

To the Editor of the *British North American Magazine*.

SIR,

I HAVE seen your Prospectus of a new Magazine, which I think, if properly managed may be a very useful work. One of many advantages of such periodicals is, that they serve the rising generation pursuing liberal studies, as the means of trying their strength in composition; and may much gratify their parents and friends, when such attempts are successful.

It was lately assigned as a task to the Students in this Seminary, in lieu of the weekly theme, to translate a

short Ode of Horace into English, and again to imitate the same in Latin, in a different measure.

I send you two or three samples of both kinds, which I thought the best, tho' there were several others, but a shade, if at all inferior. If you think these worth a place in your department of Poetry, they are at your service.

ACADEMICUS.

King's College, Windsor,
Dec. 18, 1830.

HORACE.—ODE 9, LIBER I.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum dista.

Permitte Divis cætera; qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Depræliantes, nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere; et
Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone; nec dulces amores
Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canitiis abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et aræ,
Lenezque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque direptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.