sensimque recedens  
 Sera moraturo suffundit lumine Vesper.

Ut juvat antiqui lustrantem temporis ortus  
 Desertasque diu terras invisere, et ævi  
 Reliquias, veterisque sequi vestigia famæ  
 Fastorumque aperire vices : hæc munera poscit  
 Priscus honos, nomenque inter tot fata superstes.  
 Scilicet ingratum testudine flevit amorem  
 Solus ibi et caræ vates perjuria Lauræ  
 Indoluit spretamque fidem : vos litora testes  
 Mœrenti, surda quoties erravit arena  
 Perditus et studio questus iterabat inani.  
 Aut ubi marmoreos postes <sup>1</sup> adversaque juxta  
 Scalarum latera (infandum) deforme cadaver  
 Fama refert fluxisse tuum, <sup>2</sup> qui tela parabas  
 Impius, et fatuas audax in proelia dextras  
 Inflammare dolis nequidquam voce suprema  
 Ingratæ Diras urbi patriæque vocasti.  
 Forsitan hic olim Ductor <sup>3</sup> desueta labantes  
 Circum humeros dedit arma senex, cristaque decorus  
 Explicuit fulvum, victricia signa, Leonem,

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<sup>1</sup> The pillar of St. Mark.

<sup>2</sup> Faliero.

<sup>3</sup> Dandolo.

Multum indignatus pacem et male fida dolosæ  
 Fœdera amicitiae. Sparsis en cana capillis  
 Tempora, sublatamque haud frustra in vulnere dextram ;  
 En cæcos ut dudum oculos novus ardor et audax  
 Spes alit incendens, quæ mox impune minaces  
 Byzanti insolitis quatiet terroribus arces.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWARD WALFORD.

*Skating.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ONNE vides ut torno rasile buxum  
 Fingitur, humanique pedis formatur ad instar ?  
 Huic a stirpe nitens aptatur lamina ferri  
 Bina acie, et ligno clavis connexa cohæret,  
 Quo, velut acta Noto scindit maris alta carina,  
 Radit iter liquidum et glaciem diverberat omnem.  
 Scilicet hæc plantæ loris aptantur utrique  
 Ad soleæ formam, pedibusque tenaciter hærent.  
 Ecce ubi longinquum stagni prætenditur æquor  
 Porrectum spatiis et campos præbet apertos ;  
 Huc magnæ ex omni collectæ parte cohortes  
 Conveniunt gaudentque novo contendere ludo.  
 Hic alius tentat rapidos præcurrere ventos,  
 Ictibus alternis glacialia marmora plangens,  
 Atque alius summo dum scribit in amne figuras  
 Nunc huc nunc illuc variatos orbibus orbes  
 Implicat et certo corpus libramine vertit ;  
 Parte alia inter se properant describere gyros,  
 Armatove gradu juvat instaurare choreas.

\* \* \* \* \*

OLIVER WALFORD.



*Pyramides.*

\* \* \* \* \*



CILICET has olim famæ insatiata cupido  
 Nominis et magni studium per secula jussit  
 Surgere et in seros titulum differre nepotes.  
 Innumeras ergo cuncta de parte catervas  
 Collegit princeps: fuscis hinc Africa natos  
 Hinc Asia atque Arabes varias ad munera gentes  
 Sufficiunt longoque jubent instare labori.  
 En alii ferro conformant rasile saxum,  
 Fundamenta locant alii vel pondera plaustris  
 Sub molem concisa trahunt, gradibusque quadratis  
 Ingressi ponunt in cunctas marmora partes,  
 Compositasque docent massis incumbere massas.  
 Interea innumeris moles cumulata catervis  
 Altior exsurgit, sublimique aggere cœlum  
 Suspicit atque arcto per campum vertice fulget.  
 Ergo non hiemes illam non flamina venti  
 Non soles aut imber edax aut frigus acutum  
 Corripiunt: illæsa manet: multosque per annos  
 Secula multa virum regesque et nomina vincit,  
 Nec quis condiderit, quisve hanc intenderit auctor  
 Scire licet nobis, vel quos formarit ad usus,  
 Tanta per obscuros tendit mysteria fastos  
 Tempus et humanis tantum est in rebus inane.

OLIVER WOLFORD.

## Σπάρτη ἀτείχιστος οὔσα.



ALLADIAS arces et propugnacula Athenæ

Et solido referant mœnia jacta solo :

Surgat et e campo turrita fronte Corinthus

Et stabiles murôs pontus uterque lavet,

Cadmus in Aonia fundarit pergama terra,

Qua Thebæ summo vertice ad astra nitent,

Scilicet has urbes muri compagibus arctis

Mœniaque et turres claustraque firma tenent :

Et cives saxo ferroque et robore tecti

Belli inter strepitus otia tuta terunt ;

Sola suis confisa viris et freta suorum

Viribus, hostili Sparta timore vacat :

Hæc non exstructas arces vallumve requirit,

Huic non tutamen fossa profunda dabit.

Huic nomen turres, huic propugnacula virtus

Sufficit, huic generis mœnia terror erit.

Hic adstat patiens parvoque assueta juvenus,

Ardens pro patria vulnera sæva pati :

Membraque militia et gracili formata palæstra

Stant aliis terror præsidiumque suis :

Conjunctis humeris intentis viribus adstant,

Firma cohors nullo discutienda metu.

Non sibi, sed patriæ vitamque et corpus et artus,

Ut proavi quondam, pignora cara putant :

Vitam Sparta dedit, vitam nunc Sparta reposcit,

Num dubitent nati, matre jubente, mori ?

Aggere sic vivo longos defensa per annos

Sparta inter gentes inviolanda manet.

OLIVER WOLFORD.

*Eduardo, Comiti Derbeiensi, Cancellario suo gratulatur Oxonia.*



USÆ, sacрати numina verticis,  
 Fontisque amantes Naiadum chori,  
 Quotquot fatigatos labore  
 Pieria recreatis umbra,  
 Si cara vobis, ut prius, indoles  
 Nutrita vestris sub penetralibus,  
 Si cara virtus, atque fama  
 Nominis intemerata magni,  
 Adeste cunctæ: dicite, frigidas<sup>1</sup>  
 Quæ mox ad aures ætheris exeant,  
 Spirentque pendentem per orbem  
 Socraticis iteranda turbis.  
 Jampridem acerbis victa doloribus  
 Mœret peremptum Patria principem;  
 Imosque Musarum recessus  
 Propter, arundineasque ripas,  
 Virtus, corona cincta cupressina,  
 Late querelis flebilibus gemit,  
 Ceu mœsta per sylvas procella,  
 Vel gemitus maris inquieti.  
 Nunc Hora vanis parcere fletibus,  
 Finemque jussit tristitiæ dare;  
 Nunc aura ridentis Favoni  
 Frigoribus rediit solutis—  
 Salve! fidelis dux patriæ, et memor  
 In hac adultæ sede puertiæ,  
 Quas ipse, nec frustra, colebas,  
 Thespiadum accipias honorem.

<sup>1</sup> "Sung into the cold ears of the stars."—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Te nostra, grata<sup>2</sup> cui juvenilia  
 Cingebat olim tempora laurea,  
 Majore donandum corona  
 Nunc iterum revocavit Isis:  
 Nec vana tantis auspiciis fides:  
 Quippe et futuræ præscia gloriæ,  
 Laus ista prædixit sequendos  
 Fulgidiora rota triumphos.  
 Tu, quum senatus corda labantia  
 Diu paverent ancipiti metu,  
 Per dura fulsisti pericla,  
 Præsidium columenque rerum.  
 Sic nauta, diris multum Aquilonibus  
 Caliginosa nocte per Adriam  
 Jactatus, optati per umbram  
 Sideris, auspicium salutat.  
 O disciplinæ fautor, et artium,  
 Turbas furentes eloquio potens  
 Torquere, civilesque motus  
 Consilio cohibere justo,  
 Diu, precamur, dux bone, laurea  
 Frontem coronet, Thespiadum decus,  
 Dique per terras, ad ortum  
 Solis ab Hesperio cubili,  
 Neglecta quamvis cætera lividæ  
 Obliviones undique carpsent,  
 Te principem, fidumque rebus  
 Subsidiū dubiis, amicum  
 Musis, patronumque artibus, et ducem  
 Quacunque Virtus expediet viam,  
 Noscent Camœnæ: te, corona  
 Cœruleos redimita crines

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<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Derby obtained one of the Chancellor's Prizes at Oxford.

Isis, catervas inter amabiles  
 Nympharum, ab oris concinet ultimis ;  
 Serique servabunt nepotes  
 Perpetuæ monumenta laudis.

LIONEL DAWSON DAMER.

*Doctori Reverendo Haig Brown obsoletum roganti discipulum  
 carmen hæc tremula voce susurri more dedicat L. D. D.*



H! nonne durum, Doctor amice, opus  
 Nostrisque majus viribus exigis,  
 Me flosculum Carthusianæ  
 Addere si jubeas coronæ ?  
 At non frequenti bruma nitet rosa,  
 Colorque vernus deperiit cito,  
 Et semper aversata canos  
 Musa fugit veteremque frontem.  
 Esto : at tenebris promere de suis  
 Diu sepultas fas sit imagines,  
 Vocesque jamdudum silentes  
 Præteriti revocare secli :  
 Salve ! dierum scabra situ, " Domus,"  
 Quod si nec albo marmore porticus  
 Ostendat heroum figuras  
 Phidiacæ monumenta dextræ,  
 Auro neque ingens aula renideat,  
 Nonne ista longo tempore nomina  
 Detrita sunt summi labore  
 Artificis pretiosiora ?

Heu ! quot fideles invida transtulit  
 Ætas sodales : nil nisi nomina,  
 Tanta ex amicorum cohorte  
 Nil, nisi nomina muta, restat.  
 Ingressa surgit lachryma, dum lego :  
 Mentemque imago plurima detinet,  
 Lusus, laboresque, et juventæ  
 Gratia non reditura lætæ.  
 O quisquis es, cui tempore postero  
 Sit cura nostrum tradita mœnium  
 Per si quid, obtestor, priorum  
 Mente foves memori dierum  
 Ne quis, caveto, sacrilega manu  
 Turbet meorum nomina de loco.  
 Illæsa functorum futuris  
 Præmonitura viam supersint.

LIONEL DAWSON DAMER.

*Somnium cujusdam novas Carthusianas Ædes moræ petitori.*



OX erat, Urbs placida devincta quiete jacebat,  
 Carpebat somni munera nostra Domus.  
 Ipse, meis propriis pensis curaque gravatus,  
 Membra libens dederam fessa labore toro ;  
 Sopitos sensus ludebant somnia ; mire  
 Errabat variis mens agitata modis ;  
 Jamque Ædis nostræ bene cognita tecta videbam,  
 Jamque fere ignoto est mens spatiosa solo :  
 En media collis visus consurgere in Urbe,  
 Perque domum flumen currere jube meam.  
 Quum subito humano major, longaque decorus  
 Suttonus barba visus adesse mihi.

N

"Ergone mutandæ monachorum," dixit, "avitæ,  
 Quas legi, sedes, hæc loca cara mihi?"  
 "Temporibus," dixi, "cedendum est: labitur ætas  
 Heu cito; non hodie quæ placuere placent.  
 Magnæ Urbis strepitus, fumus, vicinia lædunt,  
 Qua quondam viguit, jam Schola nostra cadit;  
 "Cedendum est, fateor," respondit; "sedibus isdem  
 Languebit, certe langnet amata Domus.  
 Sed loca, non mores fas sit mutare vetustos,  
 Inque novo exsurgant tradita jura solo.  
 Jam longam revocat seriem mens læta meorum,  
 Anglia quos gaudet noscere grata suos:  
 Non paucos revocat legum jurisque peritos,  
 Curia non paucos asserit ipsa suos:  
 Armis non pauci celebres per regna remota  
 Grande decus Domui, grande dedere mihi.  
 Ingenuo Christum non paucos corde colentes  
 Relligio Christi vindicat alma suos:  
 Ædibus hi nostris instructi nomina nostræ  
 Clara effecerunt hic et ubique Domus.  
 Vos ergo, quibus hoc curæ est, vestigia famæ  
 Sectantes veteris, vos superate patres:  
 Hoc vobis curæ, sedes quascunque colatis,  
 Floreat æternum Carthusiana Domus."

FREDERICK POYNDER.

*Bonum est Sal.*



AL firmat carnem nimio ne sole liquescat,  
 Cordaque, ne nimia mobilitate, dolor:  
 Sic sale sunt carnes, sic pectora tuta dolore,  
 Hoc nos soletur—ni sale nulla salus.

ROBERT HENNIKER.

*In Obitum Johannis Keble.*

H! Domini quam dulce in pectore consopiri!  
 En tibi nunc ipsi contigit ista quies:  
 Nos tamen haud vitæ immemores sanctæque Camœnæ  
 Hæredes voti sit, precor, esse tui:  
 Ante pedes Domini te sæpius auspice, vates,  
 Aurora integras roscida fundet opes:  
 Te duce, casta Fides et Amor sub vespers horam  
 Gaudebunt placida condere pace diem:  
 Tum tua non nunquam tua cara subibit imago,  
 Alterum et a Christi nomine nomen erit:  
 Auspice te sacros aperit Natura recessus  
 Et mutata novo prata colore micant:  
 Procedunt festique dies et sanctior annus  
 Quæque Deum pandit pagina plura sapit.  
 Auspice te miserum deponunt pectora pondus,  
 Parvus et attrito corde relucet amor.  
 Auspice te, pietas et mens sibi conscia recti  
 Nocturnum Christo deproperavit opus,  
 Te venerata suum mærens Ecclesia vatem,  
 Perpetuo carum cinget honore caput.  
 Non mihi non tantas versu comprehendere laudes,  
 Nec licet ingenio dicere digna tuo:  
 Sit tamen egregii tumulum cineresque poetæ  
 Carminibus necquicquam accumulasse meis.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

*In Obitum Alberti Principis.*

CCIDIT Albertus; sed non et fama peribit  
 Alberti: moritur sic rosa, vivit odor.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.



*Cicindela.*

AM, fugiente die, nigram super omnia pallam  
 Aeria ducit Vespera tarda manu.  
 Undique nocte latent flaventis munera campi,  
 Quæque jacet sera falce resecta seges.  
 Quæ tamen e mediis lucet scintilla tenebris?  
 Unde moras ducit lux, fugiente die?  
 Nonne vides? cœli notos imitata nitores  
 Nocturnam accendit lucida musca facem:  
 Quisquis iter quæris, nocturno sidere fretus,  
 Hic, alio ductus lumine, carpe viam.  
 Dum tibi quisque novis circum rubus ignibus ardet,  
 Dum varia spargi luce videtur humus.  
 Credideris totidem terra splendescere gemmas,  
 Siderave ætherias deseruisse domos.  
 Ipsa die latitat turpique simillima vermi  
 Spernitur: at sola lumina nocte movet.  
 Fallit, ut effusa monstrantur cætera luce,  
 Cætera cum fallunt condita nocte, nitet.  
 Si tamen aut hostem metuit, subitumve periculum  
 Imminet, in sese contrahit ipsa facem.  
 Nam timet exitio ne sit sibi tanta venustas,  
 Sic fugit, incautam quæ cita fata manent.  
 Ni faciat, secura leves si jactet honores,  
 Ore feret nidis hanc Philomela suis.  
 Ut tutus degas, fugias discrimina vitæ;  
 Ut tibi sit felix vita, latere velis.

CHARLES GEORGE CURTIS.

*Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

ESIPERE interdum dulce est, dixere poetæ,  
 Unde fit ut semper qui sapit insipiat.

ROBERT HENNIKER.

*Aranea.*

CCE laboratos extendit aranea casses,  
 Nec mora, de trabibus textile pendet opus.  
 Freta suis opibus trahit indefessa laborem,  
 Et sedes opifex sufficit ipsa suas.  
 Aspicias, ut gradiens ex ipso corpore telas  
 Præbet inexhaustas materiemque sibi?  
 Ut ducit radios, ut longo perficit orbes  
 Circuitu, miris usa labore modis?  
 Jamque leves nectit nodos, rota quæque minorem  
 Continet in sese, jam minor orbe, rotam.  
 Hic parat aerias sedes gratosque recessus,  
 Exstruit hic prædæ vincla dolumque suæ.  
 Heu male nunc latas muscis erratur in auras,  
 Dum nimis audacem fata propinqua latent.  
 Nonne vides, segura? patet tibi carcer apertis  
 Faucibus: incautam mors inopina manet.  
 Ne mora sint alæ, caveas: ne libera vinculis  
 Te teneat captam penna, negetque fugam.  
 Cum semel obstiterit tibi fraus prætenta volanti,  
 Et subito impediant retia cæca viam,  
 Victricem cernes mediis exire latebris  
 Nectereque irruptas, esca futura, plagas.

CHARLES GEORGE CURTIS.

*Inscription for a Student's Paper-knife.*

DOCTRINÆ cæcos jussus penetrare recessus  
 Qui legis assidue, nec magis inde sapis;  
 Quem studii pariter fructus fugit atque voluptas—  
 Vera nimis domini es, culter, imago tui.

HENRY EARLE TWEED.

*Ex carmine de Etruscorum sepulcris scripto.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ÆC inter Tusci sparguntur signa decoris,  
 Multigenas vasa argillæ testata figuras,  
 Armaque feminei luxus, nec deficit ollis  
 Fibula et in varias auro connexa catenas  
 Bractea, gemmatique orbes aut divitis auri  
 Copia nunc hederæ nigros imitata corymbos  
 Nunc tenues filicum laurique intexta corollas.  
 Videris et calices et miris aspera signis  
 Pocula, quæ frustra certat Iunonia tellus  
 Vincere flaventesque electri lumine guttæ :  
 Quinetiam (infandum) scarabæi Numinis Alti  
 Servantes speciem, vel summo pendula tecto  
 Ærea, præclaris Ephyres certantia formis,  
 Spiculaque clipeique et rauco buccina cantu.  
 Stant et sarcophagi, queis olim membra feruntur  
 Marmoreo jacuisse sinu, ast ubi flebilis uxor  
 Reliquias sponsi cistam collegit in atram,  
 Vel comitis socii cineres posuere supremos :  
 Omnia corripuit senii irreparabile damnum—  
 Quos etiam merito rami funebris honore  
 Ornarit pia relligio, vel nomina quæ sint  
 Scire nefas, qualique suos aggressa procella  
 Straverit Auctumni labes, nisi siqua sepulcris  
 Litera defuncti nomen memoratque parentum,  
 Præque anima requiem poscit cognata voluntas—  
 Nec tamen Arruntis<sup>1</sup> famam torpere sinamus  
 Fataque Sejani<sup>1</sup> meritas pendentia pœnas,  
 Teque, Pater Porsenna,<sup>2</sup> tibi nam nomen inaurat  
 Vivida vis animi bello : fuit ardua moles

<sup>1</sup> Arruns and Sejanus were buried in Etruria.

<sup>2</sup> Porsenna's tomb consisted of two stories each of five pyramids and with a roof of bronze, hung with bells.

Pyramidum tabulata decem, fuit alta pyropo  
 Congeries ex qua vento perculsa sonabant  
 Cymbala; forte etiam terram molitus aratro  
 Agricola exesi pulsabit fragmina muri  
 Antrorumque exsurget inextricabilis error.

Suave errare diu, cum numine pulcra silenti  
 Nox adit, atque aer vegeto se frigore complens  
 Leniter undantes hederarum flectere vittas  
 Incipit et veterum tumulos nova Cynthia summos  
 Proluit argenti rivis, fulgetque serena  
 Luce per anfractus ruptique foramina muri—  
 Qua stabant olim heroes, nunc ipse vagorum  
 Passibus obteritur pulvis, Geniusque per omnes  
 Ire locos properans lacryma despectat oborta,  
 Semirutas tumulorum ædes, lapsumque per ævum  
 Collabefactatas indigno rudere moles.  
 Hæc ubi circumeunt oculi, dolor intima cordis  
 Vulnerat, ut tantos volvit, quos vate carentes  
 Nox ignota premit, caræque obliviam famæ:  
 Non aliter Xerxes Græcorum certus herili  
 Subdere colla jugo lacrymans gemuisse refertur,  
 Quod tot constratura foret centesima messis  
 Millia, quot campo flavas auctumnus aristas.  
 Attamen, ut molli spirant e cespite voces,  
 Mens etiam afflatu divinæ pascitur auræ  
 Ardua, et exuviis humani corporis expers  
 Immortali ævo fruitur, vitæque perenni.  
 Sæpe etiam, ut referunt, sub grata crepuscula noctis  
 Insoliti resonant numeri, sedesque per illas  
 Ætherias videas leviter volitare figuras:  
 Scilicet heroum manes per nota juventæ  
 Lustra pio properant animo, lætique salutant  
 Dilectas olim terras, heu non sua regna.

ALEXANDER JOHN WALLACE.

*Napoleon III. Libertatis Italorum Assertor.*

MDCCLIX.



DIVA, solis quam perhibent iugis  
 Torrentium certamina gurgitum  
 Cœlique cursus et coruscum  
 Sub pedibus stupuisse fulmen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Te non verentis numina Tarquini  
 Vindex amavit, te rigidus Cato,  
 Te, sancta Libertas, honestum  
 Fabricius sine dote quærens :  
 Te Roma victrix auspice nisibus  
 Crevit secundis, dum suberat vigor  
 Antiquus, et bellum iuventus  
 De tenero properabat ungui.  
 Nos masculorum secla Quiritium  
 Molles tulerunt fortia. Quin togam  
 Mutamus, instantis tyranni  
 Præda, sago male feriato ?  
 Jam nunc minaces arbiter Austriæ  
 Nostris cohortes abdidit oppidis,  
 Duroque cessantes fatigat  
 Imperio. Quid avita prodest  
 Fortuna gentis ? marte quid Ausonum  
 Hinc Parthus, illinc qui Tanaim bibit  
 Devictus, et nunquam Quirini  
 Regna vago caritura Phœbo ?

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<sup>1</sup> Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
 The thunders breaking at her feet :  
 Above her shook the starry lights :  
 She heard the torrents meet.

Audire tristes iam videor minas,  
Singultientum non sine montium  
    Clamore silvarumque fletu,  
    Non sine Naiadum querela :  
Servire natos terra dolet suos :  
Cui patriorum nenia fluminum  
    Respondet, indignata servis  
    Romulidum nituisse fontes.  
Gliscunt frementum murmura civium  
Campos per omnes : hinc querimoniis  
    Ticinus, hinc clamosa fervet  
    Ripa Padi, nec amœnioris  
Fautor camœnæ Mincius abnegat  
Questus et iram, non Athesis tacet,  
    Non Arnus aut raucis inertes  
    Increpitans Tiberinus undis.  
Tandem precamur subvenias tuis,  
Sive in remotis, candida, rupibus  
    Morare, seu terras relinquens  
    Sideris in numerum volasti :  
Descende, plenum gentibus Italis  
Vultum recludens : te solium ruat  
    Ultrice, Libertas, tyranni :  
    Te veterum recidiva surgat  
Suadente virtus !—Fallor, an audiit  
Præsens vocantem ? Concutitur solum :  
    Miror renidentes per auras  
    Insolitam radiare lucem :  
Stat forma, Phœbo splendidior novo,  
Cœlestis, ingens, virgine pulcrior  
    Augusta virgo, nec serenæ  
    Non similis dea Noctiluçæ :

Defixa paulum mæstitia tacet ;  
Mox ora fatis cum gemitu gravi  
    Resolvit : “ Ut vobis imago  
        Riserit et fugiens eburna  
“ Spes falsa porta, vera morabitur  
Non ut precaris nec leviter salus  
    Ventura, sed passu severos,  
        Dum redeunt, comitante mores.  
“ Romana demum secla reviserit  
Fortuna Romæ. Nunc furor irritus  
    Vos torquet, et vanæ fidei  
        Par levibus trahit umbra ventis.  
“ Cerno timendum scilicet Austriæ  
Gallum rapaci : dextera tenditur  
    Jurantis eversæ per aras  
        Italix : sedet ipsa blandis  
“ Suadela labris. Unde perhorruï ?  
Terrent superbi frigora luminis  
    Et vultus : agnosco tyrannum  
        Qui, lupus insidians ovili,  
“ Jacentis idem justitiæ cupit  
Audire vindex : quem Deus unicum  
    Secrevit ignotasque sortes  
        Volvere terribilem coegit :  
“ Abominandum, qualiter æthere  
Dirum cometum, nec solita via  
    Raptum nec incerta per auras,  
        Funera terricolis minantem.  
“ Dereptus ergo pariete militat  
Avitus ensis, nec sine virginis  
    Non ante concesso capillo  
        Spes patriæ rapit arma tiro.

“ Auditis ? urbes et placidum nemus  
Eques sonanti verberat ungula :

Auditis ? ærato tumultu

Concava personuere saxa.

“ Jam Gallus hostes cedere nescios  
Vafer refringit, jam decus Italum

Speratur. At totum repente

Conticuit posuitque bellum.

“ Contaminatam prendere dexteram  
(Immane foedus !) dextera Vindicis

Dignatur, et claris probrosam

Miscuit imperiis quietem.

“ Jam luctuosas undique sentio  
Voces meorum, sceptræ vel Austriæ

Desiderantes, heu superbo

Pontificis leviora fastu.”

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

*Mutans Evæ nomen.*



VA parens scelerum, humani nec sanguinis insons

Dicitur ; at Maria spes pariente venit.

Spes redit atque Salus : Christum paris, inclyta virgo,

Omnia qui redimat sanguine damna suo.

Sic quot damna prius genitrix fecunda malorum

Intulerit nobis Eva, repensat Ave.

EDWARD WALFORD.

*Sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.*



EMO amat Autophilum ; nulli stipantur amici ;

Autophilo tota nullus in urbe comes.

Quæritis, Autophilo quæ sint solatia vitæ ?

Autophili Autophilo sufficit unus amor.

HENRY EARLE TWEED.



ἀστὴρ κομήτης.

MDCCCLVIII.



ORMIDOLOSIS æthera crinibus  
 Vidi flagrantem, ceu Borealia  
 Duxere nocturnas coruscum  
 Lumina per tenebras ruborem :  
 Vidi sereno jam dominans polo  
 Numen cometæ. Quo feror ebrius  
 Terrore? Mavortis videbar  
 Fulmina terricolas tumultu  
 Miscentis uno, non sine murmure  
 Sævo struentum proelia civium,  
 Audire, regnorumque lapsus  
 Funditus excidio datorum !  
 O qui peractis, advena, seculis  
 Et nos eadem qua proavos face  
 Revisis et seros revises  
 Lumine non alio nepotes,  
 Si punientum crimina fulgeas  
 Augur malorum, parce, minacibus  
 Horrende flammarum capillis !  
 Improba ne rabies duelli  
 Stantem columnam proruat, aut gravis  
 Longe nocentum spiritus ignium  
 Descendat improvisa ducens  
 Funera perniciemque frugum ;  
 Nec vana fingo : sic placitum Deo,  
 Qui fluctuantes numine mitigat  
 Terras, et Orionis idem  
 Brachia sideribus revinxit—

Si versa fato nobilis occidat  
Fortuna gentis, seu properet fugam  
    Excelsa regalisque virtus  
        Sidereæ socianda paci,  
Tum magna cœli fœdera gentium  
Fatis moveri, condere lugubres  
    Solem tenebras, aut rubentem  
        Surgere terricolis cometam.  
Extinxit ultor quicquid erat tui  
Mortale, Cæsar ; nescia pars mori  
    Aufugit indignans, suumque  
        Æthera cum gemitu petivit :  
Tum Roma toto conspicuum polo  
Vidit cometam : scilicet Arbiter  
    Terræque devictique ponti,  
        Splendidus invidiaque major,  
Ibat per auras ; scilicet æmulo  
Jovis colendum nomine Julium  
    Æterna festinabat ala  
        Reddere conciliis deorum !  
Cum cingerentur milite barbaro  
Sionis arces, notaque Numinis  
    Delubra linquentis sonaret  
        Nenia per veteres recessus,  
Pendens in auris sanguineum jubar  
Terrebat urbem : tempus ad ultimum  
    Decembris a Maio novæque  
        Sidere Taygetes micabat,  
Fatigue signum pallida civitas  
Agnovit : ensis scilicet igneus  
    Impendet, et vindex caduco  
        Exitium minitatur ictu.

Sed cur vetustis prodita seculis  
Portenta dicam? Nos quoque vidimus  
Nitere ceu quondam nitebat  
Vespere sub placido cometam;  
Nobis tremendi sideris omina  
Vates canebant: "Mox sonitum dabit  
Concussa, letalesque flammæ  
Excipiet peritura tellus."  
Sed nec perivit, Numine, quos dedit,  
Flectente cursus; nec fera pestium  
Tormenta tu, mirande, præbes,  
Advena, nec miseros tumultus:  
Jam nunc redacto vincula roborat  
Indo Britannus:<sup>1</sup> Mercurialium  
Occulta donorum potestas  
Hesperiae sociavit Anglos:<sup>2</sup>  
Et quum remensus tu rutilantium  
Tractus viarum postera videris  
Hoc usque demissis ab ævo  
Secula muneribus beari,  
Faustos recordans auspice te dies  
Ætas nepotum tristia somnia  
Depellet, et nobis secundum  
Lætior excipiet cometam.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

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<sup>1</sup> The suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

<sup>2</sup> The Atlantic Telegraph.



SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

III.



Οτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος  
 βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα  
 δείματι ἔρειπεν, οὐτ' ἀδιάνταισι  
 παρειαῖς ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλλε  
 φίλαν χέρα, εἶπέν τε· ὦ τέκνον,  
 οἷον ἔχω πόνον. σὺ δ' αὖτε γαλαθηνῶ  
 ἥτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι  
 χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ νυκτιλαμπεῖ  
 κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ· τὸ δ' ἀναλέαν  
 ὕπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν  
 παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις  
 οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων πορφυρέα  
 κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.  
 εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,  
 καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν  
 ὑπέσχεσ οὔας· κέλομαι, εὖδε, βρέφος,  
 εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν·  
 ματαιοβουλία δέ τις φανείη,  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅτι δὴ θαρσάλεον  
 ἔπος, εὐχομαι τέκνοφι δίκας μοι.

SIMONIDES.



YMBA dum raucis agitata ventis  
Fluctibus fertur, Danaen pavores  
Occupant diri pueroque circum

Brachia fundit.

Quot premunt eheu ! mala, quot dolores !

Te tamen cunis fovet inquietis

Nescium fraudis sopor et jacentis

Pectora mulcet.

Te fovet somnus medio in tumultu,

Luna dum raram per opaca fundit

Invidens lucem, dominatur atris

Noxque tenebris.

Unda nil curas super ut capillos

Volvitur siccos resonans ; neque Euris

Ut minax stridet, ter amande, molli

Tutus amictu.

Ceterum si quid grave te moveret,

Mi puer, nostris tenuem querelis

Tu dares aurem, neque verba vento

Sparsa perirent.

Dormias vero, placidam quietem

Dormias opto, vigil ipsa curis ;

Dormiat pontus, pariter dolorum

Dormiat æstus.

His, Tonans, tandem eripias procellis

Tu tuos ; et, spes neque vana fallat,

Crescat ulturus puer hic paterno

Numine matrem.

ANON. circa 1760.

*Astyanactis Epitaphium.*

LOS Asiæ, tantaque unus de gente superstes,  
 Parvulus, Argivis sed jam de parte timendus,  
 Hic jaceo Astyanax Scæis dejectus ab altis ;  
 Proh dolor ! Iliaci, Neptunia mœnia, muri  
 Viderunt aliquid crudelius Hectore tracto.

AUSONIUS.



O fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;  
 The female fays shall haunt the green  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid  
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

Λείψανα Δαρδανιδῶν καὶ γῆς Ἀσιήτιδος ἄνθος,  
 μίκκυλος, ἀλλὰ φόβος τῶν μεγάλων Δαναῶν,  
 σκαιῶν ἐκριφθεὶς Ἀργείων χερσὶ πυλάων  
 κεῖμαι τῇδε θανὼν Ἑκτορος Ἀστυάναξ.  
 φεῦ· τροίᾳς πύργοι τι, Ποσειδάωνος ἄγαλμα,  
 εἶδον ἔθ' ἐλκομένου Ἑκτορος ὠμότερον.

CONNOR THIRLWALL. 1809.



RIGORA quum Zephyri minuunt, brumaeque peracta  
 Amplius haud condit nix hyemalis humum :  
 Tum pueri teneris conjuncti, Delia, nymphis  
 Flores purpureos ad tua busta ferent.  
 Non aderunt umbræ, gelidisve excita sepulcris  
 Inviset sanctum mortis imago locum.  
 Huc venient juvenes, timidumque agnoscet amorem  
 Ingenuas virgo fusa rubore genas.  
 Non Saga errabit passis insana capillis,  
 Nec spectra in tenebris irrequieta gement.  
 At faciles Nymphæ semper Dryadesque puellæ  
 Mane novo dulci rore sepulcra tegent.  
 Sæpius huc veniet, tenuique rubecula rostro  
 Exiguam, ut poterit, suppeditabit opem ;  
 Muscoque albenti, et decerptis floribus ultro  
 Ornabit tumulum, qua tua membra jacent.



When howling winds and beating rain  
 In tempest shake the sylvan cell,  
 Or midst the chase on every plain  
 The tender thought shall on thee dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed :  
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

Αἰτέω σε, φιλάγλαε καλ-  
 λίστα βροτεῶν πόλεων,  
 Φερσεφόνας ἔδος, ἅτ'  
 ὄχθαις ἐπὶ μηλοβότου  
 ναίεις Ἀκράγαντος εὐ-  
 δματον κολώναν, ὧ ἄνα,  
 ἵλαος ἀθανάτων  
 ἀνδρῶν τε σὺν εὐμενίᾳ  
 δέξαι στεφάνωμα τόδ' ἐκ  
 Πυθῶνος εὐδόξῳ Μίδᾳ,  
 αὐτόν τέ νιν Ἑλλάδα νικά-  
 σαντα τέχνη, τὰν ποτε  
 Παλλὰς ἐφέυρε θρασιᾶν Γοργόνων  
 οὐλίον θρῆνον διαπλέξαις Ἀθάνᾳ  
 τὸν παρθενίοις ὑπὸ τ' ἀ-  
 πλάτοις ὀφίων κεφαλαῖς  
 αἶε λειβόμενον  
 δυσπενθεῖ σὺν καμάτῳ,  
 Περσεὺς ὅποτε τρίτον ἄ-  
 νυσσεν κασιγνητᾶν μέρος,

Seu nigris pluvii erumpunt de nubibus imbres,  
 Sævaque tempestas per nemus omne ruit,  
 Seu canis intrepidus sequitur vestigia cervæ,  
 Te recolet memori pectore fidus amor.  
 Te sylvas inter discent memorare coloni,  
 Et cadet in cineres debita gutta tuos.  
 Delia amanda jaces, vitæ dum gratia restat,  
 Flendaque, dum pietas ipsa dolere potest.

JOHN CECIL HALL. 1818.



T o beatis dives honoribus,  
 Suprema et urbes inter amabiles !  
 Quam furva Plutonis marita  
 Ante alias coluisse fertur ;  
 Regno relicto visere gestiens  
 Præclara priscis mœnia turribus,  
 Camposque nativosque colles,  
 Et Siculas Agragantis oras ;  
 Qua mille ripis gramineis oves  
 Errare gaudent: accipe Pythiam,  
 Regina, victoris perito  
 Impositam capiti coronam.  
 Ipsumque lætis auspiciis Midan  
 Et cum tuorum laudibus excipe,  
 Qui nuper Hellenas canendi  
 Egregia superavit arte ;  
 Quam læta pugnâ, ut perhibent, Dea,  
 Minerva quondam provida repperit,  
 Et flebili cantu sororum  
 Gorgoneos imitata planctus.

εἰναλία τε Σερίφῳ  
 λαοῖσί τε μοῖραν ἄγων·  
 ἦτοι τό τε θεσπίσιον  
 Φόρκοιο μαύρωσεν γένος,  
 λυγρόν τ' ἔρανον Πολυδέκτα  
 θῆκε ματρός τ' ἔμπεδον  
 δουλοσύναν, τό τ' ἀναγκαῖον λέχος,  
 εὐπαράου κρᾶτα συλάσαις Μεδοίσας  
 υἷος Δανάας· τὸν ἀπὸ  
 χρυσοῦ φαμὲν αὐτορύτου  
 ἔμμεναι.

PINDAR. *Pyth.* xii.



REM nulli obscuram, nostræ nec vocis egentem  
 Consulis, o bone rex : cuncti se scire fatentur,  
 Quid fortuna ferat populi : sed dicere mussant.  
 Det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat,  
 Cujus ob auspiciū infandum moresque sinistros—  
 Dicam equidem licet arma mihi mortemque minetur—  
 Lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque videmus  
 Consedis urbem luctu, dum Troia tentat  
 Castra fugæ fidens, et cælum territat armis.  
 Unum etiam donis istis, quæ plurima mitti  
 Dardanidis dicique jubes, unum, optime regum,  
 Adjicias ; ne te ullius violentia vincat,  
 Quin gnatam egregio genero dignisque hymenæis

Quando draconum terribili sono  
 Fudere tristes carmina virgines,  
 Fatale plorantes Medusæ  
 Exitium, validumque Persen :  
 Ille et sorores anguicommas metu  
 Prostravit, illum et letiferum sibi,  
 Regumque conspexit suorum  
 Cæde truncem scopulus Seriphi.  
 Phorcique proles corrui in inclyta :  
 Tum victor acrem raptus in impetum  
 Infausta turbavit tyranni  
 Pocula, conjugioque matrem  
 Solvit coacto ; tempore quo caput  
 Lethale monstrans armiger adstitit  
 Quem fama fert auro latentem  
 Deciduo genuisse Divum.

WILLIAM JAGO. 1820.

Ναὶ δὴ ταῦτα, ἄναξ, κατὰ κόσμον, ἅτ' εἶδομεν αὐτοὶ,  
 φράζῃαι, οὐδὲ τὰ νῦν βουλῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἡμέων.  
 γνωτὸν γὰρ πάντεσσιν, ὅπως τὰδ' ἀμείνονά κ' εἴη,  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέειν ὀκνοῦσ', αὐτῶς δ' ἔζονται ἔκηλοι.  
 τοῦ δ' ὑπερῃφανή πικροῦ ἐξῆρχεν Ἄρης,  
 οὗτος ἐπιτρεπέτω εἰπεῖν, τοῦ εἵνεκ' ὀρῶμεν  
 (οὐδ' ἐμέ γ' οὖν ἐπέων παύσει θανάτοιο φόβος τις,  
 εἵπερ ἀπειλήσῃσι κακῶν τῶνδ' αἴτιος ἀνὴρ,)  
 τόσσους ἥρωας πεδίῳ σὺν ὄχεσφι πεσόντας  
 θρηνοῦσάν τε πόλιν· τόφρ' αὐτὸς ποσσὶ πεποιθὼς  
 Τρώων περᾶται, νῦν δ' ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο.  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν, ἃ πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ κελεύεις,  
 φίλτατ' ἄναξ, λαὸν δόμεναι Τρώεσσι φορῆναι,

Des, pater, et pacem hanc æterno fœdere jungas.  
Quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror,  
Ipsum obtestemur, veniamque oremus ab ipso,  
Cedat, jus proprium regi patriæque remittat.  
Quid miseros toties in aperta pericula cives  
Projicis, o Latio caput horum et causa malorum ?  
Nulla salus bello : pacem te poscimus omnes,  
Turne, simul pacis solum inviolabile pignus.  
Primus ego invisum quem tu tibi fingis, et esse  
Nil moror, en supplex venio. Miserere tuorum,  
Pone animos, et pulsus abi. Sat funera fusi  
Vidimus, ingentes et desolavimus agros.  
Aut si fama movet, si tantum pectore robur  
Concipis, et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est,  
Aude, atque adversum fidens fer pectus in hostem.  
Scilicet ut Turno contingat regia conjux,  
Nos, animæ viles, inhumata infletaque turba,  
Sternamur campis. Etiam tu, si qua tibi vis,  
Si patrii quid Martis habes, illum adspice contra,  
Qui vocat.

VIRG. *Æn.* xi. 343.

ἐν γ' ἐπίθες δῶρον, μετὰ δ' ἔστω καὶ πάϊς αὐτή·  
 μὰψ οὗτος ρίπτῃσι μένος θυμοῖο βιαίιου,  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ, ὥστε πατὴρ, γαμβρῷ ἐρικυδέϊ παῖδα  
 δὺς πρόφρων, δαῖσόν τε γάμους, ὡς ἄξιον ἔσται,  
 ὄφρ' ὧδ' ὄρκια πιστὰ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι τάμωμεν.  
 εἰ δὲ τόσον δέος ἐν στήθεσιν ἰκάνει ἕκαστον,  
 καὶ δὴ τόνδ' ἀγανοῖσι παρατρῶπῶμεν ἔπεσσι  
 λισσόμενοι βασιλῇ αἰδεῖσθαι πατρίδι τ' εἵκειν.  
 τίπτε σὺ, οὐνεκ' ὄρωρε κακὰ στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο,  
 τοσσάκι κινδύνονδ' ἀλίσστον ἵμεν πολιήτας  
 ὀτρύνεις δειλούς; πόλεμος δ' ὀλωτότατός ἐστιν.  
 Τοῦρνε, σὲ δ' αἰτοῦμεν πάντες κούρην ἀποδοῦναι,  
 τῆς ἄτερ ἄκρητοι σπονδαί, φιλότης τ' ἀτέλεστος.  
 πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἤκω γουινόμενος, (εὖ δέ σε οἶδα,  
 ὡς στυγέεις μ', οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω,  
 σοὺς δὲ φίλους ἐλέαιρε, μετὰλληζόν τε χόλοιο,  
 ἅψ δ' ἀναχώρησον νικηθεῖς. ἦ ῥα δαμέντες  
 ὠλέσαμεν ἅλιν ἀνδρας, ἐρήμωθεν δὲ καὶ ἀγροί.  
 ἦ εἰ τέτληκας θυμῷ, εἰ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,  
 εἴ σοι ὀπιέμεναι δώσειν βασιλῆα θύγατρα  
 ἔλπειαι, ἐμμεμαῶς τόλμα πρόμος ἔμμεναι ἐχθροῖς.  
 ἦ μάλα χρεῶ, ἵν' ἔχῃ νύμφην βασιληῖδα Τοῦρνος,  
 ἐν κονίῃ πεσέεσθαι ἀδακρύτους καὶ ἀθάπτους  
 ἡμέας, οὐτιδανοὺς ψυχάς· ἀλλ' εἴ τί τοι ἦτορ,  
 εἴ τι μένος πατρῶον, ὃ σε προκαλέσσατο χάρμη,  
 τοῦδε, κατ' ὅσσε ἰδὼν, μὴ τάρβει στήμεναι ἅντα.

WILLIAM PENRICE BORRETT. 1821.



HEAVY sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :  
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forego :  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,  
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony :  
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now :  
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.* i. 3, 154.

**Η** μοι βαρεῖαν τήνδε προστρίβεις δίκην,  
 οὕτως, ἀναξ, παρ' ἐλπίδ' ὀξύνων στόμα.  
 πρὸς σοῦ γὰρ αἶεν κρεισσόνων τιμημάτων  
 κατηζιώθην, οὐδὲ τραύματος τόσου,  
 ὥστ' ἐκπεσεῖν με κοινὸν εἰς θηρῶν στίβον.  
 καὶ δὴ με γλώσσης, πόλλ' ἔτη κεχρημένον,  
 φθογγὴν πατρώας ὀψὲ μεταμαθεῖν χρεών.  
 οὐδὲν δὲ φωνῆς ἐστ' ἀφωνήτῃ γ' ἐμοὶ  
 λύρας ἀχόρδου μεῖζον ὠφέλημ' ἔτι·  
 ἢ χέλυνί πως ἔοικε ποικιλοστόμῳ  
 κιβωτίου μυχοῖσιν ἐγκεκρυμμένη,  
 εἴτ' ἐκτὸς ἐφανεῖσα τυγχάνει, βροτῶν  
 ἐνεμμένη του χερσίν, ὅσπερ οὐ θιγῶν  
 εὐτερές οὐδὲν οἶδε ῥυθμίζειν μέλος.  
 στόματος γὰρ ἐντὸς τὴν ἐμὴν γλῶσσαν, διπλοῖς  
 χειλῶν τ' ὀδοντῶν θ' ἔρκεσιν πεφραγμένην,  
 ἔχεις καθείρξας· καὶ μὲ, δημίου δίκην,  
 κωφὴ φυλάξει δυσπαθῆς ἀγνωσία.  
 καὶ γὰρ προῆγμαι τήνδε πρὸς γήρως βάσιν,  
 ἐφ' ἧτε μή' στί μοι μαθεῖν, μήτ' ἐν τροφῷ  
 κόλποις ἀθύρειν· τίς ποτ' οὖν ἡ ζημία ;  
 ἄρ' οὐχὶ μοῖρ' ἀφωνος, ἢ γλῶσσαν στερεῖ,  
 τοῦ μὴ πατρώας εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἄγειν πνοάς ;

CHARLES BANNATYNE. 1823.



*Miranda.*



OW came we ashore?

*Prospero.* By providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.*

Would I might

But ever see that man!

*Pros.*

Now I arise:

Sit still and hear the last of our sea-sorrow,  
Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can that have more time  
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.*

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

*Pros.*

Know thus far forth,

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.

SHAKESPEARE, *Tempest*, i. 2, 158.

- Μ. Επάκτιοι δὲ πῶς ἐσώθημέν ποτε ;  
 Π. σωτῆρι τούτου χρη̃ Θεῷ τίνειν χάριν.  
 βορᾶς σπανιστὸν, καὶ τι κρηναίου πότου  
 ἐπωφέλημα Γονζάλων τις, εὐγενῆς  
 Νεαπολίτης, τοῦδε μηχανήματος  
 ταχθεὶς ἄναξ, προύθηκεν ἡμῖν οἰκτίσας·  
 πρὸς τοῖσδέ τ', ὀθόνας καὶ τιν' εὐφυῆ στολὴν,  
 τὰ τ' ἄλλ', ἔχουσιν ὧν βροτοὶ χρεῖαν, ἃ δὴ  
 κέρδος μεγά πρόσεστι. προσφιλῶς τ' ἐμοὶ,  
 εἰδὼς ἔνοντα τῶν μαθημάτων πόθον,  
 βίβλους παρέσχε δωμάτων ἐμῶν ἄπο,  
 ὧν δῆτα πλείων τῆς δυναστείας χάρις.  
 Μ. πῶς ἂν τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐκείνον ἐσιδοῖην ποτέ ;  
 Π. σταθεὶς ἐγὼ μὲν νῦν ἐρῶ. σὺ δ' οὖν τύχης  
 σιγῶσ' ἄκουσον τῆς θαλασσίας τέλος·  
 ταύτην γὰρ ἀκτὴν ὧδε τ' ἔν περιρρύτον  
 ἀφικόμεσθα, κἄθ' ὃ παιδεύων σ' ἐγὼ  
 μᾶλλον γ' ἐπωφέλησά σ' ἢ κἄλλοι τέκνα  
 βασιλεῖς ἔχουσιν ὠφελεῖν, ὅσοις πάρα  
 σχολή τε πλείων καὶ κακίονες τροφοί.  
 Μ. ἀλλ' ἀντίποινα τιῶνδε σοι δοίη Θεός·  
 νῦν δ', ἐννοῶ γὰρ, πρὸς Θεοῦ φράσον, πάτερ,  
 χειμῶν' ἐνάλιον πρὸς τί τόνδ' ὄρσας ἔχεις ;  
 Π. τοσοῦτό γ' ἴσθι· συμφορᾶ θείᾳ τινί,  
 ἢ νῦν ἄνασσα προσφιλῆς ἐμοί, Τύχη  
 ἤδη τὸν ἐχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ταύτην στόλον  
 προσέσχ' ἐς ἀκτὴν· κὰν προμηθίαν ἔχω,  
 ὥρα, σάφ' οἶδα, τοῦ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμέ  
 εἰς εὐπρόσωπον ἀστέρα ῥέπει τινά,  
 τὸν εἰ τὰ νῦν μὴ θησόμεσθα πρενμενῇ,  
 φανούμεθ' ἤδη κείσάπαζ πεπτωκότες.

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST. 1824.

*Gaunt.*



ALL places that the eye of Heaven visits  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not the king did banish thee,  
 But thou the king : woe doth the heavier sit,  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour  
 And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime :  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest.  
 Suppose the singing birds musicians ;  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,  
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance ;  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 Oh no ! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.* i. 3, 275.

- Γ. Οὐράνιον ἦντιν' ὄμμα γῆν ἐπισκοπεῖ,  
 ὅρμους παρέξει τῷ σοφῷ μάλ' εὐζένοους,  
 καλούς τε λιμένας· ταῦτα δὴ τὴν σὴν φρονεῖν  
 δίδασκ' ἀνάγκην, ὧ τέκνον, πασῶν ὅτι  
 ἀρετῶν ἀνάγκη γ' οὔτις ἐξ ἴσου κρατεῖ.  
 νόμιζε δ', οὐχ ὡς ἐκβαλὼν σ' ἀναξ ἔχει,  
 σὺ δ' ὡς ἐκείνον. Τῷ φέροντι δυσλόφως  
 λύπης βαρύτερον τούπίσαγμ' ἐφιζάνει.  
 ἄγ' εἰπὲ, δόξαν ἐμπολήσονθ' ὡς ἐγὼ  
 ἔπεμψά σ', οὐκ ἐκείνος ὡς σ' ἐξήλασεν.  
 ἢ χῶς ἐφῆπται πάμφαγος τῷδ' αἰθέρι  
 λοιμός, σὺ δ' ἄνοσον εἰς τίν' ἐκφεύγεις χθόνα.  
 ὄρα. τὰ προσφιλέστατ' ἐνθ' εἶναι φρόνει,  
 ὅποι πορεύει, κοῦχ ὅθεν μολῶν ἔχεις.  
 φθόγγον τὸν ὀρνίθειον, εὐλυρον μέλος  
 νόμιζ'· ἐφ' ἧ δ' ἂν τυγχάνης ἔρπων χλοῇ,  
 αὐλῆς πέτασμα πορφυρόστρωτον τίθου.  
 ταῖνθ' δ' ἀβρὰς γυναικάς, οὐδὲ σὴν βάσιν  
 ἄλλ', ἧ χορείας τερπνὸν εὐμέτρον ῥυθμόν.  
 εὐωριάζει δ' εἴτις, ἡδ' ἐπεγεγελᾷ,  
 τοῦτόν γ' ἔλασσον ἀγρία Λύπη δάκνει.
- Β. ὦμοι, τίς ἂν πῦρ χειρὶ βαστάζειν ἔχει,  
 τὸ Καυκάσειον ἐννοούμενος κρύος;  
 τίς δῆτα λιμοῦ νῆστιν ἀμβλύνειν ἀκμὴν,  
 κενοῖσι τερφθεῖς δαιτὸς ἐννοήμασιν;  
 ἢ χιόνι γυμνὸς ἐγκυλίνδεσθαι μέσῃ,  
 μάτην ἄδηλον ἐν φρεσὶν νωμῶν θέρος;  
 οὐ δὴ. καλῶν ἐννοια τῆς κακίονος  
 σφοδρωτέραν δίδωσιν αἴσθησιν τύχης·  
 μάλιστα δ' ἐντὸς ἐλκείων ὀξύνεται  
 ἡ δηξίθυμος ἀγρίας Λύπης γνάθος,  
 ὅταν δακοῦσα μὴ διαμπερές τάμη.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1825.



WHEN from the first to last betwixt us two  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As how I came into that desert place :—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love ;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

SHAKSPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv. 3.

**Η**μῖν γὰρ ὡς ἄνωθεν εἰς τέλος λόγους  
 ἔδευσεν ἤδη δάκρυ' εὐφιλέστατα,  
 ὅπως ἔρημον κείνον ἰκόμην τόπον,  
 ὡς τὸν προσηνῇ κοίρανον μ' εἰσήγαγεν,  
 ὃς ξεινίαν παρέσχε καὶ νέαν στολὴν,  
 φιλότῃ κάσιος εὐμενεῖ μ' ἐπιτρέπων·  
 ὃς εὐθὺς ἄντρον μ' ἐντὸς ἤγαγεν μυχῶν,  
 ἐνθ' εἴματ' ἐκδύς, ἔλκος ἐν βραχίονι  
 λεύσσει σπαραχθὲν τῇ λεοντείᾳ γνάθῳ,  
 ὃ συνεχὲς αἶμ' ἔσταζε· καὶ τότε ἀσθενῶν  
 πίνει, πίνων δ' ὥμωξεν ἀσθενὴς Ῥόδην.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀνέψυξ' ἔλκος ἀνδῆσας· ὁ δὲ  
 εὐκάρδιος γενόμενος, ἐν βραχεῖ χρόνῳ  
 ἐμ' ὥδε πέμπει, καὶ ξένον περ ὄντ', ἔπη  
 φέρειν κελεύσας ταῦθ', ὅπως ὑπόσχεσιν  
 συγγνώμῃ μὴ κράναντι, χάμα σινδόνα  
 τήνδ' αἰμότεγκτον τῷ νέῳ βούτῃ πορεύῃ,  
 Ῥόδην ἐκεῖνος ὄνπερ ἐμπαίξας καλεῖ.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1826.



ROSE, as at thy call, but found thee not :  
To find thee I directed then my walk :  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day ;  
And as I wondering look'd, beside it stood  
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven  
By us oft seen : his dewy locks distill'd  
Ambrosia : on that tree he also gazed :  
And, " O fair plant," said he, "with fruit surcharged,  
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God nor man ? Is knowledge so despised ?  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offer'd good : else why set here ?"  
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
He pluck'd, he tasted.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, v. 48.

Ως σοῦ με προσκαλοῦντος ἡγέρθην ἐγώ,  
 ἀλλ', οὐ πέλας γάρ εἶδον, ἰχνεύουσά σε,  
 βάσιν κυκλώσας' ἐξόδους μόνη κατά  
 ἔδοξα βαίνειν, αἶπερ εἰς δένδρον τάχα  
 τῆς νῦν ἀθίκτου μ' ἤγαγον μαθήσεως.  
 καλὸν μὲν ἐφάνη, ταῖς δ' ἐμαῖς φρεσὶν μακρῶ  
 κάλλιον, ἢ δι' ἡμέρας, ὥς δ' οὖν ἐγὼ  
 θεωμένη ῥαυμάζον, ἔνθα τις παρῇ  
 μορφὴν ἑοικῶς πτερά τε τοῖσι πολλάκις  
 ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ φανεῖσι, καὶ τρίχ' ἀμβρότοις  
 στάζων δρόσοισιν' εἰσορῶν δ' αὐτὸς φυτὸν,  
 ὦ δένδρον, εἶπεν, ὦ καλόν, καρπῶ τ' ἄγαν  
 βαρυνθὲν, ἄχθος οὐτίς ἄρα κομφίσαι,  
 οὐδ' ἀξιοῖ τις τοῦδε γεύσασθαι γάνους;  
 οὐ θεός τις, οὐδ' ἄνθρωπος; ἢ μάθησις οὖν  
 παρ' οὐδέν; αἰδῶς ἄρα κωλύει φαγεῖν  
 ἢ φθόνος; ἄγ', ὅστις βούλεται, κωλυέτω.  
 ἀπ' ὠφελείας σῆς προκειμένης ἐμὲ  
 οὐδεὶς ἔτ' εἵρξει· τί γὰρ ἐκεῖ ποτ' ἐσπάρης  
 ἄλλως; τάδ' εἰπὼν οὐδὲ δηθύνων, θρασὺς  
 τὴν χεῖρα τείνας ἤρπασεν κάγεύσατο.

JOHN GOUGH CLAY. 1827.





UCH duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?  
I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts ?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown ;  
But now I see our lances are but straws ;  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;  
And place your hands below your husband's foot ;  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

SHAKSPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2, 156.

Οἶαν γ' ὀφείλει κοιράνοις ὑπήκοος,  
 τοίαν γυναῖκα τάνδρ' ἰκεῖν φέρειν.  
 ὅταν δ' ἀσελγὴς, δύσκολος, τλήμων, πικρὰ,  
 καλῶς φρονοῦντι μὴ ξυνεκφέρειν θέλῃ,  
 πῶς οὐ πανοῦργος, πρόδοτις, αἰσχίστη πέλει,  
 ἐχθρὰ τ' ἐρώντι δυσμενὴς ξυνευνέτῃ ;  
 αἰδῶς ἔχει με τοῦ γυναικείου γένους,  
 ὡς ἄφρον ἐστίν, οἷσιν εἰρήνην φέρειν  
 χρὴν προσκυνούσας, τοῖσι δ' ἐπισείειν Ἄρην,  
 ἀρχὴν τ' ἐπαιτεῖν, σκῆπτρα, καὶ τυραννίδα,  
 ὅπου πιθέσθαι δεῖ σφ', ὑπηρετεῖν, ἐρᾶν.  
 τίφθ' ἀβρὸν ἡμῖν, οὔλον, ἀσθενὲς δέμας,  
 μόχθοις ἀχρεῖον καὶ πόνοις ἀγωνίοις,  
 εἰ μὴ φρενὸς τε καὶ τρόπων ἐκηλίαν  
 τοῖς σώματος ξυνψδὰ χρὴ νόμοις ἔχειν ;  
 ἴτ' οὖν, ἀσελγῇ θρέμματ', ἀσθενῇ δ' ὅμως,  
 ἐμοὶ ποτ' ἔξει θυμὸς, ὡς ὑμῖν, μέγας,  
 ἐμοὶ δ' ὑπῆρχεν αἰτία πλείων ἴσως,  
 βολῆς σκύθρωπον ὥστ' ἀμείψασθαι βολὴν  
 κακῶν τε κακὰ. νῦν οἶδα, δόνακας ὡς, βέλη,  
 σθένος δὲ παντὸς ἀσθενέστερον πέλειν.  
 ὃ δ' ἐσμέν ἡκισθ', ὡς μάλιστ' εἶναι τόδε  
 δοκοῦμεν· ὀργὰς οὖν ἀνωφελεῖς σχέτε,  
 γυναῖκες, ἀνδρὸς χεῖρας ὑποθεῖσαι ποδί.  
 τεκμήριον δὲ τοῦδ', εἴαν θέλῃ, τέλους,  
 χεῖρ ἢ δ' ἐμὴ πάρ', εἰ τόδ' ἡδονὴν φέρει.

HENRY LUSHINGTON. 1828.



O work the honey bees,  
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom ;  
They have a king and officers of sorts :  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor ;  
Who, busied in her majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one concent, may work contrariously ;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,  
As many lines close in the dial's centre,  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat.

SHAKSPEARE, *K. Henry V.* i. 2, 187.

Τόδ' ἐν μελίσσαις ἐστ' ἰδεῖν πονουμέναις,  
 αἱ δὲ, τρέφουσαι πρὸς φύσεως νόμον τινα,  
 πολυάνδρον εὖ πείθουσι κοσμήσαι λεών.  
 βασιλεὺς γάρ ἐστί σφιν, γένη θ' ὑπηρετῶν,  
 ἄλλοι μὲν οὖν εὐκοσμον ἐνδοθεν πόλιν,  
 δικασπόλοι, νέμουσι· τὰμπολήματα  
 ἄλλοι θύραθεν ἐκπονοῦσιν ἔμποροι·  
 ἄλλοι, δορυφόροι, σώματ' ἐξωπλισμένοι  
 κέντροισιν ἄνθη μαλακὰ λήζονται θέρους  
 λείαν τ' ἄγοντες, ἐν κεχαρμένοις ποσὶ,  
 στείχουσι κλισίαν βασιλικὴν στρατηλάτου·  
 ὁ δ' αὖ, μεγίστην ἀμφέπων τυραννίδα,  
 ἐπισκοπεῖ μὲν τέκτονας, χρύσεια ἔνδομοις  
 στεγάσματ' ἐκπλάσσοντας οὐχ ὕμνων ἄνευ·  
 τοὺς δ' αὖ πολίτας σωφρονεστέρους μέλι  
 δεψούντας· ἐργάτας δὲ, τοὺς ἀχρημάτους,  
 βαρὺν τιθέντας ἐν στεναῖς φόρτον πύλαις·  
 τὸν δὲ σκυθρωπὸν ἀγρίῳ ἢ κελεύσματι  
 ὥχροις κολαστὴν παραδιδόντα δημίους·  
 κηφῆνας ἀργούς· ὧν τὰδ' ἐκδιδάσκομαι·  
 πόλλ' ἂν φέροντ' ἐς ταὐτὸ συμφώνως τέλος  
 ἐναντίοις τοῖς τρόποις ἂν ξυμπεσεῖν.  
 ὥς πολλά πολλῶν ἐκ χερῶν βεβλημένα  
 ἐνὸς σκοποῦ τοξεύματ' εὖ στοχάζεται,  
 πόλλ' ὥς κέλευθα πρὸς μίαν φέρει πόλιν,  
 πολλοὶ δὲ ποταμοὶ κοινὸν ἐς πόντου σάλον,  
 πολλαὶ δὲ γραμμαὶ ταὐτὸ πρὸς κέντρον κύκλου,  
 ὡς μυρὶ ἔργα ταὐτὸ, κινηθένθ' ἅπαξ,  
 πρὸς τέρμα βαίνουντ', ἀσφαλῶς ἂν εὐτυχοῖ.

GODFREY MILNES SYKES. 1832



O martial myriads muster in thy gate :  
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait :  
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,  
Wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song :  
But lawless force and meagre want are there,  
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear ;  
While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,  
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.  
Ye guardian saints ! ye warrior sons of heaven,  
To whose high care Judæa's state was given !  
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,  
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep !  
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still  
By Siloa's fount or Tabor's echoing hill ;  
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,  
And mourn the captive land you loved so well ;  
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's balmy vale  
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,  
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,  
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear ;)  
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high  
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy !  
Yet might your aid this anxious breast inspire  
With one faint spark of Milton's sacred fire,  
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,  
And wave her eagle-plumes, exulting in the light.

HEBER.



ARTIA nec lætis effulgent millia portis,  
 Supplice nec late resonant tua templa caterva;  
 Nec pleno docti cantantes ore prophetæ  
 Deliciis citharæ laqueata palatia complent,  
 Fluctibus aut tumidis nunc carminis æstus abundat,  
 Vis effrena tua passim bacchatur in urbe;  
 Hic jejuna Fames, Metus hic deserta locorum  
 Irrequietus habet, lapsisque Oblivia templis  
 Excubias longa duras caligine servant,  
 Languidaque humentes gaudent complectier alas.  
 Felices animæ! cœli divina propago!  
 Quorum Judææ servatur numine sedes!  
 O soliti quondam noctes vigilare perennes,  
 Excubiæ sacræ, celsam Sionis ad arcem!  
 Abdita si forsân Siloæ vestigia fontem  
 Et nunc vestra colant, seu qua Tabor extulit altus  
 Carmine raucisonos apices clivosque sonantes;  
 Gloria si vobis recolatur prisca Salemi,  
 Caraque det vobis tellus captiva dolorem;  
 (Fertur enim platanos, media convalle Kedroni,  
 Æthereis resonare lyris; noctisque sub umbra  
 Mystica celati delectant carmina vates,  
 Qualis ros reficit saltus Hermonis amœni.)  
 Felices animæ! ne sint mihi crimina, testor,  
 Grandia si nostrum contemnant carmina plectrum;  
 Attamen auxiliis si vestris forte calescant  
 Anxia cœlesti paullo mea pectora flamma,  
 Quales ætherios animo conceperat ignes  
 Miltonus magno,—citius tum Musa profundum  
 Surgeret in cœlum, superis sublimis in auris,  
 Æmulaque ingentes aquilæ sibi posceret alas.

GEORGE FERGUSSON BOWEN. 1839.



OR thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,  
 And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;  
 Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,  
 Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.  
 When Tiber slept beneath the cypress' gloom,  
 And silence held the lonely woods of Rome,  
 Or e'er to Greece the builder's skill was known,  
 Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone,  
 Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,  
 Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.  
 Then tower'd the Palace, then in awful state  
 The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate:  
 No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung!  
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung,  
 Majestic silence! then the harp awoke,  
 The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke:  
 And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,  
 View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.  
 Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,  
 Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud;  
 E'en they, who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery strand,  
 Fill'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land:  
 Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,  
 And steep'd the captive's bread with bitter tears:  
 Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn  
 Their destined triumphs, and their glad return.

HEBER.



PSA tibi pondus tum bellua gessit eburnum,  
 Tum Sofala tibi longe auro plurima fluxit ;  
 At tibi crescentem sortem quæcunque sequuntur  
 Artes, quæ Pacis geniali lumine gaudent,  
 Cum Tiberis in tacita cyparissi dormiit umbra,  
 Ante et fabrilem quam Græcia noverat artem  
 Et Paria alatum formarat marmora cælum.  
 Hic Doctrina tamen nascentes nutriit ignes,  
 Quos tutela Tyri succendit amica peritæ.  
 Tum stetit alta Domus : fastu sublime superbo  
 Sustulit æternæ Templum vasta ostia portæ ;  
 Non ferrum fabrile sonat, non plaga dolabræ,  
 Sed teretis ritu palmæ tacita ecce ! per auras  
 Erigitur moles. Tum sacra silentia rupit  
 Barbitos : arguto sonuerunt cymbala pulsu :  
 Tum tuba conclamans vocem edidit ænea raucam.  
 At Solyra extendit supplex sua brachia, flammam  
 Delapsam agnovit, præsentia numina adorans.  
 Nec tremuit constans, magna bacchante procella,  
 Cum pressam fluctus animam vexare superbi.  
 Nam, qui ferventes pulsi ad Sennaris arenas  
 Ignoram inviti terram coluere ; morantes  
 Qui mcesti numerare annos, heu longius ævum,  
 Captivi lacrymis spargentes frustula acerbis,  
 Sæpius his etiam spes est accensa, triumphos  
 Venturi et dulcem reditum spectantibus ævi.

CHARLES GEORGE CURTIS. 1840.



Ἀλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν,  
 ἵνα με πτεροῦσσαν ὄρνιν  
 θεὸς ἐν ποταναῖς ἀγέλαις θείῃ.  
 ἀρθείην δ' ἐπὶ πόντιον  
 κῦμα τὰς Ἀδριηνᾶς  
 ἀκτᾶς Ἑριδάνου θ' ὕδωρ·  
 ἔνθα πορφύρεον σταλάσσουσ'  
 εἰς οἶδμα πατρὸς τριτάλαιναι  
 κόραι Φαέθοντος οἴκῳ δακρύων  
 τὰς ἡλεκτροφαεῖς αὐγᾶς·  
 Ἑσπερίδων δ' ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἀκτάν  
 ἀνύσαιμι τᾶν αἰοιδῶν  
 ἵν' ὁ ποντομέδων πορφυρέας λίμνας  
 ναύταις οὐκέθ' ὁδὸν νέμει,  
 σεμνὸν τέρμονα κύρων  
 οὐρανοῦ, τὸν Ἄτλας ἔχει,  
 κρηναὶ τ' ἀμβροσίαι χέονται  
 Ζηνὸς μελάθρων παρὰ κοίταις  
 ἵν' ἂ βιόδωρος αὔξει ζαθέα  
 χθὼν εὐδαιμονίαν θεοῖς.  
 ὦ λευκόπτερε Κρησία  
 πορθμῖς, ἃ διὰ πόντιον  
 κῦμ' ἀλίκτυπον ἄλμας  
 ἐπόρευσας ἐμὴν ἀνασσαν  
 ὀλβίων ἀπ' οἴκων,  
 κακονυμφοτάταν ὄνασιν.  
 ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων ἦ  
 Κρησίας ἐκ γᾶς δύσορνις ἔπτατο κλεινὰς Ἀθάνας,  
 Μουνύχου δ' ἀκταῖσιν ἐκδήσαντο πλεκτὰς πεισμάτων ἀρχάς.

EURIP. *Hippol.* 732.



SI sub antris sole tepentibus  
 Ignota visam littora, si ferar  
 Sublime, si tendam biformis  
 Pennigerum super alta cursum :  
 Qua fluctuosus murmurat Hadria,  
 Qua sanctus undas Eridanus pater  
 Devolvit, electricque puris  
 Rite dolent Phaëthonta guttis  
 Mcestæ sorores : alite si fuga  
 Visam beatos Hesperidum choros  
 Aureasve si visam sororum  
 Divitias, ubi clausa nautis  
 Cursum per undas æquora denegant,  
 Jussasque sedes Rex pelagi tenet  
 Neptunus, et tergo laborans  
 Æthereum vehit altus orbem  
 Atlas : deorum pulchra cubilia  
 Qua semper undis ambrosiis madent  
 Perfusa, qua Tellus adauget  
 Frugifero sua dona cornu.  
 O cymba Cretes, per rabiem feri  
 Jactata ponti, quæ domibus malum  
 Fatale et infaustum beato  
 Conjugium domino tulisti :  
 Heu ! fata Athenis, si qua fides, loquor  
 Adversa, puppes alite quum mala  
 Classemque quassatam magister  
 Munychiis religavit oris.

EDWARD WALFORD. 1840.

**H**ELL heard the unsufferable noise : hell saw  
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled  
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roar'd  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy : so huge a rout  
Encumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last,  
Yawning, received them whole and on them closed :  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburden'd Heaven rejoiced and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.  
Sole Victor from the expulsion of his foes  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :  
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanced ; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright  
Sung triumph and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign. He, celebrated, rode  
Triumphant through 'mid heaven into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father throned  
On high.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 867.



AUDIIT immanes strepitus, ac vidit hiantē  
 Detortum a cœlo cœlum; fatalia monstra  
 Vidit et obstupuit, forsanique exterritus Orcus  
 Fugisset, nisi sors et inexorabile fatum  
 Vinxissent firmo nigras fundamine sedes.  
 Sol rediit novies; illi ter terna cadebant  
 Lumina; confusum fremuit Chaos, atque tenebris  
 Tergeminum confusa dedit per regna tumultum  
 Occasu tanto; tantæ incubuere ruinæ.  
 Semianimos tandem accepit, jamque ore voraci  
 Clausit hians, rapidumque æstum, flammæque perennes,  
 Et propriam sceleri sedem circumdedit Orcus;  
 Orcus, ubi luctus habitant sævique dolores.  
 Interea gaudens decusso pondere cœlum  
 Restitit; effracti spatia in bipatentia muri  
 Continuo rediere, polique arx alta resedit.  
 Hostibus expulsis solus per sidera victor  
 Ipse triumphalem Messias vertere curram  
 Cœpit,—ad hoc tacita quæ circumfusa corona  
 Omnipotens sanctæ bellum aspectaverat hastæ  
 Obvia turba ruit: longo simul ordine euntes  
 Frondosa incincti palma cecinere triumphum,  
 Victorem cecinere gravi certamine Regem,  
 Hæredem, Natum, Dominum: divinitus Illi  
 Permissum imperium. Regno dignissimus Ipse,  
 Inclytus et medii cœli per regna triumphans  
 Atria supremi Patris templumque petebat.

EDWIN PALMER. 1841.



O ! star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,  
And bending Magi seek their infant King !  
Mark'd ye where, hovering o'er this sacred head,  
The Dove's white plumes celestial glory shed ?  
Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !  
Clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice !  
He comes, but not in regal splendour drest,  
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;  
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,  
Of hosts the chieftain and the lord of war :  
Messiah comes, let furious discord cease ;  
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !  
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,  
And howling fiends release the tortured soul :  
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,  
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.  
Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !  
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red !  
Ye hovering ghosts that throng the starless air,  
What shakes the earth ? why fades the light ? declare !  
Are those His limbs with ruthless scourges torn ?  
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?  
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye,  
Raised from the cross in patient agony ?  
Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night, arise,  
And hide—oh hide the dreadful sacrifice !

HEBER.



SPICE ut Assyrios, ducit nam sidus, odores  
 Rite ferunt, puerique agnoscunt numina Regis,  
 Aspice cœlesti ut demissa ex sede columba  
 Incumbit capiti divinaque lumina fundit.  
 Filia Sionis, salve! tu, regia virgo,  
 Plaude manu et vocis fremitu lætare secundo.  
 Advenit, en frontem nullum diadema coronat,  
 Advenit, haud humeros Tyrio velatus amictu  
 Regius, haud flamma et variis conspectus in armis  
 Mille virum ductor; bellicque potentior auctor.  
 Aspice Messiam—fugiat Discordia retro  
 Horrida, paciferum invitet pax aurea Regem.  
 Diffugiunt morbi pestes morbique dolores,  
 Impiaque adffictos animos tormenta relinquunt.  
 Aspice ut infernos reserat lux alma recessus,  
 Incubat et victæ victrix Clementia nocti!

Tuque imo tremefacta solo, perterrita tellus,  
 Nocturnaue dies nigrans caligine, dirum  
 Sanguine Sol fulgens, vacuumque per aëra manes!  
 Dicite, cur trepidet tellus, cur lumina desint!  
 Illius hi vultus tortaue insecta corona  
 Ora vel immiti lacerata hæc membra flagello?  
 Pallida quæ facies! oculique in morte suprema  
 Sublati, æthereum confessi mentis amorem?  
 Sol fuge, nox lucem reprimas obscura diurnam,  
 Impiaque æternis obducas sacra tenebris.

EDWARD WALFORD. 1841.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand :  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases  
 And only man is vile !  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown :  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has heard Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole :  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.



RISTIS Hyperboreis glacies ubi montibus horret,  
 Indica coralias qua fovet ora domos,  
 Africus auratas qua fons devolvit arenas  
 Fervidaque apricis desilit unda jugis.  
 Sæpe ubi præclari fecundant æquora rivi,  
 Sæpe ubi palmifero terra renidet agro ;  
 Nos clamor vocat increpitans, — uno ore requirunt,  
 Qui luat erroris littore vincla suo.  
 Quid si balsameis halantes flatibus auras  
 Accipit Eoo Javia cincta mari ?  
 Undique si lætam pascunt spectacula mentem  
 Dulcia : si dignus crimine solus homo ?  
 Nequicquam cumulata Deus sua munera fudit,  
 Nequicquam larga vestiit arva manu.  
 Barbarus heu vanas cæcus procumbit ad aras,  
 Lignaue vel stolidi marmora voce colit.  
 Nos igitur, quorum summi Sapientia Patris  
 Pectoribus lucem vult radiare suam—  
 Nos igitur nigro mersis errore moremur  
 Suppetere, et vitæ lampada ferre manu ?  
 En optata salus ! en lux micat alma salutis !  
 Tollite felicem, tollite ad astra sonum.  
 Tollite, dum mundi finis, quæque ultima tellus  
 Nomina Messæ discat amare sui.  
 Illius ingentem, venti, diffundite famam ;  
 Illius, æquoreæ, volvite nomen, aquæ.  
 Donec, uti quondam splendentibus aureus undis  
 Oceanus, cursu tangat utrumque polum.  
 Donec in ereptam convertat lumina gentem  
 Agnus, pro miseris hostia cæsa viris ;  
 Et rediens, Auctorque idem, Rex, atque Redemptor,  
 Debita fatali numine regna petat.

EDWIN PALMER. 1841.





MUSIC, sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, Wisdom's aid,  
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,  
Layst thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
As in that loved Athenian bower  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,  
Can well recall what then it heard :  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?  
Arise as in that elder time  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
Thy wonders in that godlike age  
Fill thy recording sister's page—  
'Tis said—and I believe the tale—  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age :  
E'en all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—  
O bid our vain endeavours cease,  
Revive the just designs of Greece :  
Return in all thy simple state,  
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

COLLINS.



CITHARÆ præses, cœlo demissa potestas,  
 Cara voluptati, mentis amica comes ;  
 Cur, Dea, cur nobis modulamina prisca recusas ?  
 Cur veteris torpent fervida fila lyræ ?  
 Cecropio veluti quondam seposita sub antro  
 Docta tuis numeris robora celsa dabas ;  
 Iam revocare potest tua mens imitabilis ultro  
 Quæ didicit : revoca, candida Nympha, precor.  
 En ! ubi simplicitas, ubi vis nativa decoris  
 Fluxit virtutis Phantasæque comes ?  
 Surge age, surge, precor, qualem longinqua vetustas  
 Te novit : fervens, candida, pura veni.  
 Nam quæ monstrasti quondam miracula divom  
 Omnia consortis pagina fida refert.  
 Traditur—et teneo pro veris tradita, vestrum  
 Vel minimum potius prævaluisse sonum ;  
 Prævaluisse sonum potius celsumque furorem  
 Illecebris, quantas lux hodierna capit.  
 Quamvis Cecilæ numerum referantur in unum  
 Confusæ voces, copia mixta soni.  
 At jubeas vanum nos detrectare laborem :  
 Cum veteri felix Hellados arte veni.  
 Redde, precor, simplex eadem et sublimis, honores  
 Græcia quos tellus vindicat ipsa suos.

HENRY JACOBS. 1841.

Ἄ ὕρα, ποντιάς αὔρα,  
 ἄτε ποντοπόρους κομίζεις  
 θοὰς ἀκάτους ἐπ' οἶδμα λίμνας,  
 ποῖ με τὰν μελέαν πορεύσεις ;  
 τῷ δουλόσυνος πρὸς οἶκον  
 κτηθεῖς' ἀφίξομαι ;  
 ἦ Δωρίδος ὄρμον αἴας,  
 ἦ Φθιάδος, ἔνθα καλλίσ-  
 -των ὑδάτων πατέρα  
 φασὶν Ἀπιδανὸν γύας λιπαίνειν ;  
 ἦ νάσων, ἀλήρει  
 κώπα πεμπομέναν τάλαιναι  
 οἰκτρὰν βιοτὰν ἔχουσιν οἴκοις,  
 ἔνθα πρωτόγονός τε φοῖνιξ,  
 δάφνα θ' ἱερὸν ἀνέσχει  
 πτόρθους Λατοῖ φίλα  
 ὠδῶνος ἄγαλμα δίας ;  
 ζὺν Δηλιάσῳ τε κούραις  
 Ἀρτέμιδος τε θεᾶς  
 χρυσέαν ἄμπυκα τόξα τ' εὐλογῆσω ;  
 ἦ Παλλάδος ἐν πόλει  
 τᾶς καλλιδίφροι' Ἀθα-  
 -ναίας ἐν κροκέῳ πέπλῳ  
 ζεύξομαι ἄρματι πώλους,  
 ἐν δαιδαλείαισι ποικίλ-  
 -λους' ἀνθοκρόκοισι πῆναις.

EUR. HEC. 444.



QUÆ volucres fluctivago rates  
 Cursu propellis per maris æquora,  
     Quas luctuosam me sub oras  
         Aura venis positura ponti ?  
 Cui servitute ad littora Dorica  
 Vel Phthia fungar protinus in domo,  
     Qua læta (sic dicunt) feraci  
         Apidanus rigat arva cursu,  
 Insigne pulchris fluminibus caput ?  
 Visam insularum littora remige  
     Subvecta per fluctus et ægram  
         Docta domo tolerare vitam ?  
 Qua palma, veris primitiæ, virens  
 Ramosque ad auras laurus agit sacros  
     Quod grande Latonæ subortum est  
         Auxilium pariente Diva.  
 Et cum puellis Deliacis canam  
 Arcum et sagittas Artemidos Deæ ;  
     Acuve vestes mox in urbe  
         Palladia croceas adornans,  
 Curru sedentem conspicuo Deam  
 Junctosve pingam tristis equos rotis,  
     Dum tela subtilis refulget  
         Florifero variata texto ?

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME. 1842.



ITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper : Angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away !  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !  
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring :  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O grave, where is thy victory ?  
O Death, where is thy sting ?

POPE.



ARTICULA æthereæ flammæ mortalia vivax

Desere corporeæ desere claustra domus.

Quantum lætitiæ, quantum est in morte doloris,

Dum geminas trepida spemque metumque mora.

Desine luctari; tandem, Natura, perennis

Quærere me vitæ gaudia morte sinas.

Audin' ut angelicis resonant hæc dicta susurris,

"Cara soror, propera; mobilis umbra veni?"

Sed mihi quæ totos lento vis numine sensus

Obruit, et subita lumina nocte premit?

Qua vi corda labant, et clauditur halitus oris?

Hæccine mors (referat Spiritus) esse potest?

Terra fugit fallens oculos; cœlestia surgunt

Atria; seraphicum murmurat aure melos.

En! præbete alas; videor jam cœrula cœli

Scandere, jam liquidam pervolitare viam.

Ergo age! num superest Orco vetus ille triumphus?

Territa num mortis spicula vulnus habent?

EDWIN PALMER. 1842.



WHO hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way, and he hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

*Isaiah, liii.*

Τίς οὖν πέποιθε τοῖς ἑμοῖς λόγοις ; τίني  
 ὤφθη βραχίων Κυρίου πεφασμένος ;  
 φυτὸν γὰρ ὡς νεῶρες, ἡ ξηρῷ πεδῷ  
 ρίζωθὲν ἄνθος, ὧδ' ἐφηβήσει πατρός  
 ἔμπροσθεν· οὐ γὰρ εἶδος, οὐ μορφῆς κλέος  
 κείνῳ πάρεστιν· οὐδ' ὅταν θεώμεθα  
 ἐφίμερόν γε δόξομεν κάλλος βλέπειν.  
 ἀτημέλητος, ἡδ' ἀπόπτυστος πέλει  
 ἀνδρῶν ἑκατὶ καὶ μάλ' ἔμπειρος κακοῦ,  
 λύπη ξυνοικῶν—ἦν ἀπόπτυστος βροτοῖς,  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἰδόντες εὐθὺς ἠτιμήσαμεν.  
 ἡ μὴν πέπονθε κείνος ἀνθ' ἡμῶν κακὰ  
 δεινὴν τε λύπην—ἀλλ' ὅμως τεθλιμμένος,  
 πρὸς θεοῦ κακωθεὶς, ἄθλιος θ' ἡμῖν δοκεῖ.  
 ἡμῶν δ' ἐτρώθη γ' ἀντὶ πλημμελημάτων,  
 ἡμῶν ἑκατὶ τῆς κακουργίας δίκην  
 θραυσθεὶς ὑπέσχε· κατ' ἐπ' εἰρήνῃ βροτῶν  
 κόλασιν πέπονθε καὶ κακῶν πληγῶν διὰ  
 ἵασιν ἡμῖν ἀνάπαυλαν ἤγαγεν.  
 ἡμεῖς γ' ἅπαντες, οἷα τῶν οἰῶν γένος  
 πλανώμεθ', ἄλλος ἄλλοσ' ἐκπεπτωκότες  
 ὀρθῆς κελεύθου· τῶν δ' ἁμαρτιῶν βάρος,  
 πρὸς θεοῦ κελευσθεὶς, εἰς ἀνὴρ πάντων φέρει.

EDWIN PALMER. 1842.



*Rosalind.*



HY, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle [in the forest of Arden].

*Ros.* Alas! what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;  
The like do you: so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were't not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand: and—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.

SHAKSPEARE, *As You Like It*, i. 3. 108.

- P. **Φ**έρ' εἰπὲ, ποῖ τραπώμεθ' ;  
 K. εἰς θείου δόμον.  
 P. ἡμῖν δὲ δεινόν, ὥς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ, φίλη,  
 ἔσται κόραις γε τήνδε μηκύνειν ὁδόν,  
 κάλλος γὰρ ἔλκει μάλλον ἢ χρυσὸς βίαν.  
 K. πτωχὴ μὲν εἶμα σχῆμα δ' αὖ φανήσομαι.  
 καλὴν ἀμανρώσασά τψ φύκει χροάν.  
 τοιαῦτα καὶ σε χρὴ ποιεῖν αὐτήν, ὅπως  
 ἔσται βαδίζειν ἀσφαλῶς.  
 P. ὥς μοι δοκεῖ,  
 κάλλιστον εἶπας· ἀλλ' ἔγωγε, φιλτάτη,  
 (μεγάλη γὰρ οὔσα πλεῖστον ἀνθρώπου φέρω)  
 ἀνὴρ φανούμαι· τοῦτο φάσγανον χερὶ,  
 τοῦτ' ἔγχος οἶσω· κατὰ γ' — ἦν τῇ καρδίᾳ  
 ἐνῇ γυναικὸς οἶον ἐν θυμῷ δέος—  
 ἀνδρεῖον ἀνδράσιν γε καὶ σιδηρόφρον  
 εἶδος παρέξω· ταῦτά τις ποιῶν, καλὸς—  
 κἂν δειλὸς αὐτὸς ᾗ—μέγας τε φαίνεται.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. 1842.



Y sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here  
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns  
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once  
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer: when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
Infernal thunder: and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels: and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,  
His own invented torments: but, perhaps,  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a hostile foe.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 51.



ELLA placent nobis : bello certemus aperto :  
Non mihi sunt curæ fraudes ; qui talia quærunt,  
Factos arte dolos proprio sibi tempore sumant.  
Non hoc ista sibi tempus molimina poscit :  
Dum dubitant, trepidique mora trepidique timore  
Cœli mille jacent, cupidæ stant mille catervæ,  
Quas circum nigræ tenebræ, feralia vincla,  
Undique tenduntur : quis dedecus insidet : illos  
Despicit invisus celsa de sede tyrannus.  
Nulla sit hac potior sententia, corripite ignes,  
Corripite arma manu, cunctis furor arma ministret,  
Tum super ingentes turres super ardua cœli  
Præcipitemus iter : cruciatibus obrutus Ipse  
Occidet, et noscet proprias in funere pœnas.  
Quippe etiam infernos procul audiet ille tumultus  
Altius ingressus curru : tremet ignibus æther :  
Nec diversa suis occident tela ministros  
In quos fulgur idem torquebitur : igne videbit  
Æternas sedes et mixto sulfure fumo  
Collucere Deus suaque in se vertier arma.  
Forsitan at celso pennis se credere cœlo  
Difficilisque via, et scandentibus ardua in altum  
Visa sit, hostili muros cingente corona.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. 1843.



H Mariamne ! now for thee

The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding :

Revenge is lost in agony,

And wild remorse to rage succeeding.

Oh, Mariamne ! where art thou ?

Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading :

Ah ! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,

Though heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead ? and did they dare

Obey my frenzy's jealous raving ?

My wrath but doom'd my own despair :

The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.

But thou art cold, my murder'd love !

And this dark heart is vainly craving

For her who soars alone above,

And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone who shared my diadem ;

She sunk, with her my joys entombing ;

I swept that flower from Judah's stem,

Whose leaves for me alone were blooming ;

And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,

This bosom's desolation dooming ;

And I have earn'd those tortures well

Which unconsum'd are still consuming !

BYRON.



QUOD tibi conscivit lethum, Mariamna, cruentum

Vulnera jam pectus quæ dedit ipsa capit.

Et juvat, et merui. Cedit vindicta dolori ;

Quæque habuit rabies pectora, mœror habet.

O ubi cara mihi frustra Mariamna teneris ?

An locus indignas non capit iste preces ?

Si tamen acciperes nostras, dilecta, querelas,

Quam veniam cœlum non daret, ipsa dares.

Mortuane illa jacet ? Sani fecere, quod ipse

Insanus jussi ? Mortuane illa jacet ?

Causa mihi nimium longi fuit ira doloris ;

Pœnaque diversos occupat una duos.

Pectora discedens tenebris velata reliquit,

Quæ gelida a nostro victa furore jacet.

Illa petit, sed sola petit, sua regna diei,

Cordea opibus linquens non bene digna suis.

Ergo decessit nostræ pars prima coronæ ?

Detulit ad tumultum gaudia nostra suum ?

Ille ego qui florem Judæ de stipite carpsi,

Serta prius semper quæ tulit una mihi.

Culpa mea est, damnumque meum, longique dolores,

Et desolato fixa ruina sinu.

Et bene inexhausto tentus depascor ab igne ;

Virque mea pœna, pœnaque digna viro.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. 1844.

*Theseus.*

Y hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
 So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung  
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew,  
 Crook-knee'd and dewlapt, like Thessalian bulls ;  
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells  
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable,  
 Was never holla'd to nor cheer'd with horn,  
 In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly :  
 Judge when you hear,—But, soft ; what nymphs are  
 these ?

*Eg.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep :  
 And this, Lysander : this Demetrius is ;  
 This Helena, old Nestor's Helena ;  
 I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt they rose up early, to observe  
 The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,  
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.  
 But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day  
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

*Eg.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

SHAKSPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

- Θ.  $\Sigma$ κύλακας Λακαίνης ἐκ σποραῖς θρέψας ἔχω  
μακρὰς τὰ χεῖλη καὶ πυκνοστίκτους δοράν·  
τὰ δ' ὥτ' ἔφ'αν ὥστ' ἀποσκεδᾶν ἄχνην  
κρατὸς κρεμαστὰ, κᾶχρι γουνάτων κρέας  
φορκῶν τριχῶδες, Θεσσαλῶν βοῶν δίκην,  
κρέματα τανυσθέν· εἰσὶ καὶ βραδυσκελεῖς  
ἠδὲ ρυθμίζουσ' ἐνδατούμεναι μέλος  
ἄλλη γ' ὑπ' ἄλλης εὕτε κώδωνος στόμα·  
γλυκίον' οὐποτ' ἔκλυεν Σπάρτη βοῆν  
ἀνδρῶν ὑπ' ἐκραγεῖσαν οὐδ' αὐλουμένην,  
οὐδ' ἄκρα Κρήτης οὐδὲ Θεσσαλῶν νάπαι·  
κρίνον δ' ἀκούσας· ἀλλὰ σίγα, παρθένοι  
ποῖαι πάρεσιν ;
- A. ἦδ' ἐμὴ κεῖται κόρη  
ὑπνῷ πεσοῦσα, πάρα δὲ Λυσάνδρου κάρα,  
Δημήτριός τε πρὸς δὲ Νέστορος τέκνον  
Ἑλένη γέροντος· θαῦμά τοί μ' ὑπέρχεται  
τοιάνδε δυστέκμαρτον εἰσορῶνθ' ἔδραν.
- Θ. ὠρθρευσαν ἱερεύσοντες, ὡς ἐπεικάσαι,  
τέλη πρόωροι Μαιάδος, γνώμην δὲ νῶν  
ταύτην μαθόντες, ἱερὰ κοσμήσαι τάδε  
ἤκουσιν, ἀλλὰ λέξον, Αἰγέως κάρα,  
οὐ κύριον τόδ' ἡμαρ Ἑρμῖα φάνη,  
ἐν ᾧ κρίσιν τιν' ἀνταμείψασθαι χρεών ;
- A. σάφ' ἴσθι τοῦτ', ὦ δέσποτ'.
- Θ. εἴ κυνηγέτας  
σάλπιγξιν αὐτοὺς ἐγκέλευ' ἐξυπνίσαι.

JOHN WINSTANLEY HULL. 1844.





S the paths of Fate we tread,  
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,  
Gondula and Geira, spread  
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill and ours to spare,  
Spite of danger he shall live,  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once the desert beach  
Pent within its bleak domain,  
Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,  
Gored with many a gaping wound ;  
Fate demands a nobler head,  
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see ;  
Long her strains in sorrow steep,  
Strains of immortality.

GRAY.



INSEQUIMUR dum nigra via vestigia fati  
Quaque cruentato vix datur ire solo :  
Geira soror, vestræque simul sit, Gondula, curæ  
Ut clypeus juvenem protegat orbe virum.

Nostrum erit infandas moderari cladis habenas,  
Parcere seu vitæ, sive necare, juvet :  
Texite sanguinei feralia licia belli,  
Hic tamen e media morte superstes erit.

Illi, quos olim deserti littoris alga  
Sævæque Oceani continuere plagæ,  
Ocyus extento regnabunt limite campi  
Qua bene divitiis floret opimus ager.

Qui ruit in medios Dux imperterritus hostes  
Heu jacet, haud uno vulnere cæsus, humi :  
Nobilius sed dira caput sibi Fata requirunt,  
Rex modo fatalem pectore planget humum.

Ipsa diu amissum Regem deflebit Ierne  
Haud similem tellus exhibitura virum,  
Ipsa diu mœsto tinget sua carmina fletu,  
Carmina suprema vix peritura die.

HANS WILLIAM SOTHEY. 1845.



AND see where surly Winter passes off  
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts ;  
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
 The shattered forest, and the ravag'd vale :  
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.  
 \* As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
 And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
 Deform the day delightless, so that scarce  
 The bittern knows his time, with bill engulph'd,  
 To shake the sounding marsh, or, from the shore  
 The plovers, when to scatter o'er the heath,  
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,  
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more  
 The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,  
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
 Lifts the light clouds sublime and spreads them thin,  
 Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs, and, unconfined,  
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays ;  
 Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives  
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers  
 Drives from their stalls to where the well-us'd plough  
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
 Then, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.  
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining store  
 The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,  
 Winds the whole work and sidelong lays the glebe.

THOMSON.



ONNE vides, torvo qua vultu Bruma recedens  
 Quærit Hyperboreos campos unaque procellas  
 Evocat: excedunt illæ collesque sonantes  
 Quassatumque diu lucum vallemque relinquunt.  
 Tum Zephyri surgunt, quorum sub lenibus auris  
 Nix fluit et gelidus sensim dissolvitur humor,  
 Excelsosque petunt iterum sua gramina montes.

At trepidus nondum totis se viribus annus  
 Induit: et sero quum Vesper lumine pallet,  
 Sæpe truces flatus etiamnum Bruma reducit,  
 Aut matutino contristat frigore cælum,  
 Aut nivibus pluviaque diem contristat amœnum.  
 Ardea non noscit, quo tempore linquere nubes  
 Conveniat, rostroque suo quassare paludem.  
 At dubitant aliæ volucres e littore curvo  
 In loca præcipiti penna dumosa volare,  
 Incultosque rudi cantu complere recessus.

Sol rutilus tandem fulgentia cornua Tauri  
 Quærit et e superis Aries se subtrahit oris.  
 Nec mora—non æther concreto frigore lætus  
 Nunc riget, at vivus renovato robore nubes  
 Altius attollit, tenui quæ veste nitentes  
 Undique per cælum sese ceu vellera pandunt.

Nunc tepidæ assurgunt auræ, terramque recludens  
 Errat, et huc illuc gratus dispergitur humor.  
 Rusticus exsultans mutatum cernere visum  
 Gaudet et impatiens procul e præsepibus arctis  
 Dirigit eductos assueta per arva juvencos,  
 Qua jacet in sulcis resolutis frigore aratrum;  
 Hic illi sua colla iugo tangenda parato  
 Sponte sua tendunt, notosque subire labores  
 Cantibus accensi gaudent gyrisque volucrum.  
 Interea dentale super robustus arator  
 Incumbens movet argillam, glebasque jacentes  
 Ipse tenens stivam verso perrumpit aratro.

RICHARD ELWYN. 1845.



RIGHT in the midst of that Paradise  
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top  
 A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,  
 Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop  
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,  
 But like a girlond compass'd the hight,  
 And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,  
 That all the ground, with precious deaw bedight,  
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade  
 There was a pleasant arber, not by art  
 But of the trees' own inclination made,  
 Which, knitting their rancke branches part to part,  
 With wanton yvie-twine entrayled athwart,  
 And eglantine and caprifole emong,  
 Fashion'd above within their inmost part,  
 That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng.  
 Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sorte of flowre,  
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;  
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure  
 And dearest love;  
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore,  
 And Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,  
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
 Me seems I see Aminta's wretched fate;  
 To whom sweet poets' verse have given endless date.

SPENSER.



PSIUS in medio surgens altissimus horti  
 Mons erat, umbrarum tenebris cui leve cacumen  
 Myrteti occuluit semper densissima sylva,  
 Cui neque frondenti nocuit vis ulla ferarum,  
 Nec ferri intactos acies decussit honores,  
 Insuper at pendens viridis de more coronæ  
 Pinguibus exundans sudabat balsama truncis,  
 Rore soli humectans gremium, cui dulcis ubique  
 Halitus ambrosiæ liquidum spirabat odorem.

Hic etiam incubuit nemoris qua densior umbra,  
 Artifices imitata manus Natura recessum  
 Finxerat, incurvis jungens umbracula ramis,  
 Illi intertextos fratrum de more lacertos  
 Consociant, arctis hederæ complexibus hærent  
 Insuper et variis pendentia sarta corymbis  
 Interiora dabant laquearia: quæ neque Phœbi  
 Turbaret nimiis penetrans fervoribus æstus  
 Nec gravis Æolio demissus spiritus antro.

Hæc circum flores, turba olim tristis amantum,  
 Mutatas referunt sub eodem nomine formas;  
 Hic tu perpetua florens, Hyacinthe, juvena,  
 Deliciæ Phœbi: nec non Narcissus inepte  
 Nunc quoque jam nimium gaudens fluvialibus undis,  
 Tuque, Amaranthe miser, numeroque novissime florum,  
 Una, Amaranthe, aderas, miseri cui sanguis Amyntæ  
 Heu matura nimis revocat mihi fata; poetæ  
 Carminibus celebrata diu cui gloria vivet.

HENRY EARLE TWEED. 1846.



OUR faces had the dome, and every face  
Of various structure but of equal grace.  
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,  
Salute the different quarters of the sky.  
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,  
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,  
Who cities raised or tamed a monstrous race,  
The walls in venerable order grace;  
Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd  
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,  
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould  
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.  
In shaggy sports here Theseus was beheld,  
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield;  
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,  
Rests on his club and holds the Hesperian spoil;  
Here Orpheus sings: trees, moving to the sound,  
Start from their roots and form a shade around,  
Amphion there the loud creating lyre  
Strikes and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire:  
Cytheron's echoes answer to his call,  
And half the mountain rolls into a wall;  
There you might see the length'ning spires ascend,  
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,  
The growing towers like exhalations rise,  
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

POPE.



UATUOR exstructas obvertit ad æthera frontes  
 Diversa specie, sed eadem ex arte politas,  
 Et portæ, ære premens excelsas quæque columnas,  
 Quatuor aspectant quadrinas ætheris oras.  
 Hic proceres stantes, quorum meminere poetæ  
 Queisve vetustatis per glauca crepuscula natis  
 Callida mens lucere dedit, ferrumve cruentum,  
 Quive immane genus quondam domuere colendo  
 Mœniaque exstruxere, nitent, venerabilis ordo!  
 Illic heroes, spirantia signa, minantur  
 Stansque animi pendet vivo de marmore consul.  
 Solis ad occasum se frons lautissima tollit  
 Rite columnarum series, cui Dorica canet  
 Antiquæque trabis quadrat superaddita forma  
 Asperaue auratis exstant cælamina signis.  
 Exuviis hirtis hic cinctus corpora Theseus  
 Conspicitur, Perseusque minax tenet ægida Divæ;  
 Hic etiam Alcides defesso corpore clava  
 Nititur, incumbitque operi gaudetque potitus  
 Hesperidum spoliis; illic dulcissimus Orpheus  
 Dum canit, in numerum ducunt arbusta choream  
 Exutoque solo circumdant frondibus umbram.  
 Parte alia Amphion, opifex vocalis, in æquor  
 Artificem fundit sonitum, quo condita crescunt  
 Mœnia Thebarum, montis pars magna dehiscens  
 Fit murus, sese fastigia tendere in auras  
 Videris, et turgere domos camerasque patere;  
 Halitus e terra veluti fera mœnia surgunt  
 Arrectæque sono tolluntur in æthera pilæ.

ROBERT HENNIKER. 1851.





ART, on the plain or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields :  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
 As when to warn proud cities war appears,  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms  
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhoean rage more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind : hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides from Cæchalia crown'd  
 With conquest felt the envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Cæta threw  
 Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle, and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should intrhal to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial : but the harmony  
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing ?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 528.



ARS etiam in campo aut sublimis in aëre cœli  
 Aut pennis alte aut volucris contendere cursu  
 Pythia ceu celebrare solent et Olympia Graii :  
 Pars et equos cohibent rapidos aut carcere curru  
 Vitato celeri glomerantur in agmina densa.  
 Ut quum turbatum per cœlum signa superbis  
 Tristia bella furunt populis demissa, ruuntque  
 Nubibus in mediis acies ad prælia, primi  
 Undique procurrunt equites, hastasque vibrantes  
 Projiciunt acies in densas : robore magno  
 Tum sonat extremi fervens pars utraque cœli.  
 Ast alii rabie ingenti tumidoque furore  
 Montes et colles vellunt, equitantque per auras  
 Turbine præcipites, Erebus cohibere fragorem  
 Vix valet : Alcides ut quum victrice corona  
 Œchaliæ vinctus pallam circumdedit atro  
 Felle venenatam, pinos tunc eruit amens  
 Thessalias, Cêtæque Lichan de vertice summæ  
 In mare projecit. Sese sub valle silenti  
 Tranquillos ponunt, citharisque et carmine multo  
 Gesta canunt blando sonitu, miseramque ruinam  
 Sanguinei fato belli, cæcumque gementes  
 Virtutem fatum veram superasse queruntur,  
 Carmine non æquo ; verum modulamina vocum  
 (Quid potuere minus cœlestia carmina) sedes  
 Tartareas mulserunt etiam : dulcedine capti  
 Obstupuere omnes.

WILLIAM EDWARD ALLEN YOUNG. 1852.



O saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent: him, fast sleeping, soon he found,  
 In labyrinth of many a round, self-roll'd,  
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles;  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
 Nor nocent yet; but on the grassy herb,  
 Fearless, unfear'd, he slept: in at his mouth  
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense  
 In heart or head possessing soon inspired  
 With act intelligential, but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting the approach of morn.

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
 From the earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
 The season prime for sweetest scents and airs:  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work: for much their work outgrew  
 The hands' despatch of two gard'ning so wide.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 179.



IXERAT ; et nubes veluti dumeta pererrans  
Serpentem quærit per muta silentia noctis ;  
En jacet ille suo multo circumdatus orbe  
In medioque caput : diræ non immemor artis  
Nec fuit ille nocens : sed verna innoxius herba  
Carpebat placidos somnos ; mox Hostis inivit  
Per fauces, mittitque feræ per corda vigorem  
Insolitum, sed non requiem decussit ab illo  
Dum sol mane novo primos accenderet ignes.  
Quum summi Eoa montes albescere luce  
Cepere, et flores recreari rore virentes,  
Quodque potest spirare fragrantia vota per auras  
Fundit odoratas, nam talia vota Creator  
Accipiens gaudet, gratos ubi sentit odores,  
Ecce duo incedunt pariter : dein voce carentum  
Sufficiunt cantus modulata voce precantes :  
Olli auris jucunda et tempestate fruuntur :  
Mox, quo jam melius properent ratione labores,  
Inter se volvunt, nam vix potuere novatum  
Pensum perficere et magno dominarier horto.

WILLIAM SMITH NICHOLSON. 1852.



WOULD I had never trod this English earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
 What will become of me now, wretched lady !  
 I am the most unhappy woman living.  
 Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?  
 Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
 No friends, no hope : no kindred weep for me ;  
 Almost no grave allow'd me : like the lily  
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
 I'll hang my head and perish.

SHAKSPEARE, *K. Henry VIII.* iii. 1. 142.



GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child,  
 Lies on his bed, walks up and down with me.  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :  
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,  
 When there is such disorder in my wit.  
 Oh Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,  
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,  
 My widow-comfort and my sorrow's cure !

SHAKSPEARE, *King John*, iii. 4. 93.

Εἴθ' ὄφελον γῇ τῇδε τῇ Βρετανικῇ  
 μηδ' ἐμπατῆσαι μηδὲ τῶν αὐτοχθόνων  
 θωπευμάτων εἰς πεῖραν εἰσελθεῖν ποτέ.  
 τὰς μὲν γὰρ ὕψεις δαιμόνων δοκεῖτ' ἔχειν  
 φρένας δὲ τὰς ἔσωθεν ἔξοιδεν Θεός.  
 καὶ νῦν τί, δυστάλαινα, χρὴ ποιεῖν ἐμέ,  
 ἥτις γυναικῶν εἰμὶ τλημονεστάτη·  
 δμωαὶ δ' ἐποικτοί, ποῖ βέβηκεν ἡ τύχη;  
 ὁρᾶτε γάρ με τῇδε ναυαγὸν χθονί,  
 δυσέλπιδ' οὔσαν καὶ φίλων οἴκτου μόνην·  
 οὐδείς δ' ἐμοῦγε συγγενῆς καταστένει,  
 οὐδείς δίδωσι τύμβον, ὥς δὲ λείριον,  
 ὃ κοιρανοῦν τοῦ παντὸς ἐξήνθει πεδοῦ,  
 νεύουσα κεφαλὴν ὧδ' ἀποψύζω βίον.

THOMAS WELBANK FOWLE. 1854.

Ἀλλ' ἀντὶ παιδὸς τῇδε τοῦ τεθνηκότος  
 λύπη πάρεστι, τὴν κενὴν ἔχουσ' ἔδραν,  
 πατεῖ τε τὴν γῆν, ἣν ἐγὼ, λέγουσά τε  
 ἃ γ' εἶπε, φαίνει τὴν καλὴν φύσιν πάλιν·  
 πρέπει βλέπουσα τὴν χάριν τῶν ὀμμάτων  
 καὶ ταῖς στολαῖσιν εὐφύης παρίσταται·  
 ὥς οὖν ἔοικεν, ἔστιν ἡ λύπη φίλη·  
 χαῖρ'· εἰ δέ σοι τοῦτ' ἦ τοιοῦτό γ' ἦν πάθος  
 κρείσσω γ' ἂν εἶχες ἐξ ἐμοῦ παραψυχὴν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ κάρα χρὴ τοῦτ' ἔαν ἔστεμμένον,  
 διαρραγείσης ὧδε τῆς ἔνδον φρενός.  
 οἴμοι, σὺ δ' οὖν ὕλωλας, εὐγενές τέκνον,  
 ζωὴ, τροφή τε, τέρψις, ὧ τὰ πάντ' ἐμοὶ,  
 ἵαμα λύπης, ἐλπίς ὧ χήρας μόνη.

ROBERT KEATE ALVES ELLIS. 1854.



**E** mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.



AUTÆ Britanni ! littoris Anglici  
Tutela, quorum insignia seculis  
Nec pugna devicit nec Auster,  
Nunc iterum properare tempus :

Vocavit hostis rursus in alterum  
Certamen : ergo per mare currite  
Ventosque surgentes, cruenti  
Prœlia qua fremuere Martis.

Exstant ab undis en animæ patrum,  
Qui multa laudis præmia navibus  
Tulere : sed devexus illos  
Oceanus cohibet sepulcro.

At qua beato Blacius occidit  
Nelsoque letho, pectora fortia  
Sic vestra contemnunt procillas  
Et rabidi mala longa belli.

Nostras per oras mœnibus haud opus,  
Turrive : ponto tu, mea Patria,  
Castella ponis, tu per undas  
Omnivagas, tua regna, tendis.

Utcunque nostris robora fulminant  
Desecta sylvis, Oceani sedent  
Fluctus, et in sævo tumultu  
Arma pavent dominamque rerum.



The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn ;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.



OME, come, no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor,  
 Through all Philistian bounds ; to Israel  
 Honour hath left and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame ;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was feared,  
 But favouring and assisting to the end.

MILTON.

Late Britannis signa fluentia  
 Lucem remittent nunc quoque luridam,  
 Dum, noctis excussis tenebris,  
 Astra diem referant quietam :

Tum vestra, nautæ, nomina concinēt  
 Dapes et hymni ; dum super æquora  
 Non amplius torrente bello  
 Surgere desierit procella.

ROWLAND HENNIKER, 1854.

M. **N**ῦν γ' οὔτε κλαίειν οὔτ' ὀδύρεσθαι πρέπει,  
 οὐδ' αἰτία δὴ τῇδε τῇ λύπῃ πάρα·  
 τέθνηκε Σάμψων Σάμψονος καταξίως  
 γενναῖον, ὡς γενναῖος, ἐκπνεύσας βίον.  
 καλῶς γὰρ ἐχθροὺς ἀντιτιμωρούμενος  
 ἔδωκε κείνοις πῆμαθ', ἡμῖν δ' αὖ χαρὰν,  
 ὥστ' ἐνδακρύνειν πάντα Κάφτορος τέκνα  
 κλαυθμοῦ τ' ὀδυρμοῦ τ' ἐν πόλει τυχεῖν ὅλη,  
 ἡμῖν δὲ τιμὴν ὥπασεν, παῖδες, θανὼν,  
 ἐλευθερώσας τῆς ἀναγκαίας τύχης  
 αὐτῷ δὲ κῦδος τῷ τε πατρὶ ὄμψ  
 ἔθηκεν εἰς ἅπαντα πλειστήρη χρόνον,  
 πρὸς τοῖσδ', ὃ τούτων εὐτυχέστατον πέλει,  
 οὐ δὴ ποτ' ἔλιπεν, ὡς ἔδοξ', αὐτὸν θεὸς  
 εἰς τὴν τελευτὴν αὐτὸς ἐσχάτην μένων  
 κεδνῇ φυλάξας χειρὶ διὰ παντὸς βίου.

HENRY NETTLESHIP. 1855.

*Hamlet.*



HERE wilt thou lead me? Speak: I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*H.*

I will.

*G.*

My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*H.*

Alas! poor ghost!

*G.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*H.*

Speak, I am bound to hear!

*G.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*H.* What?

*G.*

I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away.

SHAKSPEARE, *Hamlet*, i. 5. 1.

- AM. **Ο**ὐ δὴ λέγοις ἂν, τίνα με νῦν ἄγεις ὁδόν ;  
ὥς οὐ πρόσω με σίγα χωρήσονθ' ὁράς.
- EI. τᾶπη σε, τέκνον, τὰμὰ προσβάλλειν χρεών·
- AM. πῶς δ' οὐ ;
- EI. πρόσω γὰρ οὐκ ἀποστατεῖ χρόνος,  
ὅς μ' εἰς ἄχος φλογωπὸν εἰσβαλεῖ πάλιν,  
ἄπαυστον ἄλγος.
- AM. φεῦ· ταλαίπωρον κάρα.
- EI. οὐ δὴ σε νῦν χρὴ τοῦμὸν οἰκτεῖρειν πάθος,  
κλύειν δὲ μάλλον, οἷά σοι δείξω λόγους.
- AM. λέγ' οὖν. ἀκούειν, τέκνον, ὣν λέγεις, πρέπει.
- EI. ἀλλ' οὖν ἀκούσανθ' ὥδε τίσασθαί σε δεῖ.
- AM. τί δὴ ;
- EI. πατρώαν τήνδε νῦν ὁράς σκιάν·  
ἧ δὴ τέτακται τὸν πεπρωμένον χρόνον  
νυκτὸς διελθεῖν τὴν πλανοστιβῆ χθόνα,  
ἐν ἡμέρᾳ δὲ πυριφλέγων οἶκός μ' ἔχει,  
πεινῶ δὲ μέλεος καὶ μαραίνομαι πυρί.  
οὔδ' ἔστιν οὐδὲν τῶνδε μειλικτήριον,  
ἕως ἂ τῷδ' ἔπραξα τῷ βίῳ κακὰ  
καθαρσία φλόξ εἰς τὸ πᾶν καταγίσει.

HENRY NETTLESHIP. 1855.



HAT time the mighty moon was gathering light,  
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes :  
When, turning round a cassia, full in view  
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
And talking to himself, first met his sight :  
“ You must begone,” said Death, “ these walks are  
mine :”

Love wept, and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;  
Yet ere he parted said, “ This hour is thine :  
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree  
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,  
So in the light of great eternity,  
Life eminent creates the shade of death :  
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,  
But I shall reign for ever over all.”

TENNYSON.

Ἐρως ἀκμαίῳ κῆπον εὐωδῇ θύμῳ,  
 φάος σελήνης ἀμφιβαλλούσης μέγα,  
 νυκτὸς διελθὼν ἀστερωπὸν ὀμμάτων  
 ἔστρεψεν, ὡς ἔβαινε, πανταχοῦ σέλας·  
 τούτου δὲ Θάνατος εὐθὺς ἐξαίφνης παρῶν  
 κασίαν παραστείχοντος ἐσκιασμένος  
 χλόῃ κελαινῆς σμίλακος προστυγχάνει,  
 λαλῶν ἑαυτῷ πολλὰ καὶ κράζει πικρῶς,  
 ἄπερρ', ἐγὼ γὰρ τούσδε κέκτημαι τόπους·  
 ταῦτ' εἶπεν, εἴτα πολλὰ δακρύνσας Ἐρως  
 λαιψηρὸς ἐξέτεινεν εἰς φυγὴν πτερά,  
 πρὶν δ' εἶπεν ὧδε. τήνδε τὴν ὥραν πρέπει  
 τὴν σὴν καλεῖσθαι, κούκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή·  
 σύ μοι κέκλησο, Θάνατε, τοῦ βίου σκιά,  
 ὡς γάρ τι δένδρον ἥδεται πολλῇ κόμῃ,  
 πέμπει δ' ἄνωθεν λαμπρὸν ἡλίου φάος,  
 πτόρθοι δ' ὁμῶς βάλλουσιν εἰς τὴν γῆν σκιάν,  
 ὁμοῖος ὢν αἰῶνος ἀλλήκτῳ φάει  
 θανάτου ᾧ πίσσημος τὴν σκιὰν ποιεῖ βίος·  
 φεύγει μὲν ὕλης ἥδε πιπτούσης σκιά,  
 ἀρχὴ δ' Ἐρωτος οὐδαμῶς ἔξει τέλος.

JOSHUA WATSON CHURTON. 1856.



WITH sacrifice before the rising morn

Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired,  
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn  
Of night, my slaughter'd lord have I required :  
Celestial pity I again implore :  
Restore him to my sight, great Jove, restore !

So speaking, and by fervent love endow'd  
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;  
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
Her countenance brightens, and her eye expands :  
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ? O joy !  
What doth she look on ? whom doth she behold ?  
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?  
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?  
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He !  
And a god leads him—winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake,—and touch'd her with his wand  
That calms all fear : “ Such grace hath crown'd thy  
prayer,

Laodamia ! that at Jove's command  
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air :  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space ;  
Accept the gift, behold him face to face ! ”

Forth sprang the impassion'd queen her lord to clasp,  
Again that consummation she essay'd ;  
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp,  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The phantom parts, but parts to reunite,  
And reassume his place before her sight.

WORDSWORTH.



OCTE ego thura ferens et cæcis dona tenebris  
 Spe fudi falsa pectore vota Deo :  
 Rettulit inferias nigris pia dextera Divis,  
 Ut reducem aspicerent lumina nostra virum :  
 Jam miserere mei : jam nunc succurre precanti  
 Jupiter, illum oculis redde, benigne, meis.  
 Sic loquitur, tumidoque exardens pectus amore  
 Candentes supplex tollit ad astra manus.  
 Interea, veluti nubes Sol discutit atras,  
 Luce nova subito supplicis ora nitent.  
 Spe tumidum pectus : spe finem læta quieta  
 Expectans, tacitas fundit ab ore preces.  
 Quid videt ? an diræ cernit spectacula noctis ?  
 Quem subito attonito suspicit ore virum ?  
 Ipse adstat conjux Trojano in littore cæsus :  
 Aspicit ipsius corpus et ora viri.  
 Ipse est—ipsa viri species, ni fallit imago,  
 Mercuriusque Deum nuntius ales agit :  
 Mox Deus affatur timidam : virgaque nitenti  
 Sustulit, atque Jovis mitia jussa refert :  
 Laodameia, tibi superas ascendit ad auras  
 Conjux : accepit sic tua vota Deus :  
 Accipe, quod refero, munus : tres ille per horas  
 Jam reduci terræ venit ad arva pede.  
 Prosilit ardentique suum Regina maritum  
 Bis frustra amplexu prendere læta cupit.  
 Effugit, heu, species : quoties prensaris, inanis  
 Eludis sponsam, Protesilae, tuam.  
 Conjugis umbra levis toties reditura recedit  
 Statque redux iterum, quo fuit ante, loco.

HENRY NETTLESHIP. 1856.





'ER the smooth enamell'd green,  
 Where no print of foot hath been,  
     Follow me, as I sing  
     And touch the warbled string :  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm, star-proof,  
     Follow me :  
 I will bring you, where she sits  
 Clad in splendour, as befits  
     Her deity :  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's lilied banks,  
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar  
 Trip no more in twilight ranks :  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
     A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
 From the stony Mænalus  
 Bring your flocks and live with us :  
 Here ye shall have greater grace  
 To serve the lady of this place ;  
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her :  
     Such a rural queen  
     All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON.



UA gemmis nitet integrum  
 Gramen, nec viridi pes nocuit solo,  
 Mecum perge nigerrimas,  
 Dum lenis resonat chorda, sub arbores ;  
 Ducam, qua medius nitor  
 Reginæ mediis fulget honoribus  
 Divæ, nec Dea rusticos  
 Hac unquam tenuit pulcrior Arcadas.  
 Nymphas et pecorum duces  
 Neu Lado teneat, neu nimis ardua  
 Panis, neu niveam levi  
 Cyllenen choreæ percutiant pede.  
 Vos arces Erymanthiæ  
 Florent, dum melior det plaga gratiam.  
 Vestras Mænaleis procul  
 Saxis his pecudes addite pascuis :  
 Hic nostri nemoris Dea  
 Cultorum veniet lenior agmini.  
 Ut vestro placeant Deo  
 Syringis veneres, cesserit huic Deæ  
 Syrinx, nec Dea rusticos  
 Hac unquam tenuit pulcrior Arcadas.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1857.



H E making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
To Morpheus' house doth speedily repaire:  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling was; there Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,  
While sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,  
The one fair framed of burnished ivory,  
The other all with silver overcast;  
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,  
Watching to banish Care, their enemy,  
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe;  
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,  
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe  
In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing takes he keepe.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling downe,  
And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne;  
No other noyse, no people's troublous cries,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard, but careless Quiet lyes  
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimes.

SPENSER.



ALLE volans sparsasque auras, vastumque profundum  
Undarum peragrat, tecta et penetralia Morphei  
Advenit; huic imæ cæca inter viscera terræ  
Prærupta, et radiis nunquam lustranda diei,  
Est domus; hic madidum Tethys lavat æquore lectum  
Perpetuo, niveoque rigat dea Cynthia fessum  
Rore caput, necnon tristem nox pandit amictum  
Lugubris, et fuscis antrum complectitur alis.  
Tum geminas firmo præclusas objice portas  
Aspexit, quarum solidis elephantina valvis  
Una, sed inducto totum latus altera candet  
Argento; vigilesque canes ad limina servant  
Excubias, si qua possint expellere curam  
Infestam, rupto quæ discutit otia somno.  
Ingreditur, penetratque fores et Morphea cernit  
Nuntius ante oculos: huic somno mersa profundo  
Laxat membra sopor, nihil huic custodia curæ:  
Quoque magis possit placido requiescere somno,  
Rivulus e scopulo manans, guttæque frequentes  
Insuper, admixto dant leni murmura vento,  
Sicut apum glomerata cohors, suadentque soporem;  
Non sonus hic alius, non pleno turbida cœtu  
Agmina, vel clamor miseras qui concutit urbes  
Auditur; sed tuta Quies, procul hostibus, antrum  
Incolit, et servant æterna silentia limen.

JOSHUA WATSON CHURTON. 1857.



HE sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west-wind blows  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new: the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-trees' nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay:  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest:  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest.

LONGFELLOW.



OL nitet et clare cœlum resplendet, hirundo  
Cantat et aerium pervolat acris iter.  
Audin ? Procera dulces effundit ab ulmo,  
Nuntia cœlestis, jam Philomela sonos.

Cœruleo fluvius resplendet lumine ; rivus  
Scilicet ætherio decidit ille polo ;  
Qua nubes aurasque manent Zephyrosque morantes  
Qua tenet imbriferas ancora tarda rates.

Omnia se renovant, gemmæ frondesque, coronam  
Ulmi nutantis quot decorare comæ :  
Ipsa novum tignis nidum suspendit hirundo,  
Sedibus in priscis non avis ulla manet.

Quisque voluptatis sentit nova gaudia, cuique  
Ætas prima placet, primus adurget amor.  
Hos liquidi docuere poli, quæ gaudia nocti  
Adsint, quæ tenebræ dent, fugiente die.

At si, Chlори, tuo fuerint mea carmina cordi,  
Corripe quot juveni dona juvena ferat.  
Dum licet, æstatis flores decerpe serenæ,  
Crede mihi, veris non viret usque decor.

Sit tibi carus Amoris honos, sit cara Juventus,  
Nescio cui curæ sit tua vita Deo ;  
Hæc tibi monstrabit, quæ sunt verissima, Tempus :  
Sedibus in priscis non avis ulla manet.

HENRY THORNTON FORSTER. 1857.

*Ode to Peace.*

THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear  
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,  
And sought'st thy native skies,  
When war, by vultures drawn from far,  
To Britain bent his iron car,  
And bade his storms arise.

Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,  
Our youth shall fix some festal day  
His sullen shrines to burn :  
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,  
What sounds may gain thy partial ears,  
And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injured robes up-bind !  
O rise, and leave not one behind  
Of all thy beamy train :  
The British lion, goddess sweet,  
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,  
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,  
But come to grace thy western isle,  
By warlike Honour led :  
And, while around her ports rejoice,  
While all her sons adore thy choice,  
With him for ever wed !

COLLINS.



DIVA, fidi cui modo turtures  
 Pulchras cruentis ex manibus comas  
     Tulere, cœlestem petenti  
     Ætheria patriam sub aula,  
 Quo vectus atrox tempore vultures  
 Curru coëgit Mars adamantino,  
     Nostris et amisit procellas  
     Littoribus rabiemque belli,  
 Jam fessa duri viribus imperi  
 Festæ juventus lætitiæ diem  
     Edicet indignata, tristem  
     Quo capiat ferus ignis ædem.  
 Sed dic, voluti cui licuit vices  
 Audire cœli, quis sonitus tuas  
     Captabit aures, et beatum  
     Supplicibus reditum parabit?  
 Induta læsas sis reditus memor,  
 O Diva, vestes! surge precantibus  
     Nobis, et insignem tuorum  
     Da comitum radiare turbam!  
 Nam te recumbens ante pedes Leo  
 Supplex decoros Anglicus osculis  
     Adorat, optandum sacratæ  
     Imperium venerans quietis.  
 Quod si favoris gaudia ceteræ  
 Gentes requirant, ipse libentius  
     Hoc littus accedas, comesque  
     Adsit Honor, rediensque tecum  
 Hic restet, hospes Martius: insuper  
 Quum terra circum totaque civitas  
     Exsultet, hunc addas perenni  
     Conjugio socium, precamur.

JOSHUA WATSON CHURTON. 1857.





WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past,  
 Your dreams of pride are o'er :  
 The fatal chain is round you cast,  
 And you are men no more.

In vain the Hero's heart hath bled,  
 The Sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;  
 Oh, freedom, once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again.

Weep on, perhaps in after days  
 They'll learn to love your name,  
 And many a deed may wake in praise,  
 That long hath slept in blame !

And when they tread the ruin'd isle,  
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,  
 They'll wond'ring ask how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave.

" 'Twas fate," they'll say, " a wayward fate  
 Your web of discord wove ;  
 And while your tyrants join'd in hate,  
 You never join'd in love.

But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,  
 And men profaned what God had given,  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine,  
 Where others knelt to Heaven."

MOORE.



LETE, viri, vestram, sic postulat hora, ruinam :  
 Spes procul ; ut fugiunt somnia, fugit honor ;  
 Vestraque fatales circumdant membra catenæ :  
 Non estis, miseri,—non licet esse,—viri.

Nequicquam rubuit generoso sanguine tellus :  
 Nequicquam cecinit præscia lingua malum.  
 Ah! tua, Libertas, hæc limina flamma reliquit,  
 Et rapis extinctam non reditura facem.

Flete viri, at forsán, si quos molliverit ætas,  
 Vestra celebrabit nomina blandus amor ;  
 Forsan et in laudes insignia facta resurgent,  
 Plurima, quæ merita nunc sine laude latent :

Quique per eversas tendunt vestigia sedes,  
 Cum dominis servos qua premit una quies,  
 Forsan mirantes “ Unde hæc generosa ” rogabunt  
 “ Tam viles poterant vincere corda manus ? ”

“ Sed Fatum,” dicent, “ varium et mutabile fatum  
 Texuit excusso jurgia tanta jugo.  
 Junxit et infestos odium commune tyrannos,  
 Vos tamen haud simili fœdere junxit amor.

Pectora disjunxit, spreto male fœdere, rixa,  
 Donaque sacrilegis sunt violata Dei :  
 Nempe profanarunt sanctum verba impia limen,  
 Flexit ubi solita cum prece turba genu.”

JOSHUA WATSON CHURTON. 1857.



WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake !

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings ;  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
The laughing flowers that round them blow  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign :  
Now rolling down the steep amain  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,  
Enchanting Shell ! the sullen Cares  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command :  
Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :  
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

GRAY.



MUSA cantus Æolii potens  
 Præsentiori nunc fidium deo  
 Accende sopitos calores :  
 Mille sacris Heliconis orti  
 Puro scatentis carmine fontibus  
 Rivi vagantur, dædala quos humus  
 Prætexit, errantum renidens  
 Pascier ambrosios odores.  
 Nunc leve marmor Pierium melos  
 Alto quietum labitur agmine  
 Valles per umbrosas et agros  
 Auricomæ Cereri subactos :  
 Ipso jugorum culmine nunc ruens  
 Insanienti gurgitis impetu  
 Defertur, immugit ruina  
 Rupibus et nemori corusco.  
 O grata menti, non humilis sciens,  
 Regina, cantus, tu potes igneos  
 Lenire, testudo, furores,  
 Difficilem potes, alma, curam.  
 Quin et jubenti Threicius tibi  
 Frenat volantes omnipotens equos,  
 Hastamque ponit gestientem  
 Flumine sanguineo potiri.  
 Regem volucrum sceptrigera Jovis  
 Dextra coerces, remigio gravem  
 Languente ; trux rostrum soporat  
 Nigra quies oculique fulmen.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.

*Samson.*

**B**UT, O yet more miserable !  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave :  
Buried, yet not exempt,  
By privilege of death and burial,  
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs :  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.  
But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet coming this way :  
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
At my afflictions, and perhaps to insult,—  
Their daily practice, to afflict me more.

*Chor.* This, this is he ; softly awhile,  
Let us not break in upon him :  
O change beyond report, thought, or belief !

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.

ΣΑ. Φεῦ καπὶ τούτοις τλημονεστέρου πάθους,

ἔμψυχον ὅστις ἐμπνέων ἔχω τάφον  
 ἔσωθ' ἑμαντοῦ, κοῦκ ἀπήλλαγμαί ταφαῖς  
 μὴ τ' ἄλλ' ὁμοίως ἔσχατ' ἐσχάτων παθεῖν  
 ἄλγη δύσοιστα, πημονάς, αἰκίσματα.  
 πλέον μὲν οὖν ἅπαντα τὰν βίῃ κακὰ  
 ὀφλισκάνω δύστηνος, αἰχμαλωτίσι  
 καμφθεῖς δύναισι νηλεῶν ἐχθρῶν ὕπο.  
 ἔα· τίνες πάρεισιν; ἄρτι συμμέτρῳ βάσει  
 πολλοὺς ἀκούω δεῦρ' ἐρέσσοντας πόδα·  
 ἐχθρός τις, ὡς ἔοικε, τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν  
 πάρεστ' ἐπόπτῃς, ἥ τι καὶ καθυβρίσων·  
 ἢ τοῦμὸν ἄλγος αὖξεται καθ' ἡμέραν.

ΧΟ. λεύσσετε· κείνος, κείνος ὃδ' ἐστίν,  
 κοιμᾷτ' ἤδη πόδα καὶ φώνην,  
 μὴ ξὺν θορῷ βῶ τόνδ' ἐπίωμεν.  
 βλέπετ' ἐξ οἴου, μορφὴν ὀλέσας,  
 οἷος γέγονεν· μείζονα δόξης  
 ἄρρητά τ', ἀμήχαν' ὀρώμεν.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.



STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brighten'd, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me ; bath'd in light  
They gather'd midway round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the grey mist thrust up its shatter'd lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glow'd the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darken'd by the forest's shade,  
Or glisten'd in the white cascade,  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheel'd his spiral way.

I saw the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—  
And richly by the blue lake's silver beach  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills.

LONGFELLOW.



ULMINE tum stabam, cum fulsit lumine cœlum,  
 Quod renovans longum Sol referebat iter ;  
 Progrediens Zephyrus lambebat flamine valles,  
 Et jubar exortum reddidit omne nemus.  
 Sub pedibus nubes, quæ, claro lumine cinctæ,  
 Frondiferis sese convoluere jugis.  
 Tum nituere, illis periens dum gloria cedit,  
 Marte velut dubio victa caterva nitet.  
 Plurima per nubes densas variata colore  
 Sæpius arx hastam tollit ad astra suam.  
 Frondibus orba jugo, venti quassata molesti  
 Flaminibus pinus, fulmine fissa, manet.  
 Surgere tum nubes, tenebræ vanescere cæcæ ;  
 Et subito vallis gloria pulchra nitet.  
 Hic fluvijs tectus silvæ prolabitur umbra,  
 Hic candet spuma desilientis aquæ.  
 Lumine qua rubro surgens sua carmina fundit,  
 Garrula et intortam carpit alauda viam.

Tum procul audiivi rapidos prolabier amnes,  
 Aspexi celeres volvere flumen aquas ;  
 Silva, comis tacite leni pendentibus unda,  
 Cœrulei ripam tangere visa lacus.  
 Rusticus et venit nostras tinnitus ad aures,  
 Culmina dum reddunt accipiuntque sonum.

ROBERT BRODIE. 1858.





ND in his hand a bended bow was seene,  
 And many arrowes under his right side,  
 All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,  
 Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide ;  
 Such as the Indians in their quivers hide ;  
 Those could he well direct and streight as line,  
 And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde ;  
 Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,  
 That mote recure their woundes, so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke ;  
 His body leane and meagre as a rake ;  
 And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,  
 Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,  
 That seemed to tremble evermore and quake,  
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,  
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake,  
 Upon his head he wore an helmet light,  
 Made of a dead man's skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.

Maleger was his name, and after him  
 There followed fast at hand two wicked hags  
 With hoary lockes all loose and visage grim,  
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrappd in rags,  
 And both as swift on foot as chased stags,  
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,  
 Which with a staffe, all full of little snags,  
 She did support, and Impotence her name ;  
 But th' other was Impatience, armd with raging flame.

SPENSER.



ISUS et ille manu contentum adducere cornu  
 Et multas latus ad dextram portare sagittas,  
 Omnes letiferas, peracutæ cuspidis omnes,  
 Præfixas silice et rubefactis sanguine pennis,  
 Qualia corytis Indorum tela premuntur:  
 Has quamcunque prius signarant lumina partem  
 Tendeat regione sua certasque jubebat:  
 Non ea Pæoniæ possent medicarier artes  
 Vulnera, cui penitus conceptum corpore vulnus.

Os macerum et cineris pallens morientis ad instar:  
 Forma viri tenuis gracilique simillima rastro,  
 Cui velut effeto marcet cutis arida corvo,  
 Nec minus, ut gelidi squalens algore colubri,  
 Quam visus semper percurrere mobilis horror;  
 Lineus obducit totum, leve tegmen, amictus,  
 Balteus et lento cingebat vimine textus;  
 Cassidis haud nimium pondus, quippe ossa cerebri  
 Vitam exuta, caput, species horrenda, tegebat.

Huic Maleger nomen: rapidis quem passibus urgent,  
 Dira manus, geminæ furiali lumine pestes,  
 Crinibus effusæ canis, oculoque severo.  
 Tegmina nulla pedem, pannosæ corpora sordes  
 Involvunt; citior fugientibus utraque cervis:  
 Altera clauda tamen, baculo, cui multa cicatrix,  
 Fulta pedem, cui nomen Inops: fuit altera nomen  
 Præceps, cui rabidis armatur dextera flammis.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.



LIKE as a fire, the which in hollow cave  
Hath long bene underkept and down supprest,  
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,  
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,  
At last breaks forth with furious unrest,  
And strives to mount unto his native seat,  
All that did erst it hinder and molest  
It now devoures with flames and scorching heat,  
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd  
Out of his holde and broke his caytive bands,  
And as a beare, whom angry cures have touzd,  
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,  
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the carle  
Alighted from his tigre, and his hands  
Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,  
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

SPENSER.



GNIS uti, vacuo dudum suppressus in antro,  
Abditus in latebris horrendo murmure fervet,  
Spernit et angustæ retinentia claustra cavernæ,  
Tandem terribili perrumpit flamma tumultu  
Natalemque petit sedem, perque æthera cursu  
Volvitur ardenti, quicquid cohibebat euntem  
Ferventi flamma nitidaque voragine sorbet,  
Atque furit, denso convolvens omnia fumo.

Haud secus e latebris princeps exsurgit, et uno  
Vincula dirumpit saltu; velut ursa, molesti  
Quam petiere canes; cunctos quum excusserit hostes,  
Dirior aspectu vincit laceratque timendis  
Dentibus obstantem turbam. De tigride terræ  
Rusticus insiluit subito, dextramque sagittis  
Atque arcu nudus se mox convertit in hostem,  
Qui prope vicina jacuit resupinus in herba.

WELDON CHAMPNEYS. 1858.

*Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.*

WAKE thy last sad voice, my harp !  
The voice of woe and wild despair ;  
Awake, resound thy latest lay,  
Then sleep in silence evermair !  
And thou my last, best, only friend,  
That fillest an untimely tomb,  
Accept this tribute from the bard,  
Thou brought'st from fortune's mirkest gloom.

In poverty's low barren vale,  
Thick mists obscure involved me round,  
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,  
Nae ray of fame was to be found :  
Thou found'st me like the morning sun,  
That melts the fogs in limpid air,  
The friendless bard and rustic song  
Became alike thy fostering care.

O why has worth so short a date,  
While villains ripen grey with time ?  
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,  
Fall in bold manhood's early prime ?  
Why did I live to see that day,  
A day to me so full of woe ?  
O had I met the mortal shaft,  
Which laid my benefactor low !

BURNS.



ARBITE, supremos accende in tristia cantus,

Nenia vesano plena dolore sonet:

Supremos accende modos; æterna licebit

Ex illo chordis sit sine voce quies.

Tuque, fidele caput, rerum lux una mearum,

Ante diem tumulto quem Libitina dedit;

Accipe servati per te pia munera vatis,

E tenebris quondam te referente jubar.

Paupertatis enim tristi caligine septo

Infima, quam colerem, tunc mihi vallis erat:

Sæpe levans oculos nusquam meliora videbam,

Lux mihi non usquam candida laudis erat:

Tu mihi fulsisti, nigrantia nubila qualis

Æthere cæruleo dissipat orta dies:

Indoctumque melos desolatumque poetam,

Auspice te, semper fidus alebat amor.

Ah cur prima cadunt, quæ non cecidisse decebat,

Prorogat immeritis cana senecta diem?

Nec nova vis ævi generosa et splendida virtus

Ferre tibi poterant, quin morereris, opem?

Certe ego, quum tantos tulerit lux ista dolores,

Debebam capiti non superesse tuo.

Ipsos nos utinam, caro quod adegit amico,

Vulnere jussisset cuspis acerba mori.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.



THE storm cloud grows deeper above,  
Araucans ! the tempest is ripe in the sky ;  
Our forefathers come from the Islands of Bliss,  
They come to the war of the winds.

The souls of the strangers are there,  
In their garments of darkness they ride through  
the heaven ;

Yon cloud that rolls luridly over the hill  
Is red with their weapons of fire.

Hark ! hark ! in the howl of the wind  
The shout of the battle, the clang of their drums ;  
The horsemen are met, and the shock of the fight  
Is the blast that disbranches the wood.

Behold from the clouds of their power  
The lightning—the lightning is lanced at our sires !  
And the thunder that shakes the broad pavement of  
heaven !

And the darkness that quenches the day !

Ye Souls of our Fathers, be brave !  
Ye shrunk not before the invaders on earth,  
Ye trembled not then at their weapons of fire,  
Brave spirits, ye tremble not now !

We gaze on your warfare in hope,  
We send up our shouts to encourage your arms !  
Lift the lance of your vengeance, O Fathers, with force,  
For the wrongs of your country strike home !

SOUTHEY.



ENSIUS in cœlo nubes glomerantur, Arauci,  
Aera per nigrum sæva procella furit :  
E terris acies patrum rediere beatis,  
Qua ventus diro pugnat utrimque sono.

Hostiles illuc manes venere, tenebris  
Vestiti cœli per loca cuncta ruunt :  
Collibus et nubes quæ supra volvitur altis  
Illorum telis fulminibusque rubet.

Audite ! horrendæ mixto clamore procellæ  
Consurgit bellum, tympana rauca sonant.  
Concurrunt equites diro certamine pugnæ,  
Decussit silvæ sæva procella comas.

Nubibus e nigris hostili robore plenis  
Invadunt nostros fulmina missa patres.  
Quique movet tonitrus tabulata immania cœli,  
Et quæ depellunt nox tenebræque diem.

Tollite nunc animos, veterum simulacra parentum,  
Vos prius hostiles non timuistis opes.  
Quæ non mortales terrebant, ignea tela  
Non vos dejiciunt jam simulacra metu.

Aspicimus pugnam sperantes, utque videmus,  
Firmamus nostris arma paterna sonis :  
Fortiter ultrici, patres, incumbite pinu,  
Et patriæ poenas agmina vestra petant.

JAMES ARMSTRONG. 1858.





OME, peace of mind, delightful guest!

Return and make thy downy nest

Once more in this sad heart :

Nor riches I, nor power pursue,

Nor hold forbidden joys in view,

We need not therefore part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,

From avarice and ambition free

And pleasure's fatal wiles ?

For whom alas ! dost thou prepare

The sweets that I was wont to share,

The banquet of thy smiles ?

The great, the gay, shall they partake

The heaven that thou alone canst make ?

And wilt thou quit the stream

That murmurs through the dewy mead,

The grove and the sequester'd shed

To be a guest with them ?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,

For thee I gladly sacrificed

Whate'er I loved before :

And shall I see thee start away,

And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say,

Farewell ! we meet no more !

COWPER.



UC Pax, sodalis grata, veni, meæ  
 Menti levamen reddere quæ potes,  
 Hic nidus, hic molles latebræ  
 Sunt, iterum miserere nostri !  
 Nam nec fugaces divitiæ mihi  
 Gratæ videntur, nulla potentiæ  
 Fames neque invisæ gubernat  
 Nequitia, quid abes dolenti ?  
 Hic si recusas vivere, quo fugis ?  
 Quem non habendi corripuit furor,  
 Nec fama nec dira Cupido  
 Pernicie nociturus urit ?  
 Cui grata reddes gaudia, quæ prius  
 Tecum fruebar ? Te placide, dea,  
 Ridente gaudebam : Potentes  
 Num petis ? aut hilares fruentur,  
 Quæ sola donas gaudia ? Num pudet  
 Rivi fluentis murmure rosida  
 Per rura ? num silvas reductas  
 Exiguamque casam relinques,  
 Istis sodalis ? Pectore turbido  
 Te, Pax, petebam ; delicias mihi  
 Tu capta reddebas ; reliqui  
 Omnia, quæ fuerant amata,  
 Ut te potirer. Num fugies cito,  
 Nec me dolentem respicies ? Erit  
 Audire, nec spe nec manente  
 Subsidio,—Valeas in ævum !

BASIL CHAMPNEYS. 1859.



IS said a stranger in the days of old  
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite,  
But distant things are ever lost in clouds ;)  
'Tis said a stranger came and with his plough  
Mark'd out the site : and Posidonia rose,  
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar god :  
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,  
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.  
Then came another, an unbidden guest,  
He knock'd, and enter'd with a train in arms,  
And all was changed, her very name and language ;  
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door  
Ivory and gold and silk and frankincense,  
Sail'd as before, but sailing cried, " For Pæstum !"  
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung  
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses, while within  
Parents and children mourn'd—and every year,  
( 'Twas on the day of some old festival, )  
Met to give way to tears and once again  
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.  
At length an Arab climb'd the battlements  
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night,  
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled,  
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous.

ROGERS.



ICITUR in prisco peregrinus tempore quondam—

Hi Sybari dicunt illique ex Doride natum,  
 Ast antiqua tegunt nebulis amissa tenebræ—  
 Dicitur huc hospes venisse, atque urbis aratro  
 Mœnia designasse novæ; nomenque Poseidon  
 Ipse dedit tutela, accrevit mira potestas,  
 Molle viis murmur linguæ exauditur Homeri,  
 Occupat et portum Tyrriorum plurima navis.  
 Advena tunc alius venit, quem nemo vocarat,  
 Atque iniit pulsans, unaque armata caterva:  
 Omnia mutantur; cum nomine lingua fugatur;  
 Mercator Tyrius propriis e sedibus aurum  
 Atque ebur imponens navi vestesque nitentes,  
 Thuraque, quo quondam cursu transibat eodem  
 Oceanum, clamans: “Pæsti jam quærimus oras.”  
 Vergiliusque modo et natus Sulmone poeta  
 Cantabant hortos biferique rosaria Pæsti.  
 Interea juvenum luctus gemitusque parentum  
 Intus erant, omnesque die coiere quotannis,  
 Tempore præterito, festo, lacrymasque dolentes  
 Fundebant, iterumque antiqua facta parentum  
 Narrabant lingua, prisco sermone serentes.  
 Mænia Arabs tandem scandit, somnoque jacentem  
 Occidit populum media caligine noctis,  
 Omnibus ex oculis insignis fugit imago  
 Desertumque locum liquit plenumque periclis.

GEORGE ALCOCK. 1860.



HEN red hath set the beamless sun  
Through heavy vapours dark and dun,  
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,  
Hears half-asleep the rising storm  
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain  
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;  
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox  
To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
To dismal and to dangerous task ;  
Oft he looks forth and hopes in vain,  
The blast may sink in mellowing rain.  
Till, dark above and white below,  
Decided drives the flaky snow,  
And forth the hardy swain must go.  
Long with dejected look and whine  
To leave the hearth his dogs repine,  
Whistling and cheering them to aid,  
Around his back he wreathes the plaid ;  
His flock he gathers and he guides  
To open downs and mountain sides,  
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,  
Least deeply lies the drift below ;  
The blast that whistles o'er the fells  
Stiffens his locks to icicles,  
Oft he looks back while streaming far  
His cottage-window seems a star.

SCOTT.



UUM Sol occiduus sublustri lumine fulgens  
 Cedit, et in cœlo nubila densa nigrant ;  
 Quum prope dormitans audit defessus arator  
 Surgentes ventos, dira procella venit,  
 Percutiens pluviis nimboris vitra fenestræ  
 Grandine concreta concutit illa domum :  
 Qui sonitus pellunt cervos vulpemque dolosam  
 Ad scopulos duos umbriferumque nemus,  
 Pastorem mittunt ad dura pericula montis,  
 Adque ovium curas officiumque vocant ;  
 Sæpe exit, cœlum speculatur et omnia circum,  
 Sperat ut in pluvias flamina sæva cadant ;  
 At tandem fuscum fit cœlum et candida tellus,  
 Ningit, et haud longum sub nive terra latet ;  
 Cogitur infelix tandem discedere pastor,  
 Exit et invitus deserit ille domum.  
 Inde canes querulis ululatibus omnia complent  
 Nolentes calidi linquere tecta foci,  
 Exhortans blande comites ille advocat acres,  
 Induit et circum pectora fida sagum.  
 Colligit ille gregem, ducensque ad aperta locorum  
 Balantes molles per juga montis agit,  
 Qua, quanquam Boreas perflat sævissimus, alte  
 Non remanet moles accumulata nivis ;  
 Stiria durescit mento longisque capillis,  
 Ut gelidus ventus turbine verrit agros.  
 Respicit et persæpe : procul, ceu stella refulgens,  
 Apparet caræ parva fenestra casæ.

JAMES BUTTER. 1861.



QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep ;  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose ;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heaven to clear, when day did close.  
Bless us then with wished sight,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal-shining quiver,  
Give unto the flying hart  
Time to breathe, how short soever,  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

BEN JONSON.



REGIA venatrix, casta pulcherrima forma,  
Occidui somnus lumina solis habet ;  
Iam tibi in argenteo tempus considerare curru,  
Et servare tuum, quod fuit ante, decus.  
Hesperus en precibus seris tua lumina poscit,  
O dea, quæ mira splendida luce micas.

Invida ne, tellus, densas opponere nubes  
Dianæ radiis audeat umbra suas ;  
Cynthia nam cepit splendentem luminis orbem,  
Lætitiâ ut cælo, sole cadente, daret,  
At tua jam facies nobis optantibus adsit,  
Quæ, dea, præclaro lumine pulchra nites.

Æquoreis arcum baccis depone coruscum,  
Quæque tibi vitrea luce pharetra micat ;  
Hinnuleusque, fuga quam pellis sæva trementem,  
Spirandi, quamvis perbreve, tempus agat,  
Quæ radiis noctem gaudes decorare diurnis,  
O dea, et eximia fulgida luce micas.

GEORGE ALCOCK. 1861.





T is the day when he was born,  
A bitter day that early sank  
Behind a purple-frosty bank  
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers nor leaves  
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
The blast of north and east, and ice  
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,  
And bristles all the brakes and thorns  
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs  
Above the wood which grides and clangs  
Its leafless ribs and iron horns  
Together in the drifts that pass,  
To darken on the rolling brine  
That breaks the coast.

TENNYSON.

*King.*



TAY, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Queen.* Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee  
gone.

*King.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

*Queen.* Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the field,  
I'll see your grace, till then I'll follow her.

*Queen.* Come, son, away : we may not linger thus.

*King.* Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage !  
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle,  
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI.*, pt. 3, I. i. 255.



OC ille vitam primo iniit die,  
 Matura quum lux liquerat horridam  
 Noctem, sub ingenti vapore  
 Condita purpureis in umbris.  
 Non flore nostras non folio dapes  
 Nunc ornat annus ; nunc Aquilo ruit  
 Eurusque nunc horrent acuto  
 Tecta gelu, glacie severa  
 Sentes per agros atque rubi rigent,  
 Et luna silvas lumine frigido  
 Lustrat vetustas, et fragorem  
 Nunc foliis viduata raucum  
 Emittit arbos, dum nive plurima  
 Nocturna venti flabra ruunt feri,  
 Undæque præduros severis  
 Impetibus scopulos lacesunt.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON. 1862.

'E. Μένουσ' ἐμοῦ κλύοις ἄν, ὦ φίλη γύναι.  
 M. πάλαι κλύω περισσά· νῦν δὲ χαῖρέ μοι.  
 'E. σὺ δ' οὖν μενοῖς ἄν, φίλτατ' ἔρνος, ἔντοπος.  
 M. ἥ που πρὸς ἐχθρῶν ὥστ' ἀποψύχειν βίον ;  
 'E. ὅταν κατέλθω πρὸς δόμους νικηφόρος  
 ζῆν σοὶ μενῶ δὴ· νῦν δὲ σὺν ταύτῃ, πάτερ.  
 M. σπεύδωμεν, ὦ παῖ· καὶ γὰρ οὐχ ἔδρας ἀκμή.  
 'E. οἰκτός μ' ἔχει γυναικός, ἥ φιλοῦς ἐμὲ  
 καὶ παῖδα δεινοῖς ὥδε μαίνεται λόγους.  
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸν ἐκτίσαιο φῶτ' ἐπίφθονον,  
 οὗ λῆμ' ἀναιδὲς, αἰσχροκερδείᾳ φλέγον,  
 ἀποσπάσει μου σκῆπτρα, χῶσπερ αἰετός  
 πεινῶν ἐμόν τε καὶ τόκου δάψει δέμας.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON. 1863.



MOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood  
Rolls fair and placid, where, collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent down the steep  
It thundering shoots and shakes the country round ;  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad,  
Then, whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
And from the loud resounding rocks below  
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist and forms a ceaseless shower ;  
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose,  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rock,  
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts,  
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar  
It gains a safer bed and steals at last  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

THOMSON.



PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go.

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose shady eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

LONGFELLOW.



IC placide lentus devolvit flumina rivus  
 Arvaeque lucenti declivia proluit unda,  
 Inde cadit resonatque, uno torrente propinquum  
 Præcipiti quatiens campum; latosque per agros  
 Cæruleus primum levisque effunditur humor,  
 Mox tamen albescens paullatim decedit unda  
 Præcipitans, scopulisque emissa sonantibus infra,  
 Uda velut nubes exsurgit in aera fumi,  
 Inque auras jactat canos æterna vapores  
 Perpetuo imbre cadens, tamen hic reperire quietem  
 Unda agitata nequit, sed saxa per horrida fervet  
 Per lapides fractos nunc splendida desilit, et nunc  
 Coursibus obliquis effosso labitur alveo :  
 Desiliens etiam petit inferiora vaganti  
 Et rapido cursu, sedato murmure planos  
 Aggreditur campos, tutisque exinde latebris  
 Se sinuans tandem subrepat valle quieta.

COURTENAY EDMUND BOYLE. 1863.



ENTIS suave tacentibus,  
 Quum frondes Zephyrus vix virides movet,  
 Pronum per tacitum nemus  
 Sterni, qua tenebras inter et arbores  
 Sol diverberat ictibus  
 Umbras, aut radios hinc revocat suos ;  
 Aut qua densior accipit  
 Frons nullum nitido lumen ab æthere,  
 Sed crassum foliis nemus  
 Excludit radios tegmine lucidos,  
 Ramos consocians nigros,  
 Umbras nec tacitas lumina commovent.

GERALD STANLEY DAVIES. 1863.



UT she, with sick and scornful looks averse,  
To her full height her stately stature draws ;  
“ My youth,” she said, “ was blasted with a curse,  
This woman was the cause.

I was cut off from hope in that sad place,  
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears :  
My father held his hand upon his face ;  
I, blinded with my tears,

Still strove to speak ; my voice was thick with sighs,  
As in a dream dimly I could descry  
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes  
Waiting to see me die.

The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat,  
The crowds, the temples waver'd, and the shore ;  
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ;  
Touch'd ; and I knew no more.”

Whereto the other with a downward brow :  
“ I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,  
Whirl'd by the wind had roll'd me deep below,  
Then when I left my home.”

Her slow full words sank through the silence dread,  
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea,  
Sudden I heard a voice that cried : “ Come here,  
That I may look on thee.”

TENNYSON.



UM mæstis oculis vultuque aversa superbo  
 Proceram formam sustulit illa suam :  
 “ Heu mea crudeli damnata est peste juvenus,”  
 Inquit, “ et hæc fati fæmina causa fuit.

Spes mihi diffugit tristi in tellure remota,  
 Nomina vel diri sunt odiosa loci.  
 Ipse pater vultum manibus velavit amantem  
 Cæcavitque oculos lacryma multa meos :

Dicere conabar ; vocem suspiria densa  
 Urgebant, mentem somnia visa premunt.  
 Obscuros nigris barbibus similesque luporum  
 Aspexi reges, qui mea fata manent.

Æquoreas mali celsi tremuere per undas,  
 Littora, templa, viri contremuere simul.  
 Inde meum jugulum transfixit sica trementis  
 Nescio quæ tarde—præteriitque nefas.”

Demissis oculis respondens altera clamat,  
 “ Cur licuit patriam deseruisse domum ?  
 O si, quæ spumis tumidis incanuit, unda  
 Me cito mersisset viribus icta Noti.”

Complevere soni deserta silentia tardi,  
 Ut mare tranquillum turbida gutta ciet.  
 Tum mihi clamavit resonans vox alta repente :  
 “ Me quoque ut aspicias, huc, aliene, veni.”

JAMES THOMAS HODGSON. 1863.



WITH that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe  
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee ;  
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see :  
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,  
Did never whiter shew,  
Nor Jove himself when he a Swan would be  
For love of Leda, whiter did appear ;  
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,  
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare ;  
So purely white they were,  
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,  
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare  
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might  
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre  
And marre their beauties bright,  
That shone as heavens light,  
Against their Brydale day, which was not long :  
Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.  
Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their  
fill,  
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,  
As they came floating on the christal Flood ;  
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,  
Their wondring eyes to fill  
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre.

SPENSER.



NDE duos vidi candenti corpore cygnos  
 Remigio molli delabi fluminis undas,  
 Ales ut has nunquam superaret forma volucres;  
 Non niveum tegmen, quo lucent culmina Pindi,  
 Candidiore micat radio; non Iupiter ipse,  
 Quum voluit Divus cyneam sumere formam—  
 Nam Ledæ ussit amor—tanto candore refulsit;  
 Attamen, ut referunt, superavit Leda decorem  
 Candida divinum; sed vincit forma cynorum  
 Vel Ledam; tanto insignes splendore coruscant.  
 Vel fluviis lenis, cujus gremio unda ferebat,  
 Fœdus erat visu, qui fluctus parcere pennis  
 Mobilibus jussit, ne turpior unda nitentes  
 Fœdaret plumas splendentia corpora lædens,  
 (Nec minus effulgent illi quam lumina cœli)  
 Ante diem Veneris—nec abest procul ille—jugalem:  
 Leniter i, Thamesis, nondum mea carmina desunt.  
 Protinus et Nymphæ, lectis satis undique sertis,  
 Ad visum properant, quod nunc argentea proles  
 Flumina percurrens pellucida labitur amnis:  
 Astant attonitæ visu, mirataque formas  
 Lumina non suetas cynis figuntur in unis.

KENNETH AUGUSTUS MUIR MACKENZIE. 1864.





HE sturdy rock, for all his strength,  
By raging seas is rent in twain ;  
The marble stone is pierced at length  
With little drops of rain :  
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,  
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag, that seems so stout,  
By yelping hounds at bay is set,  
The swiftest bird that flies about  
Is caught at length in fowler's net ;  
The greatest fish in deepest brook  
Is soon deceived by subtle hook.

Yea, man himself! unto whose will  
All things are bounden to obey,  
For all his wit and worthy skill  
Doth fade at length and fall away :  
There is no thing but time doth waste ;  
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits, triumphing still,  
Upon the throne of glorious fame :  
Though spiteful death man's body kill,  
Yet hurts not he his virtuous name.  
By life or death, whate'er betides,  
The state of virtue never slides.



T duri scopuli fortia robora  
Franguntur rabie maris,  
Et tandem lapides marmoreos terunt  
Guttatim pluviae leves :  
Præbent colla boves imperio jugi,  
Vis ferrum domat ictibus.  
Cervusque indomitus sistere cogitur ;  
Latrantesque agitant canes :  
Nec pennis volucris qui superat suos  
Casses aucupis effugit :  
At piscem capiunt flumine maximum  
Hamatæ insidiæ cito.  
Necnon ipsi homines, quos dominos prius  
Terrarum posuit Deus,  
Quamvis ingenium docti habeant, tamen  
Vani denique decidunt.  
Quid tempus fugiens non terit ? ultimi  
Cum terris pereunt poli.  
Sed virtus celebri, non sine gloria,  
In famæ solio sedet ;  
Quanquam membra hominum mors rapit invida,  
Virtuti minime nocet :  
Mors quodcunque viris vitæ conferent,  
Stat virtus proprio loco.

WILLIAM HENRY PAULSON. 1866.



IS sung in ancient minstrelsy  
 That Phœbus wont to wear  
 The leaves of any pleasant tree  
 Around his golden hair,  
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
 Of his imperious love,  
 At her own prayer transformed, took root  
 A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn  
 His brow with laurel green ;  
 And 'mid his bright locks never shorn  
 No meaner leaf was seen :  
 And poets sage, in every age,  
 About their temples wound  
 The bay : and conquerors thank'd the gods  
 With laurel-chaplets crown'd.

WORDSWORTH.



OLDEN hues of youth are fled :  
 Hoary locks deform my head :  
 Blooming graces, dalliance gay,  
 All the flowers of life decay.  
 Withering age begins to trace  
 Sad memorials o'er my face,  
 Time has shed its sweetest bloom,  
 All the future must be gloom !  
 This awakes my hourly sighing,  
 Dreary is the thought of dying !  
 Pluto's is a dark abode,  
 Sad the journey, sad the load,  
 And, the gloomy travel o'er,  
 Ah ! we can return no more.

T. MOORE.



INGEBAT variis olim sua tempora Phœbus  
 Frondibus, ut vatū carmina prisca ferunt,  
 Et foliis, quæcunque dabat jucundior arbor,  
 Dicitur his flavas implicuisse comas.  
 At fugiens Daphne, quæ nullo vincere cursu  
 Posset amatoris jussa superba dei,  
 Ex precibus mutata suis radicitus hæsit,  
 Jamque novo in sylva corpore laurus erat.  
 Tū scelere admissō, viridi de fronde coronam  
 Temporibus posuit, laurea sēta, deus:  
 Intonsasque igitur non unquam exinde virebat  
 Frons inter nitidas turpior ulla comas:  
 Sic etiam docti per sæcula cuncta poetæ  
 Hac soliti semper cingere fronde caput:  
 Sic quoque numinibus grates non victor agebat,  
 Nī daret assuetum laurea vitta decus.

WILLIAM HENRY PAULSON. 1866.

Τὰ χρώμαθ' ἤβης πάντ' ἀπὴνθησαν νέας,  
 κόμη δὲ λευκὴ τοῦμόν αἰσχύνει κάρα,  
 ἔρως δὲ τερπνὸς χῆ πρὶν ἀκμαία χάρις,  
 ἄνθη φθίνουσι πάντα τῆς ζωῆς ἐμοί.  
 γῆρας μαραίνειν δακτύλοις ἄρχει τόδε  
 δέμας, θανάσιμα δ' ἐγγράφει σημεῖά μοι  
 χρόνου δέ μοι πέπτωκε πᾶν ἄνθος χάμαι  
 ἥδιστον· εἰς τὸ μέλλον ὁ σκότος μένει.  
 κινεῖ καθ' ὥραν ταῦτ' ἐμοὶ στενάγματα,  
 λυγρὸν γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐστὶ τοῦ θνήσκεν ἐμοί.  
 ἔδος σκοτεινὸν ἐσθ' ὁ τῶν νεκρῶν δόμος,  
 ὁδὸς δ' ἐκέῖσε πάντα λυπηρῶς ἄγει,  
 οὐδ' εἰς ἐκεῖνόν τις ποτ' εἰσελθὼν σκότον  
 εἰς τοῦτο φέγγος δεῦρὸ πῶς ἀνέρχεται.

WILLIAM HENRY PAULSON. 1866.

*The Brook.*

COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip beneath the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I clatter over stony ways  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

TENNYSON.



ST ubi se condunt fulicæ mergique sonori,  
 Præcipiti cursu lucidus inde ruo :  
 Mox inter filices, æstiva luce coruscus,  
 Per vallem querulis in mare labor aquis.

Jam colles inter varios placida æquora volvo,  
 Jam juga prærapidis celsa lavantur aquis :  
 Bis denos pagos, urbis sub mœnia parvæ,  
 Sub pontes solidos, claustra per arcta feror.

Damonis villam tandem campumque peragro,  
 In fluvium ut rivus flexile tendat iter :  
 Intereunt homines, mutat sors omnia victrix,  
 Ast ego in æternum, sorte novante, fluo.

Per vada, deproperans cursum, saxosa resulto ;  
 Jam crebro saltu litora curva lavo.  
 Jamque sinus tenues contorto vortice inundo,  
 Jam lapides parvos lympa corusca rigat.

Flexibus innumeris ripæ torquentur amœnæ,  
 Per campos segnes, læta per arva feror ;  
 Jam juga prætereo splendentia gramine multo,  
 Qua glaucæ salices udaeque malva virent.

Suaviloquos fluctus iterato murmure volvo,  
 In fluvium ut rivus flexile tendat iter :  
 Intereunt homines, mutat sors omnia victrix  
 Ipse sed æternum, sorte novante, fluo.

OLIVER SUTTON WALFORD. 1867.



S when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the airy knights and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms  
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.  
 Others with vast Typhcean rage more fell  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind : Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides, from Œchalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Æta threw  
 Into the Euboic Sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle, and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial ; but the harmony,  
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing ?)  
 Suspended hell and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate ;  
 Fix'd fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute ;  
 And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 533.



T, quum certa ruina superbis urbibus instat,  
 Dat monitus cœlum, bellum divinitus ortum  
 Æthere turbato geritur, certamina jungunt  
 Nubibus hostiles acies; en agmine primo  
 Insistunt equites, manibusque hastilia librant;  
 Corruitur: spissæque catervæ proelia miscent,  
 Fervet uterque polus, resonat virtutibus æther.  
 Dirior hic alios rabies, velut ira Typhoei  
 Corripit, en montes ipsos evulsaque saxa  
 Intorquent; alii sublimes turbine currunt,  
 Continet ingentem strepitum vix Tartarus ipse.  
 Non aliter quam quum victrices tempore lauros  
 Lætus ab Æchalia referens Tirynthius heros  
 Ardebat medias infecta veste medullas  
 Et gemitu pinus radicitus eruit altas  
 Thessalicas, summaque Lichan dejecit ab Æta  
 Æquor in Euboicum. Sejuncti valle quieta  
 Hinc alii fidibus divino carmine mixtis  
 Quisque suas celebrant laudes, casusque necesque  
 Sorte feri Martis: lugent et robora Fati,  
 Quod sors visque arctos frenet virtutis honores.  
 Carmine gaudebant vario; concertibus ipse  
 Tartarus obstupuit: quod nil mirabile dictu,  
 Quando æterna cient modulamen numina cœlo:  
 Undique constiterunt turbæ dulcedine captæ:  
 Hinc alii varios carpunt in colle remoto  
 Sermones—animum facundia, carmina sensum  
 Delectant—rerumque volutant ordine causas,  
 Et præsaga futuri, altasque Prometheos artes,  
 Atque voluntates, immotaque numina Fati;  
 Nec finis; rerum variis ambagibus errant.

HARRY INGLIS RICHMOND. 1867.





When some hunter in the spring hath found  
A breeding eagle, sitting on her rock,  
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,  
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,  
And follow'd her to find her where she fell  
Far off,—anon her mate comes winging back  
From hunting, and a great way off descries  
His huddling young left sole ; at that he checks  
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps  
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams  
Chiding his mate back to her nest ; but she  
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,  
A heap of fluttering feathers : never more  
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it ;  
Never the black and dripping precipice  
Echo her stormy scream, as she sails by :  
As that poor bird flies home nor knows his loss,  
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood  
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. ARNOLD.



T quum forte aquilam primo conspexerit anno  
Venator, teneros pullos nidumque foventem,  
Qua scopulosa lacus ex undis insula surgit,  
Pectore surgentis ferrum defigit acutum,  
Et repetit volucrem, præceps ubi lapsa ruebat,  
Longius: at præda capta redit uxor onustus,  
Et procul elatus solos despectat ab alto  
Frigore contractos pullos, tum protinus alam  
Sistit, et angustos trepidus sinuatur in orbes,  
Sollicitusque super nidum rauco ore querelas  
Fundit, et absentem crebra voce urget; at illa  
Exanimis pectus sæva defixa sagitta,  
Valle jacet moriens, ignaro conjuge, cæca,  
Et trepide penna tellurem pulsat inani;  
Non jam pulchra lacum signabit forma volantis,  
Nec scopuli nigri tenebris humore madentes  
Aligeræ rauca resonabunt voce sonoræ:  
Ut redit infelix ales nescitque dolorem,  
Sic etiam ignarus morienti Rustumus ipse  
Affuit, et nati conspexit nescius ora.

FREDERICK GEORGE PAULSON. 1869.





SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

IV.







## SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

### IV.

*Ad gravissimum Dominum A. Pepusium, qui librum  
splendidissimum cum elegantissima epistola,  
scriptori miserat.*



ER lætus, Pepusi, et quater  
Aurato, mihi quem tu dederis, libro,  
Et blande calamo tuo  
Scripta, quam facio pluris, epistola,  
Quid simplex referam puer?  
Vox facunda parum est dicere, quæ decet,  
Optanti; at bene noveris  
Quid gaudi capiam laudibus ex tuis,  
Omnes quem toties viri  
Ornatum meritis laudibus efferunt.

*Anon. circ. 1745.*

*Lectissimo Gul. Birdio, A. M., Scholæ Carthusianæ  
Præceptori Alteri,*

Perfugium sibi præberi in cisterna ædibus adjacente rogat Pisciculus, qui fistula subterranea a Novo flumine usque ad ædes Carthusianas traductus est, et aqua ex epistomio effluente vivus elapsus.



ER si quid gentis tua pectora tangit aquosæ,  
 Alterius luctu quippe dolere tuum est;  
 Pisciculum averso ne lumine temne rogantem,  
 Quas fundit placida sed cape mente preces.  
 Sit mihi fas narrare tuli quæ mira relatu,  
 Quæ non ante alius, quisquis ubique natat.  
 Dum gracilem constringit hiems asperrima formam,  
 Et loca, queis fugiam frigora dura, peto,  
 Mille per anfractus flexisque ambagibus erro,  
 Queis torta obliquas fistula ducit aquas.  
 Tempora sub terris misere quam longa trahebam!  
 Visa nec unquam oculis lux reditura meis.  
 Carceris at tandem portis exire reclusis  
 Altera sub purum fors inopina dedit.  
 Elapsum excepit, palmas tum forte lavabat,  
 Me puer, o felix, usque sit ille puer.  
 Non sævo placuit captum illi cædere ludo,  
 Non lautam in patinis apposuisse dapem.  
 Longarum at lasso post tædia longa viarum  
 Sit tecum, detur quod superesse, quies.  
 Contineat brevibus spatiis cisterna natantem  
 Si nec stringat aquas aura, nec unda ferat.  
 Si procul abfuero sociisque et amoribus illis,  
 Per liquidos placuit cum quibus ire locos;  
 Luce fruar saltem, fruar æthere lætus aperto,  
 Et procul insidiis tempora solus agam.

Nullas hic fraudes metuam neque lina neque hamos,  
 Infestant nec qui flumina magna lupos.  
 Te modo felicem videam, satis ipse beatus  
 Siquid agens placeam, pluris at illud erit.

Anon. 1778.

*In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.*



ESTIVOS juvenum juvenili carmine ludos  
 Aggredior: lætos redde, Thalia, modos.  
 Et tu, Musa, fave—nam tu certamina nosis—  
 Quam propriam jactat Carthusiana domus.  
 Tu spectas, quoties, penso studiisque peractis,  
 Committit juvenum proelia amica cohors.  
 His lasciva salus rubicundo insignis honore,  
 Et largæ ingenii luxuriantis opes.  
 Præsens, Diva, refer—ludos namque inspicias istos—  
 Quis nunc in læto gramine victor agat;  
 Quæ nova progenies studio succrescat eidem,  
 Æmula majorum nominis atque manus:  
 Quem juvet orbiculum pedibus calcare volentem,  
 Quem per plana pilam rura trochumve sequi.  
 Hic, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor  
 Planities, fervens instruit arma cohors.  
 Stat limes; positaque toga cum veste, juventam  
 Sollicitam palmæ spesque metusque tenet.  
 Postquam adeo in partes turbam distinxerit æquas  
 Fors aut consilium, jungere bella parant.  
 Sedula olympiacos miretur Græcia ludos,  
 Proelia testudo Dis propiora sonet:  
 Angliacos pariter sua laus, sua gloria tangit,  
 Æmulus et pueros non minus ardor habet.



Jam sphæra ejicitur celeris contingere metam,  
 At mediam sistit vis inimica viam.  
 Illa repulsa volat: celsoque per æthera cursu  
 Hostibus attonitis non retinenda fugit.  
 Proximus accedit, quo non præclarior alter  
 Projicere, aut valida ligna vibrare manu;  
 Nec minus arte valens celeri sinuamine dextræ  
 Transverso sphæram verbere pellit humi.  
 Continuo victor celebraris voce popelli,  
 Princeps, et nostri magne Corœbe soli.  
 "Plaudite" festivus reboat simul undique circus,  
 "Plaudite" responsant atria nigra domus.  
 Gymnasii princeps, studiis celeberrimus idem,  
 Exiguam palmam summus honore refert.  
 Magna premunt animum; modicis sua gratia restat,  
 Et placet eximiis gloria parva viris.  
 Di quoque dicuntur sedes mutasse beatas,  
 Posthabitoque, homini consuluisse, polo.  
 Deserit Aoniam Phœbus fontesque Aganippes,  
 Thessalicis gaudens, plus quam Helicone, jugis.  
 Collibus Admeti cedit Parnassia rupes,  
 Tuque minus Divo, Pinde superbe, places.  
 JAMES HENRY MONK. 1799.

*Quod petis, hic est.*



MPLORANT Ranæ queribundo murmure regem,  
 Convenit, et ripis garrula turba fremit;  
 "Da regem, Omnipotens"—hæc vox fuit una rogantum—  
 "Da regem, Omnipotens," stagna lacusque sonant.  
 Dat Genitor ridetque preces et inutile lignum  
 Projicit in medias fulminis instar aquas.

Attonitæ fugiunt, vitantque pericula casus,  
 Dum nova confundunt flumina dona Dei.  
 Hic est, quod petitis ; regem, Pater inquit, habetis ;  
 Jam colite acceptum, qua decet arte, ducem.”  
 Hæ capiunt animos prius, et miracula molis  
 Intuitæ posito ligna timore premunt.  
 Insultant regi ridentque ingentia terga,  
 Regales humeros tangere quamque juvat :  
 Risibus at fessæ, “ verum da, Jupiter,” aiunt,  
 Regem, qui sceptrum fortis opemque ferat.  
 His Pater—“ Insanæ, vobismet damna precantes,  
 Rex alius pariter sceptrum necemque feret.  
 Gens erit imbelli sapiens contenta tyranno,  
 Hic est quod petitis—non ego vota nego.”  
 Hæc ubi dicta, gruem ranis cum fulmine mittit,  
 Quæ sævo populum devorat ore suum.  
 Nunc grue sub domino cædes et vulnera vastant,  
 Deperit et precibus gens populata suis.

JAMES HENRY MONK. 1799.

*Nilus.*

\* \* \* \* \*



CONTINUO properant anni spem credere terræ  
 Niligenæ ; et nigros felici uligine limi  
 Agricola incurvo campos molitur aratro.  
 Nec mora : triticei fetus, et læta virescunt  
 Gramina : per cælum volvit se fluctus odorum ;<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> After the Nile has retired, nothing can be more charming than the face which Egypt presents in rising corn, vegetables, and verdure of all sorts. Oranges, lemons, and fruits perfume the air : grapes, figs, and palm-trees, of which wine is made, are here plentiful.—*Guthrie*.

Et qua jam celabat agros incursus aquai,  
 Luxuries illic segetum, pomaria, flores,  
 Magnaque ab exiguo surgit tritura labore.  
 Arboreæ veniunt frondes, et flumina late  
 Curva tenent; lactens ficus, generosaque vitis,  
 Palmaque Idumæis Bacchi dant pocula ramis.  
 Aspice! quot magnum stipant animalia Nilum;  
 Quot summa gaudent in aqua colludere pisces;  
 Quot volucres largos humeris infundere rores,  
 Mox auras petere, et splendere natantibus alis!  
 Ecce! vagæ alcyones, et amantes littora mergi;  
 Ecce! sibi indulgent fulicæ; notosque Penates  
 Ibis inaccessa circumvolat ardua penna.  
 Bos etiam in ripis pallentes ruminat herbas  
 Et fessus grex haurit aquas: stant cespite vivo  
 Miranturque suas vaccæ sub gurgite formas,  
 Aut levi speculo credentes mollia membra  
 Immensum desiderium sensere bibendi.  
 Adde tot in thalamo Nili miracula rerum;  
 Venas argenti, venas non secius auri;  
 Crystalli radios, pendentia pumice tecta,  
 Tritonasque cavis spirantes carmina conchis.  
 Haudquaquam ergo hiemis Phariis in vallibus horret  
 Tempestas; quoniam posses tum florea rura,<sup>1</sup>  
 Tum fortunati messes spectare Canopi.  
 Haudquaquam ergo æstas, ubi jam Gangisque vel Indi  
 Nonnullam opposito partem sol detrahit æstu,  
 Epotusque fugit radiis ardentibus humor;  
 Aut Nilum coquit, aut campos indurat hiulcos.  
 Felicem Ægyptum! primas ibi Græcia lucet<sup>1</sup>  
 Sumit: ibi stringit reges ad lora Sesostriis,  
 Victoresque duos dulci Cleopatra catena

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<sup>1</sup> Vide Claudian. Ep. de Nilo.

Implicat, et roseæ mollis violentia formæ.  
 Felicem Ægyptum ! non illi fata negarunt  
 Serta coloratæ gremium pingentia terræ :  
 Illa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga cœli  
 Floret ; non illo liquidis flent littore guttis<sup>1</sup>  
 Imbres perpetui, nec roris gemmeus humor,  
 At Phœbi usque jubar, Phœbique innubilus ær  
 Emicat, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

\* \* \* \* \*

JAMES SHERGOLD BOONE. 1816.

*Xerxes.*

\* \* \* \* \*



PSE Asiæ Princeps, circumdatus agmine Regum  
 Atque ducum, celebri solio sedet altus, et ambas  
 Jam classes de monte videt certare paratas.  
 Dumque suas cernit naves splendore micantes,  
 Auroque et signis, (sed enim latuere tyrannum  
 Cecropidum fraudes) felicitis mente triumphi  
 Concipit augurium ; optatas jam sumere pœnas  
 Audet ovans animo, victisque illudere Graiis.  
 Qualis sacra Jovi volucris rapido impete fertur,  
 Aspiciens nitidi squamas et terga draconis :  
 Ast ipsam mors certa manet, tamen inscia fati  
 Præpes in horribilem se protinus injicit hostem.  
 Haud aliter contra Danaos cum navibus ibant  
 Innumeris Persæ, et secum traxere ruinam.  
 Nec quicquam auxilio miseris prodesse Tyrannus

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<sup>1</sup> Vide Claudian. Ep. de Nilo.

Ipse potest, tingi videt undas sanguine fuso ;  
 Undique Medorum spargi super æquora classem,  
 Remosque, et laceras jactari in gurgite puppes.  
 Tum rate si fracta, si mille pericula passus,  
 Forte quis ad terram fugiens, Salamina natando  
 Jam tangit, Graii vel saxis eminus urgent  
 Littora prensantem manibus, vel multa precantis  
 Incassum duro pectus mucrone recludunt.

Quæ mala tunc passi Persæ, quos læsa dolores  
 Numina miserunt, testes Rhodopeiæ arces,  
 Altaque Pangæa, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus.  
 Hinc irati hostes, illinc misera agmina vexat  
 Importuna fames, hiemisque procella minacis,  
 Et Boreale gelu ; perculsaque turba timore  
 Nunc precibus Solem insuetis implorat : at ille  
 Aversus faciem tenebras obducit, et atra  
 Celatus nebula non vult audire precantes.  
 Agmina deseruit trepidus formidine Princeps,  
 Littoraque Europæ nullo comitante relinquit.

THOMAS ROBINSON ALLAN. 1817.

*Ad Paupertatem.*

\* \* \* \*



E nauta sollers indocilis pati  
 Solvit carinas, et mare navigat  
 Tumultuosum, te perhorrens  
 Durus Iber fodit e cavernis  
 Terræ metalli pondera, et Æthiops  
 Malas viatori insidias struit :  
 Nil pauper intactum relinquit  
 Ut fugiat tua sæva vincla.

Sed qua, remoto stratus in angulo,  
 Squalore fœdus languet humi miser,  
 Et fractus immani laborum  
 Duritia miseroque casu ;  
 Audire fletus, et videor preces,  
 At rupibus tu surdior Icarî  
 Nec temperas vultus rigorem,  
 Nec misero removes catenas,  
 Famisque morbique incutiens minas ;  
 Geluque puri pectoris impetum  
 Constringis, instigasque versam  
 In scelerum genus omne mentem.

\* \* \* \* \*

THOMAS ROBINSON ALLAN. 1818.

*Ignis.*

\* \* \* \* \*



RÆCIPUE vero divinæ munera flammæ,  
 Æthere seu liquido, seu fibris abdita terræ,  
 Cœlestem ostendunt ortum, Regemque fatentur.  
 Tuque, o, qui nitidam suspendens lampada cœlo,  
 Sol, toties lucem peragis, totiesque tenebras,  
 A quo demissi terrestria damna calores  
 Continuo reparant, moderanturque aëra cursu ;  
 Ad quem cœruleo perfundens lumine plumas  
 Exultans aquila irriguas super ardua nubes  
 Involat, Eoque dies invitat ab aula ;  
 Tu veluti sponsus lætans, similisque giganti  
 Robora, mira equitans diffundis gaudia curru ;  
 Ore tuo æternæ referuntur luminis arces.

Ergo, omni sive in vivorum corpore regnat,  
 Seu silicis venas abstrusus pascitur ignis,  
 Sive super volitans undantes temperat auras,  
 Illi fons sol est ipse et cœlestis origo.  
 Atque ubi terrestres jam ver geniale per oras  
 Purpuream spirat lucem, renovatque calores,  
 Tunc gremio lætus cœlestem concipit ignem  
 Campus, et assiduo depromit munera vultu ;  
 Tunc cito mitescunt quas humida bruma pruinas  
 Infudit, gramenque nova viret usque juventa.  
 Post, ubi sole ardet rubro violentior æstas,  
 Arvaque jam rectis radiis tepefacta coquuntur,  
 Plenior incubuit terræ calor, omniaque in se  
 Stagna haurit, succosque æstu sustollit inertes ;  
 Hinc avidis arbor potans radicibus undam  
 Truncumque et ramis perfundit poma liquore ;  
 Hinc et aromaticas fundens ex cortice guttas  
 Galbaneos Oriens in sylvis flavit odores ;  
 Discit et hinc nitidis ornari Persia gazis  
 Et lapides haurit radianti luce decoros ;  
 Unde apices regum referunt cœlestia signa  
 Cœrulea sapphiro, et flammam imitante pyropo,  
 Quæque die præstant adamantina sidera fontes.  
 Post, ubi jam brevior lux est, et mollior æstus,  
 Auctumnusque fovens terras incumbit ab alto,  
 Occulti fruges flavescunt viribus ignis,  
 Mitis et aprico ridet vindemia colli.  
 Denique, quum campos constringit bruma pruinis,  
 Obscurumque premunt pallentes aëra nubes,  
 Amplius haud vario diffulget terra colore,  
 Sed campum horrentem glebis glacieque peresum  
 Plorat, et amissum sulcis lacrymantibus ignem.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWARD CHURTON. 1818.

*Caramania.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ERRA procul sese bimaris protendit in æquor  
 Et medius sectam gemino laterum objice frangit  
 Isthmus aquam. Innumeris tenuerunt classibus olim  
 Sidetæ; portusque amplos, et mœnia circum,  
 Marmoreosque gradus, et clara theatra locarunt.  
 Sæpe in deserta latitans statione, rapaces  
 Dum latro insidias ratibus molitur onustis,  
 Hic cæcum hospitium reperit, cymbaque refecta  
 Prædam, et mæsta parat per latos funera fluctus.  
 Protinus inflexum multo sinuamine littus  
 Porrigitur, versasque urbes et tristia regna  
 Ostendit longe, aut structis in margine summo  
 Passim crebra notat functorum tecta sepulchris.  
 Jam summa apparet surgens Coracesium ab unda  
 Sydrææque arces; jam cautibus ardua celsis  
 Magnifica attollit se majestate Selinus  
 Ostentans titulos monumentaque ditia regum.  
 Hinc in conspectu Cilicum jacet undique tellus<sup>1</sup>  
 Urbesque, et toto numerantur littore portus.  
 Hinc etiam ante oculos longe Cythereia Cyprus  
 Cernitur exoriens, faciemque simillima peltæ,  
 Aut qualis placido suspendens marmore nidos  
 Alcýone Thetidis summæ levis innatat undæ.  
 Quid referam insignem tortis Sarpedona saxis,

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<sup>1</sup> The evening was clear, and this spot afforded a beautiful prospect; we could trace the coast that had been already explored to an immense distance; the plain, with its winding rivers and ruins, was spread out like a map at our feet. We had also a distinct view of the island of Cyprus, rising from the southern horizon, though more than sixty-five geographical miles distant.



Quoque modo bibulam assidue Calycadnus arenam  
 Deducens solido frenaverit aggere pontum ?  
 Quid croceos fetus, et quæ vernantia semper  
 Corycii montis penitus virgulta sub antro<sup>1</sup>  
 Frondent, æstivo nunquam tepefacta calore :  
 Quid furtim occultos rapientia flumina cursus  
 Expediam, segnesque moras per dædala rerum  
 Moliar ? Ecce procul Pompeia moenia surgunt,  
 Marmoreæque nitent arces, et porticus ingens  
 Bis centum apparet celsis innixa columnis.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOSEPH WILLIAM ALLAN. 1819.

*Loo-Choo.*

(See Capt. B. Hall's Account of the Island.)

\* \* \* \* \*



ARTIBUS Eois felix jacet insula, famæ  
 Nota parum, neque adhuc sacris memorata Camœnis,  
 Quamvis non alia agricolæ tellure videtur  
 Tantus honos, tanta aut fecundi gloria campi.  
 Dum procul horribilem exercet discordia cædem,  
 Atque inimica parat miseris mortalibus arma ;  
 Sanguine dum spumant segetes, et prata colonus  
 Tectaque respiciens regnis excedit avitis ;  
 Hic homines sævo ignari deperdere ferro  
 Otia agunt, nullis unquam vexata querelis,  
 Nec tuba raucisono ad bellum movet agmina cantu.  
 Hæc loca non duræ premit inclementia brumæ,

---

<sup>1</sup> Vide Strabo, Lib. xiv.

Nec nimia ardescens radiis ferventibus æstas ;  
 At morbi tristes absunt, atque horrida, febres,  
 Agmina, nec miseros Auster depascitur artus :  
 Tam procul hinc macies, et pallida mortis imago,  
 Tam dolor humanæque ægra infortunia vitæ ;  
 Ut credas iterum in terris Saturnia regna  
 Surgere, et ex auro rursus revirescere seclum.

Nequicquam croceos Tmolus devolvit odores,  
 Gargara mirantur messes, sua thura Sabæi :  
 Hic proprio quodam naturæ munere surgit,  
 Quicquid quæque suum regio sibi vindicet una ;  
 Hic variæ fruges non ulla lege videntur  
 Crescere, et æternum mirari Copia regnum.  
 Finibus his nuper, (famæ si credere dignum est)  
 Agrestem vixisse ferunt ; cui barba per annos  
 Plurima jam longos cecidit, variæque verendam  
 Impressere cutem rugæ, tristisque senectus.  
 Ille casa angusta princeps degebat, et almo  
 Decedente die, ad magalia sera revertens,  
 Prædives, cœnabat inops ; illi Indica farra,  
 Et curare fuit milium, vel cædere ramos  
 Ingenti a pinu, vel olentia carpere poma.  
 Fortunate senex ! semper tua poma virescent,  
 Purpureæ semper messes, robustaque farra,  
 Nec devastabit patrias has miles aristas.  
 Fortunate senex ! hic certo tempore menses  
 Deponent fetus, nec non, tua cura, palumbes  
 Aeris placido suadebunt murmure somnum.

\* \* \* \* \*

WILLIAM JAGO. 1820.

*Coriolanus.*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*



AMQUE ibant (ea sola salus) longo ordine matres

Quæsitum optatam, dederint modo numina, pacem ;

Pectora tunsa sonant palmis, dejectaque colla

Crebra rigat passos lacryma interfusa capillos ;

Totum funereis nigrescit vestibus agmen

Neniaque auditur muliebri concita questu ;

Mæstitia insignis per castra inimica, per arma

Ducit iter conjux geminaque Veturia prole.

Utque suum agnovit media inter corpora natum,

Procumbitque genu posito, indulgetque querelis

Suppliciter tristis, moveat si pectora, mater.

“ Si taceam, mæsta hæc vestis fusique capilli,

Qui tantus languentem animum depascitur angor ;

Ostendent satis : ah miseri ! queis irrita vota

Nec sperare datur fractis solatia rebus.

Pacem a te petimus : terra sparsa ossa recenti

Funeraque ante diem multa grassantia cæde

Vidimus : has fletu satis est novisse ruinas.

Ast ego quid referam ?—neque enim facundia linguæ

Illaque canities capitis non digna ferentis

Aversum movere animum. Me plurima jussit

Per somnum apparens umbra exturbata parentum

Exire e tectis in castra ardentia ferro,

Si mater possim nati exsuperare furores.

Væ mihi ! solabar falsa inter gaudia curas,

Quando omni studio cunabula amata fovebam.

Tune inopem, immitis ! potuisti linquere matrem,

Tu vitæ spes sola ? ergo labor ille parentis

Effusus, tristemque traham sine honore senectam.  
 Nec mihi natus erit, quum mors induxerit umbras,  
 Frigida qui placido componat membra sepulcro.  
 Has per te lacrymas oro, per jura parentis,  
 Respice res lapsas patriæ, atque hanc exue mentem,  
 Seclaue compositæ carpant læta otia pacis.  
 Sic tibi sancta fides, memorum sic corda nepotum  
 Persolvent meritos ævi venerantis honores.  
 Sin autem obtusas immobilis obstruis aures,  
 Si tibi pulsus amor nostri, nec cura precantis,  
 I, pete regna hostis, cape tela, incendia misce,  
 Et rabiem saturent disjecta palatia Romæ;  
 Ipsa operi accingor; mihi tu jam funeris auctor,  
 Ante tuam matrem aspicias abrumpere vitam,  
 Quam patrios inter cineres spatiahere victor."

Hoc fletu infractæ vires: dolor acrior ardet:  
 Voceque materna pariter lacrymisque movetur  
 Marcius, et rabidas jamdudum avertitur iras.

\* \* \* \* \*

WILLIAM PENRICE BORRETT. 1821.

*Constantinus.*

\* \* \* \* \*



OSTHAC (ardet enim populum renovare labantem,  
 Et miseram sarcire urbem, invisique Tyranni  
 Diruere imperium) turmis victricibus arces  
 Oppugnare parat turritaque mœnia Romæ.  
 Nequicquam abrupti nebulosa cacumina montes  
 Rupibus oppositis tollunt, fluviique tumentes  
 Montanis nivibus pulsant spumantia saxa.

Rumpit iter tamen impavidus, per saxa, per hostes,  
 Impatiensque moræ; Eridani turbata fluenta  
 Transit, et ærii celsum caput Appennini.  
 Nubibus en ! liquidis solitam medio æthere sedem  
 Occupat, ac secum deducens mille tenebras  
 Occiduus placidum circumdat Vesper Olympum :  
 Jamque ille ante alios formaque insignis et armis  
 (Ardua enim frons et sublimia lumina latum  
 Imperium ostentant majestatemque verendam)  
 Ingreditur, veterum volvens discrimina regum  
 Incertasque vices, cum scissis nubibus æther  
 Fulgenti erubuit flamma, cœloque micans crux  
 Visa novos superans radios lucemque Diei,  
 Primus ubi eōs montes illuminat aureo  
 Incumbens curru : tanto obstupuere catervæ  
 Prodigio, et tristes iras metuere Deorum.  
 At vero ille novis ardescens lumina flammis  
 Clamat ovans : “ Deus, ecce Deus ! Cœlestia signa  
 Nosco, atque insolitas duco ex hoc omine vires.  
 Cernite enim qua se roseis e nubibus ignis  
 Explicuit, fulsitque notis ubi conscius æther,  
 Hoc SIGNO VINCES. Roma indignata Tyrannum,  
 Impatiensque jugi, libertatemque priorem  
 Exoptans, nostra arma vocat.” Sic fatus, et idem  
 Omnes ardor habet ; juvat omnes horrida inire  
 Proelia, et oppressæ auxilio succurrere genti.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN GRIFFITH COLE. 1822.

*Templum Dianæ Romæ conditum.*

\* \* \* \*



CILICET his annis delubri fama Dianæ  
 Latius errabat, quod et ædificasse labore  
 Communi gentes Asiæ sumptuque feruntur;  
 Hæc etiam Romam longinquam venit ad urbem,  
 Regemque incendit stimulis et pectora movit.  
 Fanum igitur Romæ (neque enim spes ulla Latinis  
 Imperii toties devictis Marte manebat)  
 Conjunctos Divæ populos attollere jussit.  
 Inde, dato jussu, fani fundamina ponunt;  
 Continuo velut in numerum portare laborant  
 Ingentem farris cumulum, brumæque futuræ.  
 Formicæ memores frumentis horrea complent,  
 Turba viam nigrans perfusam obscurat, onusque  
 Aut humeris tendunt crebris aut voce morantes  
 Irata objurgant; denso agmine semita fervet:  
 Haud aliter manibus populi nova mœnia condunt,  
 Templique ardentes jaciunt fundamina, cessat  
 Nulla manus, cunctos simul ardor habetque movetque,  
 Totaque paullatim consurgit protinus ædes.

\* \* \* \*

FREDERICK FARRE. 1822.

*Templum Dianæ Romæ conditum.*

\* \* \* \*



PLENDIDA consurgit moles: laquearibus aurum,  
 Aurum parietibus fulget, mirabile visu,  
 Marmore contextum puro, radiisque vagantes  
 Mille oculos stringit varia sub imagine lucis.  
 Splendor ubique volat tremulus: ceu præbet amœnus

Umbram lucus, ubi quercus viridesque cupressi  
 Consociant nemorum tenebras : vix clarus ab alto  
 Phœbus adit, frondesque valet penetrare sub imas :  
 At si forte jubar latebras attingit opacas,  
 Nunc huc nunc illuc tremulam mirabere lucem  
 Jactari, circumque illudit mobilis error.  
 Haud aliter miro ludit vaga gloria tecto  
 Reddita ; divitiis splendent ingentibus altæ  
 Interiora domus et conferta undique gaza.  
 Scilicet illa Ephesi steterat vix pulchrior olim,  
 Egregia totum fama vulgata per orbem,  
 Cui tecta excelsæ plus centum vasta columnæ  
 Fulcibant, regum totidem monimenta priorum.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWARD BLENCOWE. 1822.

*Nidus Columbinus.*

\* \* \* \* \*



RINCIPIO sedes quærunt, ubi ponere nidos  
 Conveniat, seu qua muscoso in pumice cæcæ  
 Hospitium præbent latebræ, seu frigus amœnum  
 Populeæ frondes nemore interiore ministrant.  
 Quod superest, virgulta legunt muscoque virenti  
 Tecta linunt : Hic assidue noctesque diesque  
 Fida sedet conjux, illamque nec improba cogit  
 Esuries, nec veris opes Zephyrive tepentis  
 Illecebræ suadent dulcem intermittere curam.  
 Interea opposita sublimis in arbore nidi  
 Stat socius, blandoque diem celerare morantem  
 Murmure amat : vel, cum rapido fugit illa volatu  
 Parcum collectura cibum per florida rura,  
 Occupat ille locum, qua pectore amata calenti

Ova premit, nidosque suo fervore tuetur.  
 Tempus adest ; cura assidua nutrita parentum  
 Exiit in lucem proles, nova pectora matris  
 Opprimat anxietas, victum clamore requirunt  
 Perpetuo ; volat extemplo per rura maritus  
 Frugiferumque refert milium, baccasque tumentes,  
 Gutturaque optato distendit hiantia victu.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN GRIFFITH COLE. 1822.

*Lear.*

\* \* \* \* \*



N vero infelix genitor, quem nulla furentem  
 Tempestas retinet, non ullus cursibus obstat  
 Dumus, at infirmos constrictis vepribus artus  
 Nudatasque comas lacerat ; qua sævior urget  
 Ventus, et effusus descendit plurimus imber,  
 Fertur inops animi : non cœli fulgura sentit,  
 Non furias hiemis, neque agentes frigora nimbos :  
 Scilicet intestina suo sub corde dolorum  
 Asperior versatur hiems ; furor improbus urget,  
 Et rapit implacida victos vertigine sensus.  
 Non aliter quam cum muros exercitus urbis  
 Obsidione tenet, si tandem everterit arcem,  
 Sola salus, mœstique cadit spes ultima belli.  
 Ergo ubi divinæ est ereptus spiritus auræ,  
 Sanguineo glaucum multa vi torquet in orbe  
 Lumen, et exustas fauces premit arida lingua :  
 Incipit insanire furens, bacchansque videtur  
 Ipse sibi ultrici natas urgere flagello,



Per campos sylvasque sequens perque avia lustra,  
 Tartareas vocitare canes, cognataque membra  
 Diripere, et fuso visum satiare cruore.  
 Sed tandem insanis victus conatibus, æger  
 Deficit; intereunt vires: collapsaque membra  
 Inter dura cadunt instrato saxa cubili.  
 At veluti, postquam cecidit fragor Amphitrites,  
 Latius ignavos tenuerunt otia fluctus,  
 Turbatæ tandem succedit inertia menti;  
 Tum vero solus secum spatiat in umbra  
 Perque silens flumen, malesanaque tempora circum,  
 Tempora regali dudum decorata corona,  
 Urticas nectit tristes, albamque cicutam.  
 Aut per rura vagans concussis pabula quærit  
 Cornis, et rabidam solatur glandibus alvum;  
 Unguibus aut ægre terram rimatur; et escam  
 Nisibus effodiens miseram jejunia pellit,  
 Tristiaque ex viridi stagno sibi pocula sumit.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN DESBOROW WALFORD. 1823.

*Cræsus.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ALIA dicentem<sup>1</sup> spernit rex turbidus ira,  
 Nec secus Atrides Cassandram arcana moventem  
 Sprevit, et obstruxit male surdam incredulus aurem.  
 Scilicet ambrosios illi præbebat odores  
 Tmolus, et unguentum graviter spirantis amomi;

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<sup>1</sup> Sc. Solonem.

Pactolusque, auri sudans in margine guttas,  
 Illi floriferas valles et amœna vireta  
 Irrorabat aqua: nec bello clara priorum  
 Ullo se tantum jactarat Lydia rege.  
 Eversas Asiæ dabat unus jura per urbes,  
 Hinc, ubi Threicii prope flumina Thermodontis  
 Fœminea armantur lunatis agmina peltis;  
 Illinc, Taurus ubi media inter nubila surgens  
 Cautibus oppositis australes terminat oras:  
 Nec minus Ægæo tum primum in littore Graii  
 Barbarico norant victi parere tyranno,  
 Et sua vix Epheson poterat Diana tenere.  
 Ebrius ille ergo fortunæ munere dulci,  
 Nescius heu! Nemesis quas ingerat invida sortes,  
 Aurea securæ carpebat gaudia vitæ.  
 Quales, vere novo cum ridet dædala tellus,  
 Ludentes volgo pecudes errare videbis  
 Qua lubet: ast illas venientis damna procellæ  
 Improvisa premunt; de cœlo fulmina mittit  
 Jupiter, et terris violentior ingruit imber.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN ATKINSON FULTON. 1824.

*Auctumnus.*

\* \* \* \* \*



IDES, ut æstas mollior, et vigor  
 Anni senescat? dum Zephyri tacet  
 Susurrus, et convexa cœli  
 Cœrula temperies serenat;

Admurmurantis vix nebulæ procul  
 Amnis meatu leniter insident,  
     Sylvæque se pallor recedens  
     Induit in dubios colores.  
 Neque his Voluptas nulla redintegrat  
 Pratis honores messis : Io, sonant  
     Cantus puellarum, et Juventæ  
     Risus ovans super ore ludit.  
 Signet Cometes sanguineo licet  
 Nocturna tractu nubila, nec facem  
     Det Luna consuetam : coloni,  
     Quos foveant, hilarisque pubes,  
 In corde sensus, pocula Liberi,  
 Et nox avitis dedita fabulis,  
     Nec parva messorum corona, et  
     Mista choris joca feriat  
 Testantur : O si rura Theocritus  
 Rursus beato pectore viseret,  
     Rerumque, quas olim canebat,  
     Delicias iterare posset  
 Amore raptus : seu loca vitium  
 Serpente nexu gratia vestiat,  
     Et livido turgens racemo  
     Italiæ decus æmuletur ;  
 Seu digna regnis Alcinoi pyra  
 Ostendat hortus malaque roscida,  
     Prematque decerptas puella  
     Dente nuces, neque mella temnat.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN BROME. 1825.

*Rura Cano Rurisque Deos.*

\* \* \* \* \*



UT mihi raptato insolita dulcedine ferri  
 Detur, ubi pagi vicinia comminus herbas  
 Miscet odoratas, et strati gratia ruris  
 Panditur ad Solem, puerique ascendere plaustra  
 Aut tenera exultim gaudent per gramina volvi,  
 Dividit et virgo mellita voce canorem.  
 Nec longum, et mites quando Sol duplicat umbras  
 Occiduus, radiisque relucet saxa, juvenus  
 Ludos ducit, ubi ramorum umbracula texunt  
 Hospitium, cantuque fovet Philomela colonum.  
 Jamque choros dulces inter, scenasque virentes  
 Ire mihi videor. Juvat exercere palæstram,  
 Qua pater antiqua certamina ponit in ulmo,  
 Atque alia ex aliis oblectant gaudia cœtus.  
 Quis nescit lætosque jocos, hilaresque choreas,  
 Eloquentumve oculi, et facunda silentia nymphæ  
 Suaviter in comitem obliquos meditantis amores,  
 Dum natæ invigilat voltu pia cura parentis.  
 Vidi egomet, multa circum glomerante corona,  
 Narrantis dum quisque inhians pendebat ab ore,  
 Vidi egomet, tremula sagam memorare loquela  
 Somnia nocturna, et quoties densa ingruit umbra  
 Ut mœsti volitant Manes, lateque videntur  
 Tartareas quassare faces; ipsamque, legentem  
 Intentis oculis palmarum signa, futuri  
 Temporis ambages vitæque evolvere sortes.  
 Interea rubeis mulctralia plena lacertis  
 Dulce puella canens portat; vel segnius agmen  
 Ægra boum cauda vestigia verrit; aratorque

Effigiem Lunæ puram sine nube salutat.<sup>1</sup>  
 Felix, si nusquam ferales noctua cantus  
 Integret, aut tremula scintillans luce paludem  
 Pervolitet<sup>2</sup> vapor, ac mentitos induat ignes.  
 Felix, si desolatas<sup>3</sup> formidine turris  
 Invita prætergrediens impune ruinas  
 Agrestes tumulos<sup>4</sup> inter mœstasque cupressos  
 Culmina villarum rursus fumantia cernat.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

JOHN BROME. 1825.

*Urbs.*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*



ANE novo surgens quum findit nubila Phœbus,  
 Culmina quot videas totam fumare per urbem,  
 Quot sonitus varios miscerier undique late  
 Accipias, tractimque hominum increbrescere murmur.  
 Hic validi properant opera ad Vulcania fabri;  
 Passibus hic fessis clavam vigilemque lucernam  
 Custodes noctis referunt; rubrisve lacertis  
 Strenua sustentat mulctralia plena virago.

Nec minus interea juvat inspectare labores  
 Artificumque manus;<sup>5</sup> radio subtemen acuto  
 Inserit ut textor, digitisque micantibus urget,  
 Crescentemve ferit densanti pectine telam:  
 Turget ut in ventrem flatu liquefacta flagranti<sup>6</sup>  
 Igne silex, variaque novas capit arte figuras:

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<sup>1</sup> In some parts of England it is the custom at the prime of the moon to say,  
 "It is a fine moon, God bless her."—BRAND.

<sup>2</sup> Ignis fatuus.

<sup>3</sup> Haunted houses.

<sup>4</sup> Churchyards.

<sup>5</sup> The weaver.

<sup>6</sup> The glassblower.

Insignes ut Marte viros formaque puellas<sup>1</sup>  
 Marmore de Pario sculptor posuisse laborat ;  
 Phidiacamque petit famæ sine fraude coronam.  
 Hic, qua parte vides fumo vitiarier auras<sup>2</sup>  
 Ætherias, mistaque vomit fuligine nubem ;  
 Ardentes rapida prunæ in fornace subactæ  
 Sulphuream expirant animam, quæ pabula flammæ  
 Ferratis subvecta tubis diversa ministret ;  
 Lampades ignito ut per longas aere noctes  
 Pascantur, miroque abigant fulgore tenebras.  
 O utinam lux illa, nigras quæ discutit umbras,  
 Pelleret exitiale nefas, furumque tumultus.  
 Sed nondum rediere urbi Saturnia regna :  
 En, manibus sontem ducunt post terga revinctis  
 Lictores, ædesque petunt,<sup>3</sup> ubi prætor eburno  
 Innixus solio, et trabea fulgente decorus,  
 Crimina cognoscens, edicit jura, brevemque  
 Litibus imponit finem, poenasque reposcit.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHARLES HEBERT. 1826.

*Xerxes, Græciam invasurus, Pergamenos alloquitur.*

HEROD. vii. 43.



ALVETE vos o qui patrias adhuc  
 Sedes tenetis Pergami, et avia  
 Per rura natalesque sylvas  
 Frondiferæ volitatis Idæ ;  
 Jucunda vobis munera Liberi  
 Libamus auro. Cernite prosperi  
 Rem nostram, et emissas ab omni  
 Impavidas Oriente turmas,

<sup>1</sup> The statuary.

<sup>2</sup> A gasometer.

<sup>3</sup> Mansion-house.

Quæ barbarorum nunc memores patrum,  
Velut serena crebra cohors apum

Æstate, densata caterva

Iliacis glomerantur oris.

Nempe his in oris Dux Priameius

Fortis superbam temnere Græciam

Et mille vexatus carinis

In decimum superabat annum,

Favente Phœbo ; Dardanidis tamen

Effugit omnis gloria, Peleo

Quum natus in pugnâ rediret,

Æthereis decoratus armis,

Ultor Patrocli ; tum fugientium

Multis repletus corporibus stetit

Scamander ; et victis iniquæ

Priamidis vetuere lances

Tardare fatum : scilicet, heu, nefas,

Videre cives pulvere sordidum,

Videre raptari quadrigis

Exanimum Andromaches maritum.

Eheu, verendum nec pietas caput,

Nec magna canum progenies patrem

Servabat, antiquas in aulas

Vi patria simul irruebat

Pyrrhus recenti sanguineus nece.

Tum victa flammis concidit Ilios,

Arcesque ; damnatumque tristi

Trojugenum genus omne leto.

Sed non inultos terra teget viros,

Præsens superbam mox Deus Hellada

Adibo, et eversas Athenas

Ipsæ gravi jaculabor igne.

GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES. 1826.

*Henricus Octavus.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ETIOR hinc mœstis succedit scena querelis ;  
 Ire per irriguas valles et dulcia rura,  
 Colle sub Ardeo<sup>1</sup> et virides penetrare recessus,  
 Pinguis ubi extremis colitur Picardia campis,  
 Legiaque in Scaldin placido devolvitur amne,  
 Correptus videor ; cerno rutilantia late  
 Agmina ; purpureis cerno tentoria velis,  
 Ferratasque acies, florentesque ære catervas.  
 Mille repercussos adverso sole colores  
 Arda refert, fusoque super ditiescit in auro.  
 Finitimas cerno fœdus componere gentes,  
 Et geminum<sup>2</sup> solem, et duplex se ostendere regnum,  
 Vibrari gladios, galeas nutare comantes,  
 Fervere equos, croceo campos insternier ostro,  
 Gallicaque Angliacis celebrari litora ludis.  
 Martius eximio primas rex ipse catervas  
 Lustrat equo, telumque immani mole coruscans,  
 Hortatur socios, simulataque suscitât arma.

Quis procul ille autem, medium quem plurima cingit  
 Turba, coronatum civili tempora quercu ?  
 Quis procul Eo regum insignitus amictu  
 Incedit, gradiensque viros supereminet omnes,  
 Arduus ? agnosco tonsos de more capillos  
 Pontificis ; nosco vultum incessumque superbum  
 Illius, infidos recto qui lumine fluctus

<sup>1</sup> Arde in Picardy, the scene of the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I.—SHAKS. *Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> “ Those suns of glory, those two lights of men.”—*Ibid.*



Aspiciens, fortis tentare undantia rerum  
 Æquora: nunc tumidis victor subit ostia velis,  
 Nescius, ah, quantæ sera sub nocte procellæ  
 Immineant, quantas exspectet Vespera prædas.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOSEPH ST. JOHN YATES. 1827.

*Syracusæ ab Atheniensibus Obsessæ.*

\* \* \* \* \*



PÆNE victor, nominis Attici  
 Spes altera, O cui vivida præliis  
 Tum corda, tum spectata virtus,  
 Vim revocans animosque fessis,  
 Quum Luna tantas haud miserans vices  
 Victis negaret deficiens facem,  
 Et quum laborantes catervæ  
 Assinari obruerentur alveo.  
 Ornate, Musæ Sicelides, locum,  
 Ornate sertis busta ducum piis,  
 Quos sorte conjunctos acerba  
 Perdidit ambitio suorum.  
 Nam quis silebit te, male providis  
 Qui semper obstans consiliis sagax,  
 Tandem ferebaris procella,  
 Digne senex meliore fato?  
 Morboque curisque, heu, quoties dolens  
 Vultu gerebas lætitiâ, tuis  
 Solamen, uni tristis ipsi,  
 O patriæ nimium fidelis?

Sed, te relicto, Socraticus puer  
 Sacræ abnegarat se comitem rati  
     Longinqua frustra metienti,  
     Et Lacedæmonias ad urbes  
 Gratus per undas transfuga venerat:  
 Fastidienti nempe aderat dolor  
     Infestus, et sævis agebat  
     Ambitio juvenem flagellis.  
 Talem auspicati gloria principi  
 Superbientes ducit ad exitum?  
     Nam cuncta terrarum, potentes  
     Æquoris, imperio subacta  
 Vani putabant Cecropidæ suo.  
 Ergo insolentes, en, patitur vices,  
     Et mœret, hostilis catervæ  
     Ludibrium, Siculis in arvis  
 Captiva pubes, quot neque carceris  
 Gelu, nec ardor torridus, enecans,  
     In vincla servarit, probrosi  
     Reliquiæ et monumenta belli.  
 Sed dulcis olim dat miseris opem  
 Euripidei nenia carminis,  
     Dum victor invita subactus  
     Cecropios bibit aure luctus.

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HENRY B. W. CHURTON. 1827.

*Navigium vi vaporis impulsum.*

\* \* \* \* \*



CILICET, insinuans sese, corpuscula fervor  
 Laxat aquæ, solitoque vetans coalescere motu  
 Perpetua in calidos expandit lege vapores,  
 Qui spatia ampla petant, prorumpantque omnia cursu,  
 Aut vacuum immisso densati frigore linquant.  
 Hæc Natura dedit sollerti provida cura  
 Principia. Hinc arctis infra fornacibus<sup>1</sup> ardor  
 Igneus, et vasto circumdata flamma lebeti<sup>2</sup>  
 Exagitat vivos per devia claustra calores.  
 Huic superimposito fervens ex ære vaporem  
 Unda ciet, pressaque furens exæstuat ira.  
 Inde, errore vago complens arcana tuborum,  
 Spiritus effrenis ruit, impulsuque secundo,  
 Implet uti sano venas in corpore sanguis,  
 Percurrit varias partes, totamque gubernat  
 Lege sua invisus navem; tum denique, victus  
 Frigoribus, redit in sese, justosque liquores  
 Exhausto tandem immittit revolutus ahenò.

Prima adeo teretis moles calefacta cylindri<sup>3</sup>  
 Hinc illinc alterna patet, geminisque vaporem  
 Accipit immissum portis: hinc massa<sup>4</sup> movetur  
 Infixa impulsu duplici, supraque recepta  
 Vi premitur, per inane cadens: nam utrinque vacefit  
 Frigore densanti spatium: spirabilis inde  
 Infusus contra vapor, atque elata vicissim  
 Massa redit; premitur rursus, celerique recursu  
 Summa petit; simul adjunctam conamine vasto

<sup>1</sup> Furnace.<sup>2</sup> Boiler.<sup>3</sup> Cylinder.<sup>4</sup> Piston.

Summovet ipsa trabem,<sup>1</sup> paribus tollensque premensque  
 Ictibus; hinc axis pendet; tum circulus,<sup>2</sup> infra  
 Additus, incerto sua per vestigia jactu  
 Passibus haud æquis properat; circumdata motus  
 Cui regit, et magno velox rota<sup>3</sup> volvitur orbe.  
 Quid plura? an memorem ferrum innexasque catenas  
 Remigiumque<sup>4</sup> rotæ affixum, geminosque retortæ  
 Orbes perpetuis qui obstant anfractibus undæ?

Vix tamen adstantis poscit tam vasta ministri  
 Moles auxilium: ipsa suos sibi sufficit ignes,  
 Ipsa suos magno latices infundit aheno  
 Et celerem justo cohibet moderamine cursum.

Præterea nimio si olim liquor excitus æstu  
 Plus æquo exsultet, durataque claustra furentem  
 Vix capiant; facilem ipse vapor sibi pandit ad auras  
 Inde viam tutisque erumpit ad æthera valvis.<sup>5</sup>  
 Ni faciat, triplicis circum munimina ferri  
 Impatiens rumpat, magnoque avulsa fragore  
 Arma ratis tabulasque ferens ambustaque membra,  
 Evomat ingentem vada per tremefacta ruinam.

Quum tamen ars tantos pellat secunda timores,  
 Suave, ubi sopitæ ponto siluere procellæ,  
 Carhasaque in malo languent, remusve laborans  
 Vix movet invito lentos conamine fluctus,  
 Conspicere, ut validis ratis acta vaporibus, intus  
 Vi tremefacta sua, velocique impete vibrans  
 Radit iter liquidum, celeris nihil indiga venti.  
 Nec minus adversis horrent ubi concita flabris  
 Æquora et incerto vada per stridentia navis  
 Velorum auxilio rapitur diversa, ruentis  
 Ludibrium tempestatis, luctansve per undas

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<sup>1</sup> Working-beam.

<sup>2</sup> Crank.

<sup>3</sup> Fly-wheel.

<sup>4</sup> Paddles.

<sup>5</sup> Safety-valves.

Difficilem ad ventos obliquat devia cursum,  
 Cedendo superans ; faciles secura sua vi  
 Illa secat fluctus, vivoque animata vigore  
 Recta petit tutam proprio quasi numine metam,  
 Dum parent elementa, ignisque et pontus et aër.

HENRY LUSHINGTON. 1828.

*Penelope.*

\* \* \* \* \*



T fida conjux, nec prece nec minis  
 Abacta, curas in thalamo foveat  
 Absentis æternas mariti  
 Sola sedens, iteratque questus,  
 Cui mœror addit verba : Quid impium  
 Ignara feci ? quid scelus, ut Jovis  
 Iram ingravescentem supremi  
 Continuas patiar per horas ?  
 Ausa est recepti cædem Agamemnonis  
 Adultero sub pectore Tyndaris  
 Versare ; sed Divos Ulixem  
 Penelope reducem poposci.  
 Quin et remotis Telemachus quoque  
 Abest in oris. Hei mihi ; prosequor  
 Natumque lamentis virumque,  
 Orba parens, viduata conjux.  
 Ergo recurrunt tempora ; ver redit,  
 Æstasque solis prodiga, et invicem  
 Auctumnus ; at totos per annos  
 Bruma meum premit una pectus.

Formæ caducus flos periit mihi,  
Ægram et senectus præcipitat diem ;  
Et spernet amplexus Ulixes,  
Si redeat, rediens aniles.

Sed te vagantem quid mare conjugem,  
Quæ terra, Ulixes, distinet ? An tua,  
Furente demersi procella,  
Ossa premunt inhumata littus ?

An, absit omen, vivis adhuc, mei  
Oblitus ? At te non ego, te tua  
Non possum et antiquos amores,  
Jussa, novis abolere flammis.

Quid, quod procorum vota rapacium,  
Aut ipse mentem sollicitat pater,  
Medonque, vel Pisander audax,  
Se juvenem potiore vultu

Jactat maritum : Nox mihi, Lunaque,  
Testantur iram, qua memor obstiti,  
Telæque secretum retextæ  
Fraude pia in tenebris laborem."

JOHN EDWARD BRIGHT. 1829.

*Doctrina vim promovet insitam.*

Χρύσειον σέβας Σοφίας, ἔρανοιός  
ὕπάτεισιν ἀμβρόσιον γελάσας,  
τὴν θεὰ φόρμιγγι πλέκω, τὴν Αἰολ-  
ῆϊδα μολπᾶν.  
χαῖρ', ἄνασσα, χαῖρε, βροτοῖς νεοσσᾶς  
ἠπία θρέπτειρ' ἀρετᾶς, συνεργὸς  
πότνα πανδῶρῳ φύσιος, φρανῶν καπ-  
ουρὲ νεάων·

A A

ἦ ποτ' ἀγνοίας νεφέλα βαρείας  
 ἄνδρας οἰκτίσαισ' ἀλύνοντας, ἀδὺ  
 μειδιάσ' ἔσταζας ἀπ' ὀρρανῶ φῶς  
 θέσκελον αἶψ'·

τὼς πάλας εὐεῖδα κάμψιν Ἑρμᾶς  
 φθέγμα θ' εὖρεν ἀνδράσιν, ἄγριοι τὼς  
 Ὀρφέα θαεύντο βροτοὶ σφιν ἦθη  
 ὦμὰ μάλαζαι.

ἡνίδ' ὡς νεάνιδος ἄνθος ὥρας  
 βλαστάνει χλωρὸν νεοθαλές· ἄβα  
 τερψέων ἔαρ βραχὺ μειδίασε  
 πορφύρεον φῶς·

ἡνίδε στυγνᾶς κακίας ἄβυσσοι  
 ὡς ἐφεδρεύοντι δόλοι νεοσσοῖς  
 ἔρνεσιν, μέσοις ἄτε φοῖνιοι βρόδ-  
 οῖσι δράκοντες·

ψευδέως Σειρὰν ὀλέτειρα μειδῇ·  
 κῆρ ἔνερθε συστρέφεται, τὸ δ' ἄφον  
 εὐγενῇ φλόγ', ὦ Σοφία, φίλαν τ' ἔμ-  
 πνει φρασὶν ὀρμάν.

εὖ γεγῶτ' ἥσχυνε νόσος κακίστα  
 σεῖ' ἄτερ. λυγρᾷ δ' ἄπυρος κεκευθὼς  
 ἐν σποδῷ σπινθηρ ἀρετᾶς κατεύδει,  
 χά ζάθεος φλόξ

ὥκ' αὖ κεν μαραιομένα κατέσβη,  
 σεῖ' ἄτερ· πολλὰν μὲν ἄβυσσ' ἐρεμνᾶς  
 ἄντρ' ἀλὸς φαενοτάτας λίθων ἀκ-  
 τῖνας ἔκρυψεν,

πολλὰ δ' αὖτ' ἔλαμψεν ἄδαλα, καύραν  
 ἀδονᾷ θέλξασκεν ἔραμον ἄνθη,  
 τὼς, ἀπαίδευτος Σοφίας, φθίνει νε-  
 ἀνιδος ἀκμά.

εἰ δέ νιν ποτεῖδε Θεὰ φαεινὰς  
 χεῖρας ἔκτειναις ἄρετᾶς τιθάνᾳ,  
 εὐγενῇ τότ' αὖ φράνα θάρσεός τε  
 καὶ πεδὰ μόχθων  
 ἐς βαθὺ σκάψεν κλέος, οὐδ' ἔθ' ἄγνων  
 πᾶξεν οἱ ψυχὰς κακία ῥέεθρον  
 καρτερᾶς, ἵνις δ' ἀπέβλασθεν ἐσλῶ  
 πατρὸς ἀμείνων.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1828.

*Tempus.*

\* \* \* \* \*



INC Tempus veteres, Saturno nomine, prolem  
Qui vorat ipse suam, primum finxere Deorum :  
Falciferi necnon formam exhibuere Gigantis,  
Qui genus humanum, qui regna urbesque potentes  
Sternit, ut infirmas robustus messor aristas.  
Ergo, tu pulchræ evertis miracula terræ,  
Invide, cuncta, senex. Vasto tu gurgite volvis  
Quod nituit splendore brevi, gaudesque ruinis.  
Tu damnum accumulas, nulla reparabile cura,  
Sive elementorum furiis, atque ignis edaci  
Præcipitis rabie, aut torrentibus uteris undis,  
Fulmineamve cies spissa de nube procellam ;  
Sive homines ira tibi se demente ministros  
Præbent, vimque suam ventis atque imbribus addunt  
Trux aries, catapultæ, novique tonitrua belli ;  
Seu, tacito ut fluvius corrodit tramite ripam,  
Lenta minutatim abrasit res morsibus ætas,



Quas Natura parens genuit, voluitque reverti  
Collabefactatas ævo, quasque ipsa polorum  
Temperies fregit, longos operata per annos.

Ergo ros etiam tibi servit, Tempus, et aër,  
Tetraque rubigo, et moles informis arenæ ;  
Succubuit Palmyra tibi, tibi mœnia Byrsæ,  
Et Tyros, et Babylon: Memphis te antiqua fatetur  
Victorem ; agnovere novo te littore ponti  
Et cursus fluviorum, et motæ viscera terræ.  
At citiore ictu humani monumenta laboris  
Obruis ; heu, per te periit quodcunque Menander  
Lusit festive sapiens aut pinxit Apelles ;  
Voxque Sophocleæ dolet interrupta Camœnæ.

\* \* \* \* \*

JOHN EDWARD BRIGHT. 1829.

εἰς μναμοσύναν.

Φροντίδων μαῖτερ γλυκεράν, βαρείας  
ἢ φιλεῖς τὴν Μναμοσύνα, μερίμνας,  
κοιμάοις' ἐν στάθεσι καρδίαν βρο-  
τοῖσιν ἰαίνειν.

τίς, θεὰ, μεσαμεριναῖς ἐν ὥραις,  
δυσφόροις βίῳ μελέταισι κάμνων,  
οὐ πόνων κουφίζεται, ἐν τεοῖς ὁ-  
ράμασι τερφθεῖς ;

αὐθι δ' αἰθύσσειν δοκέοντιν αὖραι  
ἐν παρείαις, αἳ τε περιπνέοντι  
παιδίας ἢ ῥοδέαν· γέροντα δ'  
ἰσχύος ἀκμὰ

αὐθ' ἔχει νεάνιδος, εἰ βίαν τὴν,  
 ἄδονάν γλήναις ὀράοισ' ἔρανναῖς,  
 ἐμπνέεις, καὶ πλασίον ἰσδάνοισα  
                     σταῖθος ἐγείρεις·  
 χαρμάτων στίλβει προτέρων ἀγαστὰ  
 φάσμαθ', ὡς ὄναρ, φρανὸς ἐν κατόπτρῳ·  
 τῶς, δυνόντος Ἀλῖω ἀλμυρᾶς ἐς  
                     λέκτρα θαλάσσης,  
 ἐμμένει φάους ἐρύθημα πόντῳ  
 λαμπρὸν ἐν νώτῳ· διὰ νυκτὸς ὄρφναν  
 τῶς γε φαίνεται τις ἀριπρεπὴς ἐν  
                     ὀρράνῳ ἀστήρ.  
 ἡνίδ', ἐστίας φυγὰς ἐκ πατρῴας,  
 βαρβάρους πλανώμενος ἐν δόμοισιν,  
 ἄδεται, τεῦ πλασίον ἀδὺ φωνοί-  
                     σας ὑπακούων,  
 μοῦνος, οὐ μοῦνος, τὴν γὰρ οἰκτίσαισα,  
 φιλτάτων ἐς θυμὸν ἄγεις ὅμιλον  
 ἀλίκων, τέρψιν τε τέκνων, ἕως τε  
                     πατρίδος αἶας.  
 καὶ τις, οὐ παροῖσα, πάρεντ' ἐρῶντι  
 παρθένος, μάτῃρ ἔτι παῖδα δέρκει,  
 οὐδ' ἀποκρύπτει θανάτῳ δαμέντα  
                     τύμβος ἐταῖρον.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWARD ELDER. 1829.

*Puella Aurelianensis.*

ELICTA Galli jam luimus satis  
 Paterna nostro sanguine ; jam satis  
 Victore cessavit Britanno  
 Gallia funeribus suorum  
 Fœdata. Tandem exsurgite, et hostium  
 Indigna, cives, vincula rumpite ;  
 Nunc, liberi, instauratione lætas  
 Auspicio meliore pugnas ;  
 Nec sit pudori, me duce. Nam mihi  
 Diviniores suscitatur impetus,  
 Certosque promittit triumphos  
 Ipse Deus. Deus ipse vires  
 Mentemque linguamque addidit. Hinc ego  
 Puella, egenis nata parentibus,  
 Ultrix in æternos vigebo  
 Francigenis celebranda fastos.”  
 Sic, tardiores voce ciens viros,  
 Sic, tela vibrans non timida manu,  
 Induta lorica rigenti,  
 Et galea redimita crines,  
 Puella fatur ; cui poterat neque  
 Placere gratus fervor amantium,  
 Nec ducta sub noctem chorea :  
 Impatiens sed enim rapinas  
 Injuriosi adspexerat agminis :  
 Et mista dira sollicitudine  
 Plusquam puellares ciebat  
 Ira, superstitioque motus.

Sed Galliæ jam gratior it dies,  
Remosque belli primitiæ beant;  
En, sumit optatos honores  
Carolus arbitrio puellæ.

\* \* \* \*

JOHN WILLIAM WING. 1830.

*Ladurlas diris agitatus.*

(Vide "Curse of Kehama.")



EC mora : sed ducit meditantem fata Ladurlan  
Nata tenens dextra ; flabris nemus ille moveri,  
Impatiensque audit salientis murmura rivi.  
Irridet Natura malis ; Natura levamen  
Non oriente die, non decedente, ministrat ;  
Non, medio quum sole pater Gangeticus undas  
Immotus silet, et tranquillo dormit in alveo.  
Ast, ubi roriferis nox cœlum amplectitur alis,  
Ille, sub intextæ procumbens tegmine palmæ,  
Corde premit gemitum ; superans patientia sævos  
Dissimulare potest luctus. O quanta paterno  
Vis in amore viget ? Fraudis sedet inscia, patri  
Immisisse Deos somni lenimina credens,  
Filia. Tum lacrymis oculos pia complet obortis,  
Pectoraque invisio tradit devicta sopori.  
Quam pater, ut solus fato se opponere possit,  
Deserit ; audendo stat vincere, quicquid acerbi est ;  
Deserit ; at fugisse parans, ter amore paterno  
Tardatur, natæque diu timet. Omnia versans,

Vix tandem auxiliis audet confidere Divom :  
Evolat, obductaque usus caligine noctis,  
Nec fletu stetit, aut pietatis imagine victus,  
Nec dedit amplexus, aut verba novissima dixit.

Ritibus interea infandis cœleste Kehama  
Affectare audet solium : tremit Indra, supremi  
Indra potens cœli, neque vindex fulmina jactat  
Dum licet. Insuetus spumantia mandere frena,  
Liber adhuc, cervice jubar effundit in auras  
Inviolatus equus, munus cœlestibus aptum.  
Sed jam tempus adest, horret Natura, genusque  
Infernum exultat ; cultrum tenet, ecce, Kehama,  
Votivumque focis ardet libare cruorem ;  
Quum subito nova forma viri procurrit, equumque  
Corripuit. Telis licet obrutus, ille periculum  
Spernit, adhuc instans ; velut ex adamante repulsis,  
Ferrea tempestas super intonat irrita telis.  
“ Adsum ego, qui feci ; me, me dabit ira Kehamæ  
Morti,” ait : accenditque oculos spes horrida mortis.  
Artibus ipse suis victus, turpisque repulsæ  
Conscius Omnipotens gemit, agnoscitque Ladurlan.  
Tum graviter frendens, vultu subridet amaro.  
“ Nil pejus vindicta potest : i, protrahe fatum :  
Vive,” ait, “ atque odia exhauri insaturata Kehamæ.”

CHARLES JAMES SCRATCHLEY. 1830.

*Canis.*

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UOD superest, catulis quæ detur cura docebo.  
 Proderit et sedem ventis Zephyroque salubri  
 Objicere, et crebro latices inferre recentes ;  
 Nec minus et stipula præstat lignisque recisis  
 Sternere subter humum : vel, ubi fit mollior æstas,  
 Sufficitur thalamus sparsis instratus arenis.  
 Quin propera gelido catulos immittere fonti  
 Providus, immundum ne fœdent ulcera corpus,  
 Et febris, et scabies imis infesta medullis.  
 Nam canibus (sed causa latet) teterrima morti  
 Additur, heu, rabies, qua non violentius ullum  
 Virus edit venas ; aut pestis dirior, ira  
 Plena Dei, Stygiis unquam sese extulit undis.  
 Præsertim medio siquando inferbuit æstu  
 Annus, et in tepidum decrescunt flumina limum :  
 Tum subitus furor est animis ; stant lumina flamma ;  
 Et gravia ora tument, et spumant labra veneno :  
 Ipse ruit rabidus ; qui si quid læserit, idem  
 Angor adest miseris, atque ingruit horror aquarum.  
 O animi tandem majori luce beatus  
 Exoriare aliquis, qui tantam evincere pestem  
 Possis, aut magnam morbi depellere partem.

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JOHN WELLINGTON FREESE. 1831.

*Aqua.*

\* \* \* \*



EC me animi fallit, quales ab origine mundi  
 Fecerit unda vices, quanto se robore fundat :  
 Nam mutare docet terras Sapientia lympham,  
 Saxaque inexhausto tandem decrescere pulsu.  
 Italiam Zancle quærit divisa sororem ;  
 Et Pelusiaci Delta obstupuerunt coloni.  
 Quinetiam, quum movit aquam Deus ipse sequentem,  
 Heu, vires rabiemque docent immania aperti  
 Post scelera Oceani fontes, cœlique fenestræ,  
 Totaque gens hominum immensa submersa ruina.

Esto : at securam veluti spes morte sub ipsa  
 Nuncia promittit requiem mortalibus Iris :  
 Ergo quid referam, mersa tellure, labores  
 Deucalioneos ? ergo maria alta tumescunt,  
 Et placide redeunt, Luna dominante, vicissim.  
 Sæpius at contra subito demissa columna  
 In mare descendit, vel tempestate coorta  
 Sævitur aqua, et defrenato quatit impete classes.  
 O ubi nunc mitis species gratissima lymphæ,  
 Quæ nitidum certa reddebat imagine cœlum ?  
 Jam certum movet exitium, horrissonoque tumultu  
 Colligit ex alto socios ; nox atra vocantem  
 Consequitur, parentque Eurus Boreasque tyranno.  
 Tota procella ruit ; projecta cadavera circum  
 Insanos inter fluctus et gurgitis iras,  
 Quassatæque rates testantur momina ponti.  
 Sæpius et Phlegethonteo cataracta sonore  
 Crescit, et Helveticis præceps devolvitur agris  
 Insatiabiliter, stragemque agit ante metumque.

\* \* \* \*

GORDON WHITBREAD. 1832.

*Athenienses Syracusis captivi.*

\* \* \* \* \*



CCE Syracosiae collis supereminet urbi !

Hic jacet, extracta saxorum mole, fodina,  
 Unde domus et templa Deum, tum mœnia multa  
 Ædificata manu surgunt. Hic millia Graium  
 Carcere in inferno quasi vivo inclusa sepulchro.  
 Huc fervescentem medio sol orbe calorem  
 Dejicit, huc nebulæ auctumni sub nocte volantes  
 Frigoris inficiunt alterno membra veneno.  
 Denique ter miseris quicquid manus improba captis  
 Imperet, aut quicquid vindictæ sæva libido,  
 Servitii quodcunque malum, quodcunque laboris  
 Triste ministerium (neque famæ haud immemor actæ  
 Mens aberant, patriæque domus et gaudia ruris  
 Et deserta sonans vicina fistula valle)  
 Hæc infelices victæ subiere catervæ.  
 Longe alii motus animorum, ubi dædala puppes  
 Serta coronarunt et jam clamore secundo  
 Pandentes velorum alas, Salamine relictæ,  
 Sicanium lætis onerarunt classibus æquor.  
 Nec tamen has inter strages furiasque triumphi  
 Nullus honor musis: Graiæ meminisse Camœnæ  
 Profuit afflictis; teneraque Euripidis arte  
 Molliti dominorum animi laxæque catenæ.

\* \* \* \* \*

RICHARD JOYNES. 1836.



Oxonia.

\* \* \* \* \*



IC Matris famam Mertonia vindicat Almæ,  
 Sancta domus, palmaque antiqui nobilis ævi,  
 Jactat et ipsa virum<sup>1</sup>, licuit cui tradere in annos  
 Ingentemque urbis famam innumerosque labores.  
 Forsitan hic Gildæ vel Bedæ sedula virtus  
 Non ignota quidem sua nomina protulit orbi,  
 Hic labor et Scoti fingeat secula verbis,  
 Et vindex falsi, et veri haud ignobilis auctor.  
 Anne Novas Aulas taceam sanctamque<sup>2</sup> Mariam  
 Pieridum notas sedes dulcesque recessus?  
 Forsitan errabat sylvarum sæpius umbra,  
 Aut amnis tacite labentis margine vates,<sup>3</sup>  
 Pectore magnanimi meditatus jura Catonis  
 Et libertatis casus Uticæque senatum.  
 Forsitan hic solitus placidæ indulgere quieti,  
 Pauperie oppressus longoque labore diei  
 Cui<sup>4</sup> licuit posthac præstantem ostendere formam  
 Virtutis blandi puris sermonibus oris.  
 Vivida vis animi, sapientia pectoris alta,  
 Fortis ibi pietas, simplex sine crimine vita,  
 Nomina clarorum famæ tribuere perenni.  
 Et vos Musa libens referet, par<sup>5</sup> nobile fratrum,  
 Insignes ambos leges revocare cadentes  
 Justitiæque decus miranti ostendere seculo.

\* \* \* \* \*

HENRY ADDERLEY BOX. 1839.

<sup>1</sup> Antony à Wood.<sup>2</sup> Magdalen Coll.<sup>3</sup> Addison.<sup>4</sup> Dr. Johnson.<sup>5</sup> Lords Eldon and Stowell.

*Tarquinius Priscus.*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*



AMQUE propinquabant urbi murosque subibant :  
 Cum subito objicitur latis magnoque futurum  
 Augurio monstrum : Jovis armiger æthere ab alto  
 Delapsus currum crebris circumvolat alis  
 Pileolumque viri, nudo de vertice raptum  
 Fert aquila atque cito vacuum petit aera cursu.  
 Nunc ecce æthereos lætus sese urget in orbes,  
 Nunc superincumbit pennis magnoque moratur  
 Cum strepitu prædamque refert ponitque relatam.

Tum vero augurium Tanaquil, prænuncia sortis,  
 Accipit agnoscitque Deos et fata salutat :  
 Hoc est, hoc, Lucumo, quod nostras numine Divum  
 Spes firmet: sic te voluit rex magnus Olympi  
 (Nec longum tibi tempus abest) regnique coronam  
 Et sceptrum accipere, et Romana capessere regna.  
 En tibi nunc, conjux, fatis tibi debita tellus !  
 Hæc domus, hæc patria est.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

CHARLES GEORGE CURTIS. 1840.

*Proserpina rapta.*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*



ST locus, Hyblæi sanctum prope flumen Anapi,  
 Dives agris, (Ennam Siculi de nomine dicunt :)  
 Huc inter comites, nam florum immensa cupido  
 Suaserat, infelix totis Proserpina campis  
 Dum ruit, atque oculis nimium loca nota pererrat,  
 Inscia Plutonem cæca non vidit in herba.

Ah miseram ! quo nunc fugiens, quas tristis in oras  
 Se referat ? fuga nulla datur ; dumque ipsa supremis  
 Ignaram precibus matrem vocat, irrita venti  
 Vota ferunt, neque adhuc lacrimas solantur inanes.  
 Nec mora : sed simul alatis Proserpina plantis  
 Quadrijuges aspexit equos, superasque per auras  
 Plorantem frustra lacrimis et multa vocantem  
 Fert rota præcipitem, mater conterrita visu  
 Prosequitur votis, Divosque in vota precatur.  
 Frustra—nam Stygios nigra caligine lucos  
 Tartareasque adiit fauces, Regemque tremendum,  
 Et vada mortali non prætereunda carina.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWARD WALFORD. 1841.

### Nox.

\* \* \* \* \*



UAVE, tenebroso quum Nox tenet omnia regno,  
 Quærere sopiti reticentia litora ponti  
 Susplicere unde queas altum nebulasque vagantes  
 Et vespertino tectum velamine cœlum.  
 Multiplices species varias imitata figuras  
 Nubila consurgunt : hic culmine Pyramis alto  
 Eminent : hic celsæ surgunt per cœrula turres ;  
 Hic, quasi de nivibus moles, quas frigida in unum  
 Aura tulit docuitque rudes assumere formas,  
 Candidus apparet collis, qualisve sub Arcto  
 Plurima perfringit quassatas insula naves.  
 Suave etiam, quum Luna silens stellæque sequaces  
 Innumeros tollunt ignes, gemmata tueri  
 Agmina continuis intextos orbibus orbes.  
 At vos, cœlestes flammæ, vos præpete cursu

Omnia et in terra et pelago commissa videtis :  
 Vos taciti scelerum testes, oculique Deorum.  
 Hinc olim docuere patres vos numine vestro  
 Fata hominum regere et dubias evolvere sortes.  
 Lampades æthereæ, vestras quæ nobilis oras  
 Gens habitat ? camposne tenent fulgentia cœli  
 Agmina, et Angelicæ requiem petiere catervæ ?  
 Forsitan Hesperio quas olim gurgite sedes  
 Antiqui posuere, ubi Sol et largior æther,  
 Sacratæ vestris pateant in vallibus aulæ.  
 Forsitan in vestris splendentia lumina pratis  
 Felices errant animæ, vestrisque latebris  
 Purpureo Elysios agnoscunt lumine campos.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWIN PALMER. 1841.

*Ecclesia Cathedralis.*

\* \* \* \* \*



RES alæ primo in templo : discernit utrimque  
 Longa columnarum series ; hinc pensilis arcus,  
 Qui crucis in morem transversas ordine cellas  
 Dividit : inde adytum natales solis ad ortus  
 Tendit, et ingenti nascentia lumina captat  
 Lætitia : propriam extremo sub pariete sedem  
 Sacra tenent, aureisque micant altaria donis.

Quid si non Graiis tota inservire magistris,  
 Et veterum præcepta sequi normamque severam  
 Ars voluit ; si Religio sincera profusi  
 Luxuriam ornatus sanctas cumulavit in ædes ?  
 Atqui virginæ non arx Thesea Minervæ,  
 Non Ephesi turres, claris non incola Delphis

Pythius arrectas tanta formidine mentes  
 Impulit, aut tantum afflavit pietatis amorem,  
 Quantum illæ moles ;—celsi laquearia tecti  
 Attonitam cæcant aciem ; varique colores,  
 Qua rutilo pictas lustrat sol orbe fenestras,  
 Læve pavementum tingunt ; dant lampades ara  
 Pulchrius æthereo lumen : tum sancta voluptas  
 Nescio qua raptos tacita dulcedine sensus  
 Opprimit : atque anima elingui prece numen adorat,  
 Agnoscitque suo præsentem in limine Patrem.

EDWIN PALMER. 1842.

*Pyrrhus ad Italiam appellit.*

\* \* \* \* \*



N pontus nitidas ubi volvit Ionius undas,  
 Navis ad Italiæ florentia litora cursum  
 Urget, et antiquas jam deserit Hellados oras ;  
 Nulli agitant fluctus venti, toto æquore circum  
 Grata quies restat, vix auræ spiritus implet  
 Vela ratis, proram circa, dum longa carina  
 Sulcat aquas, sonitu leni jam immurmurat unda.  
 En ratis in prima stat prora forma decora,  
 Forma viri et radiis solis clara arma relucet.  
 Pyrrhus adest, hic nunc respectat litora Graia  
 (Paullatim ex oculis vanescunt) jamque vetustam  
 Prospicit Italiam quæ surgit fronte decenti  
 Oceani ex undis, namque ornant undique terram  
 Frondiferæ myrtus et olivæ brachia pulchræ.

\* \* \* \* \*

WILLIAM PALMER HALE. 1842.

*Turris Londinensis igne correpta.*

\* \* \* \* \*



URSUS in æquoreas Sol se demerserat undas,  
 Cœperat et primam subnectere Luna choream ;  
 Jamque pedem referens, sublimia mœnia mirans  
 Suspicio raptusque animi : percurrere mundi  
 Secula lapsa juvat, studiisque adfigere mentem.  
 Quis tamen hic fulgor ? subito ceu lapsa per auras  
 Præscia venturæ cladis tristisque ruinæ  
 Stella vagans fertur : tecto perrupta corusco  
 Ignea rima micat : fallor ? nova lumina surgunt  
 Adversa de parte, calet vicinia flammis,  
 Ater et insolito pallescit fulgure rivus.  
 Vincit cuncta ignis sinuoso vortice fumi,  
 Nunc hinc, nunc illinc ; crassus tabulata per ædis  
 Scandit et interdum radiantia lumina torquet :  
 Quid labor aut benefacta juvant ? quid mille virorum  
 Agmina ? nequicquam scalas ad mœnia portant,  
 Flumina nequicquam lympharum—invictus in arces  
 Tollitur æthereas ignis ! fremit arduus aër,  
 Dissultant ripæ, refluitque exterritus amnis.  
 Tunc ingens fragor—avulsæ radicibus imis  
 Contremere et dubia dudum pendere ruina  
 Flammivoræ turris sublimia tecta videres.

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HERBERT W. FISHER. 1843.

*Alcestis Admeto.*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*



ST locus Elysiis campis ubi vere perenni  
 Mollia consperso gramina rore virent;  
 Hic violæ graciles, hic lilia pura per omnes  
 Florescunt menses, hic sine labe rosæ:  
 Nascitur hic Zephyrus: glacies neque sæva, nec Euris;  
 Nulla per hæc unquam regna procella furit.  
 Nemo, quid sit Hymen, quid sint connubia, curat,  
 Omnibus est nunquam dissoluendus amor.  
 Scilicet huc propero felix, felicior oras  
 Has, choreis puris consociata, colam.  
 Atque ubi postremum tua jam pervenerit hora,  
 Firmior hic nobis constituenda fides.  
 Quid tibi plura loquar? Fulget spes aurea, mæstis  
 Non locus est lacrymis,—mors venit alma,—vale.

HERBERT W. FISHER. 1843.

*Corvi.*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*



UNC age, quos corvis dederit Deus Ipse, cibosque  
 Et studia et mores referam, quæ proelia, quanta  
 Vis animi parvoque ingens in pectore virtus.  
 Ergo ubi jam silvis Aquilo decussit honorem,  
 Densius atque cadunt, submotis nubibus, imbres,  
 Cum nix alta jacet, glacies cum flumina tardat,  
 Acrior est illis animus Tum forte videres  
 (Seu matutino resplendet lumine Phœbus  
 Seu tenebras jam Vesper agit noctemque reducit)

Instructas volitare manus per pabula læta  
 Immensasque trahi nubes jamque æthere summo  
 Confluere et latis jam jam considerare campis.  
 Verum ubi tempestas signorumque annuus orbis  
 Mutavere vias, Zephyris ubi verna tepescunt  
 Arva novis, madidisque Notus procul evolat alis,  
 Vertuntur species animorum, hinc illa supremis  
 Arboribus vox rauca simul, collectaque in unum  
 Agmina et ad veteres major custodia ramos.  
 Unum opus, una quies : hi texta umbracula portant,  
 Primaque nidorum trepidi fundamina ponunt,  
 Inque vicem speculantur aquas imbresque minaces,  
 Nec tamen hinc quisquam audebit sua vellere signa ;  
 Sæpius, ut fama est, fugientum corpora Reges  
 Diripuerunt ipsi, et nidos solvere recentes ;  
 Tantus honos tantique animis ingentibus ignes.

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HERBERT W. FISHER. 1844.

*Socrates moriturus.*

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CONTINUO attollens non tristi lumina vultu,  
 “ Venit summa dies et inevitabile tempus  
 Mortis,” ait, “ jam jam roseis caput occulit undis  
 Phœbus et extremo conspergit lumine montes.  
 O mihi si, mandante Deo, data dia potestas  
 Esset, ad æthereas rapidis interritus alis  
 Ut fugerem inde domos Solem comitatus euntem ;  
 Nec mihi mens dubia est—Deus hoc, Deus, inquit, amici,  
 Infixit menti : cunctos, qui tempore puro



Excoluere Deum, facili per sidera ferri  
 Tramite, consimilemque sibi deposcere cœlum.<sup>1</sup>  
 Scilicet haud illos mortalia corpora et artus  
 Languentes hebetant: ast igneus ardor in altum  
 Evehit, et propriæ repetuntur in æthere sedes.  
 Hic non luctus erit, non anxia cura futuri,  
 Nullaque vexatas agitat discordia mentes;  
 Hic manet alta quies, nunquam peritura voluptas,  
 Et cum pace fides et nescia vita malorum.  
 Aspicite, ut vario cœlum se lumine vestit,  
 Hic nivea, hic rosea miscetur purpura luce,  
 Puniceusque rubor fulvo confunditur auro.  
 Scilicet et tali splendescet regia cœli  
 Lumine: talis honor nobis per secla manebit.  
 Nunc tamen O lacrymas, vanum O deponite fletum,  
 Vix breve nos spatium fugitivaque distinet hora,  
 Atque iterum socios socii visetis amatos;  
 Altera vita manet: nascuntur secula nobis  
 Altera: nec luctus nec conscia vita senectæ:  
 Quare agite, o Socii, cœlo gaudete reperto;  
 Lux sequitur tenebras; mihi vita hac quæritur<sup>2</sup> hora,  
 Hoc petitur leto, manet hic in morte triumphus."

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. 1843.

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<sup>1</sup> Nihil est animo velocius; nulla est celeritas, quæ possit cum animi celeritate contendere. Qui si permanet incorruptus, necesse est ita feratur ut penetret et dividat omne cœlum hoc: quam regionem quum superavit animus, naturamque sui similem contigit et agnovit . . . . finem altius se efferendi facit.—Cic. *Disp. Tusc.*

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch. Epaminond.

*Pompeii caput ad Cæsarem adlatum.*

\* \* \* \*



PSE etiam, quamvis tacitam fera gaudia mentem  
 Pertentant, ausus Cæsar simulare dolorem,  
 Talibus et tandem vox est laxata querelis.  
 “ Hunc ego te, Magne, aspicio ? fortissima bello  
 Hoc mihi, dextra, refers ? tuane et per vulnera vici  
 Morte tua vivens ? o quid victoria læti  
 Dira dedit, partique tua mihi cæde triumphi ?  
 Atque utinam adversata meis Fortuna catervis  
 Victricem tibi, care, diem, laurusque dedisset.  
 Nunc frustra accumulo donis et fungor inani  
 Munere.” Sic fatus questus vocemque repressit  
 Multa gemens. O docte omnes prætereundæ fraudes,  
 Siccine, sæve, putes lacrymis tua crimina vanis  
 Abluere, et tales Magnum sibi poscere pœnas ?  
 Scilicet et tempus veniet, quo funera Cæsar  
 Pompeii generi scelerataque gaudia mentis  
 Morte luet merita, læsa periturus in æde  
 Ante tuos cum, Magne, pedes procumbet, amictus  
 Marmoreos, placidæ simulacraque ficta figuræ,  
 Ipse suo moriens perfundet sanguine Cæsar.

\* \* \* \*

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. 1843.

*De equi utilitate ac fidelitate.*

\* \* \* \*



EC minus interea facies quæcunque laboris  
 Te teneat, seu terram alio sub sole calentem  
 Exquiras patriamve colas nataliaque arva ;  
 Seu requies seu bella placent, per rura per urbem  
 Ille comes sociusque viæ : tua cura recursat  
 Cura illi studiumque simul, nec ferre negabit  
 Pondera equus graviora humeris, ille invia campi  
 Transvolitat, superat montes et flumina tranat,  
 Te duce, te longæ fine atque auctore viai :  
 Ille per obstantes turmas confertaque bello  
 Agmina et impavidus densos te transferet hostes,  
 Ille idem placidum si quando terra per orbem  
 Pacem agit, et durum exercet sua cura colonum,  
 Induet agrestem speciem, glebasque jacentes  
 Franget, et obliquo terram proscindet aratro,  
 Collectosque feret vallos sylvasque per altas  
 Impiger advolvit ramos et robora sylvis  
 Infabricata, maris studio ; collectave summis  
 Vimina culminibus venturæ pabula brumæ.

Præterea dominum non sic laudatus Homero  
 Observat canis aut tantos admittit amores ;  
 Sæpe illum, longo tandem post tempore visum,  
 Agnoscunt, fremituque animum testantur acuto :  
 Sæpe illum instantis medio e certamine turmæ  
 Eripiunt morituri atque extra prælia portant,  
 Tantus amor domini gratæque in pectore mentes.

\* \* \* \*

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. 1844.

*Pompeii.*

\* \* \* \*



UIS varios dicat sonitus faciesque dolores?  
 Hic stupet attonitus, peditus fugit ille citatis,  
 Nescius unde miser vel quo vestigia flectat.  
 Hic fletu precibusque Deos testatur iniquos  
 Alter hiat: sed lingua, metu restricta, parantem  
 Multa loqui tacito fallit defixa palato.  
 Undique devotam conterrita turba per urbem  
 Funditur et varios resonantia compita planctus  
 Accipiunt referuntque: illic jam tardior ævo  
 Membra senex infirma trahit, frustra que laborat  
 Jam capiti instantem cupiens prævertere mortem,  
 Multa movens animo longæ juvenilia vitæ  
 Tempora, Fortunæque vices. Hic anxia mater  
 Cum pueris trepido percurrit compita gressu,  
 Sæpius atque vias prudens circumspicit omnes  
 Immemor ipsa sui: maternas sarcina curas  
 Sola acuit: mediosque jubet properare per ignes.  
 Hic modo amatorum longa stipata catarva  
 Una viam insequitur virgo, frustra que trementi  
 Auxilium implorat, nulli jam cura, querela.  
 Ad mare pars properant urbis devota petentes  
 Linguere tecta fuga, quos ducunt crebra per umbras  
 Fulmina, et incertum præbent incendia lumen.  
 At neque tanta subest ipsis fiducia nautis  
 Audacesque prius mentes artesque magistræ  
 Deficiunt, tali turbantur cæca tumultu  
 Æquora, tanta maris cæcis nox incubat undis.

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HENRY EARLE TWEED. 1845.

*Rites of Sepulture.*

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ST Ægyptiacis<sup>1</sup> Tyrrheni moribus usi  
 Ingentes struxere ædes, certumque sepulcris  
 Instituire locum : ingenti sub mole foramen  
 Efficiunt, cumulantque super telluris acervum,  
 Aerias cui summus apex consurgit in auras,  
 Sic ea gens crevit leges imitata Canopi,  
 Formaue Pyramidum Italicis revocatur in agris.

Huc, suprema viro veniet quum luminis hora,  
 Quemque suum ad tumulum portant ; per corpora vestes  
 Extendunt, decorantque super fulgentibus auri  
 Torquibus, auratis et colla monilibus aptant.  
 Auro innectuntur chlamydes : nodantur in aurum  
 Compositæ de more comæ ; pretiosa metallo  
 Fulget læna suo capitique insigne sepulto  
 Considet auriferæ splendens diadema coronæ.

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HANS WILLIAM SOTHEY. 1846.

*Epitaphium Avis parvuli,*

*Qui ab Insulis olim Felicibus dictis nomen adeptus, tandem sub eadem,  
 qua natus erat, domo diem obiit supremum.  
 Annos vixit plusquam xviii.*



LLE ego cui monimenta vides pro corpore parvo  
 Parvula quondam avium gloria prima fui.  
 Non potuit croceos pennarum æquare colores  
 Nec liquidum nemoris cætera turba melos.

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. H. Gray's "Sepulchres of Etruria."

Est procul oceano terra interclusa piorum,  
Non male discretas dicta tenere domos ;  
Illud avis atavisque solum natale : parentes  
Hoc fatum captos jussit adire solum ;  
Hic ego natus eram : nec laus erit ultima nostras  
Unius in tecto præterisse dies.  
Pax mihi certa domus, dominæ tutela benignæ,  
Vitaque non ullis conspicienda malis :  
Annales sinit esse breves, sors optuma cuique  
Pauca sibi historiæ poscere verba solet ;  
Sic tribus ut lustris nova bis successerat æstas,  
Extremum annoso fata tulere diem.  
Nunc quoque post fatum restat pars maxuma nostri,  
Nam terræ invidit membra fidelis amor :  
Ossa mihi haud saxo vanave premuntur in urna,  
Sic melius præsens do monimenta mei ;  
Ergo ubi conticuit mellitæ gloria vocis,  
Quæ fuerat vivo forma colorque manet.  
Qui fuerim legis atque vides : si plura requiris,  
Aptior ad laudes inveniendus erit.  
Lector abi, et mortis tecum meditare triumphos,  
Quæ mihi quæ cunctis lex obeunda tibi est.  
Lector abi, spatique brevi sic utere vitæ,  
Ne nostra moriens sorte perire velis.

HENRY EARLE TWEED. 1846.

*Judæi, imperante Juliano, templum instaurare conantur.*

\* \* \* \*



NDE Palæstinæ funesta silentia rumpunt  
 Judaicæ voces ; homines fluere undique multo  
 Cum strepitu, et vastæ lapides spectare ruinæ :  
 Ardet turba redux proavorum invisere sedes :  
 Segnities ubi visa prius torpere, frequentes  
 Incumbunt operi grato, fugiuntque quietem :  
 Femina, feminei cultus oblita, metusque  
 Nescia, dat curas operi, instauratque labores :  
 Qui loculos inter collectaque fenora nummi  
 Struxerat argenti cumulos, mercede relicta,  
 Gaudet adire locum et partem conferre peculi :  
 Gaudet et ingenti conspecta mole tueri  
 Relligionis opus decoris monumenta prioris.  
 Fervet opus, crescitque novi templi ardua moles,  
 Quum subito erumpunt summis e rupibus ignes  
 Flammarumque globis tellus exæstuat : unda  
 Sulfureis nebulis rapta et collapsa fragore  
 Fundamenta ruunt operis : combusta virorum  
 Corpora procumbunt, volvuntur proruta saxa,  
 Fulminibus tonitru commistis terra dehiscit  
 Ruptaque inauditis implet loca cuncta ruinis.

\* \* \* \*

WILLIAM HENRY STONE. 1848.

*De Rubecula.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ED neque te nostris dilecta Rubecula campis  
 Immemor et laudes versu mea Musa silebit :  
 Carmine tu mulces sylvas æstate serena,  
 Frondiferasque petis latebras, ubi frigidus annus  
 Venerit et niveo terram velamine condat ;  
 Mox hominum tu tecta petis, cantuque salutans  
 Lætifico oblectas tristissima tempora brumæ.  
 Sæpius et gaudet Pietas tua dicere facta,  
 Sæpius infantum languentia corpora sylvæ  
 Compositosque a te foliis nemoralibus artus  
 (Heu pietatis opus) mens—dulcia somnia—fingit.  
 Hinc te nulla avido retinet circumlita visco  
 Arbor, ad humentes nec fraus sedet improba fontes,  
 Mox istos prensura pedes, sed amata sodalis  
 Hospitio frueris nostro inviolata quotannis.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHARLES GREENWOOD FLOYD. 1849.

*Hannibal sacramento se obstringit.*

\* \* \* \* \*



RESSIBUS en tardis genitor procedit ad aras  
 Sustinet et dextra natum, cui membra paternum  
 Parva decus referunt, virtutem et robora monstrant,  
 Queis pater insignis ; nigraque ardentia flamma  
 Lumina, torva tuens, volvit : commota furore



Parvula, vix imitans Patrem, sua pectora mulcet.  
 Stat puer, et tenera tangens altaria dextra :  
 Sint mihi verborum flammæ, sint Numina Divum,  
 Incipit, hæc testes : mea verba reponite, cives.  
 Hæc ego sacra manu tangens per sidera juro,  
 Per superos terramque imam cælumque profundum,  
 Te, Patria, ulciscar ! tandem lætaberis, hostem,  
 Me duce, prosternent tandem nostra arma ruina.  
 Roma cadet : qua Roma fuit, nova mœnia tollet  
 Altera Carthago : a veteri Carthagine ducet  
 Robora : et hac, juro, ponam fundamina dextra,  
 Pœniteatque Lupum torvum tetigisse Leonem ;  
 Punicus excutiet somnum, latebrasque relinquet,  
 Infestusque Leo semper sectabitur hostem,  
 Inficietque avidas externo sanguine malas !

\* \* \* \* \*

ROBERT BRODIE. 1858.

*In Memoriam Henrici Havelock.*



ENIT littoribus nuper ab Indicis  
 Ingenti resonans nenia murmure,  
 Qua, frondes veluti frigora, Patriæ  
 Stravit spes teneras dolor.  
 “ Illum qui meritis sidera contigit,  
 Ductor nobilium splendidus agminum,  
 Vindex sollicitæ cladibus Indiæ,  
 Flores, Anglia, mortuum.”  
 Ergo funerea tristior arbore,  
 Quæ deflexa solo flebilis incubat,  
 Vanas haud cohibens Patria lacrymas  
 Demisit viduum caput.

Ast inter medias Vox querimonias  
 Primæ dissimilis murmurat altera  
 Tactis ceu placido lene Favonio  
 Chordis intremuit melos.  
 "Non omnis moritur, qui Patriæ fovens  
 Vultum sub memori pectore concidit,  
 Qui verbis Patriam sæpe novissimis,  
 Exspirans animam, vocat.  
 Læti sidereas huic reserant domos  
 Passi pro Patria vulnera milites,  
 Heroumque suas advena cœtibus  
 Heros ipse refert vices.  
 Quem fles in nitidis, Anglia, sedibus  
 Miscetur veterum concilio ducum  
 Nec jejuna fames nec mala febrium  
 Illi nunc oberit cohors.  
 Illum difficilis dura loqui viæ  
 Miratur trepidus, qui super Alpium  
 Hiberno niveos aggere vertices  
 Arvis irruit Italis :  
 Miratur pavidi mœnibus oppidi  
 Pulsos egregie dicere barbaros  
 Virgo quæ patriis arcibus hostium  
 Infensas pepulit manus.  
 Fors et qua tacitam<sup>1</sup> sede puertiam  
 In laudes aleret, Dux reminiscitur,  
 Fors rerum varias inter imagines  
 Suttoni recolit domum.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.

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<sup>1</sup> Havelock, when a boy, was called by his Carthusian schoolfellows  
 "Old Ph'los" (Philosopher).

*In Memoriam J. W. Churton.*

Ob. A. D. IV. Id. Feb. MDCCCLX.



I parva annueres tempora, si labor  
 Non ultra tumultum viveret, heu ! Deus,  
 Quis finis lacrymis, quisve dolentium,  
 Quis desiderio foret ?  
 “ Non omnis moriar : ” si miseris dolor  
 Hic sorti est, lacrymæ non ineunt domum,  
 Qua fessos recreant gaudia, qua Pater  
 Æternam requiem dedit.  
 “ Non omnis moriar : ” quid vacui valent  
 Luctus ? Nam brevibus terrigenis dies  
 Tam lætos dederunt Numina : Cur mihi  
 Non gaudere magis placet,  
 Quod vitæ miserens tristitiis Amor  
 Jam finem posuit, gaudia quod malis  
 Mutavit ? neque me tam miseræ, comes,  
 Te læto lacrymæ decent.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS. 1860.

*Campestris arma.*



IMPRIMIS, quum vere lacus solvuntur, et almus  
 Sol nitet, et reficit silva decora comas,  
 En repetunt alii cymbas et flumina nota,  
 Ictaque remigio cœrulea unda sonat.

Prata pilæque placent aliis ; justo ordine triplex  
Figitur in terra, maxima cura, sudes.  
Clava, peruncta oleo longum per tempus, in usum,  
Sordibus abstersis, rursus amata venit.  
Nunc etiam rapidis lato contendere in agro  
Cursibus, et saltu tollere membra juvat ;  
Aut medii solis calida sub luce lavari  
Pulsantem crebra flumina victa manu.  
Interea fluvios, armatus arundine, servans  
Piscator lino sæpe lacessit aquas,  
Dum procul errantem revocent in tecta tenebræ,  
Aut onerent fessum piscea dona latus.  
Nec tamen, hæc quum sint æstivo tempore agenda  
Et verno, studiis frigus hiemsque caret.  
Tempora enim veterem referunt fugientia ludum,  
Nosque vocant campis fervida bella pilæ.  
Quantum certamen, quanta illic cura videtur  
Ut fugit ante agiles sphæra citata pedes.  
Mane novo timidus invisus vulpibus urget  
Venator celeres lata per arva canes.  
Sin operas tales tellus concreta negarit,  
At studium nobis stagna lacusque dabunt :  
At per aquas cursu celeri volitare licebit,  
Ferroque armatos sentiet unda pedes.

JOHN BICKERSTETH OTTLEY. 1864.

*Phaethontis mors.*

\* \* \* \*



T pater omnipotens, summo quum vidit Olympo  
 Insano juvenem minitantem talia cursu,  
 Quanquam certus amor pueri luctusque morantur,  
 Fulmine dejecit subito miserabile corpus.

Eridanus vidit casum gremioque recepit  
 Exanimem juvenem, tum lavit vulnera puro  
 Flumine et in molli ripa dedit unda sepulcrum.  
 At circum miseræ stantes mærore sorores,  
 Auctores tanti luctus et criminis illi,  
 Heliadæ fletu fratris solvuntur inani,  
 Electri semper stillantes lumine guttas.  
 Ipsæ immutato per ripas corpore cingunt  
 Ignotum tumulum, spirantes vertice summo  
 Antiquos luctus, necnon Phaethonta susurrant  
 Et veteres spargunt prima sub nocte querelas.

\* \* \* \*

GERALD STANLEY DAVIES. 1865.

*Tempe.*

U A caput ad stellas niveum mons tollit Olympus,  
 Ossaque pinifera sidera fronte petit.  
 Montibus his vallis, quam Graii Thessala Tempe  
 Nomine dixerunt, undique septa jacet.  
 Hæc loca contristant nunquam fera frigora brumæ,  
 Vere sed æterno florida ridet humus.  
 Editus Oceano Peneus flumen ab imo  
 Exoriens Pindo gramina lata rigat;

Hic liquido fontes invitant murmure somnos,  
Antraque defessum sole cadente vocant.  
Nec sine Dis locus est—fontes viridesque recessus  
Quemque sui proprium numen habere ferunt.  
Hic Daphne laurus protendens grata paternas  
Brachia, virgo olim Thessalis, umbrat aquas.  
Hos virides campos mulcet levis aura Favoni,  
Arboreasque quatit, dulce sonora, comas.  
Hic violæ pallent, hic florent lilia campo,  
Purpureisque rubet rosida terra rosis.  
Hic hilares ducunt Nymphæ Dryadesque choreas,  
Et Satyri silvas, turba proterva, colunt.  
Hic lemures nulli palantur nocte silentes,  
Corpora nec quærunt intumulata lupi.  
At lepores timidi secure in gramine saltant,  
Nec rabidas tigres parva capella timet.  
Carminibus gratis avium virgulta resultant,  
Et tremulo cantu mulcet alauda nemus.  
Læta rubent semper geniali prata colore,  
Lætifero semper personat aura sono.

HARRY INGLIS RICHMOND. 1866.





## APPENDIX

VERSIONUM QUARUNDAM PARTI PRIMÆ

ADJICIENDARUM.







**W**HAT though the sea with waves continuall  
 Do eate the earthe, it is no more at all :  
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought :  
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall  
 Is with the tide unto another brought :  
 For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

Likewise the earthe is not augmented more  
 By all, that dying into it doe fade ;  
 For of the earthe they formed were of yore,  
 However gay their blossom or their blade  
 Do flourish now, they into dust shall wade ;  
 What wrong then is it if when they doe die  
 They turne to that whereof they first were made ?  
 All in the powre of their great Maker lie,  
 All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Highe.

They live, they die, like as He dothe ordaine,  
 Ne ever any asketh reason why :  
 The hills doe not the lowly dales disdaine,  
 The dales doe not the lofty hills envy,  
 He maketh kings to sit in sovrainty,  
 He maketh subjects to their powre obey,  
 He pulleth down, He setteth up on hy,  
 He gives to this, from that He takes away,  
 For all we have is His : what he list doe, He may.



UID licet æternis terras mare mordeat undis ?  
Nec mare fit majus, nec minus inde solum.  
Deficit hic quodcunque, illic collabitur æstu ;  
Si quæris, quicquid cesserit, invenies.

Nec quia tot gremio recipit marcentia, crescit  
Terra, capit tantum quod prius ipsa dedit.  
Ramulus et gracili splendentes vimine gemmæ  
Omnia mox fiunt pulvis et atra cinis.  
Hæc ubi deciderint, quænam est injuria tanta,  
Si modo, prodierint unde, redire solent ?  
Unius arbitrio pendent animalia cuncta,  
Et legem æternam vox sonat una Patris.

Sic vivunt, moriuntur, ut Ille addixerit: Illo  
Judice, quis "quare sic queat esse" roget ?  
Sunt humiles valles, sunt et juga celsa, nec illas  
Invidiæ tristes, hæc neque fastus habet.  
Obsequium instituit populo, sua munera regi,  
Deprimit hos, illos rursus ad astra tulit.  
Abstulit huic—huic Ille dedit—nos quicquid habemus  
Illius est, quicquid destinat Ille, facit.

HERBERT WILLIAM FISHER.



IN vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,  
For ever famed for pure and happy loves ;  
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,  
Their eyes' blue languish and their golden hair ;  
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must spend,  
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far  
Circassia's ruin and the waste of war,  
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare  
To shield your harvest and defend your fair :  
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,  
Oft makes with blood and wasting flames the way,  
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,  
To death inured and nursed in scenes of woe.

He said : when loud along the vale was heard  
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :  
The affrighted shepherds through the dews of night  
Wide o'er the moonlit hills renew'd their flight.

COLLINS.



RUSTRA thuriferos jactat Circassia saltus,  
Ægonis pia vota, et castos Phyllidis ignes,  
Quid, licet hic pulcras pulcerrima Delia vincat,  
Cœruleos oculos flavosque decora capillos?  
Heu miseros oculos, queis nil nisi lacryma restat!  
Heu miseros scindet quos mox manus improba crines!

Vos, patrii juvenes, patriæ qui mœsta cadentis  
Supplicia hauritis longe bellicue ruinas,  
Arma pedis graviora vocant, graviora bacillis;  
Barbarus has segetes has nymphas hostis habebit?  
Sævus Arabs, prædam bello sectatus operto,  
Sanguine sæpe viam flammisque sequacibus urget;  
Sævior heu, quæ vestra petit manus effera tecta,  
Armis jam nimium bellisque assueta cruentis.

Dixerat: at subito vox acrior intima vallis  
Implevit loca late, ignesque arsere propinqui:  
En iterum trepidi juvenes per rosida prata  
Sublustresque fugæ tentant conamina colles.

HERBERT WILLIAM FISHER.



Y boyish days are nearly gone :

My breast is not unsullied now :

And worldly cares and woes will soon

Cut their deep furrows on my brow,—

And life will take a darker hue

From ills my brother never knew :

And I have made me bosom friends,

And loved and link'd my heart with others :

But who with mine his spirit blends,

As mine was blended with my brother's?

When years of rapture glided by,

The spring of life's unclouded weather,

Our souls were knit, and thou and I,

My brother, grew in life together.

The chain is broke that bound us then :

When shall I find its like again ?



ON sum qui fueram : jam fugerit illa juvenas :  
Integer infecto pectore tabet honos :  
Succedunt curæ insolito, labor anxius urget :  
Ruga novas fronti mox premit alta notas.  
Jam tenebræ vitam mutant, luci ingruit umbra :  
Felix, nec tanti conscius ille mali !  
Heu pietas : alios accepit pectus amores :  
Et juncta est alia dextera nostra fide :  
Quis tamen huic animæ fuerit conjunctior illo ?  
Cui mihi fraternus corde novatur amor ?  
Cum liquidos una læti decurrimus annos,  
Cum ver illud erat, cum sine nube polus,  
Tum nexus animorum arcti, tum dulcior ætas,  
Frater, et unanimo crevit amore dies.  
O lux amissa, O nunquam revocabilis hora :  
O læsum sanctæ fœdus amicitiae !

HENRY NETTLESHIP.



LADY, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree !  
Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,  
The may-flower and the eglantine  
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress-tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due ;  
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give ;  
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;  
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;  
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green,—  
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The ivy meet for minstrels' hair ;  
And, while his crown of laurel leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,



DOMINA illustris, noli mihi nectere sertum ;  
 At tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest !  
 Lilia flore levi nimium vivacia fulgent,  
 Ilicis et nimium levia tela mihi ;  
 Flos revocans Maium, necnon sylvestris adornet  
 Umbra rosæ frontem, qua fugit esse dolor :  
 Sed, domina illustris, noli mihi texere sertum ;  
 Vel tibi, si texes, atra cupressus adest !

Te, jocus insignis gelasino, tempora vitis  
 Palmite ridenti nectere forte decet ;  
 Vindicibus patriæ debetur maxima quercus,  
 Taxus amat docti cingere fusca caput ;  
 Ferre solet vitam sua myrtus amantibus ægris  
 Væ mihi ! nam myrtum Lydia sæva negat :  
 Displicet hæc ? aliud noli mihi nectere sertum ;  
 Vel tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest !

Festa rosas tandem conjunctas Anglia jactet,  
 Præmia permulto parta cruore virum ;  
 Cœruleos hyacintho et erices flore galeros,  
 Rore novo madidis, Scotia dura liget ;  
 Signa suam frondem monstrent felicitis Hibernes—  
 Tale decus, viridis quale smaragdus habet :  
 Sed, domina illustris, noli mihi nectere sertum ;  
 Vel tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest !

Dum famulæ quærunthederas tam crinibus aptas  
 Vatibus, argutæ percute fila lyræ ;  
 Ecce redux victor laurus e fronde virenti  
 Sanguinea gaudet texere sarta manu ;



Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress-tree !

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;  
But, O Matilda, twine not now !  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have look'd and loved my last !  
When villagers my shroud bestrew  
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—  
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,  
And weave it of the cypress-tree !

SCOTT.

Ilius extollat meritum tuba rauca triumphum ;  
Ast ubi tinnitus morte vocante sonat—  
Tum, domina illustris, propera mihi nectere sertum ;  
Et tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest !

Necte mihi sertum, mihi ramos necte cupressus ;  
Attamen hoc nolis deproperare meum !  
Sit mora, dum pauci menses abiere fugaces,  
Ultima dum terra gaudia vidit amor !  
Ast ubi pagani rutaque et rore marino  
Et violis cumulant justa suprema mihi—  
Tum, domina illustris, propera mihi texere sertum ;  
Et tibi, si texes, atra cupressus adest !

FREDERIC KENNEDY WILSON GIRDLESTONE.



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