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MINISTERS LEAVING NORTH CAROLINA

More than forty years ago North Carolina was a good State for Baptist preachers to move from. Old Father Kern, perhaps the most eloquent man of his day, spent the major part of his life in Va., and returned in his old age to die in his native State. The Senior Dr. Brantley and Manly, born within five miles of each other in Otham county, went to South Carolina, to become farmers. Dr. Howell, of Wayne and Dr. Poindexter of Bertie, wandered off, the one to Tennessee, the other to Virginia, to achieve national reputation. In later years, "Prof. Mims, one of the ablest theologians, and one of the best men, North Carolina ever produced, left Fayetteville, and for many years taught Theology in South Carolina.—Iverson L. Brooks, of Caswell, went to South Carolina, Graves of the same county, to Texas, Taliaferro, of Stokes, to Alabama, and John L. Frichard, of Camden, to Virginia, where they became eminent and useful ministers of the Gospel.

Sad to say, the Exodus has not stopped in our day, but seems rather to increase. Wilson, a man of rare gifts as a preacher and pastor, left Chapel Hill, a few months since for Virginia, and now Dr. Skinner goes from Raleigh to Nashville; brother Young from Wilmington to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; brother Griffin from Madison, to Lebanon, Tennessee; "good and true men all of them," while more than one of the other good pastors of the State are looking out for fields in other States.

Now, brethren of North Carolina, how do you account for these powerful facts? Is it not because your ministers are not appreciated? Is it not because you do not support them? They would not go to other States if they were not better cared for there. The Baptists in other States are not richer than in North Carolina, and the Baptist ministers in other States should not be more generously sustained than in North Carolina. I know whereof I affirm, when I declare that there are not a half a dozen Baptist preachers in the State who are able to live comfortably on their salaries. They could realize two or three times as much by devoting their energies to some other calling. They are actually driven out of the State by the illiberality of the churches.

I really do believe it would be a good plan to act upon the suggestion of brother F. M. Jordan, made in a speech at Goldsboro. He said the ministers ought to act in concert, and refuse to preach to any church until they received a supporting salary. Were they to do this, they would be masters of the situation, and the churches would soon come to terms.

Almost any church, if it but thought so, and was systematic in its liberality, could support a pastor whether in town or country.

Take the Sawyer's Creek church, of Camden, of which brother Overby is pastor as an example. Before the war, when they were rich, they had preaching but twice a month and paid from \$250 to \$500 a year. Now that they are poor, they have the Gospel preached to them every Sabbath and pay their pastor \$1000. Besides this, they subscribed \$2,000 to Wake Forest College last year

and gave to other objects between \$400 and \$500. There are many churches in North Carolina just as wealthy as the Sawyer's Creek church, which have preaching but once a month and pay their pastor not more than \$200. (I hope brother Overby will give our churches in Virginia, as well as North Carolina, the plan upon which his church operates, that we may all profit by it.)

Baptist ministers don't preach for money—if that is their object in proclaiming the Gospel, then all I have to say is, they have very little common sense, for I don't know one who saves five dollars a year. But while they don't preach for money, they can't preach without money, for like other men, they must have food and raiment. They are not exactly like the lilies of the field, or the fowls of the air, which have no need to toil and spin, and yet are clothed and fed, though some of the churches seem to think so. When the churches appreciate their pastors, then the exodus of preachers will cease.

T. H. P.

LETTER FROM ELDER TURNER

I wish to call the attention of your readers, and especially of your correspondent PALMETTO, whose article appears in the Recorder of October the 28th, to a mistake which he has made, in referring to my objection to *fictionous* names. It is true, that in the Recorder of Sept. the 25th, I mentioned it, in connection with departures from the old landmarks, but this is its meaning. 1st. It *leaves* the reader. 2nd. It is unmeaning, and consequently, in the 3rd place, it does no good.

PALMETTO says, he "cannot appreciate" my "objection," that "every article should stand upon its own merits." I did not say that the *fictionous* name affected the matter, but it teased the reader; and PALMETTO, near the close of the article, after saying that I should be more careful how I proscribed the whole class of *anonymous* writers, (which I did not do), says, "It certainly would be a gratification to all of us, to know the name of contributors." Yes, that is what I claim; yet, PALMETTO says that it "amounts to but very little."

Moreover, he thinks good comes of such comment, that "many a modest brother" will be induced to use the "quill." Well, may be brother P. can appreciate such modesty, who himself prefers to hide behind a tree. When I read, on the first page of the Recorder of October the 16th, the article from the pen of our beloved brother S. J. Wheeler, it seemed that I could almost hear his soft voice. Hear what he says about this name matter. "The Recorder does constitute no unimportant portion of our history." &c.

"Again, when we know the writer, it is natural that we should feel a deeper interest in reading his production." &c. I suppose, one reason why the pulpit is elevated above the seats is, that the people may see the speaker, so that I would invite brother P. to come from behind that tree, and stand up so the people can see him, and speak, and no doubt we will all feel better.

WM. TURNER.

LETTER FROM W. H. WILSON

MEANS EDITORS: My remarks on the "Revised Testament" necessarily come to you slowly and at long intervals, so that the connexion is destroyed; and a good deal of repetition is required to remind the reader of what has been laid down as previously discussed and proved. My morning readings have brought me forward to the Epistle of James, and I can't say that my progress through the work, has improved my estimation of it, or given me occasion to recall the caution, which in my first communication I sounded forth to our people: to be deliberate and careful ere they adopted this new Bible in place of their old one, and yielded to the pressing and not very modest demands of the

Publishers to adopt it at once, and "Send on," "send on" for "any quantity for pulpits and Sunday schools and families." They seem to have taken for granted that our people would be so pleased with the introduction of the word *immersion* as to overlook every defect, and swallow down the most tough and unpalatable language, however laborious to the deglutition. This calculation alone could have emboldened them to strike off so large an edition as to require, for its financial safety, a speedy and wide circulation. However, perhaps this remark is too unqualified; for no one can read the monthly issues of the "Bible Union," without perceiving that the friends of the version have such an extravagant idea of its merits, generally, that they expected no opposition or delay; for their work would "run to and fro very swiftly and be glorified." I am glad to find that the Baptist Public, of the Southern States, at least, have not been guilty of this blamable precipitation, and that some of our scholars have united their voices with mine, in saying that the blemishes of the New Version are such as to make the Old Version still far preferable. Even Prof. Broadus, whose opinion of the work in question is more favorable than ours, and is certainly entitled to the highest deference; even he, I think, before he gets through his examination of it, will decide against its substitution for our old manual. I am glad to have my opinion confirmed by that of so eminent and judicious a critic, that the substitution of the word *immersion* for *baptize*, (though perhaps required by the conditions laid on the translators) is not, on the whole, a recommendation.

The impression made on my mind, after a careful perusal of the work to the point I have now reached (Epistle of James with frequent reference to the passages in the remaining portion), is that only here and there any new light has been thrown upon the text; and that, in many parts, obscurity and awkwardness and unidiomatic expressions disfigure the work—that the translators have been misled by an endeavor to be more faithful to the original—that in aiming at this, they have introduced a confusion of tenses foreign to the genius of our language, unwarranted by the canons of criticism laid down by the first biblical critics, and yet that they have not been at all consistent with themselves, in the observation of their own rules. Let me confirm this last charge by a few quotations, selected at random. There is no rule in Greek Syntax better known than the following, which, though found in all the old authorities, is thus given in "Winer's Grammar of the New Testament Dietionary," "the most elaborate work of verbal criticism that I have ever come across. I do not, however, undertake to indorse him as infallible or even always consistent with himself.

In vol. I. p. 283, he says: "The present tense may appear to stand for the imperfect in dependent clauses, as John 2: 9." "When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (come), John 4: 11." "The Pharisee had heard that Jesus made and baptized (now, or formerly), so Mark 6: 14." "They went out to see what it was that was (done), John 5: 13." "He that was healed knew not who it was (was), John 5: 18." "The man departed and told the Jews that it was (was) Jesus that made him whole." These translators knew the rule of Greek Syntax as well as any body, and have practiced on it in all the passages I have quoted; and yet who would have believed that they would have departed from it in such cases as the following, to the no small disfigurement of their work and to the offense of every reader of correct taste.

John 7: 27. "And behold a woman who was a sinner in the city, learning that he was reclining (reclining) at table in the house." Luke 18: 27. "They told him that Jesus of Nazareth is passing by (passing)." John 6: 5. "Jesus therefore lifted up his eyes and seeing that a great multitude was coming (coming) to him."

The same improper use of our present for our past occurs in many other places, where its appearance is even more unpleasant than in those adduced.

Another too rigid adherence to the distinction of the tenses is the change of the historical and narrative tense for the present perfect, because the Greek preter-perfect is used in exchange for the aorist. Now I think that any one who will consult and examine the quotations of that most indefatigable collator, Winer, will have very little confidence in the notion that the New Testament writers used the perfect tense with the intention of changing the shade of the idea when they passed over to it from the aorist, in a series of verbs all describing the same event.

Take for example Rev. 5: 6, 7: "And I saw in the midst of the throne a lamb . . . and he came and has taken the book out of the right hand of him that sits upon the throne."

Again, Rev. 8: 5. "And the angel has taken (perfect) the censor and he filled (aor.) it out of the fire of the altar and cast (aor.) it into the earth."

On these passages, Winer remarks: "The perfect, simply for the aorist, in narration occurs in Rev. 5: 7, and 8: 5."

"The perfect is used purely with the signification of an aorist, particularly in later writers."

"As to Greek usage, it often depends on the writer which of the two tenses he is to use, as the distinction between them is sometimes very inconsiderable." "When an author is writing without rigorous precision, any one of several tenses may be employed without any difference in the sense. . . . Besides were any anomaly found in such combination of tenses, it would only be attributed to defective skill in writing Greek." Vol. 1, pp. 292, 296.

Nor am I alarmed or stumbled at such remarks of the German critic, as savoring of too little respect for the sacred writers. Of this fault he exculpates himself on various parts of his work, by repudiating the loose interpretation of a certain school, and by rebuking their profane freedom with inspired penmen. But his theory on this subject is one that I think will be apt to impress most candid and competent readers, familiar with the Greek Testament, that its authors used the style and mode of expression of common, plain speakers, not always with grammatical precision and accuracy, but sufficiently so to be understood correctly by careful and serious readers.

W. H. WILSON, Oct. 27.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ELDER PATRICK W. DOWD

BY ELDER J. D. HUPHAM.

PRELIMINARY.

Soon after the death of Elder Dowd his family placed in my hands a sort of journal, by him during the first thirty years of his life and requested me to prepare a suitable sketch of him for publication. Other friends urged me to undertake the task and I at length consented; partly in deference to them, partly because I felt that the services which Elder Dowd had rendered to the denomination entitled him to more than a brief notice in the obituary column of the Recorder.

More than a year has elapsed since that promise was given and some of those who expected an early fulfillment of it have thought strangely of the delay. It has been caused partly by the pressure of other duties, but more by the lack of materials for the proposed sketch. The journal, alluded to above, breaks off abruptly in 1829, when Elder Dowd was thirty years old. For the remainder I have had to rely on my own recollections, and the statements of others. I commence with extracts from the autobiography.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

"I was born in Moore county, N. C., on the 4th of December, 1799, and was the seventh of thirteen children. My grandfather came to this country from Ireland, in

1748, when sixteen years of age, and by frugality and industry accumulated a large estate. When an old man he returned to Ireland and there died.

My grandmother was of Welsh descent. Her maiden name was Roberts.

EARLY HABITS.

"Although my parents were tolerably wealthy they taught all their children to labor with their hands. This was by no means disagreeable to me; for my disposition as well as my vigorous constitution inclined me to active life in the open air. I was specially fond of the farm—took great delight in raising produce and stock. To these tastes and employments, in part, I attribute the fact that I escaped the vices and dissipation common to persons of my age. But I am more indebted for my good fortune in this particular, to the example and precepts of my parents. Although they were not professors of religion themselves, they early taught me to reverence the Scriptures, to observe the Sabbath, and to avoid those practices which, in young persons, were often regarded without disfavor, even by members of the church in that day. I do not remember that I ever used a profane oath."

EDUCATION.

I commenced going to school when quite young; but in the region in which I lived the schools were kept open only during the months of fall and winter, and often not even then. With such advantages as these, my progress in education was slow, especially as I had little sprightliness of intellect. Still I acquired a tolerable proficiency in reading, writing and arithmetic. The branches usually taught in our schools, and the only ones thought necessary or important to one occupying such a humble and quiet sphere of life."

RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS—CONVERSION.

At a very early age I had serious impressions on the subject of religion. How they began or what first awakened them I cannot tell. They crept on me insensibly, at times causing me great distress, and at others scarcely felt at all. I began to pray and to study the Scriptures, and had occasional gleams of comfort, sometimes in prayer, sometimes in singing, sometimes in reading the Scriptures, sometimes in private meditation. This continued till I had reached my sixteenth year, at which time I began to conclude that my case was hopeless. I was ready, in my self-righteousness and unbelief, to charge my Maker with partiality and injustice, for I thought I had sought Him as earnestly and desired Him as ardently as any one, and yet had not found Him. I determined, as there seemed to be no mercy for me, to rid myself of all thought of the matter, abandon prayer and enjoy whatever of pleasure the world had to offer. Thanks be to God, for not allowing me to reap the bitter fruits of this wicked resolve. The ways of sin and folly could not give satisfaction. My concern about my future state returned in greater force and I again began to pray and to seek the pardon and favor of God.

I attended religious services whenever I could, and I thought Christians were very ungrateful, for they were always always complaining of their coldness. It seemed to me that the smallest crumb of grace would satisfy me—that with even that much I should never more complain—so little did I know of the Divine life in the soul.

"June 2nd 1820. O my soul, record with everlasting gratitude, the experiences of this memorable night."

Here follows a detailed account of his feelings as he came despondent, almost despairing, to listen to a discourse by Elder John Teague—how he struggled with his unbelieving fears and at last found peace by believing in Jesus.

BAPTISM.

I was baptized in Little River, about seven miles south of Carthage, on the 10th of August by Elder Robert T. Daniel. There was a large and solemn crowd in attendance. While standing on the banks of the river, brother Daniel

spoke at some length of the nature and design of the ordinance. While he was speaking my thoughts wandered to a similar scene on the banks of the Jordan 1800 years ago. I seemed to see my Saviour submitting to this ordinance, and I wept to think that, unworthy as I was, I was allowed to follow his footsteps."

ASPIRATIONS—WORK.

"About three weeks after my baptism I felt that I ought to go to school again, in to prepare myself for more extensive usefulness, although I had not at this time the remotest idea of entering the ministry. There was a good school about twenty miles from my father's, and I pursued my studies there for a while. The neighborhood was destitute of preaching, and of religious instruction of all kinds. The conviction that it was my duty to do something for the children of the settlement was very strongly impressed on my mind; and I at length determined to start a Sabbath School for them, though I had never seen or been connected with one. None of the neighbors would agree to assist me, and I experienced no little embarrassment at first.

About thirty scholars met me the first day, and I opened the exercises with prayer. This was the first time I had ever prayed in public. The neighbors came in after a little, and when I thought of offering prayer before them; I sometimes trembled, and wished that I had not commenced the work at all. But the feelings wore off gradually, and I learned to deliver addresses to the school on particular passages of Scripture, without embarrassment. When I left the neighborhood I spoke to the school at some length, and thought then that I should never appear before a public audience. So little did I know of God's gracious purposes with reference to me."

AT SCHOOL—IMPRESSIONS RESISTED.

I still felt the need of education and after a short stay at home went to a school in Guilford county, taught by Dr. Landreth. I remained there nine months, studying English grammar, geography, natural and moral philosophy and mathematics. During this time I felt that it was my duty to pray and exhort in public, but my studies kept me closely engaged and as there was no one about me to whom I could disclose my feelings they wore off in a great measure.

At the close of the term I went to Anson county, with the view of teaching. But by this time I had become worldly-minded. A desire to become rich overwhelmed all considerations of usefulness and duty, and I removed to Fayetteville and engaged with Mr. Robbins in merchandising. For a time I was happy enough. But my old convictions about my duty to preach returned on me gradually, and at length I became the most miserable man on earth. My business, in which at first, I took so much delight, became odious to me. In this state of mind I ventured to consult Elder Robert T. Daniel who after questioning me very closely, advised me to exercise my gifts in public. My dissatisfaction with my business, continued to increase and at length I left Fayetteville and returned to my father's.

CONCLUSION.

I stopped at this town on my way to the Convention and stayed with Elder T. E. Skinner. He is as kind ever. One evidence of a great man is fortitude in adversity. Dr. Young in his night thoughts says, "As night to stars, woe lustre adds to man." Brother S. does not sink under adversity, but is as buoyant as ever. His wife and family are all as cheerful and kind as ever. His father is, worth his weight in gold. He and brother McDaniel were at the Convention at its first organization in 1829.

REMARKS.

Every Baptist and every friend of the Baptists ought to take this paper. The *Herald* has about 5,000 subscribers even after a large part of Virginia, is cut off. The Recorder ought to have as many. If our preachers and members were as industrious as those of Virginia we should get them.

FEMALE COLLEGE, RALEIGH.

I regret that this did not go on. I paid \$100 towards it as Elder Skinner knows. I was still willing to let it go in it. But I suppose some of the others having lost all were not willing. People ought to make great sacrifices for education.

E. DODSON.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM MINOR.

When now, at last, in glorious arms opposed,
The mighty chiefs meet, great Hector first,
Ruler of men, than Achilles higher,
No longer will I fly thee, Pelasgus,
Round the great city of the Trojan King,
Thrice have I fled, and could not thy approach
Abide; but now my radiant soul pervades
Firmly to stand by thee, as thou shalt see.
Come, therefore, let us both invoke the gods,
For they will see and hear attentively,
And thou wilt compass faithfully thy quest.
Thy cause I will not leave to fall disgrace,
If Jove shall grant me victory, and I turn
Thy life, Achilles; but, of arms despoiled,
I will restore thee to the sons of Greece.
Now, promise thee to do the like for me.
The lance Achilles, with his fatal dagger,
Inflicted, unwearied, Hector, hateful wretch,
Abhorrent to my soul, talk not to me
Of compacts. As by loss with mankind
No treaties can be made; as wolves and lambs
No concord hold, nor doves and eagles;
So friendship cannot be between us two,
Nor oath, nor covenant, till one shall fall.
And satiate Mars relentless, with his blood,
Call them thy blood, as he should call mine.
For such it is their behavior, to admit thyself
A spearman stout, a warrior bold in arms,
No slacker now is left, no subterfuge,
For by my spear, Minerva's rays descend,
And full anon shall thy marks be all!
The pains and sorrows of thy countrymen,
Whom, raging with thy javelin, thou hast slain,
Do I see, and, whirling his enormous spear,
Despised is he; but passing as the sword
Hector with caution should it, stopping long,
While hurdes, o'er him, flew the brazen lance,
And smote the ground: Minerva smote it
To the ground.

And gave to Achilles, unobserved,
By able Hector, who, rejecting, raised
The mark is missed! Great as thou art, and like
The gods, Achilles, Jove has not to-day,
Reverted my fate to thee, as thou hast said,
Mighty in words and crafty in design,
That, panic-struck, I might my manly strength
And fortitude forget. Not in my back,
Turn'd for ignominious flight, thy spear shall
Strike,
But full is front transfixed my valiant breast,
If such be heaven's high will. Now thou, in
turn,
Evade my brazen lance; O that thou couldst
Receive it buried in thy body! Then
Lighter would be the burden of the war!
To all the Trojans, by one stroke reveal'd
From thee, their dearest curse and deadliest bane.
He said, and forthwith hurl'd his mighty lance,
Of length immense, which e'er did not from the
mark;
But smote the centre of Pelides' shield,
Rebounding thence, far distant fell the spear,
And Hector bourn'd forth, wrath, but fruitless
thus.

His weapon thus. Dejected stood the chief,
Without another javelin. Loosely then
He relied upon Delphos, the youth,
Distinguished by his many wondrous deeds,
A spear to bring; but he was far away,
Then Hector knew his fate, and sorrowing said:
Ah me! the gods have called me to my death!
I thought that brave Delphos was here,
But him the walls enclose, while I am here.
Minerva has deceived me! Surely, now,
Inevitable death must be my doom.
Ah, certainly, such always was the will
Of Jove supreme, and of all-sufficient Jove,
Who yet, with lightning arms, withheld the spear,
To have guarded me; but fate overtook me now.
Yet will I not, without an effort, fall
Ignominious, but attempt a valiant deed,
To be remember'd, ere I reach the ground,
As this he spoke, he drew the falchion, keen,
Heavy and huge, that from his shoulders hang,
And like an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,
Swooping precipitate, through ash clouds,
To pounce a tender lamb or timid hare,
He rush'd impetuous, with uplifted sword,
Against his mighty foe, Achilles, too.
Sprang opposite, his bosom fill'd with wrath,
Furious and full. In front of the ground shield,
Rependent, lab'ring with Veianian arms,
He held, advancing; on his head sublime
The gorgeous helmet, crown'd with four bright
crests.

Nodded terrific, while the golden hair
Inerians, wave'd above, by the god;
Profusely spread around its lofty crest,
As, in a night storm, the radiant stars
Ere part, most beautiful, and bright,
Compassive shines among the host of heaven,
So keenly shone the javelin's polished point,
By great Achilles brandish'd, threatening death
To godlike Hector! The assault he made,
His coming form he scrutiniz'd, to find
Some entrance for the spear; but all his frame
Encaps'd with brass, he saw not
Refrigid, which, on when, by his arm
Petroch's prowess fell, save where the neck
And shoulders broad the collar-bow possess'd,
His throat exposed a part where death is
Speediest from a wound. The fatal spear
Ere Hector's shield could meet the point, sped
Through the smooth neck it pass'd, transfixing
quite.

But took not instantly his life away:
Nor, rampant as it was, heavy with brass,
Sey'd the winding folds of his doublet,
The dying hero: Low in death he fell,
And stern Achilles glori'd over him:
When then, O Hector, didst the corse respell
Of great Achilles' doublet, while he thought
Were confident of safety for thyself,
Regardless then of me, so far remote,
Ah foolish prince, in great avenger, far
To this superior, as to mine, I deem
Behold I come, and thou shalt know, O death!
Now does my foel's unclean shaft become
Thy naked carcase, while Achaea's sons
Will honor him with pompous funeral rites,
With costly robes and funeral shrouding,
So great in battles once, now faintly speak
By thy own life, and by thy knees, I pray,
And by thy parents, O I pray, prevent
A hapless death, to be the prey of Greece, dogs
Accept thy doubtful hands of brass and gold:
My steel and honor'd mother will prevent
And from my house my lifeless corse receive,
From Trojan men and matrons to restore.
The mortal tribute that Achilles will
With unremitting eye, the impious chief
Revengeful, answer'd: Dog, unfold not me
For mercy, for my own or parent's sake!
I wish that hatred could indure me, then
To feast on bloody morsels of thy flesh,
So dire the grief to me that thou hast caus'd!
No mortal from the dogs shall save thy head,
Though bringing bitter for thy ransom, ten
Or twenty times thy worth I offer'd; but
The more to bring I, should Priam yield,
Thy weight in gold, he should not thus redeem.
Thy mother shall not lay thee on a bier,
Breathing these, her offspring said, by dogs
And birds thou shalt be wretchedly devour'd;
While Hector, gasping dying, answer'd thus:
Alas! I know thee, and expected not
To meet thy breast for mine! How it is come
Achaea, but consider, for thyself,
Let I may bring thee from the gods
Some just compensation on this same day;
When, at the Sun's gates, great as thou art,
Thou shalt and Apollo shall destroy
As thou art, the fated moment, shall
And death in darkness wrap'd him. From his
lips
The disembell'd spirit took the sight of light,
To Hades, mourning he too, early lost, and
Of early evening and youthful bloom.