

“ But oft I’ve resolv’d that whate’er be my fate,
 “ The sweets of contentment shall dwell in my breast;
 “ Well pleas’d if I rise and to rank with the great—
 “ If I fall ’twill ne’er rob me of rest.”

For Fancy to thee my whole soul I resign,
 Then with sorrow my bosom not long can be torn,
 With thee splendid Honors and Rank can be mine.
 Enjoying their roses without e’er a thorn.



AN IMITATION FROM THE GREEK ON THE EVILS AND PLEASURES OF LIFE.

In ev’ry path of life we’ll find,
 The cares and sorrows of mankind;
 Content and pleasure’s, radiant beams,
 Are ever vain deluding dreams.

Think not if thee ambition sways,
 ’Tis only honors gild its days,
 ’Tis full of torments cares and strife,
 These are the gifts of public life.

All bliss and pleasures are denied,
 If to our arms we take a Bride;
 If we despise the power of love,
 By far a happier state we prove.

And next from Children ever flow,
 When we possess them, care and woe,
 Parental joys and sweet delight,
 Oft’ner shun than greet the sight.

Ne’er to be born, or soon to die,
 Joys ~~early~~ are we can’t deny,
 Maxims of Vice are! hated sound;
 In all the various stations found.

surely

By reading as it stands the Evils of life are described, but by reading the first and third lines, and the second and fourth lines together in each stanza the pleasures will be seen. They are two distinct pieces in the Greek, one on the Evils the other on the Pleasures, and I believe, if my memory serves me, by two different authors (*Greek Epigrams, Nos 22 and 23, Eton Edition*.)