

"THE WISE MAN OF SENECA."

The ideal of the stoical philosophy A.D. 50.—"Rex denique Regum." *Hor. Ep.*

It is not Riches make a King,  
Or Robes of Tyrian colouring,  
Or far-famed Royal portico,  
Or golden doors of bravest show;  
Nor untold wealth of Western mine,  
Or all the golden sands that shine  
Adown the bed that Tagus laves  
With opulent pellucid waves;  
Nor all the Grain that Libya stores  
In all her sunlit threshing-floors.

A King fears not—he is a King  
Who has no gross imagining;  
Whom no ambition leads to wrong,  
Or slippery favour of the Throng.  
Upon Truth's vantage ground stands he  
Surveying all dispassionately;  
Nor breathes a sigh, nor sheds a tear,  
When Death, the common lot, draws near.  
On Empire's summit let him stand  
Who wills it—aye, and rule the land,  
Me sweet Retirement doth please,  
And all the joy of gentle ease:  
No Roman honours are for me,  
But studious serenity.  
So, when my span of life be told,  
I'll die, a humble man, and old;  
For Death comes, grievously, to him  
Who must obey the people's whim;  
He dies, to his own self alone  
[Though known to others] all unknown.

H. I. R.

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