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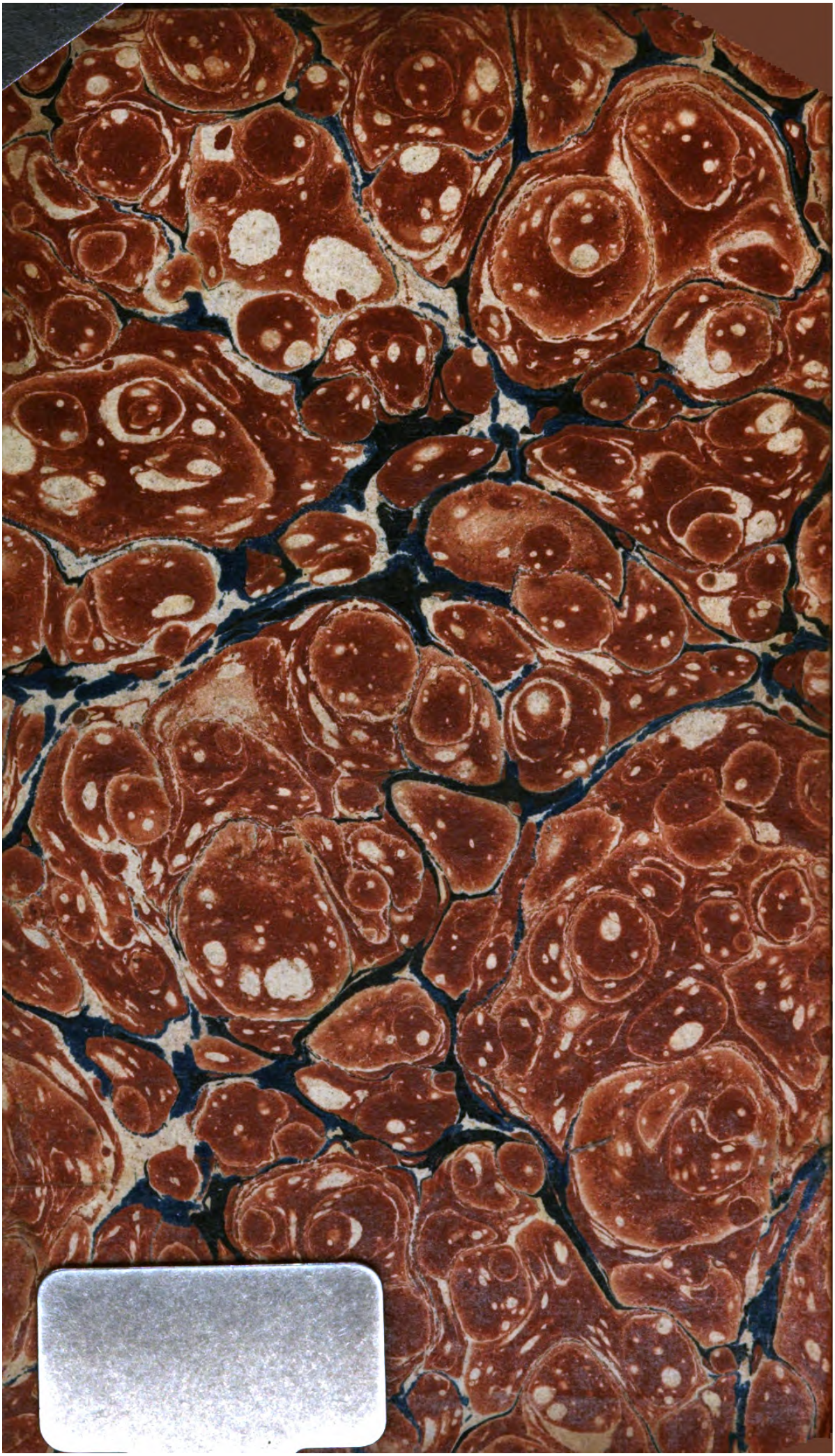

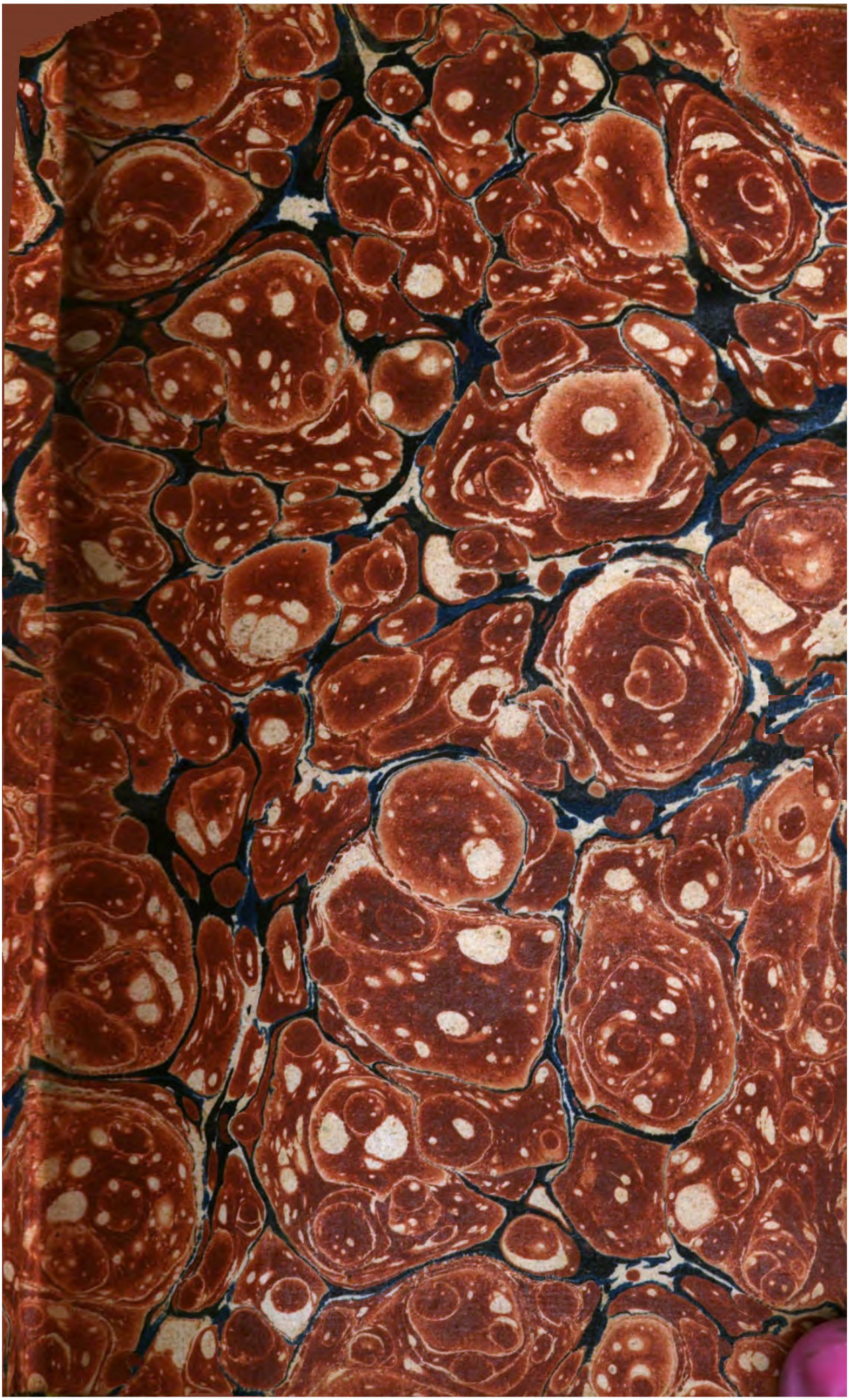

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This Book was given to James Richardson as a Testimony of his Merit in the general Examination Decr. 1815

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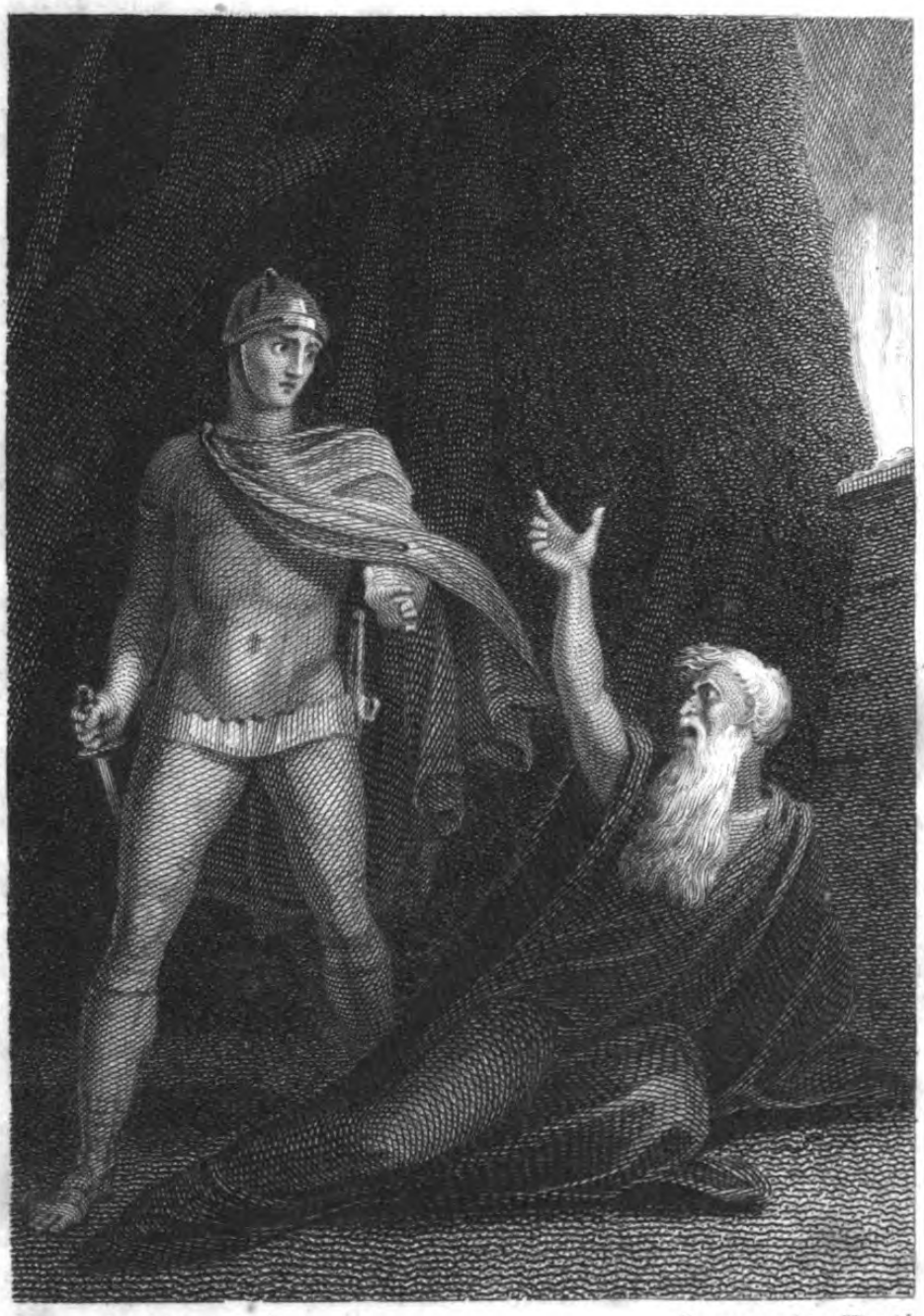

Drawn by R. Westall, R.A. *Engraved by Heath*

The Druid.

See Page 41

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THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

PALMYRA

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

T. L. PEACOCK

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON
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CONTENTS.

THE

GENIUS

OF

THE THAMES:

A LYRICAL POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΟΣ ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝ ΕΠΙ ΓΑΙΑΝ ᾽ΙΗΣΙ.—᾽ΟΜ.

THE

GENIUS OF THE THAMES.

PART I.

Non è questo 'l terren, ch' i' toccai pria?
Non è questo 'l mio nido,
Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente?
Non è questa la patria in ch' io mi fido,
Madre benigna e pia,
Che copre l'uno e l' altro mio parente?

PETRARCA.

ANALYSIS

OF

THE FIRST PART.

An autumnal night on the banks of the Thames. Eulogium of the Thames. Characters of several rivers of Great Britain. Acknowledged superiority of the Thames. Address to the Genius of the Thames. View of some of the principal rivers of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Pre-eminence of the Thames. General character of the river. The port of London. The naval dominion of Britain, and extent of her commerce and navigation. Tradition that an immense forest formerly occupied the site of the metropolis. Episode of a Druid, supposed to have taken refuge in that forest, after the expulsion of the order from Mona.

THE

GENIUS OF THE THAMES.

PART I.

The moonlight rests, with solemn smile,
On sylvan shore and willowy isle:
While Thames, beneath the imaged beam,
Rolls on his deep and silent stream.
The wasting wind of autumn sighs:
The oak's discolored foliage flies:
The grove, in deeper shadow cast,
Waves darkly in the eddying blast.

All hail, ye breezes, loud and drear,
That peal the death-song of the year!
Your rustling pinions waft around
A voice, that breathes no mortal sound,
And in mysterious accents sings
The flight of time, the change of things.
The seasons pass, in swift career:
Storms close, and zephyrs wake, the year:
The streams roll on, nor e'er return
To fill again their parent urn;
But bounteous nature, kindly-wise,
Their everlasting flow supplies.
Like planets round the central sun,
The rapid wheels of being run,
By laws, from earliest time pursued,
Still changed, still wasted, still renewed.

Reflected in the present scene,
Return the forms that once have been:
The present's varying tints display
The colors of the future day.

Ye bards, that, in these secret shades,
These tufted woods, and sloping glades,
Awoke, to charm the sylvan maids,
  Your soul-entrancing minstrelsy!
Say, do your spirits yet delight
To rove, beneath the starry night,
Along this water's margin bright,
  Or mid the woodland scenery;
And strike, to notes of tender fire,
With viewless hands, the shadowy lyre,

Till all the wandering winds respire
  A wildly-awful symphony?

Hark! from beneath the aged spray,
  Where hangs my humbler lyre on high,
Soft music fills the woodlands grey,
  And notes aërial warble by!
What flying touch, with elfin spell,
Bids its responsive numbers swell?
Whence is the deep Æolian strain,
  That on the wind its changes flings?
Returns some ancient bard again,
  To wake to life the slumbering strings?
Or breathed the spirit of the scene
The lightly-trembling chords between,

Diffusing his benignant power
On twilight's consecrated hour?

Even now, methinks, in solemn guise,
By yonder willowy islet grey,
I see thee, sedge-crowned Genius! rise,
And point the glories of thy way.
Tall reeds around thy temples play;
Thy hair the liquid crystal gems:
To thee I pour the votive lay,
Oh Genius of the silver Thames!

The shepherd-youth, on Yarrow braes,
Of Yarrow stream has sung the praise,
To love and beauty dear:

And long shall Yarrow roll in fame,
Charm with the magic of a name,
And claim the tender tear.
Who has not wept, in pastoral lay
To hear the maiden's song of woe,
Who mourned her lover snatched away,
And plunged the sounding surge below?
The maid, who never ceased to weep,
And tell the winds her tale of sorrow,
Till on his breast she sunk to sleep,
Beneath the lonely waves of Yarrow.

The minstrel oft, at evening-fall,
Has leaned on Roxburgh's ruined wall,
Where, on the wreck of grandeur past,
The wild wood braves the sweeping blast:

And while, beneath the embowering shade,
  Swelled, loud and deep, his notes of flame,
Has called the spirits of the glade,
  To hear the voice of Teviot's fame.

While artless love, and spotless truth,
Delight the waking dreams of youth;
While nature's beauties, softly-wild,
Are dear to nature's wandering child;
The lyre shall ring, where sparkling Tweed,
By red-stone cliff, and broom-flowered mead,
And ivied walls in fair decay,
Resounds along his rock-strown way.
There oft the bard, at midnight still,
  When rove his eerie steps alone,

Shall start to hear, from haunted hill,
  The bugle-blast at distance blown:
And oft his raptured eye shall trace,
  Amid the visionary gloom,
The foaming courser's eager pace,
  The mail-clad warrior's crimson plume,
The beacons, blazing broad and far,
  The lawless marchmen ranging free,
And all the pride of feudal war,
  And pomp of border chivalry.

And Avon too has claimed the lay,
Whose listening wave forgot to stray,
  By Shakespear's infant reed restrained:
And Severn, whose suspended swell
Felt the dread weight of Merlin's spell,

When the lone spirits of the dell
Of Arthur's fall complained.
And sweetly winds romantic Dee,
And Wye's fair banks all lovely smile:
But all, oh Thames! submit to thee,
The monarch-stream of Albion's isle.

From some ethereal throne on high,
Where clouds in nectar-dews dissolve,
The muse shall mark, with eagle-eye,
The world's diminished orb revolve.
At once her ardent glance shall roll,
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
O'er waters, curled by zephyr's wing,
O'er shoreless seas, by whirlwinds tost;

O'er vallies of perennial spring,
  And wastes of everlasting frost;
O'er deserts, where the Siroc raves,
And heaves the sand in fiery waves;
O'er caverns of mysterious gloom;
O'er lakes, where peaceful islets bloom,
Like emerald spots, serenely-bright,
Amid a sapphire field of light;
O'er mountain-summits, thunder-riven,
That rear eternal snows to heaven;
O'er rocks, in wild confusion hurled,
And woods, coeval with the world.

Her eye shall thence the course explore
  Of every river wandering wide,

From tardy Lena's frozen shore
  To vast La Plata's sea-like tide.
Where Oby's barrier-billows freeze,
  And Dwina's waves in snow-chains rest:
Where the rough blast from Arctic seas
  Congeals on Volga's ice-cold breast:
Where Rhine impels his confluent springs
  Tumultuous down the Rhætian steep:
Where Danube's world of waters brings
  Its tribute to the Euxine deep:
Where Seine, beneath Lutetian towers,
  Leads humbly his polluted stream,
Recalling still the blood-red hours
  Of frantic freedom's transient dream:

Where crowns sweet Loire his fertile soil:
Where Rhone's impetuous eddies boil:
  Where Garonne's pastoral waves advance,
  Responsive to the song and dance,
When the full vintage calls from toil
  The youths and maids of southern France:
Where horned Po's once-raging flood
  Now moves with slackened force along,
By hermit-isle and magic wood,
  The theme of old chivalric song:
Where yellow Tiber's turbid tide
  In mystic murmurings seems to breathe
Of ancient Rome's imperial pride,
That passed away, as blasts divide
  November's vapory wreath:

Where proud Tajo's golden river
  Rolls through fruitful realms afar:
Where romantic Guadalquiver
  Wakes the thought of Moorish war:
Where Penëus, smoothly-flowing,
  Or Mæander's winding shore,
Charm the pensive wanderer, glowing
  With the love of Grecian lore:
Where Alphëus, wildly-falling,
  Dashes far the sparkling spray;
In the eternal sound recalling
  Lost Arcadia's heaven-taught lay;
Following dark, in strong commotion,
  Through the night of central caves,
Deep beneath the unmingling ocean,
  Arethusa's flying waves:

Where Tigris runs, in rapid maze:
Where swift Euphrates brightly strays;
To whose lone wave the night-breeze sings
A song of half-forgotten days
And old Assyrian kings:
Where, Gangà's fertile course beside,
The Hindu roves, alone to mourn,
And gaze on heaven's resplendent pride,
And watch for Veeshnu's tenth return:
When fraud shall cease, and tyrant power
Torment no more, to ruin hurled,
And peace and love their blessings shower,
O'er all the renovated world:
Where Nile's mysterious sources sleep:
Where Niger sinks, in sands unknown:

Where Gambia hears, at midnight deep,
  Afflicted ghosts for vengeance groan:
Where Mississippi's giant-stream
  Through savage realms impetuous pours:
Where proud Potomac's cataracts gleam,
  Or vast Saint Lawrence darkly roars:
Where Amazon her pomp unfolds
  Beneath the equinoctial ray,
And through her drear savannahs holds
  Her long immeasurable way:
Where'er in youthful strength they flow,
  Or seek old ocean's wide embrace,
Her eagle-glance the muse shall throw,
  And all their pride and power retrace:
Yet, wheresoe'er, from copious urn,
  Their bursting torrents flash and shine,

Her eye shall not a stream discern
  To vie, oh sacred Thames! with thine.

Along thy course no pine-clad steep,
  No alpine summits, proudly tower:
No woods, impenetrably deep,
  O'er thy pure mirror darkly lower:
  The orange-grove, the myrtle-bower,
The vine, in rich luxuriance spread;
  The charms Italian meadows shower;
The sweets Arabian vallies shed;
The roaring cataract, wild and white;
The lotos-flower, of azure light;
The fields, where ceaseless summer smiles;
The bloom, that decks the Ægëan isles;

The hills, that touch the empyreal plain,
Olympian Jove's sublime domain;
To other streams all these resign:
Still none, oh Thames! shall vie with thine.

For what avails the myrtle-bower,
Where beauty rests at noon-tide hour;
The orange-grove, whose blooms exhale
Rich perfume on the ambient gale;
And all the charms in bright array,
Which happier climes than thine display?
Ah! what avails, that heaven has rolled
A silver stream o'er sands of gold,
And decked the plain, and reared the grove,
Fit dwelling for primeval love;

If man defile the beauteous scene,
And stain with blood the smiling green;
If man's worst passions there arise,
To counteract the favoring skies;
If rapine there, and murder reign,
And human tigers prowl for gain,
And tyrants foul, and trembling slaves,
Pollute their shores, and curse their waves?

Far other charms than these possess,
Oh Thames! thy verdant margin bless:
Where peace, with freedom hand-in-hand,
Walks forth along the sparkling strand,
And cheerful toil, and glowing health,
Proclaim a patriot nation's wealth.

The blood-stained scourge no tyrants wield:
No groaning slaves invert the field:
But willing labor's careful train
Crowns all thy banks with waving grain,
With beauty decks thy sylvan shades,
With livelier green invests thy glades,
And grace, and bloom, and plenty, pours
On thy sweet meads and willowy shores.

The plain, where herds unnumbered rove,
The laurelled path, the beechen grove,
The lonely oak's expansive pride,
The spire, through distant trees descried,
The cot, with woodbine wreathed around,
The field, with waving corn embrowned,

The fall, that turns the frequent mill,
The seat, that crowns the woodland hill,
The sculptured arch, the regal dome,
The fisher's willow-mantled home,
The classic temple, flower-entwined,
In quick succession charm the mind,
Till, where thy widening current glides
To mingle with the turbid tides,
Thy spacious breast displays unfurled
The ensigns of the assembled world.

Throned in Augusta's ample port,
Imperial commerce holds her court,
And Britain's power sublimes:
To her the breath of every breeze
Conveys the wealth of subject seas,

And tributary climes.

Adventurous courage guides the helm
From every port of every realm:
Through gales that rage, and waves that whelm,
Unnumbered vessels ride:
Till all their various ensigns fly,
Beneath Britannia's milder sky,
Where roves, oh Thames! the patriot's eye
O'er thy refulgent tide.

The treasures of the earth are thine:
For thee Golcondian diamonds shine:
For thee, amid the dreary mine,
The patient sufferers toil:
Thy sailors roam, a dauntless host,
From northern seas to India's coast,

And bear the richest stores they boast
To bless their native soil.

O'er states and empires, near and far,
While rolls the fiery surge of war,
Thy country's wealth and power increase,
Thy vales and cities smile in peace:
And still, before thy gentle gales,
The laden bark of commerce sails;
And down thy flood, in youthful pride,
Those mighty vessels sternly glide,
Destined, amid the tempest's rattle,
To hurl the thunder-bolt of battle,
To guard, in danger's hottest hour,
Britannia's old prescriptive power,

And through winds, floods, and fire, maintain
Her native empire of the main.

The mystic nymph, whose ken sublime
Reads the dark tales of eldest time,
Scarce, through the mist of years, descries
Augusta's infant glory rise.
A race, from all the world estranged,
Wild as the uncultured plains they ranged,
Here raised of yore their dwellings rude,
Beside the forest-solitude.
For then, as old traditions tell,
Where science now and splendor dwell,
Along the stream's wild margin spread
A lofty forest's mazes dread.

None dared, with step profane, impress
Those labyrinths of loneliness,
Where dismal trees, of giant-size,
  Entwined their tortuous boughs on high,
Nor hailed the cheerful morn's uprise,
  Nor glowed beneath the evening sky.
The dire religion of the scene
  The rustic's trembling mind alarmed:
For oft, the parting boughs between,
'Twas said, a dreadful form was seen,
Of horrid eye, and threatening mien,
  With lightning-brand and thunder armed.
Not there, in sunshine-chequered shade,
The sylvan nymphs and genii strayed;
But horror reigned, and darkness drear,
And silence, and mysterious fear:

And superstitious rites were done,
  Those haunted glens and dells among,
That never felt the genial sun,
  Nor heard the wild bird's vernal song:
To gods malign the incense-pyre
Was kindled with unearthly fire,
And human blood had oft bedewed
Their ghastly altars, dark and rude.
There feebly fell, at noon-tide bright,
A dim, discolored, dismal light,
Such as a lamp's pale glimmerings shed
Amid the mansions of the dead.
The Druid's self, who dared to lead
The rites barbaric gods decreed,
  Beneath the gloom half-trembling stood;

As if he almost feared to mark,
In all his awful terrors dark,
  The mighty monarch of the wood.

The Roman came: the blast of war
  Re-echoed wide o'er hill and dell:
Beneath the storm, that blazed afar,
  The noblest chiefs of Albion fell.
The Druids shunned its rage awhile
In sylvan Mona's haunted isle,
Till on their groves of ancient oak
The hostile fires of ruin broke,
And circles rude of shapeless stone,
With lichens grey and moss o'ergrown,
Alone remained to point the scene,
Where erst Andraste's rites had been.

When to the dust their pride was driven;

When waste and bare their haunts appeared;

No more the oracles of heaven,

By gods beloved, by men revered,

No refuge left but death or flight,

They rushed, unbidden, to the tomb,

Or veiled their heads in caves of night,

And forests of congenial gloom.

There stalked, in murky darkness wide,

Revenge, despair, and outraged pride:

Funereal songs, and ghastly cries,

Rose to their dire divinities.

Oft, in their feverish dreams, again

Their groves and temples graced the plain;

And stern Andraste's fiery form
Called from its caves the slumbering storm,
And whelmed, with thunder-rolling hand,
The flying Roman's impious band.

It chanced, amid that forest's shade,
That frowned where now Augusta towers,
A Roman youth bewildered strayed,
While swiftly fell the evening hours.
Around his glance inquiring ran:
No trace was there of living man:
Forms indistinct before him flew:
The darkening horror darker grew:
Till night, in death-like stillness felt,
Around those dreary mazes dwelt.

Sudden, a blaze of lurid blue,
That flashed the matted foliage through,
Illumed, as with Tartarean day,
The knotted trunks and branches grey.
Sensations, wild and undefined,
Rushed on the Roman warrior's mind:
But deeper wonder filled his soul,
When on the dead still air around,
Like symphony from magic ground,
Mysterious music stole:
Such strains as flow, when spirits keep,
Around the tombs where wizards sleep,
Beneath the cypress foliage deep,
The rites of dark solemnity;
And hands unearthly wildly sweep
The chords of elfin melody.

The strains were sad: their changeful swell,
And plaintive cadence, seemed to tell
Of blighted joys, of hopes o'erthrown,
Of mental peace for ever flown,
Of dearest friends, by death laid low,
And tears, and unavailing woe.
Yet something of a sterner thrill
With those sad strains consorted ill,
As if revenge had dared intrude
On hopeless sorrow's darkest mood.

Guided by those sulphureous rays,
The Roman pierced the forest maze;
Till, through the opening woodland reign,
Appeared an oak-encircled plain,

Where giant boughs expanded high
Their storm-repelling canopy,
And, central in the sacred round,
Andraste's moss-grown altar frowned.

The mystic flame of lurid blue
  There shed a dubious, mournful light,
And half-revealed to human view
  The secret majesty of night.
An ancient man, in dark attire,
Stood by the solitary fire:
The varying flame his form displayed,
Half-tinged with light, half-veiled in shade.
His grey hair, gemmed with midnight dew,
Streamed down his robes of sable hue:

His cheeks were sunk: his beard was white:
But his large eyes were fiery-bright,
And seemed through flitting shades to range,
With wild expression, stern and strange.
There, where no wind was heard to sigh,
Nor wandering streamlet murmured by,
While every voice of nature slept,
The harp's symphonious strings he swept:
Such thrilling tones might scarcely be
The touch of mortal minstrelsy;
Now rolling loud, and deep, and dread,
As if the sound would wake the dead,
Now soft, as if, with tender close,
To bid the parted soul repose.

The Roman youth with wonder gazed
On those dark eyes to heaven upraised,
Where struggling passions wildly shone,
With fearful lustre, not their own.
Awhile irresolute he stood:
At length he left the sheltering wood,
And moved towards the central flame:
But, ere his lips the speech could frame,
—" And who art thou?"—the Druid cried,
While flashed his burning eye-balls wide,—
" Whose steps unhallowed boldly press
This sacred grove's profound recess?
Ha! by my injured country's doom!
I know the hated arms of Rome.
Through this dark forest's pathless way
Andraste's self thy steps has led,

To perish on her altars grey,
  A grateful offering to the dead.
Oh goddess stern! one victim more
To thee his vital blood shall pour,
And shades of heroes, hovering nigh,
Shall joy to see a Roman die!
With that dread plant, that none may name,
  I feed the insatiate fire of fate;
Roman! with this tremendous flame
  Thy head to hell I consecrate!"—
And, snatching swift a blazing brand,
  He dashed it in the Roman's face,
And seized him with a giant's hand,
  And dragged him to the altar's base.
Though worn by time and adverse fate,
Yet strength unnaturally great

He gathered then from deadly hate
And superstitious zeal:
A dire religion's stern behest
Alone his phrensied soul possessed;
Already o'er his victim's breast
Hung the descending steel.

The scene, the form, the act, combined,
A moment on the Roman's mind
An enervating influence poured:
But to himself again restored,
Upspringing light, he grasped his foe,
And checked the meditated blow,
And on the Druid's breast repelled
The steel his own wild fury held.

The vital stream flowed fast away,
And stained Andraste's altars grey.

More ghastly pale his features dire
Gleamed in that blue funereal fire:
The death-mists from his brow distilled:
But still his eyes strange lustre filled,
That seemed to pierce the secret springs
Of unimaginable things.
No longer, with malignant glare,
Revenge unsated glistened there,
And deadly rage, and stern despair:
All trace of evil passions fled,
He seemed to commune with the dead,
And draw from them, without alloy,
The raptures of prophetic joy.

A sudden breeze his temples fanned:
His harp, untouched by human hand,
Sent forth a sound, a thrilling sound,
That rang through all the mystic round:
The incense-flame rose broad and bright,
In one wide stream of meteor-light.
He knew what power illumed the blaze,
  What spirit swept the strings along:
Full on the youth his kindling gaze
  He fixed, and poured his soul in song.

Roman! life's declining tide
  From my bosom ebbs apace:
Vengeance have the gods denied
  For the ruin of my race.

Triumph not: in night compressed,
Yet the northern tempests rest,
Doomed to burst, in fatal hour,
On the pride of Roman power.

Sweetly beams the morning ray:
  Proudly falls the noon-tide glow:
See! beneath the closing day,
  Storm-clouds darken, whirlwinds blow!
Sun-beams gild the tranquil shore:
Hark! the midnight breakers roar!
O'er the deep, by tempests torn,
Shrieks of shipwrecked souls are borne!

Queen of earth, imperial Rome
  Rules, in boundless sway confessed,

From the day-star's orient dome
  To the limits of the west.
Proudest work of mortal hands,
The ETERNAL CITY stands:
Bound in her all-circling sphere,
Monarchs kneel, and nations fear.

Hark! the stream of ages raves:
  Gifted eyes its course behold:
Down its all-absorbing waves
  Mightiest chiefs and kings are rolled.
Every work of human pride,
Sapped by that eternal tide,
Shall the raging current sweep
Tow'rds oblivion's boundless deep.

Confident in wide control,
  Rome beholds that torrent flow,
Heedless how the waters roll,
  Wasting, mining, as they go.
That sure torrent saps at length
Walls of adamantine strength:
Down its eddies wild shall pass
Domes of marble, towers of brass.

As the sailor's fragile bark,
  Beaten by the adverse breeze,
Sinks afar, and leaves no mark
  Of its passage o'er the seas;
So shall Rome's colossal sway
In the lapse of time decay,

Leaving of her ancient fame
But the memory of a name.

Vainly raged the storms of Gaul
  Round dread Jove's Tarpeian dome:
See in flames the fabric fall!
  'Tis the funeral pyre of Rome!
Red-armed vengeance rushes forth
In the whirlwinds of the north:
From her hand the sceptre riven
To transalpine realms is given.

Darkness veils the stream of time,
  As the wrecks of Rome dissolve:
Years of anarchy and crime
  In barbaric night revolve.

From the rage of feudal strife
Peace and freedom spring to life,
Where the morning sun-beams smile
On the sea-god's favorite isle.

Hail! all hail! my native land!
  Long thy course of glory keep:
Long thy sovereign sails expand
  O'er the subjugated deep!
When of Rome's unbounded reign
Dust and shade alone remain,
Thou thy head divine shalt raise,
Through interminable days.

Death-mists hover: voices rise:
  I obey the summons dread:

On the stone my life-blood dyes

Sinks to rest my weary head.

Far from scenes of night and woe,

To eternal groves I go,

Where for me my brethren wait

By Andraste's palace-gate.

THE

GENIUS OF THE THAMES.

PART II.

Quidquid sol oriens, quidquid et occidens
Novit; cæruleis oceanus fretis
Quidquid vel veniens vel fugiens lavat,
Ætas Pegaseo conripiet gradu.

SENECA.

ANALYSIS

OF

THE SECOND PART.

RETURN to the banks of the Thames. The influence of spring on the scenery of the river. The tranquil beauty of the vallies of the Thames contrasted with the sublimity of more open and elevated regions. Allusion to the war on the Danube. Ancient wars on the Thames. Its present universal peace. View of the course of the Thames. Its source near Kemble Meadow. Comparative reflections on time. Ewan. Lechlade. Radcote. Godstow nunnery: Rosamond. Oxford. Apostrophe to science. Nuneham Courtnay: Mason. The vale of Marlow. Hedsor. Cliefden. Windsor. Cooper's Hill. Runnymead. Twitnam: Pope.

Richmond: Thomson. Chelsea and Greenwich. The Tower. Tilbury Fort. Hadleigh Castle. The Nore. General allusion to the illustrious characters that have adorned the banks of the Thames. A summer evening on the river at Richmond. Comparative adversion to the ancient state of the Euphrates and Araxes, at Babylon and Persepolis. Present desolation of those scenes. Reflections on the fall of nations. Conclusion.

THE

GENIUS OF THE THAMES.

PART II.

Oh Genius of that sacred urn,
  Adored by all the Naiad train!
Once more my wandering steps return
  To trace the precincts of thy reign:
  Once more, amid my native plain,
I roam thy devious course along,
  And in the oaken shade again
Awake to thee the votive song.

Dear stream! while far from thee I strayed,
The woods, that crown my natal glade,
Have mourned on all the winds of heaven
Their yellow faded foliage driven;
And winter, with tempestuous roar,
Descending on thy wasted shore,
Has seen thy turbid current flow
A deluge of dissolving snow.

But now, in spring's more soft control,
Thy troubled waves subside,
And through a narrower channel roll
A brighter, gentler tide.
Emerging now in light serene,
The meadows spread their robes of green,

The weeping willow droops to lave
Its leafy tresses in the wave;
The poplar and the towering pine
Their hospitable shade combine;
And, flying like the flying day,
The silent river rolls away.

Not here, in dreadful grandeur piled,
  The mountain's pathless masses rise,
Where wandering fancy's lonely child
  Might meet the spirit of the skies:
Not here, from misty summits hoar,
  Where shattered firs are rooted strong,
With headlong force and thundering roar
  The bursting torrent foams along:

Sublime the charms such scenes contain:
For nature on her mountain reign
Delights the treasures to dispense
Of all her wild magnificence:
But thou art sweet, my native stream!
  Thy waves in liquid lustre play,
And glitter in the morning beam,
  And chime to rest the closing day:
While the vast mountain's dizzy steep
  The whirlwind's eddying rage assails,
The gentlest zephyrs softly sweep
  The verdure of thy sheltered vales:
While o'er the wild and whitening seas
  The unbridled north triumphant roars,
Thy stream scarce ripples in the breeze,
  That bends the willow on thy shores:

And thus, while war o'er Europe flings
Destruction from his crimson wings,
While Danube's wasted banks around
The steps of mingling foes resound,
Thy pure waves wash a stainless soil,
To crown a patriot people's toil.

Yet on these shores, in elder days,
Arose the battle's maddening blaze:
Even here, where now so softly swells
The music of the village-bells,
The painted savage rolled to war
The terrors of the scythed car,
And wide around, with fire and sword,
The devastating Roman poured:

Here shouted o'er the battle-plain
The Pict, the Saxon, and the Dane:
And many a long succeeding year
Saw the fierce Norman's proud career,
The deadly hate of feudal foes,
The stain that dyed the pallid rose,
And all the sanguinary spoil
Of foreign and intestine broil.

But now, through banks from strife remote,
  Thy crystal waters wind along,
Responsive to the wild bird's note,
  Or lonely boatman's careless song.
Oh! ne'er may thy sweet echoes swell
Again with war's demoniac yell!

Oh! ne'er again may civil strife
Here aim the steel at kindred life!
Ne'er may those deeds of night and crime,
That stain the rolls of feudal time,
Again pollute these meads and groves,
Where science dwells, and beauty roves!
And should some foreign tyrant's band
Descend to waste the beauteous land,
Thy swelling current, eddying red,
Shall roll away the impious dead.

Let fancy lead, from Trewsbury Mead,
With hazel fringed, and copsewood deep,
Where scarcely seen, through brilliant green,
Thy infant waters softly creep,

To where the wide-expanding Nore
Beholds thee, with tumultuous roar,
Conclude thy devious race,
And rush, with Medway's confluent wave,
To seek, where mightier billows rave,
Thy giant-sire's embrace.

Where Kemble's wood-embosomed spire
Adorns the solitary glade,
And ancient trees, in green attire,
Diffuse a deep and pleasant shade,
Thy bounteous urn, light-murmuring, flings
The treasures of its infant springs,
And fast, beneath its native hill,
Impels the silver-sparkling rill,

With flag-flowers fringed and whispering reeds,
Along the many-colored meads.

Thames! when, beside thy secret source,
Remembrance points the mighty course
Thy defluent waters keep;
Advancing, with perpetual flow,
Through banks still widening as they go,
To mingle with the deep;
Emblemed in thee, my thoughts survey
Unruffled childhood's peaceful hours,
And blooming youth's delightful way
Through sunny fields and roseate bowers;
And thus the scenes of life expand
Till death draws forth, with steady hand,

Our names from his capacious urn;
And dooms alike the base and good,
To pass that all-absorbing flood,
O'er which is no return.

Whence is the ample stream of time?
Can fancy's mightiest spell display,
Where first began its flow sublime,
Or where its onward waves shall stray?
What gifted hand shall pierce the clouds
Oblivion's fatal magic rears,
And lift the sable veil, that shrouds
The current of the distant years?
The sage with doubt the past surveys,
Through mists which memory half dispels:

And on the course of future days
Impenetrable darkness dwells.

The present rolls in light: awhile
We hail its evanescent smile,
Rejoicing as it flies:
Ephemera on the summer-stream,
Heedless of the descending beam,
And distant lowering skies.
False joys, with fading flowerets crowned,
And hope, too late delusive found,
And fancy's meteor-ray,
And all the passions, light and vain,
That fill ambition's fatal train,
Attend our downward way.

Some struggle on, by tempests driven:
To some a gentler course is given:
All down the self-same stream are rolled:
Their day is passed—their tale is told.

Youth flies, as bloom forsakes the grove,
When icy winter blows:
And transient are the smiles of love,
As dew-drops on the rose.
Nor may we call those things our own,
Which, ere the new-born day be flown,
By chance, or fraud, or lawless might,
Or sterner death's supreme award,
Will change their momentary lord,
And own another's right.

As oceans now o'er quicksands roar,
Where fields and hamlets smiled of yore;
As now the purple heather blows,
Where once impervious forests rose;
So perish from the burthened ground
The monuments of human toil:
Where cities shone, where castles frowned,
The careless ploughman turns the soil.

How many a chief, whose kindling mind
Convulsed this earthly scene,
Has sunk, forgotten by mankind,
As though he ne'er had been!
Even so the chiefs of modern days,
On whom admiring nations gaze,
Shall sink, by common fate oppressed:

Their name, their place, remembered not:
Not one grey stone to point the spot
Of their eternal rest.

Flow proudly, Thames! the emblem bright
And witness of succeeding years!
Flow on, in freedom's sacred light,
Nor stained with blood, nor swelled with tears.
Sweet is thy course, and clear, and still,
By Ewan's old neglected mill:
Green shores thy narrow stream confine,
Where blooms the modest eglantine,
And hawthorn-boughs o'ershadowing spread,
To canopy thy infant bed.
Now peaceful hamlets wandering through,
And fields in beauty ever new,

Where Lechlade sees thy current strong
First waft the unlaboring bark along;
Thy copious waters hold their way
Tow'rds Radcote's arches, old and grey,
Where triumphed erst the rebel host,
When hapless Richard's hopes were lost,
And Oxford sought, with humbled pride,
Existence from thy guardian tide.

The wild-flower waves, in lonely bloom,
  On Godstow's desolated wall:
There thin shades flit through twilight gloom,
  And murmured accents feebly fall.
The aged hazel nurtures there
Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair,

And lightly throws its humble shade,
Where Rosamonda's form is laïd.
The rose of earth, the sweetest flower
That ever graced a monarch's breast,
In vernal beauty's loveliest hour,
Beneath that sod was laid to rest.
In vain, the bower of love around,
The Dædalëan path was wound:
Alas! that jealous hate should find
The clue for love alone designed!

The venomed bowl,—the mandate dire,—
The menaced steel's uplifted glare,—
The tear, that quenched the blue eye's fire,—
The humble, ineffectual prayer:—

All these shall live, recorded long
In tragic and romantic song,
And long a moral charm impart,
To melt and purify the heart.
A nation's gem, a monarch's pride,
In youth, in loveliness, she died:
The morning sun's ascending ray
Saw none so fair, so blest, so gay:
Ere evening came, her funeral knell
Was tolled by Godstow's convent bell.

The marble tomb, the illumined shrine,
Their unavailing splendor gave:
Where slept in earth the maid divine,
The votive silk was seen to wave.

To her, as to a martyred saint,
  His vows the weeping pilgrim poured:
The drooping traveller, sad and faint,
  Knelt there, and found his strength restored:
To that fair shrine, in solemn hour,
  Fond youths and blushing maidens came,
And gathered from its mystic power
  A brighter, purer, holier flame:
The lightest heart with awe could feel
  The charm her hovering spirit shed:
But superstition's impious zeal
  Distilled its venom on the dead!

The illumined shrine has passed away:
  The sculptured stone in dust is laid:

But when the midnight breezes play
  Amid the barren hazel's shade,
The lone enthusiast, lingering near,
  The youth, whom slighted passion grieves,
Through fancy's magic spell may hear
  A spirit in the whispering leaves;
And dimly see, while mortals sleep,
  Sad forms of cloistered maidens move,
The transient dreams of life to weep,
  The fading flowers of youth and love!

Now, rising o'er the level plain,
  Mid academic groves enshrined,
The Gothic tower, the Grecian fane,
  Ascend, in solemn state combined.

Science, beneath those classic spires,
Illumes her watch-lamp's orient fires,
And pours its everlasting rays
On archives of primeval days.
To her capacious view unfurled,
The mental and material world
Their secrets deep display:
She measures nature's ample plan,
To hold the light of truth to man,
And guide his erring way.

Oh sun-crowned science! child of heaven!
To wandering man by angels given!
Still, nymph divine! on mortal sight
Diffuse thy intellectual light,

Till all the nations own thy sway,
And drink with joy the streams of day!
Yet lovest thou, maid! alone to rove
In cloister dim, or polished grove,
Where academic domes are seen
Emerging grey through foliage green?
Oh! hast thou not thy hermit seat,
  Embosomed deep in mountains vast,
Where some fair valley's still retreat
  Repels the north's impetuous blast?
The falling stream there murmurs by:
The tufted pine waves broad and high:
And musing silence sits beneath,
Where scarce a zephyr bends the heath,
And hears the breezes, loud and strong,
Resound the topmost boughs among.

There peace her vestal lamp displays,
Undimmed by mad ambition's blaze,
And shuns, in the sequestered glen,
The storms that shake the haunts of men,
Where mean intrigue, and sordid gain,
And phrensied war's ensanguined reign,
And narrow cares, and wrathful strife,
Dry up the sweetest springs of life.

Oh! might my steps, that darkly roam,
Attain at last thy mountain home,
And rest, from earthly trammels free,
With peace, and liberty, and thee!
Around while faction's tempests sweep,
Like whirlwinds o'er the wintry deep,

And, down the headlong vortex torn,
The vain, misjudging crowd is borne;
'Twere sweet to mark, re-echoing far,
The rage of the eternal war,
That dimly heard, at distance swelling,
Endears, but not disturbs, thy dwelling.

But sweeter yet, oh trebly sweet!
Were those blest paths of calm retreat,
Might mutual love's endearing smile
The lonely hours of life beguile!
Love, whose celestial breath exhales
Fresh fragrance on the vernal gales;
Whose starry torch and kindling eye
Add lustre to the summer sky;

Whose voice of music cheers the day,
When autumn's wasting breezes sway;
Whose magic flame the bosom warms,
When freezing winter wakes in storms!

Not in the glittering halls of pride,
Where spleen and sullen pomp reside,
Around though Paphian odors breathe,
And fashion twines her fading wreath,
Young fancy wakes her native grace,
Nor love elects his dwelling-place.
But in the lone, romantic dell,
Where the rural virtues dwell,
Where the sylvan genii roam,
Mutual love may find a home.

Hope, with raptured eye, is there,
Weaving wreaths of pictured air:
Smiling fancy there is found,
Tripping light on fairy ground,
Listening oft, in pine-walks dim,
To the wood-nymph's evening hymn.

But whither roams the devious song,
While Thames, unheeded, flows along,
And, sinking o'er the level mead,
The classic domes and spires recede?
The dashing oar the wave divides:
The light bark down the current glides:
The furrowed stream, that round it curls,
In many a murmuring eddy whirls.

Succeeding each as each retires,
Wood-mantled hills, and tufted spires,
Groves, villas, islets, cultured plains,
Towers, cities, palaces, and fanes,
As holds the stream its swift career,
Arise, and pass, and disappear.

O'er Nuneham Courtnay's flowery glades
  Soft breezes wave their fragrant wings,
And still, amid the haunted shades,
  The tragic harp of Mason rings.
Yon votive urn, yon drooping flowers,
Disclose the minstrel's favorite bowers,
Where first he tuned, in sylvan peace,
To British themes the lyre of Greece.

Delight shall check the expanded sail
In woody Marlow's winding vale:
And fond regret for scenes so fair
With backward gaze shall linger there,
Till rise romantic Hedsor's hills,
And Cliefden's groves, and springs, and rills,
Where hapless Villars, doomed to prove
The ills that wait on lawless love,
In festal mirth, and choral song,
Impelled the summer-hours along,
Nor marked, where scowled expectant by
Despair, and shame, and poverty.

The Norman king's embattled towers
Look proudly o'er the subject plain,

Where, deep in Windsor's regal bowers,
  The sylvan muses hold their reign.
From groves of oak, whose branches hoar
Have heard primeval tempests roar,
Beneath the moon's pale ray they pass
Along the shore's unbending grass,
And songs of gratulation raise,
To speak a patriot monarch's praise.

Sweetly, on yon poetic hill,
  Strains of unearthly music breathe,
Where Denham's spirit, hovering still,
  Weaves his wild harp's aërial wreath.
And sweetly, on the mead below,
The fragrant gales of summer blow:

While flowers shall spring, while Thames shall flow,
  That mead shall live in memory,
Where valor, on the tented field,
Triumphant raised his patriot shield,
The voice of truth to kings revealed,
  And broke the chains of tyranny.

The stream expands: the meadows fly:
The stately swan sails proudly by:
Full, clear, and bright, with devious flow,
The rapid waters murmuring go.
Now open Twitnam's classic shores,
Where yet the moral muse deplores
        Her Pope's unrivalled lay:

Unmoved by wealth, unawed by state,
He held to scorn the little great,
And taught life's better way.
Though tasteless folly's impious hand
Has wrecked the scenes his genius planned;—
Though low his fairy grot is laid,
And lost his willow's pensive shade;—
Yet shall the ever-murmuring stream,
That lapt his soul in fancy's dream,
Its vales with verdure cease to crown,
Ere fade one ray of his renown.

Fair groves, and villas glittering bright,
Arise on Richmond's beauteous height;
Where yet fond echo warbles o'er
The heaven-taught songs she learned of yore.

From mortals veiled, mid waving reeds,
The airy lyre of Thomson sighs,
And whispers to the hills and meads:
IN YONDER GRAVE A DRUID LIES!
The seasons there, in fixed return,
Around their minstrel's holy urn
Perennial chaplets twine:
Oh! never shall their changes greet,
Immortal bard! a song more sweet,
A soul more pure than thine!

Oh Thames! in conscious glory glide
By those fair piles that crown thy tide,
Where, worn with toil, from tumult far,
The veteran hero rests from war.

Here, marked by many a well-fought field,
On high the soldier hangs his shield;
The seaman there has furled his sail,
Long rent by many an adverse gale.
Remembered perils, braved and past,—
The raging fight, the whelming blast,
The hidden rock, the stormy shore,
The mountain-breaker's deepening roar,—
Recalled by fancy's spell divine,
Endear their evening's calm decline,
And teach their children, listening near,
To emulate their sires' career.

But swiftly urge the gliding bark,
By yon stern walls and chambers dark,

Where guilt and woe, in night concealed,
Unthought, unwitnessed, unrevealed,
Through lengthened ages scowling stood,
Mid shrieks of death, and tears of blood.
No heart may think, no tongue declare,
The fearful mysteries hidden there:
Justice averts her trembling eye,
And mercy weeps, and hastens by.

Long has the tempest's rage been spent
On yon unshaken battlement,
Memorial proud of days sublime,
Whose splendor mocks the power of time.
There, when the distant war-storm roared,
While patriot thousands round her poured,

The British heroine grasped her sword,
  To trace the paths of victory:
But in the rage of naval fight,
The island-genius reared his might,
And stamped, in characters of light,
  His own immortal destiny.

Ascending dark, on uplands brown,
The ivied walls of Hadleigh frown:
High on the lonely mouldering tower
Forms of departed ages lower.
But deeper, broader, louder, glide
The waves of the descending tide;
And soon, where winds unfettered roar,
Where Medway seeks the opening Nore,

Where breakers lash the dark-red steep,
The barks of Britain stem the deep.

Oh king of streams! when, wandering slow,
I trace thy current's ceaseless flow,
And mark, with venerating gaze,
  Reflected on thy liquid breast,
The monuments of ancient days,
  Where sages, bards, and statesmen rest;
Who, waking erst the ethereal mind,
Instructed, charmed, and blessed mankind;
The rays of fancy pierce the gloom
That shrouds the precincts of the tomb,
And call again to life and light
The forms long wrapped in central night.

From abbies grey and castles old,
Through mouldering portals backward rolled,
Glide dimly forth, with silent tread,
The shades of the illustrious dead.
Still dear to them their native shore,
The woods and fields they loved of yore;
And still, by farthest realms revered,
Subsists the rock-built tower they reared,
Though lightnings round its summit glow,
And foaming surges burst below.

Thames! I have roamed, at evening hours,
Near beauteous Richmond's courtly bowers,
When, mild and pale, the moon-beams fell
On hill and islet, grove and dell;

And many a skiff, with fleecy sail
Expanded to the western gale,
Traced on thy breast, serenely-bright,
The lengthening line of silver light;
And many an oar, with measured dash
  Accordant to the boatman's song,
Bade thy pellucid surface flash,
  And whirl, in glittering rings, along;
While from the broad and dripping blade
  The clear drops fell, in sparkling showers,
Bright as the crystal gems, displayed
  In Amphitrite's coral bowers.
There beauty wooed the breeze of night,
  Beneath the silken canopy,
And touched, with flying fingers light,
  The thrilling chords of melody.

It seemed, that music's inmost soul
  Was breathed upon the wandering airs,
Charming to rest, with sweet control,
  All human passions, pains, and cares.
Enthusiast voices joined the sound,
And poured such soothing strains around,
That well might ardent fancy deem,
  The sylphs had led their viewless band,
To warble o'er the lovely stream
  The sweetest songs of fairyland.
Now, breathing wild, with raptured swell,
  They floated o'er the silent tide;
Now, soft and low, the accents fell,
And, seeming mystic tales to tell,
    In heavenly murmurs died.

Yet that sweet scene of pensive joy
  Gave mournful recollections birth,
And called to fancy's wild employ
  The certain destinies of earth.
I seemed to hear, in wakening thought,
  While those wild minstrel accents rung,
Whate'er historic truth had taught,
  Or philosophic bards had sung.
Methought a voice, severe and strange,
Whispered of fate, and time, and change,
And bade my wandering mind recall,
How nations rise, and fade, and fall.

Thus fair, of old, Euphrates rolled,
  By Babylon's imperial site:

The lute's soft swell, with magic spell,
  Breathed rapture on the listening night:
Love-whispering youths and maidens fair
In festal pomp assembled there,
Where to the stream's responsive moan
The desert-gale now sighs alone.

Still changeless, through the fertile plain,
  Araxes, loud-resounding, flows,
Where gorgeous despots fixed their reign,
  And Chil-minar's proud domes arose.
High on his gem-emblazoned throne
  Sate kneeling Persia's earthly god:
Fair slaves and satraps round him shone,
  And nations trembled at his nod:

The mighty voice of Asia's fate
Went forth from every golden gate.
Now pensive steps the wrecks explore,
That skirt the solitary shore:
The time-worn column mouldering falls,
And tempests rock the roofless walls.

Perchance, when many a distant year,
Urged by the hand of fate, has flown,
Where moonbeams rest on ruins drear,
The musing sage may rove alone;
And many an awful thought sublime
May fill his soul, when memory shews,
That there, in days of elder time,
The world's metropolis arose;

Where now, by mouldering walls, he sees
  The silent Thames unheeded flow,
And only hears the river-breeze,
  Through reeds and willows whispering low.

Where are the states of ancient fame?
Athens, and Sparta's victor-name,
And all that propped, in war and peace,
The arms, and nobler arts, of Greece?
All-grasping Rome, that proudly hurled
Her mandates o'er the prostrate world,
Long heard mankind her chains deplore,
And fell, as Carthage fell before.

Is this the crown, the final meed,
To man's sublimest toils decreed?

Must all, from glory's radiant height,
Descend alike the paths of night?
Must she, whose voice of power resounds
On utmost ocean's loneliest bounds,
In darkness meet the whelming doom
That crushed the sovereign strength of Rome,
And o'er the proudest states of old
The storms of desolation rolled?

Time, the foe of man's dominion,
  Wheels around in ceaseless flight,
Scattering from his hoary pinion
  Shades of everlasting night.
Still, beneath his frown appalling,
  Man and all his works decay:

Still, before him, swiftly-falling,
  Kings and kingdoms pass away.

Cannot the hand of patriot zeal,
The heart that seeks the public weal,
  The comprehensive mind,
Retard awhile the storms of fate,
That, swift or slow, or soon or late,
Shall hurl to ruin every state,
  And leave no trace behind?

Oh Britain! oh my native land!
  To science, art, and freedom dear!
Whose sails o'er farthest seas expand,
  And brave the tempest's dread career!

When comes that hour, as come it must,
That sinks thy glory in the dust,
May no degenerate Briton live,
  Beneath a stranger's chain to toil,
And to a haughty conqueror give
  The produce of thy sacred soil!
Oh! dwells there one, on all thy plains,
If British blood distend his veins,
Who would not burn thy fame to save,
Or perish in his country's grave?

Ah! sure, if skill and courage true
  Can check destruction's headlong way,
Still shall thy power its course pursue,
  Nor sink, but with the world's decay.

Long as the cliff that girds thine isle
  The bursting surf of ocean stems,
Shall commerce, wealth, and plenty smile
  Along the silver-eddying Thames:
Still shall thine empire's fabric stand,
Admired and feared from land to land,
Through every circling age renewed,
Unchanged, unshaken, unsubdued;
As rocks resist the wildest breeze,
That sweeps thy tributary seas.

PALMYRA.

—— ΑΝΑΚΤΑ ΤΩΝ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΥΠΕΡΒΑΛ-
ΛΟΝΤΑ ΧΡΟΝΟΝ ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ. ΠΙΝΔ.

ANALYSIS.

An address to the spirit of ancient times introduces an evening contemplation on the ruined magnificence of Palmyra, on the obscurity that involves its history, its monuments, its inscriptions in a language now unknown. Fancy calls up the forms of its monarchs, chiefs, and philosophers; few of whose names, in addition to those of Odenathus, Zenobia, and Longinus, have survived the lapse of years. Time asserts his empire over the ruins, and dissipates the phantoms of fancy. The silence and solitude of the evening twilight, in these scenes of desolated splendor, present an impressive contrast to the days of their past prosperity. Human passions, and the actions that re-

sult from them, are nearly the same in all ages and nations. All the works of man are subject to the same decay. Even these ruins will disappear from the desert. Time and change have absolute dominion over every thing terrestrial but virtue and the mind.

PALMYRA.

Spirit of the days of yore!
  Thou! who, in thy haunted cave,
By the torrent's sounding shore,
  Mark'st the autumnal tempest rave:
Or, where on some ivied wall
Twilight-mingled moonbeams fall,
Deep in aisles and cloisters dim,
Hear'st the grey monks' vesper hymn:
Or, beneath the cypress shade,
Where forgotten chiefs are laid,

Pacing slow with solemn tread,
Breathest the verse that wakes the dead!—
By the ivied convent lone,
By the Runic warrior's stone,
By the mountain-cataract's roar,
Spirit! thee I seek no more.
Let me, remote from earthly care,
Thy philosophic vigils share,
Amid the wrecks of ancient time,
More sad, more solemn, more sublime,
Where, half-sunk in seas of sand,
Thedmor's marble wastes expand.

These silent wrecks, more eloquent than speech,
Full many a tale of awful note impart:

Truths more severe than bard or sage can teach
This pomp of ruin presses on the heart.
Sad through the palm the evening breezes sigh:
No sound of man the solitude pervades,
Where shattered forms of ancient monarchs lie,
Mid grass-grown halls, and falling colonnades.
Beneath the drifting sand, the clustering weed,
Rest the proud relics of departed power.
None may the trophy-cinctured tablet read,
On votive urn, or monumental tower,
Nor tell whose wasted forms the mouldering tombs
embower.

Enthusiast fancy, robed in light,
Dispels oblivion's deepening night.

Her charms a solemn train unfold,
Sublime on evening's clouds of gold,
Of sceptred kings, in proud array,
And laurelled chiefs, and sages grey.
But whose the forms, oh fame! declare,
That crowd majestic on the air?
Pour from thy deathless roll the praise
Of kings renowned in elder days.
I call in vain! The welcome strain
Of praise to them no more shall sound:
Their actions bright must sleep in night,
Till time shall cease his mystic round.
The glories of their ancient sway
The stream of years has swept away:
Their names, that nations heard with fear,
Shall ring no more on mortal ear.

Yet still the muse's eye may trace
The noblest chief of Thedmor's race,
Who, by Euphrates' startling waves,
Bade outraged Rome her prostrate might unfold,
Tore from the brow of Persia's pride
The wreath in crimson victory dyed,
And o'er his flying slaves
Tumultuous ruin rolled.
Throned by his side, a lovely form,
In youthful majesty sublime,
Like sun-beams through the scattering storm,
Shines through the floating mists of time:
Even as in other years she shone,
When here she fixed her desert-throne,
Triumphant in the transient smiles of fate;

When Zabdas led her conquering bands
O'er Asia's many-peopled lands,
And subject monarchs thronged her palace-gate:
Ere yet stern war's avenging storm,
Captivity's dejected form,
And death, in solitude and darkness furled,
Closed round the setting star, that ruled the eastern world.

Dim shades around her move again,
From memory blotted by the lapse of years:
Yet, foremost in the sacred train,
The venerable sage appears,
Who once, these desolate arcades
And time-worn porticoes among,

Disclosed to princely youths and high-born maids
The secret fountains of Mæonian song,
And traced the mazy warblings of the lyre,
With all a critic's art, and all a poet's fire.

What mystic form, uncouth and dread,
With withered cheek, and hoary head,
Swift as the death-fire cleaves the sky,
Swept on sounding pinions by?
'Twas Time. I know the foe of kings,
His scythe, and sand, and eagle-wings:
He cast a burning look around,
And waved his bony hand, and frowned.
Far from the spectre's scowl of fire,
Fancy's feeble forms retire:

Her air-born phantoms melt away,
Like stars before the rising day.

One shadowy tint enwraps the plain:
No form is near, no steps intrude,
To break the melancholy reign
Of silence and of solitude.
Ah! little thought the wealthy proud,
When rosy pleasure laughed aloud,
And music, with symphonious swell,
Attuned to joy her festal shell,
That here, amid their ancient land,
The wanderer of the distant days
Should mark, with sorrow-clouded gaze,
The mighty wilderness of sand,
While not a sound should meet his ear,

Save of the desert-gales, that sweep,
In modulated murmurs deep,
The wasted graves above
Of those, who once had revelled here
In happiness and love.

Short is the space to man assigned,
This earthly vale to tread.
He wanders, erring, weak, and blind,
By adverse passions led:
Love, that with feeling's tenderest flow
To rapture turns divided woe,
And brightens every smile of fate
That kindred souls participate:
Jealousy, whose poisonous breath
Blasts affection's opening bud:

Wild despair, that laughs in death:
Stern revenge, that bathes in blood:
Fear, that his form in darkness shrouds,
And trembles at the whispering air:
And hope, that pictures on the clouds
Celestial visions, false, but fair.

From the earliest twilight-ray,
That marked creation's natal day,
Till yesterday's declining fire,
Thus still have rolled, perplexed by strife,
The many-mingling wheels of life,
And still shall roll, till time's last beams expire.
And thus, in every age, in every clime,
While years swift-circling fly,

The varying deeds, that mark the present time,
Will be but shadows of the days gone by.

Swift as the meteor's midnight course,
Swift as the cataract's headlong force,
Swift as the clouds, whose changeful forms
Hang on the rear of flying storms,
So swift is Time's colossal stride
Above the wrecks of human pride.
These temples, awful in decay,
  Whose ancient splendor half endures,
These arches, dim in parting day,
  These dust-defiled entablatures,
These shafts, whose prostrate pride around
  The desert-weed entwines its wreath,

These capitals, that strew the ground,
Their shattered colonnades beneath,
These pillars, white in lengthening files,
Grey tombs, and broken peristyles,
May yet, through many an age, retain
The pomp of Thedmor's wasted reign:
But Time still shakes, with giant-tread,
The marble city of the dead,
That crushed at last, a shapeless heap,
Beneath the drifted sands shall sleep.

The flower, that drinks the morning-dew,
Far on the evening gale shall fly:
The bark, that glides o'er ocean blue,
Dashed on the distant rocks shall lie:

The tower, that frowns in martial pride,
Shall by the lightning-brand be riven:
The arch, that spans the summer tide,
Shall down the wintry floods be driven:
The tomb, that guards the great one's name,
Shall yield to time its sacred trust:
The laurel of imperial fame
Shall wither in unwatered dust.
His mantle dark oblivion flings
Around the monuments of kings,
Who once to conquest shouting myriads bore.
Fame's trumpet-blast, and victory's clarion shrill,
Pass, like an echo of the hill,
That breathes one wild response, and then is heard
no more.

But ne'er shall earthly time throw down
The immortal pile that virtue rears:
Her golden throne, and starry crown,
Decay not with revolving years:
For He, whose solemn voice controlled
Necessity's mysterious sway,
And yon vast orbs from chaos rolled
Along the elliptic paths of day,
Has fixed her empire, vast and high,
Where primogenial harmony
Unites, in ever-cloudless skies,
Affection's death-divided ties;
Where wisdom, with unwearying gaze,
The universal scheme surveys,
And truth, in central light enshrined,
Leads to its source sublime the indissoluble mind.

FIOLFAR,

KING OF NORWAY.

A che temer nembi e procelle,
E l'usata costanza in oblio porre?
Vedrai l'aurette alla tua vela ancelle
Spirar dolci e seguaci.

MENZINI.

TERMS OF NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

DALINGER,—day.

HRIMFAX,—the steed of the evening twilight.

NIORD,—the god of the sea and wind.

NORVER,—night.

LOK,—the evil principle.

VALFANDER,—a name of Odin.

VALHALLA,—the hall of Odin.

THOR,—the Gothic Mars.

HILDA and MISTA,—two of the Valkyræ, or fatal sisters.

NILFLHIL,—the frozen hell of the north.

HELA,—the goddess of death.

DUERGI,—dwarfs.

ASGARD,—the city of Odin. The passage from this city to the earth is over the bridge Bifrost (the rain-bow), on the end of which, nearest Asgard, is stationed the centinel-god Heimdaller, to watch the approach of Surtur, and his attendant genii and giants, from the fiery regions of the south, by whom, in the *twilight of the gods*, the world is to be consumed.

FIOLFAR.

I.

In the dark-rolling waves at the verge of the west
The steeds of Dalinger had hastened to rest,
While Hrimfax advanced through the star-spangled
plain,
And shook the thick dews from his grey-flowing mane;
The moon's silver crescent shone feebly on high,
And meteors shot red down the paths of the sky.
By the shore of the ocean Fiolfar reclined,
Where through the rock-fissures loud murmured the
wind,

For sweet to his ear was the deep-dashing flow
Of the wide-foaming breakers that thundered below.
—" Alas!" he exclaimed, " were the hopes of my
youth,
Though raised by affection, unfounded on truth?
Ye are flown, ye sweet prospects, deceitfully fair,
As the light-rolling gossamer melts into air;
As the wild-beating ocean, with turbulent roar,
Effaces my steps on the sands of the shore!
Thy waters, oh Niord! tumultuously roll,
And such are the passions that war in my soul:
Thy meteors, oh Norver! malignantly dart,
And such are the death-flames that burn in my heart.
Nitalpha! my love! on the hill and the plain,
In the vale and the wood, have I sought thee in vain;

Through the nations for thee have I carried afar
The sun-shine of peace and the tempests of war;
Through danger and toil I my heroes have led,
Till hope's latest spark in my bosom was dead!
Cold, silent, and dark, are the halls of thy sires,
And hushed are the harps, and extinguished the fires;
The wild autumn-blast in the lofty hall roars,
And the yellow leaves roll through the half-open doors.
Nitalpha! when rapture invited thy stay,
Did force or inconstancy bear thee away?
Ah, no! though in vain I thy footsteps pursue,
I will not, I cannot, believe thee untrue:
Perchance thou art doomed in confinement to moan,
To dwell in the rock's dreary caverns alone,
And Lok's cruel mandates, while fast thy tears flow,
Forbid thy Fiolfar to solace thy woe.

Condemn thee unvarying anguish to bear,
And leave me a prey to the pangs of despair."—
Ha! whence were those accents, portentous and dread,
Like the mystical tones of the ghosts of the dead,
In echoes redoubling that rung through the gloom,
As the thunder resounds in the vaults of the tomb?
—"Fiolfar!"—He started, and wondering descried,
That a sable-clad stranger stood tall by his side:
Majestic he stood, on the surf-beaten steep,
Like a spirit of storms by the roar of the deep:
His soul-piercing eyes as the eagle's were bright,
And his raven-hair flowed on the breezes of night.
—"Fiolfar!" he cried, "thy affliction forsake:
To hope and revenge let thy bosom awake;
For he, that Nitalpha from liberty tore,
Is Lochlin's proud monarch, the bold Yrrodore.

Still constant to thee, she the traitor abhorred;
Haste! haste! let thy valor her virtue reward:
For her let the battle empurple the plain:
In the moment of conquest I meet thee again."—
He ceased, and Fiolfar beheld him no more;
Nor long paused the youth on the dark-frowning shore:
—"Whate'er be thy nature, oh stranger!" he said,
"Thou hast called down the tempest on Yrrodore's head:
The broad-beaming buckler and keen-biting glaive
Shall ring and resound on the fields of the brave,
And vengeance shall burst, in a death-rolling flood,
And deluge thy altars, Valfander, with blood!"—

FIOLFAR.

II.

To Loda's dark circle and mystical stone,
With the grey-gathered moss of long ages o'ergrown;
While the black car of Norver was central in air,
Did the harp-bearing bards of Fiolfar repair;
The wild-breathing chords, as they solemnly sung,
In deep modulations responsively rung;
To the hall of Valhalla, where monarchs repose,
The full-swelling war-song symphoniously rose:
—"From the throne of Skialfa, Valfander, look down,
And marshal thy sons in the paths of renown:

Be thou too propitious, invincible Thor!
And lend thy strong aid to our banners of war.
As the torrent, in eddies tumultuously tost,
That lately has slumbered in fetters of frost,
Descends from the mountain all turbid with snow,
Shall Norway rush down on the fields of the foe.
Ye spirits of chieftains tremendous in fight,
That dwell with Valfander in halls of delight!
Awhile from your cloud-circled mansions descend;
On the steps of your sons through the conflict attend,
When Lochlin shall glow with the beacon's wide beams,
And the battle-blast mix with the roar of her streams,
And the gaunt raven hover, on dark-flapping wing,
To scent his red feast on the foes of our king!"—

As full to the wind rose the soul-thrilling tones,
Strange murmurs rung wild from the moss-covered
stones:
The ghosts of the mighty, rejoicing, came forth,
And rolled their thin forms on the blasts of the north.
On light-flying meteors triumphantly driven,
They scattered their signs from the centre of heaven.
The skies were all glowing, portentously bright,
With strong coruscations of vibrating light:
In shadowy forms, on the long-streaming glare,
The insignia of battle shot swift through the air;
In lines and in circles successively whirled,
Fantastical arrows and javelins were hurled,
That, flashing and falling in mimic affray,
In the distant horizon died darkly away,

Where a blood-dropping banner seemed slowly to sail,
And expand its red folds to the death-breathing gale.
Fiolfar looked forth from his time-honored halls,
Where the trophies of battle emblazoned the walls:
He heard the faint song, as at distance it swelled,
And the blazing of ether with triumph beheld;
He saw the white flames inexhaustibly stream,
And he knew that his fathers rode bright on the beam,
That the spirits of warriors of ages long past
Were flying sublime on the wings of the blast.
—" Ye heroes!" he cried, " that in danger arose,
The bulwark of friends, and the terror of foes;
By Odin with glory eternally crowned;
By valor and virtue for ever renowned:
Like yours may my arm in the conflict be strong,
Like yours may my name be recorded in song,

And when Hilda and Mista my spirit shall bear
The joys of Valhalla with Odin to share,
Oh then may you smile on the deeds I have done,
And bend forward with joy to acknowledge your
son!"—

FIOLFAR.

III.

The falchion resounded on helm and on shield,
For Norway and Lochlin had met in the field;
The long lances shivered, the swift arrows flew,
The string shrilly twanged on the flexible yew;
Rejoicing, the Valkyræ strode through the plain,
And guided the death-blow, and singled the slain.
Long, long did the virgins of Lochlin deplore
The youths whom their arms should encircle no more,
For Norway rushed onward, to vengeance awake,
With the roar of the ocean, when thunder-clouds break;

With the strength of the whirlwind, that shatters the
wood,
And roots up the oak that for ages has stood;
With the storm-swollen torrent's precipitous shock,
That hurls from the mountain the frost-loosened rock.
Fiolfar through danger triumphantly trod,
And scattered confusion and terror abroad:
Majestic as Balder, tremendous as Thor,
He plunged in the red-foaming torrent of war;
Till he mowed his strong course through the ranks of
the brave,
Where deepened the tumult round Yrrodore's glaive.
—"Turn, traitor!" he cried, "thy destruction to prove,
Despiser of justice, profaner of love!
Already the shades of the guilty await
Thy spirit at Hela's implacable gate,

Their vigils of winter and darkness to share
In Nilflhil's nine worlds of eternal despair."—
Indignantly Yrrodore turned on the foe,
And reared his strong arm for a death-dealing blow.
He stood, vast in stature, collected in might,
As the tower of the hill meets the tempest of night:
But the sword of Fiolfar descended to whelm
The seven-plated buckler, and plume-waving helm,
As the brand of the storm irresistibly falls,
And scatters in fragments the rock-founded walls.
Swift flowed the black blood, and in anguish he breathed,
Yet he muttered these words as expiring he writhed:
—"And deemest thou, Fiolfar, the conquest is thine?
No! victory, glory, and vengeance, are mine!
In triumph I die: thou shalt languish in pain:
For ne'er shall Nitalpha delight thee again!

The wakeful Duergi the caverns surround,
Where in magical slumbers the maiden is bound:
Those magical slumbers shall last till the day,
When Odin shall summon thy spirit away:
Then, then shall she wake to remembrance and pain,
To seek her Fiolfar, and seek him in vain,
Long years of unvarying sorrow to prove,
And weep and lament on the grave of her love!"—
He said, and his guilt-blackened spirit went forth,
And rushed to the caves of the uttermost north;
Still destined to roam through the frost-covered plain,
Where Hela has fixed her inflexible reign,
Till the tempest of fate shall o'er Asgard be driven
In the last lurid gleam of the twilight of heaven,
And the trump of Heimdaller tremendously rear
The deep-thrilling death-note all nature must hear,

And genii and gods, by one ruin enfurled,

Contend, and expire, in the flames of the world.

FIOLFAR.

IV.

Now shone the broad moon on the field of the dead,
Where Norway had conquered, and Lochlin had fled:
The hoarse raven croaked from the blood-streaming
ground:
The dead and the dying lay mingled around:
The warriors of Norway were sunk in repose,
And rushed, in wild visions, again on their foes:
Yet lonely and sad did Fiolfar remain
Where the monarch of Lochlin had fall'n on the plain;
In the silence of sorrow he leaned on his spear,
For Yrrodore's words echoed still in his ear:

When, with hope-breathing wonder, again he descried
That the sable-clad stranger stood tall by his side:
—" Behold me, Fiolfar: my promise I keep:
Nitalpha is fettered in magical sleep:
Yet I to thy arms can the maiden restore,
And passion and vengeance shall harm her no more."—
—" Strange being! what art thou? thy nature declare."—
—" The name of Nerimnher from mortals I bear:
Mid desolate rocks, in a time-hollowed cell,
At distance from man and his vices I dwell;
But, obedient to Odin, I haste from the shade,
When virtue afflicted solicits my aid:
For the mystical art to my knowledge is given,
That can check the pale moon as she rolls through the heaven,

Can strike the dark dwellers of Nilflhil with dread,
And breathe the wild verse that awakens the dead.
My voice can the spells of thy rival destroy,
And recal thy loved maid to existence and joy."—
Long, rugged, and steep, was their desolate way,
By the precipice-rock, and the cataract's spray,
Where the wild eagle screamed through night's luminous noon,
And the storm-shattered cedar spread black to the moon.
The dark-tufted pine topped the frost-mantled height:
The larch's long tresses waved lonely and light:
No vestige of man was impressed on the heath,
And the torrent roared deep in its caverns beneath.
From the verge of the glen, from the dash of the flood,
They pierced the recesses of Deuranil's wood.

Through shades, where the yew and the cypress en-
twined,
Their branches funereal, unmoved by the wind,
Slow-toiling they passed, till before them arose
The caves of Nitalpha's unbreathing repose.
A blue-burning vapor shone dim through the gloom,
And rolled its thin curls round a rude-fashioned tomb,
Where the weary Duergi, by magic constrained,
With eyes never closing, their station maintained.
Loud shouting they rose when the strangers advanced,
But fear chilled their veins, and they paused as en-
tranced,
While the mighty Nerimnher, in fate-favored hour,
Thus breathed the strong spell that extinguished their
power:

—" By the hall of Valhalla, where heroes repose,
And drink beer and mead from the skulls of their foes;
By the virtues of Freyer, and valor of Thor;
By the twelve giant sisters, the rulers of war;
By the unrevealed accents, in secret expressed,
Of old by Valfander to Balder addressed;
By the ghosts, in the frost-worlds of Nilflhil that weep;
By the mystical serpent, that circles the deep;
By the banner of Asgard, now beaming on high,
Hence, children of evil! hear, tremble, and fly!"—
Loud yelled the Duergi, and sunk from his sight
To their caverns of toil in the regions of night:
The vapor rolled backward its tremulous wave,
And a star-like effulgence illumined the cave,
As the tomb burst asunder, and scattered the shade,
Where, in death-like entrancement, Nitalpha was laid.

Fiolfar sprang forward, and clasped to his breast
The maid, cold and pale as the marble she pressed:
The kiss of her love broke the spell of the tomb,
And bade life and rapture her beauty relume.
From the silent embrace, that no tongue may declare,
They turned: but Nerimnher no longer was there:
The tomb, and the cave, and the forest, were gone:
And fresh o'er their cheeks blew the breeze of the dawn,
That waved the proud standard, in victory's pride,
On the red field of Lochlin where Yrrodore died.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT SEA.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT SEA.

THOU white-rolling sea! from thy foam-crested billows,
That restlessly flash in the silver moon-beam,
In fancy I turn to the green-waving willows,
That rise by the side of my dear native stream.
There softly in moonlight soft waters are playing,
Which light-breathing zephyrs symphoniously sweep;
While here the loud wings of the north-wind are swaying,
And whirl the white spray of the wild-dashing deep.

Sweet scenes of my childhood! with tender emotion,
Kind memory, still wakeful, your semblance pour-
trays:
And I sigh, as I turn from the wide-beating ocean
To the paths where I roamed in my infantine days.
In fancy before me the pine-boughs are waving,
Beneath whose deep canopy musing I strayed;
In crystalline waters their image is laving,
And the friends of my bosom repose in their shade.

Ye fair-spreading fields, which fertility blesses!
Ye rivers, that murmur with musical chime!
Ye groves of dark pine, in whose sacred recesses
The nymph of romance holds her vigils sublime!
Ye heath-mantled hills, in lone wildness ascending!
Ye vallies, true mansions of peace and repose!

Ever green be your shades, nature's children defending,
Where liberty sweetens what labor bestows.

Oh blest, trebly blest, is the peasant's condition!
From courts and from cities reclining afar,
He hears not the summons of senseless ambition,
The tempests of ocean, and tumults of war.
Round the standard of battle though thousands may rally
When the trumpet of glory is pealing aloud,
He dwells in the shade of his own native valley,
And turns the same earth which his forefathers ploughed.

In realms far remote while the merchant is toiling,
In search of that wealth he may never enjoy;

The land of his foes while the soldier is spoiling,
When honor commands him to rise and destroy;
Through mountainous billows, with whirlwinds contending,
While the mariner bounds over wide-raging seas,
Still peace, o'er the peasant her mantle extending,
Brings health and content in the sigh of the breeze.

And happy, who, knowing the world and its treasures,
Far, far from his home its allurements repels,
And leaves its vain pomps and fantastical pleasures,
For the woodlands where wisdom with solitude dwells.
With the follies of custom disdaining compliance,
He leaves not his country false riches to find;
But content with the blessings of nature and science,
He pants for no wealth but the wealth of the mind.

The beauties are his of the sweet-blushing morning,
  The dew-spangled field, and the lark's matin-song:
And his are the charms the full forest adorning,
  When sport the noon-breezes its branches among:
And his, sweeter yet, is the twilight of even,
  When melts the soft ray from the far-flashing floods,
And fancy descends from the westerly heaven,
  To talk with the spirit that sings in the woods.

In some hermit vale had kind destiny placed me,
  'Mid the silence of nature all lonely and drear,
Oh, ne'er from its covert ambition had chaced me,
  To join the vain crowd in its phrensied career!
In the haunts of the forest my fancy is dwelling,
  In the mystical glade, by the lone river's shore,

Though wandering afar where the night-breeze is
swelling,
And waters unbounded tumultuously roar.

I hail thee, dark ocean, in beauty tremendous!
I love the hoarse dash of thy far-sounding waves!
But he feels most truly thy grandeur stupendous,
Who in solitude sits mid thy surf-beaten caves.
From thy cliffs and thy caverns, majestic and hoary,
Be mine to look forth on thy boundless array;
Alone to look forth on thy vast-rolling glory,
And hear the deep lessons thy thunders convey.

But hope softly whispers, on moon-beams descending:—
Despond not, oh mortal! thy sorrows are vain:

The heart, which misfortune and absence are rending,
Love, friendship, and home, shall enrapture again.
Though the night-billows rave to the tempest's commotion,
In the mild breath of morning their fury shall cease;
And the vessel, long tossed on the storm-troubled ocean,
Shall furl her torn sails in the harbour of peace.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MOUNTAIN-DELL.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MOUNTAIN-DELL.

WHOE'ER thou art, by love of nature led
These cloud-capped rocks and pathless heights
to climb!
Approach this dell with reverential dread,
Where, bosomed deep in solitudes sublime,
Repose the secrets of primeval time.
But if thy mind degenerate cares degrade,
Or sordid hopes convulse, or conscious crime,
Fly to the sunless glen's more genial shade,
Nor with unhallowed steps this haunted ground invade.

Here sleeps a bard of long-forgotten years:
Nameless he sleeps, to all the world unknown:
His humble praise no proud memorial bears:
Remote from man, he lived and died alone.
Placed by no earthly hand, one mossy stone
Yet marks the sod where his cold ashes lie.
Across that sod one lonely oak has thrown
Its tempest-shattered branches, old and dry;
And one perennial stream runs lightly-murmuring by.

He loved this dell, a solitary child,
And placed that oak, an acorn, in the sod:
And here, full oft, in hermit-visions wild,
In scenes by every other step untrod,
With nature he conversed, and nature's god.

He fled from superstition's murderous fane,
And shunned the slaves of Circe's baleful rod,
The mean, malignant, mercenary train,
That feed at Moloch's shrine the unholy fires of gain.

The stream, that murmured by his favorite stone,
The breeze, that rustled through his youthful tree,
To fancy sung, in sweetly-mingled tone,
Of future joys, which fate forbade to be.
False as the calm of summer's treacherous sea
Is beauty's smile, in magic radiance drest.
Far from that fatal shore, fond wanderer, flee!
Rocks lurk beneath the ocean's limpid breast,
And, deep in caves of night, storms darkly-brooding rest.

Love poured the storm that wrecked his youthful
prime:
Beneath his favorite tree his bones were laid:
Through rolling ages towered its strength sublime,
Ordained, unseen, to flourish and to fade.
Its mossy boughs, now sapless and decayed,
Fall in the blast, and moulder in the shower:
Yet be the stately wreck with awe surveyed,
Sad monument of time's unsparing power,
That shakes the marble dome, and adamantine tower.

Such was the oak, from whose prophetic shell
Breathed the primeval oracles of Greece:
And here, perhaps, his gentle shade may dwell,
Diffusing tenderness and heavenly peace,
Of power to bid the rage of passion cease,

When some fond youth, capricious beauty's slave,
Seeking from care in solitude release,
Shall sit upon the minstrel's lonely grave,
And hear through withered boughs the mountain-
breezes rave.

NOTES.

NOTES

ON

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES.

Page 11. *Tall reeds around thy temples play:*

Thy hair the liquid crystal gems.

Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amœno
Populeas inter senior se adtollere frondis
Visus: eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat arundo.

VIRGILIUS.

THE tutelary spirits, that formerly animated the scenes of nature, still continue to adorn the visions of poetry; though they are now felt only as the creatures of imagi-

nation, and no longer possess that influence of real existence, which must have imparted many enviable sensations to the mind of the ancient polytheist.

Of all these fabulous beings, the Genii and Nymphs of rivers and fountains received the largest portion of human adoration. In them, an enthusiastic fancy readily discerned the agency of powerful and benevolent spirits, diffusing wealth and fertility over the countries they adorned.—"Rivers are worshipped," says Maximus Tyrius (Dissertatio VIII. Ει θεοις αγαλματα ιδρυτεον,) "on account of their utility, as the Nile by the Egyptians; or of their beauty, as the Peneus by the Thessalians; or of their magnitude, as the Danube by the Scythians; or of mythological traditions, as the Achelous by the Ætolians; or of particular laws, as the Eurotas by the Spartans; or of religious institutions, as the Ilissus by the Athenians."—

These local divinities are the soul of classical land-

scape; and their altars, by the side of every fountain, and in the shade of every grove, are its most interesting and characteristic feature. From innumerable passages that might be cited on this subject, it will be sufficient to call to mind that beautiful description of Homer:

Αςεος εγγυς εσαν, και επι κρηνην αφικοντο
Τυκτην, καλλιροον, ὁθεν ὑδρευοντο πολιται,
Την ποιησ' Ιθακος, και Νηριτος, ηδε Πολυκτωρ·
Αμφι δ' αρ' αιγειρων ὑδατοτρεφεων ην αλσος
Παντοσε κυκλοτερες· κατα δε ψυκρον ῥεεν ὑδωρ
Ὑψοθεν εκ πετρης· βωμος δ' εφυπερθε τετυκτο
Νυμφαων, ὁθι παντες επιρεζεσκον ὁδιται.

Page 17. *Where the rough blast from Arctic seas*
Congeals on Volga's ice-cold breast.

"And Volga, on whose face the north-wind freezes."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Page 18. *Where Rhine impels his confluent springs*

Tumultuous down the Rhætian steep.

Rhenus, Ræticarum Alpium inaccesso ac præcipiti vertice ortus.—TACITUS.

Page 18. *Where horned Po's once-raging flood*

Now moves with slackened force along.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua voltu
Eridanus: quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.

VIRGILIUS.

Impetuosissimum amnem olim Padum fuisse, ex aliis locis manifestum est; quamquam nunc ejus natura diversa esse narratur.—HEYNE.

Page 19. *Where Penëus, smoothly-flowing.*

The propriety of this epithet may be questioned. "The vale of Tempe," says Dr Gillies, "is adorned by the hand

of nature with every object that can gratify the senses or delight the fancy. The gently-flowing Peneus intersects the middle of the plain. Its waters are increased by perennial cascades from the green mountains, and thus rendered of sufficient depth for vessels of considerable burthen. The rocks are every where planted with vines and olives; and the banks of the river, and even the river itself, are overshadowed with lofty forest-trees, which defend those who sail upon it from the sun's meridian ardor."—He adds in a note: "I know not why Ovid says, *Penëus ab imo effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis.* Ælian, from whom the description in the text is taken, says, that the Peneus flows Δικην ελαιυ, *smooth as oil.*"

Livy's description, which seems to have escaped Dr G., is singularly contradictory.—*Sunt enim Tempe, saltus, etiam si non bello fiat, infestus, transitu difficilis: nam præter angustias per quinque millia, qua exiguum jumento onusto iter est, rupes utrimque ita abscissæ sunt, ut despici vix sine vertigine quadam simul oculorum ani-*

mique possit. Terret et sonitus *et* altitudo *per mediam vallem fluentis Penei amnis.*

The *sonitus* coincides with the description of Ovid, the *altitudo* with that of Ælian. It is difficult to reconcile the terms with each other: since *altissima* quæque flumina *minimo sono* labuntur.—We may suppose, that the Peneus is a torrent in the upper part of the vale, and gains a smoother course as it proceeds.

Page 19. *Deep beneath the unmingling ocean.*

ταν δε θαλασσαν

Νερθεν ὑποτροχαει, κε μιγνυται ὑδασιν ὑδωρ.

MOSCHUS.

Page 20. *Where Nile's mysterious sources sleep.*

Bruce penetrated to the source of the eastern branch of the Nile: that of the western, which is the principal branch, has never yet been visited by any European.

Page 20. *Where Niger sinks, in sands unknown.*

The Niger has been generally supposed to terminate in a lake in the desert, where its waters are evaporated by the heat of the sun. Mr Jackson, in his account of the empire of Marocco, adduces authorities to shew, that the Nile and the Niger are actually the same river; a supposition which Major Rennel, in his geographical illustrations of Mr Park's Travels in Africa, had previously demonstrated to be altogether inadmissible. We may here, perhaps, apply the words of an Italian poet:

Quel Sorridano è re dell' Esperia,
Ove Balcana fiume si distende:
Il Nilo crede alcun, che questo sia,
Ma chi lo crede, poco sen' intende.

BERNI. ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

Page 29. *Along the stream's wild margin spread*
A lofty forest's mazes dread.

The existence of this forest is attested by Fitzstephen.

Some vestiges of it remained in the reign of Henry the Second.

Page 30. *Where dismal trees, of giant-size,*

Entwined their tortuous boughs on high.

Several lines in this description are imitated from Virgil, Lucan, and Tasso.—ÆN. VIII. 349. PHARS. III. 399. GER. LIB. XIII. PR.

Page 34. *And stern Andraste's fiery form*

Called from its caves the slumbering storm.

" Amongst our Britons," says Mr Baxter, as quoted by Mr Davies, *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, p. 617, " even of the present day, *Andras* is a popular name of the goddess *Malen*, or *the lady*, whom the vulgar call *Y Vall*, that is, *Fauna Fatua*, and *Mam y Drwg*, the *Devil's dam*, or *Y Wrach*, the *old hag*. - - - - Some regarded her as a flying spectre. - - - - That name corresponded not only with *Hecate*, *Bellona*, and *Enyo*, but

also with *Bona Dea*, the *great mother of the gods*, and the *terrestrial Venus*.---- In the fables of the populace, she is styled *Y Vad Ddu Hyll*, that is, *Bona Furva Effera*, and on the other hand, *Y Vad Velen*, that is, *Helena*, or *Bona Flava*.---- Agreeably to an ancient rite, the old Britons cruelly offered human sacrifices to this *Andrasta*: whence, as Dion relates, our amazon, Vondicca (Boadicea) invoked her with imprecations, previous to her engagement with the Romans. The memory of this goddess, or fury, remains to the present day; for men in a passion growl at each other, *Mae rhyw Andras arnochwi: Some Andrasta possesses you.*"

Page 40. *Thy head to hell I consecrate.*

Te, Appi, tuumque caput sanguine hoc consecro.—
LIVIUS.

Agli infernali dei
Con questo sangue il capo tuo consacro.

ALFIERI.

Page 47. *See in flames the fabric fall!*

'Tis the funeral pyre of Rome!

Sed nihil æque, quam incendium Capitolii, ut finem imperio adesse crederent, impulerat. *Captam olim à Gallis urbem; sed, integra Jovis sede, mansisse imperium. Fatali nunc igne, signum cœlestis iræ datum, et possessionem rerum humanarum transalpinis gentibus portendi,* superstitione vana Druidæ canebant.—TACITUS.

Page 57. *The poplar and the towering pine*

Their hospitable shade combine.

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

HORATIUS.

Page 61. *Trewsbury Mead.*

The Thames rises in a field called Trewsbury Mead,

near the villages of Tarlton and Kemble, in Gloucestershire.

Page 62. *And ancient trees, in green attire,*

Diffuse a deep and pleasant shade.

I am slightly indebted, in this stanza, to one of Ariosto's most exquisite descriptions:

La fonte discorrea per mezzo un prato,
D'arbori antiqui e di bell' ombre adorno,
Che i viandanti col mormorio grato
A bere invita, e a far seco soggiorno.
Un culto monticel dal manco lato
Le difende il calor del mezzo giorno.
Quivi, come i begli occhi prima torse,
D'un cavalier la giovane s'accorse:
D'un cavalier, che all' ombra d'un boschetto,
Nel margin verde, e bianco, e rosso, e giallo,
Sedea pensoso, tacito, e soletto,
Sopra quel chiaro e liquido cristallo.

Page 64. *Whence is the ample stream of time?*

"Whence is the stream of years? whither do they roll along? where have they hid, in mist, their many-colored sides?"—OSSIAN.

Page 66. *Nor may we call those things our own—*

——— tamquam

Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

HORATIUS.

Page 69. *Where triumphed erst the rebel host,*
When hapless Richard's hopes were lost,
And Oxford sought, with humbled pride,
Existence from thy guardian tide.

Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland, the favorite of Richard the Second, was defeated in the vicinity of Radcote by the Earl of Derby, in the year

1387, and escaped by swimming with his horse across the river.

Page 69. *The aged hazel nurtures there*
Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair;
And lightly throws its humble shade,
Where Rosamonda's form is laid.

A small chapel, and a wall, enclosing an ample space, are all now remaining of Godstow Nunnery. A hazel grows near the chapel, the fruit of which is always apparently perfect, but is invariably found to be hollow.

This nunnery derives its chief interest from having been the burial-place of the beautiful Rosamond, who appears, after her death, to have been regarded as a saint.

Page 72. *But superstition's impious zeal*
Distilled its venom on the dead.

A fanatical priest, Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, visiting

the nunnery at Godstow, and observing a tomb, covered with silk, and splendidly illuminated, which he found, on inquiry, to be the tomb of Rosamond, commanded her *to be taken up, and buried without the church, lest the Christian religion should grow into contempt.* This brutal order was instantly obeyed:—"but the chaste sisters," says Speed, "gathered her bones, and put them in a perfumed bag, enclosing them so in lead, and laid them again in the church, under a fair large grave-stone, about whose edges a fillet of brass was inlaid, and thereon written her name and praise: these bones were at the suppression of the nunnery so found."—

Page 87. *Justice averts her trembling eye,*

And mercy weeps, and hastens by.

Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa:
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna:
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

DANTE.

Page 89. *Where breakers lash the dark-red steep.*

The red cliffs of the isle of Sheppy.

Page 94. *Still changeless, through the fertile plain,*

Araxes, loud-resounding, flows,

Where gorgeous despots fixed their reign,

And Chil-minar's proud domes arose.

"The plain of Persepolis is watered by the great river Araxes, or Bendemir. The ancient palace of the kings of Persia, called by the inhabitants *Chil-minar*, i. e. *forty columns*, is situated at the foot of the mountain: the walls of this stately building are still standing on three sides; and it has the mountain on the east."

UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

Page 96. *And fell, as Carthage fell before.*

Sanazzaro, in his poem *De partu Virginis*, has a fine passage on the fallen state of Carthage, which Tasso has imitated in the Gerusalemme Liberata:

Et qui vertentes inmania saxa juvencos
Flectit arans, qua devictæ Carthaginis arces
Procubuere, jacentque infausto in litore turres
Eversæ. Quantum illa metus, quantum illa laborum
Urbs dedit insultans Latio et Laurentibus arvis!
Nunc passim vix reliquias, vix nomina servans,
Obruitur propriis non agnoscenda ruinis.
Et querimur genus infelix humana labare
Membra ævo, quum regna palam moriantur, et urbes.

Giace l'alta Cartago: appena i segni
Dell'alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Muojono le città; muojono i regni;
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba:
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.
O nostra mente cupida e superba!

Page 100. *Along the silver-eddying Thames.*

Ποταμος τις ἐυῤῥοος, ΑΡΓΥΡΟΔΙΝΗΣ.

HOMERUS.

NOTES

ON PALMYRA.

Page 106. *Where, half-sunk in seas of sand,*
Thedmor's marble wastes expand.

" Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey."

GRAINGER.

" PALMYRA is situated under a barren ridge of hills to the west, and open on its other sides to the desert. It is about six days journey from Aleppo, and as many from Damascus, and about twenty leagues west of the Euphrates, in the latitude of thirty-four degrees, according to Ptolemy. Some geographers have placed it in Syria,

others in Phœnicia, and some in Arabia.—That Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness, we are told in the Old Testament; and that this was the same city which the Greeks and Romans called afterwards Palmyra, though the Syrians retained the first name, we learn from Josephus.—Of several ancient ways of writing this name, the ΘΕΔΜΟΡ of the Alexandrian copy comes nearest to the pronunciation of the present Arabs."—WOOD'S RUINS OF PALMYRA.

"On the fourteenth of March, 1751, we arrived at the end of the plain, where the hills to our right and left seemed to meet. We found between those hills a vale, through which an aqueduct, now ruined, formerly conveyed water to Palmyra. In this vale, to our right and left, were several square towers of a considerable height, which, upon a nearer approach, we found were the sepulchres of the ancient Palmyrenes. We had scarcely passed these venerable monuments, when the hills opening discovered to us, all at once, the greatest quantity of

ruins we had ever seen, all of white marble, and beyond them, towards the Euphrates, a flat waste, as far as the eye could reach, without any object which shewed either life or motion. It is scarcely possible to imagine any thing more striking than this view: so great a number of Corinthian pillars, mixed with so little wall or solid building, afforded a most romantic variety of prospect."—WOOD.

"Sans doute la sensation d'un pareil spectacle ne se transmet point. Pour en concevoir l'effet, il faut se peindre une file de colonnes, dont la seule base surpasse la hauteur d'un homme: il faut se représenter, que cette file de colonnes occupe une étendue de plus de treize cens toises, et masque une foule d'autres édifices cachés derrière elle. Dans cet espace, c'est tantôt un palais, dont il ne reste que les cours et les murailles; tantôt un temple, dont le péristyle est à moitié renversé; tantôt un portique, une galerie, un arc-de-triomphe: ici, les colonnes forment des groupes, dont la symmétrie est dé-

truite par la chûte de plusieurs d'entr'elles; là, elles sont rangées en files tellement prolongées, que, semblables à des rangs d'arbres, elles fuyent sous l'œil dans le lointain, et ne paraissent plus que des lignes accolées. Si de cette scène mouvante la vue s'abaisse sur le sol, elle y en rencontre une autre presque-aussi variée: ce ne sont de toutes parts que fûts renversés, les uns entiers, les autres en pièces, ou seulement disloqués dans leurs articulations; de toutes parts, la terre est hérissée de vastes pierres à demi-enterrées, d'entablemens brisés, de chapiteaux écornés, de frises mutilées, de reliefs défigurés, de sculptures effacées, de tombeaux violés, et d'autels souillés de poussière."—VOLNEY, VOYAGE EN SYRIE.

Page 109. *The noblest chief of Thedmor's race.*

"At the time when the East trembled at the name of Sapor, he received a present not unworthy of the greatest kings; a long train of camels, laden with the most rare and valuable merchandises. The rich offering was

accompanied by an epistle, respectful but not servile, from Odenathus, one of the noblest and most opulent senators of Palmyra. *Who is this Odenathus*, (said the haughty victor, and he commanded that the presents should be cast into the Euphrates,) *that he thus insolently presumes to write to his lord? If he entertain a hope of mitigating his punishment, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Should he hesitate, swift destruction shall be poured on his head, on his whole race, and on his country.* The desperate extremity to which the Palmyrenian was reduced, called into action all the latent powers of his soul. He met Sapor; but he met him in arms. Infusing his own spirit into a little army, collected from the villages of Syria, and the tents of the desert, he hovered round the Persian host, harassed their retreat, carried off part of the treasure, and, what was dearer than any treasure, several of the women of the Great King, who was at last obliged to repass the Euphrates, with

some marks of haste and confusion. By this exploit, Odenathus laid the foundation of his future fame and fortunes. The majesty of Rome, oppressed by a Persian, was protected by a Syrian or Arab of Palmyra."—GIBBON.

Page 109. *Even as in other years she shone,*

When here she fixed her desert-throne.

"Aurelian had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire, nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But Zenobia is perhaps the only female, whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far sur-

passed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely, as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important.) Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

"This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who from a private station raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pur-

sued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert, lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was in a great measure ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs."—GIBBON.

Odenathus, with his son Herod, being treacherously murdered by his kinsman Mæonius, Zenobia revenged the death of her husband, assumed the government of

the East, and, extending her empire by the victories of her general Zabdas, rendered the before obscure city of Palmyra the powerful rival of Rome: "but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory." When Zenobia had reigned about five years over Syria, Egypt, and the East, Aurelian turned his arms against her, and, having gained two successive victories at Antioch and Emesa, and taken Palmyra after a laborious siege, led the queen of the East in captivity to Rome, where she was the brightest ornament of his magnificent triumph. She terminated her days in obscurity and retirement, in an elegant villa at Tibur, the gift of Aurelian.

Page 118. *Necessity's mysterious sway.*

Αρχαιυ μεν πρωτα χαους ατεκμαρτον αναγκην.

ORPHEUS.

THE END.

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