

HYMN OF CLEANTHES.*

For the knowledge of this beautiful relic of ancient poetry, we are indebted to Fulvius Ursinus, who first published it in 1568. We transcribed it from a M.S. of the *Eclogue Physicæ* of Stobæus in the *Biblioth. Farnesiana*. Since then it has been frequently published; in Stephen's *Poes. Philosoph.*, Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, Brunck's *Analecta*, and *Gnomici Poetæ Græci*, &c. In the *Monthly Review*, vol. xxv. there is a very accurate list of its editions, from *Ursinus* to *Butler*. The words σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἰσμὶν have given additional interest to it, as being illustrative of Acts, xvii. 28, where the Apostle Paul refers the Athenians to the poets, as acknowledging one God, the father of the human race. The words quoted by the apostle, are exactly the same as those in Aratus, *Phænom.* Perhaps, however, he might have referred to the words of the hymn, which differ but little from those of Aratus. To classical readers we need scarcely observe that the Latin and French translations contain several inaccuracies.

ΥΜΝΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΔΙΑ.

Κύδιστ' ἀθανάτων, πολυώνυμε, παγκρατὲς αἰεὶ
 Ζεῦ, φύσεως ἀρχηγέ, νόμον μέτα πάντα κυβερνῶν,
 Χαῖρε· σὲ γὰρ πάντεσσι θίμις θνητοῖσι προσαυδᾶν.
 Ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἰσμὲν, ἱῆς μίμημα λαχόντες
 Μοῦνον, ὅσα ζῶει τε καὶ ἔρπει θνήτ' ἐπὶ γαίαν
 Τῷ σε καθυμνήσω, καὶ σὸν κράτος αἰὲν αἰίσω.
 Σοὶ δὴ πᾶς ὄδε κόσμος ἐπισσόμενος περὶ γαίαν
 Πείθεται, ἢ κεν ἄγης, καὶ ἐκὼν ὑπὸ σείῳ κρατεῖται.
 Τοῖον ἔχεις ὑποεργὸν ἀνικητοῖς ἐνὶ χερσίν
 Ἀμφήκη, πυρόεντα, αἰεζώοντα κεραυνόν.
 Τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὸ πληγῆς φύσεως πάντ' ἑρρίγασιν,
 Ω σὺ κατευθύνεις κοινὸν λόγον, ὃς διὰ πάντων
 Φοιτᾷ, μιγνύμενος μεγάλοις μικροῖς τε φάεσσιν
 Ὅς τόσσοις γεγαῶς ὑπατος βασιλεὺς διὰ παντός
 Οὐδέ τι γίγνεται ἔργον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σοῦ δίχα, δαίμον,
 Οὔτε κατ' αἰθέριον θείου πόλον, οὔτ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ,
 Πλὴν ὅποσα ῥέζουσι κακοὶ σφετέρῃσιν ἀνοίαις·
 Ἀλλὰ σὺ καὶ τὰ περισσὰ ἐπίστασαι ἄρτια θείναι,
 Καὶ κοσμεῖς τὰ ἄκοσμα, καὶ οὐ φίλα σοὶ φίλα ἴστίν.
 Ὡδε γὰρ εἰς ἕν ἅπαντα συνῆρμοκας ἰσθλὰ κακοῖσιν,
 Ὡσθ' ἕνα γίγνεσθαι πάντων λόγον αἰὲν ἰόντα,
 Ὅν φεύγοντες ἔωσιν, ὅσοι θνητῶν κακοὶ εἴσι,
 Δύσμοροι, οὔτ' ἀγαθῶν μὲν αἰεὶ κτήσιν ποθέοντες,
 Οὔτ' ἴσορῶσι θεοῦ κοινὸν νόμον, οὔτε κλυοσιν,
 Ω κεν πειθόμενοι σὸν νῶν βίον ἰσθλὸν ἔχουεν.
 Αὐτοὶ δ' αὖ ὀρμῶσιν ἀνευ καλοῦ ἄλλος ἐκ' ἄλλα,
 Οἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ δόξης σπουδῆν δυσέριστον ἔχοντες,
 Οἱ δ' ἐπὶ κερδοσυνας τετραμμένοι οὐδενὶ κόσμῳ,
 Ἄλλοι δ' εἰς ἀνίσιν, καὶ σώματος ἠδέε ἔργα,
 Σπεύδοντες μᾶλα πάμπαν ἰναντία τῶνδε γενέσθαι,
 Ἀλλὰ Ζεῦ πάνθῳρε, κελαινεφὲς, ἀρχικέραυνε,
 Ἀνθρώπους δὴ ῥύουτ' ἀπειροσυνης ἀπὸ λογρῆς,
 Ἦν σὺ, πάτερ, σκίδασον ψυχῆς ἀπο, ὅς δὲ κυρῆσαι
 Γνώμης, ἣ πῖσυνος σὺ δίκης μέτα πάντα κυβερνᾶς,
 Ὄφρ' ἂν τιμηθέντες ἀμειβώμεσθά σε τιμῇ,
 Ὡμοῦντες τα σά ἔργα διηνεκές, ὡς ἐπέοικε
 Θνητῶν ἰόντ' ἐπεὶ οὔτε βροτοῖς γέρας ἄλλο τι μείζον
 Οὔτε θεοῖς ἢ κοινὸν αἰεὶ νόμον ἐν δίκῃ ἕμνείν.

* Cleanthes was a stoic philosopher, who lived in the third century before Christ. A list of his works may be found in Fabric. *Biblioth. Græc.* ii. 367. The classic gem, which we now present, is almost the only specimen extant of his writings.

† Ἀνθρωποσ ρυοιο —BRUNCK.

CLEANTHIS HYMNUS.

A DR. DUPOUT.

Magne pater Divùm, cui nomina multa, sed una
Omnipotens semper virtus, tu Jupiter auctor,
Natura, certà qui singula lege gubernas,
Rex salve! Te nempe licet mortalibus ægris
Cunctis compellare; omnes tua namque propago
Nos immans, æternus quasi imago vocis et echo
Tantum, quotquot humi spirantes repimus. Ergo
Te cantabo, tuum et robur sine fine celebrans.
Quippe tuo hic totus, terram qui circum orbis
Faret, quoque agis, imperio atque obtemperat
ultra.

Invictis telum manibus tibi tale ministrum
Ancepse, igitur, haud moriturum denique
fulmen:

Ictu etenim illius tota et natura tremiscit:
Illo et communem rationem dirigit, et quæ
Mundi agit molem, magno se corpore miscens.
Tantum tu rerum dominus, rectorque supremus:
Nec sine te factum in terris, Deus, aut opus
ullum

Æthere nec dio fit, nec per cœrula ponti,
Errore acta suo nisi quæ gens impia patrat:
Confusa in sese tu dirigit ordine certo:
Auspice te ingratis et inest sua gratia rebus
Felicè harmoniâ. Tu scilicet omnia in unum
Sic bona mista malis compingis, ut una resurgat
Cunctorum ratio communis et usque perennans,
Quam refugit spernitque hominum mens læva
maiorum.

Heu miseri! bona qui quærunt sibi semper et
optant
Divinam tamen hanc communem et denique
legem

Nec spectare oculis, nec fando attendere curant:
Cui si parerunt, poterant traducere vitam
Cum ratione et mente bonam: nunc sponte
feruntur

In mala præcipites, trahit et sua quemque vo-
luptas,

Hunc agit ambitio laudisque immensa cupido;
Illum et avarities, et amor vesanus habendi.

Blanda libido allum, venerisque licentia dulcis:
Sic alii tendunt alio in diversa ruentes.

At tu, Jupiter alme, tonans in nubibus atris,
Da sapere, et mentem miseris mortalibus aufer
insanam: hanc tu pelle pater: da apprendere
posse

Consilium, fretus quo tu omnia rite gubernas:
Nos ut honorati pariter tibi demus honorem
Perpetuis tua facta hymnis præclara canentes,
Ut fas est homini: nec enim mortalibus ullum
Nec superis majus poterit contingere donum,
Quam canere æterno communem carmine legem.

INNO DI CLEANTE A GIOVE.

DA GIROLAMO POMPEI.

O glorioso fra gli eterni, in guise
Molte nomato, omnipossente ognora,
Tu che, tutto con legge governando,
De la natura sei principio e duce.
Salve, O Giove; pero che gli uomini tutti
Dritto è ben, che a te volgan le parole;
Che siam tua stirpe, e solo noi, fra quanti
Vivon mortali e muovon su la terra,
Lo imitar de la voce abbiam sortito.
Quindi con inni io loderotti, e sempre
Canterò tua possanza. Obbediente
A te rendesi già, dovun que il traggi,
Questo ciel tutto, che al suol gira intorno,
È volentieri governar si lascia
De la tua forza: tal ministro, aguzzo
D'ambo le parti, ardente, e sempre vivo
Il fulmin hai ne l'invincibil mano;
Però che tutte inorridiscon sotto
De' colpi tuoi le cose di natura.
E una favella, che da ognun s'intende,
Tu con esso indirizzi, ed esso scorre
Pur fra le cose tutte, a grandi misto
E a piccioli fulgori. Un tanto e sommo
Sendo tu regnator per ogni loco
Nè in terra, O Nume, senza te, nè sopra
De l'etero divin polo, nè in mare
Opra fassi veruna, eccetto quante

Di propria insania lor fanno i malvagi.
Ma tu comporre ciò ben anche sai
Che troppo eccede, e ciò che d'ornamento
E privo, adorno rendi, e torni amico
Ciò che amico non è; che in tal concerto
Tutte unisti a le ree cose le buone;

Onde di tutte un ordine si forma,
Che sempre dura, e che lasciai, fuggendo,
Quanti sono malvagi in fra i mortali.

Miseri! che pur sempre desiosi
D'acquistar beni, la comun di Dio
Legge nè scoltan nè guardano, a cui
Rispondendo con senno, aver felice
Potrebber vita: ma, scervi dal bello,
Corron essi chi ad un chi ad altro oggetto,
Quai per la gloria da un ardor putati
Che mal soffre contrasto, e quali, senza
Onesto modo ala, volti a le frodi,
E quali pure a l'ozio ed a' soavi

Flacer del corpo; ed a gran passi in vece
S'affrettano a produr contrari effetti

Ma tu, che aduni gli altri nemi, o Giove,
E il fulmin tratti, ed ogni don dispensi,
Ili uomini libera tu da la funesta

Trista ignoranza, e la disperdi, o padre,
Da l'alme, e loro di trovar concedi
Quel consiglio, in cui tu fidando, reggi

Con giustizia ogni cosa; onde onorati
Fia che a vicenda ti rendiamo onore,
L'opere tue sempre laudando, come

A chi mortale sia far si conviene;
Che a gli uomini, e a gli Dei verun più grande
Onore altro non v'ha, che giustamente

L'ordip sempre laudar de l'universo.

L'HYMNE DE CLEANTHE.

PAR M. DE BOURGAINVILLE.

Pere et maître des Dieux, auteur de la nature,
Jupiter, ô sagesse! ô loi sublime et pure!

Unité souveraine à qui tous les mortels
Sous mille noms divers élèvent des autels:

Je t'adore, nos cœurs te doivent leur hommage,
Nous sommes tes enfans, ton ombre, ton image;

Et tout ce qui respire animé par tes mains,
A célébrer ta gloire invite les humains.

Béni sois à jamais! ma voix reconnoissante
Consacre ses accens à ta bonté puissante;

Tu régis l'Univers. Ce tout illimité
Qui renferme la terre en son immensité,

Ce tout harmonieux, émané de toi même,
S'applaudit d'obéir à ton ordre suprême;

Ton souffle intelligent circule en ce grand corps,
En féconde la masse, en meut tous les ressorts;

La foudre étincillante en ta main redoutable
Porte un effroi vengeur dans l'ame du coupable

Présent à tous les tems, tu remplis tous les lieux,
La Terre, l'océan, le ciel t'offre à mes yeux.

Tout dérive de toi, j'en excepte nos vices,
Nos injustes projets, nos fureurs, nos caprices;

Par toi l'ordre naquit du chaos étoumé;
Chaque être tient le rang par toi seul assigné:

Par toi des élémens la discorde est bannie,
Et des biens, et des maux la constante harmonie,

Les enchaînant entre eux par un secret lien,
Forme de leur accord un monde où tout est bien.

L'homme insensé, qu'aveugle un jour perfide
Et sombre

Cherche par tout ce bien, et n'en saisit que
l'ombre;

La loi seule, ta loi, vrai flambeau des humains
De la félicité leur montre les chemins.

Mais l'un dort inutile au sein de la paresse,
L'autre boit de Venus la coupe enchanteresse.

De la soif des grandeurs cet autre est dévoré
Ou sèche auprès de l'or dont il est altéré

Grand Dieu, pere de jour et maître du tonnerre,
Du crime et de l'erreur daigne purger la terre.

Affranchis la raison du joug de ses tyrans,
Fais, laisse entrevoir aux mortels ignorans

Des éternelles loix le plan sage et sublime.
Fuisse alors de nos cœurs le concert unanime

Te rendre un pur hommage égal à tes bienfaits,
Et digne enfin de toi, s'il peut l'être jamais.

Ame de l'univers, Dieu, par qui tout respire,
Qu'à célébrer ton nom le monde entier conspire;

Que la terre à l'envi s'unisse avec les cieux;
C'est le devoir de l'homme, et le bonheur des

Dieux.

IN ENGLISH.

Lord of the heav'nly host, all glorious king,
Whose praise by countless titles mortals sing,
Hail, mighty Jove! whose sov'reign sway
Nature, and nature's works obey,
Of their fair order thou the cause,
Disposing all by constant laws;
To thee my voice I raise
In grateful hymn of praise,
As ev'ry mortal may address thy name,
And from Jove's self a father's feeling claim.

For we are sprung from thee,
A numerous progeny,
Alone of all creation's throng
Resembling thee in speaking tongue;
Wherefore I'll celebrate thy praise,
And sing thy pow'r in all my lays.
Sped on their airy flight,
By thy directing might,
The radiant orbs of night that o'er us burn,
Around our sphere with glad submission turn,

Obedient to the nod
Of that all pow'ful god,
Who, arm'd with heav'n's dread panoply,
Wields in unbroken majesty
His servant-fire, th' unquenched bolt,
Dread punisher of man's revolt.
Forth from thy throne it darts,
Affrighted nature starts—
With it thou guid'st the all pervading mind,
Which dwells within this universe confined.

Great king! thy natal hour
Proclaim'd thy sov'reign pow'r,
Thy sway coeval with thy birth,
Confess'd by heav'n, and sea and earth,
For ev'ry where we view thy might,
Each deed presents thee to our sight,
Except when guilty man
Forms some unhallow'd plan;
His self, sprung folly by his crimes declares,
And thy kind gifts thro' wickedness impairs.

And yet all things agree
In sweetest harmony.
From wildest discord concords thrill,
Such magic influence has thy will;
Virtue and vice through thee combine,
Rul'd by one common law divine,

Nor jarringly contend
But in one system blend.
'Tis thus from evil blessings oft arise,
And pleasure's smiles are drawn from mis'ry's
sighs.

Headless of this thy rule,
Untaught in nature's school,
Man—wretched man—pursues his schemes
To realise his blissful dreams,
Sees nothing in the world around,
Nor hears from nature's voice a sound
To warn him that he'll find
Bliss only in the mind;
That it can break the force of mis'ry's blows,
Contented with the lot that God bestows.

Ee'n honour calls in vain,
No pow'r can him restrain,
But, ever hasting on, he tries
By different paths to gain the prize:
Some lur'd by glory's pageant blaze,
With fretful zeal court human praise;
These think that they behold
Its features stamp'd on gold,
Whilst others search 'midst pleasure's giddy
train,
But feel too late they've sought it there in vain.

In mercy, then, great Jove,
Thron'd midst the clouds above,
Who giv'st to man his every gift,
The veil of human darkness lift,
Dispel the mist, that shrouds his soul,
The darkling vapours backward roll,
And let thy glorious light
Beam thro' this gloomy night,
Enlighten him with wisdom like thy own,
Reveal thy laws, and make thy system known.

So shall thy praise be sung
By ev'ry human tongue;
The light to man in mercy giv'n,
Reflected will illumine heav'n,
'Twill light up all thy glories there,
And show thy wonders every where;
The universe will raise
To thee its songs of praise,
Mankind confess their father and their king—
A theme that's worthy of e'en gods to sing.

FABLES, FROM THE GERMAN.

(BY GOTTFRIED ROSENKRANZ, GENTLEMAN.)

Originally dedicated in M.S. to H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, and now first published.

FABLE I.

DER KNABE UND SEIN VATER.

Ein Schüler ass, wie viele Knaben
Die Datteln für sein Leben gern;
Und, um des Guten viel zu haben
So pflanzt er einen Dattelkern
In seines Vaters Blumengarten
Der Vater sah ihn, lächelnd zu;
Und sagte: "Datteln pflanzest du?
Oh Kind, da muss du lange warten;
Denn wisse: dieser edle Baum
Trägt oft nach zwanzig Jahren kaum
Die ersten seiner süßen Früchte"
Karl, der sich dessen nicht versah
Hielt ein, und rümpfte das Gesicht
Ei!" sprach er, endlich, zum papa
Das Warten soll mich nicht verdrissen;—
Belohnt die Zeit nur meinen Fleiss
So kann ich, ja, dereinst, als Greis
Was jetzt der Knabe pflanzt geniessen."

TRANSLATION.

THE BOY AND HIS FATHER.

A school-boy ate, like many other boys,
Some dates whose sweetness did his heart re-
joice;
And, that his store of joy might be eternal,
He planted in his father's ground a kernel.

The father chanced to see his little son,
And smiled at what the pretty boy had done:
"My child," said he, "what plant'st thou there?
—a date?"

Ere that can grow, alas! thou'st long to wait;
For know, my child, that noble tree scarce bears
Its luscious fruit in less than twenty years."
Charles stops, and smiling, yet with much sur-
prise

At what he hears, with innocence replies:
"I will not, father, pine at that delay,
If even after twenty years I may
When older grown, with better taste enjoy
The fruits of what I planted when a boy;
Nor than shall think that I have waited long,
If time rewards my diligence when young."

FABLE II.

DER HAUSHAHN UND DER RABE.

Ein Rab' entwandte hie und da,
So viel er konnte, Gold und Ringe,
Band, Uhrgehäng, und hundert andere Dinge;
Als dies der kluge Haushahn sah,
So fragte er: "Ich bitte, sage mir,
Wozu nützt das alles dir?"
"Das weiss ich selbst nicht," sprach der Rabe,
"Ich nahm es nur, damit ich's habe!"