

1836

## Translation

N. Beverley Tucker

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Safe he may range Getulia's sands,  
Virtue and Peace his guides,  
Or where the desert Garma stands,  
Or famed Hydaspes glides.

Late, as I ranged the Sabine Grove,  
Beyond my usual bounds,  
And, void of care, I sang my Love,  
In soft melodious sounds,

Sudden I met, without defence,  
A Wolf in fierceness bred ;  
But, awed by peaceful innocence,  
The savage monster fled.

Not scorched Numidia's thirsty fields,  
Where tawny Lions feed,  
Nor warlike Daunia's dreary wilds,  
So dire a monster breed.

Remove me far from cheerful day,  
To night and endless shades,  
Where not a bright celestial ray  
The awful gloom pervades :

Or place me near the solar blaze,  
Beneath the burning Zone,  
Where no refreshing breeze allays  
The influence of the Sun.

Still shall the memory of my Love,  
Her soft enchanting smile,  
Her charming voice, my woes remove,  
And all my cares beguile.

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### TRANSLATION.

There are few exercises of poetical talent more frequent than translations of the Odes of Horace ; and there is perhaps none of these on which more men have tried their pens, than the 22d of the first book. Of all that we have ever met with, we think none superior to the following. Were it even inferior to the best efforts of the well trained pupils of Eton or Westminster, it would be interesting as the production of a Virginian. It was written some sixty years ago, as a school exercise by a pupil in the grammar school of William and Mary. We find it in the hand writing of J. Randolph of Roanoke, on the blank leaves of an old copy of Horace, where it is recorded that the age of the writer was fourteen. Comparing it with the early compositions of Pope or Byron, the reader will be apt to ask, "What became of the author?" The answer will be found in the history of the Polish wars, in which he acted a conspicuous part. Late in life he returned to his native country, and lived and died in voluntary obscurity. It is believed that few men possessed more of the confidence and esteem of the unfortunate monarch to whom he devoted his services than *General Lewis Littlepage*.

We have no reason to believe that these lines were ever published. They are all that remain of an extraordinary man, and we are pleased to think that by giving them a place in the *Messenger*, they may be preserved.

Fuscus, the Man, whose quiet heart  
No conscious crimes molest,  
Needs not the Moor's envenomed dart,  
To guard his guiltless breast.