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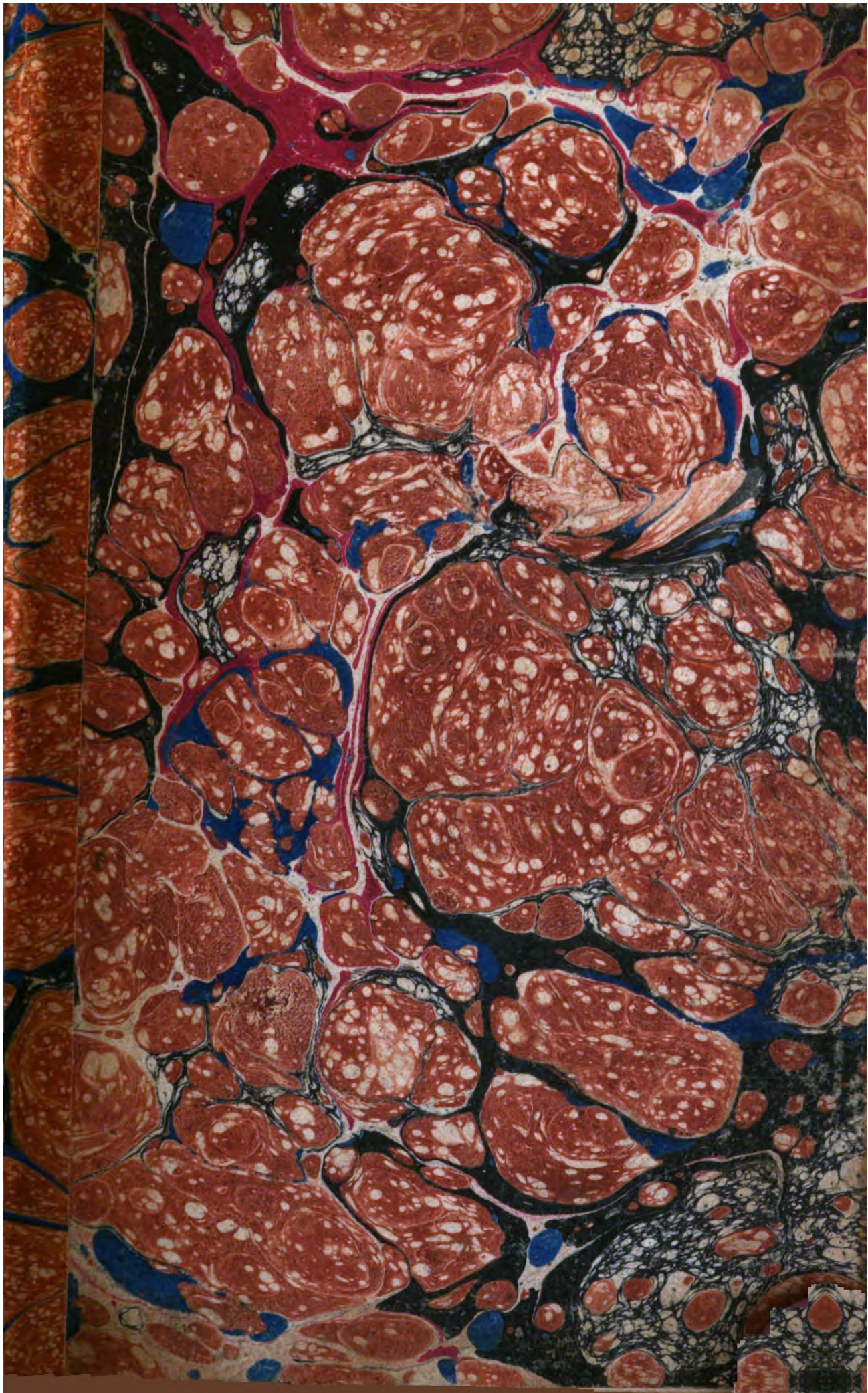
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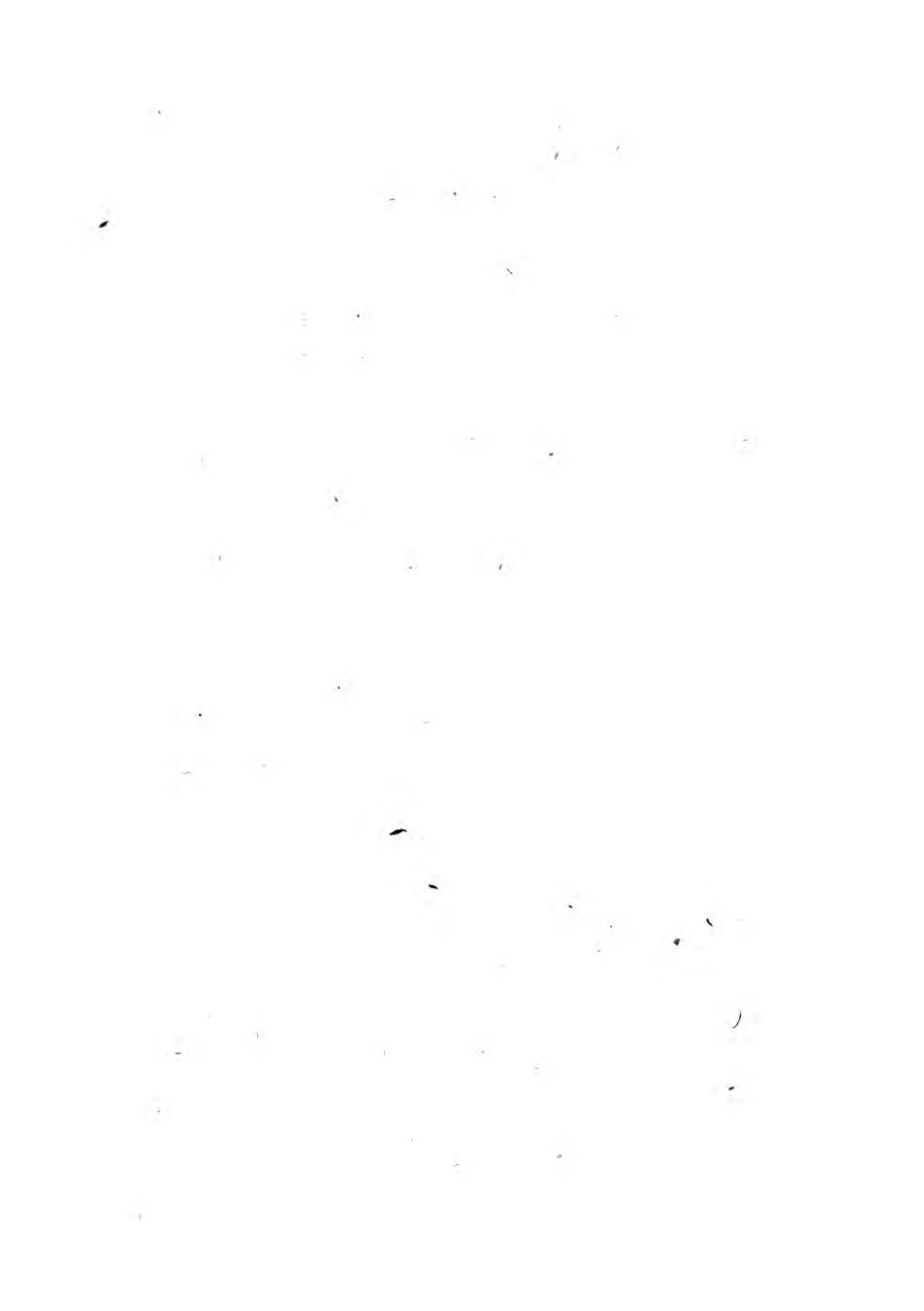
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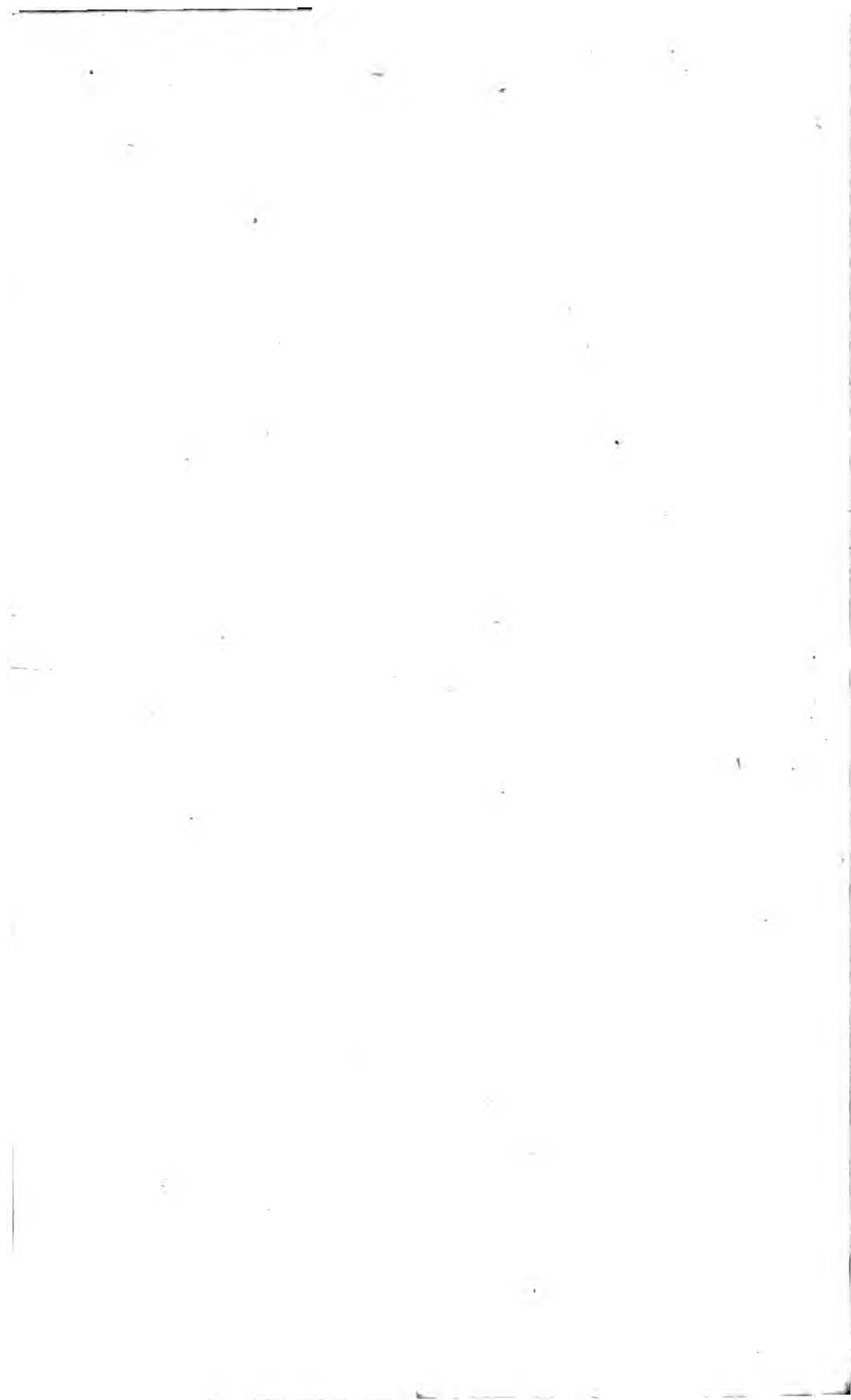


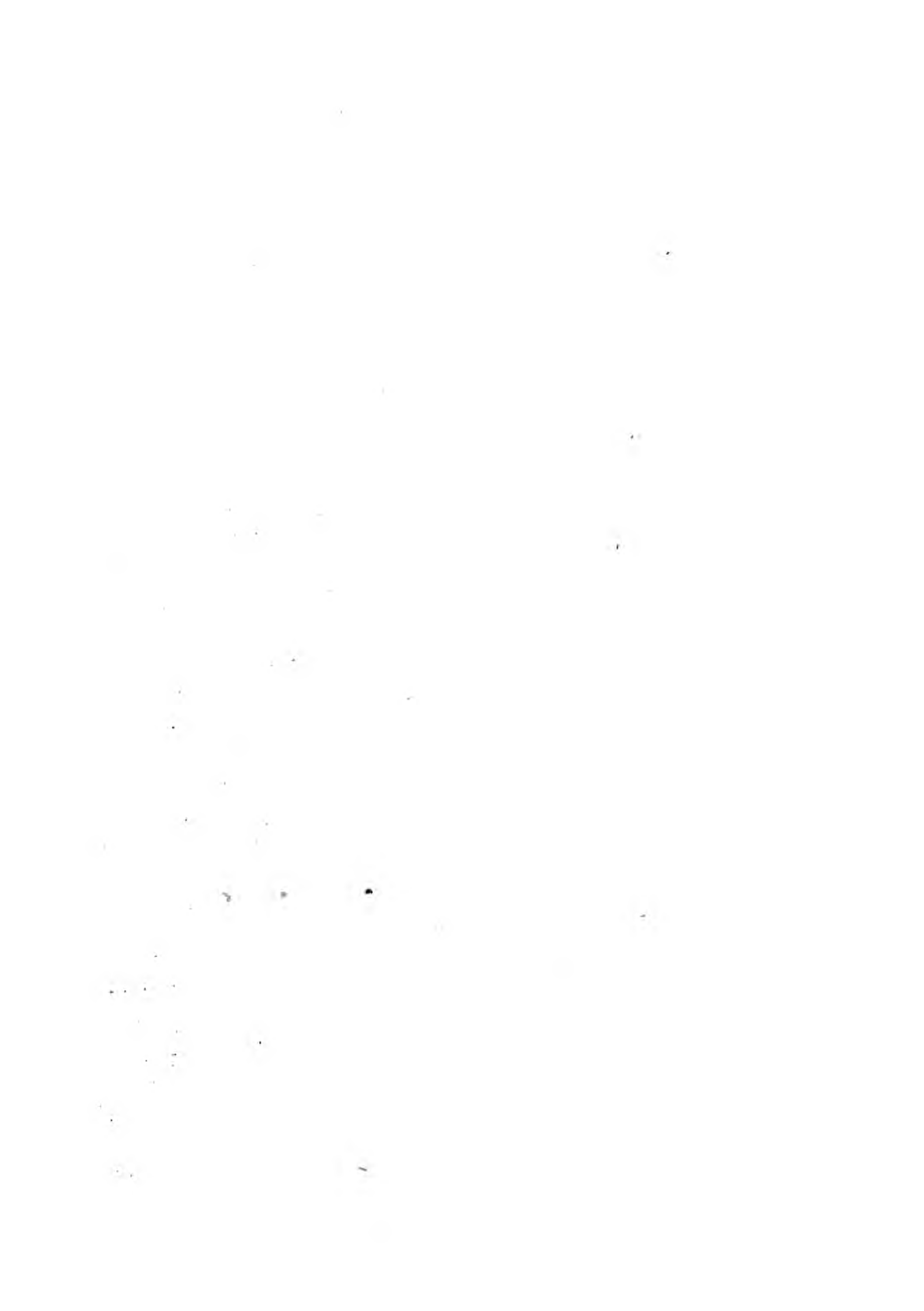
1862



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S. P. Lind.









Dutler sc.

PALMYRA.

Page 5

Published Nov. 7 1805 by W. J. & J. Richardson Royal Exchange.

PALMYRA,

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

T. L. PEACOCK.

*Μαλλον δε προσεστι τω ποιητικω, παθει πλειστοις
χρωμενω και λεξεσι, και δη και μυθοις και πλασ-
μασι, δι ων αρμονια κατασκευαζεται.*

LONGINUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT,

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1806.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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TO
THE REVIEWERS:

A CENTO,

FROM THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

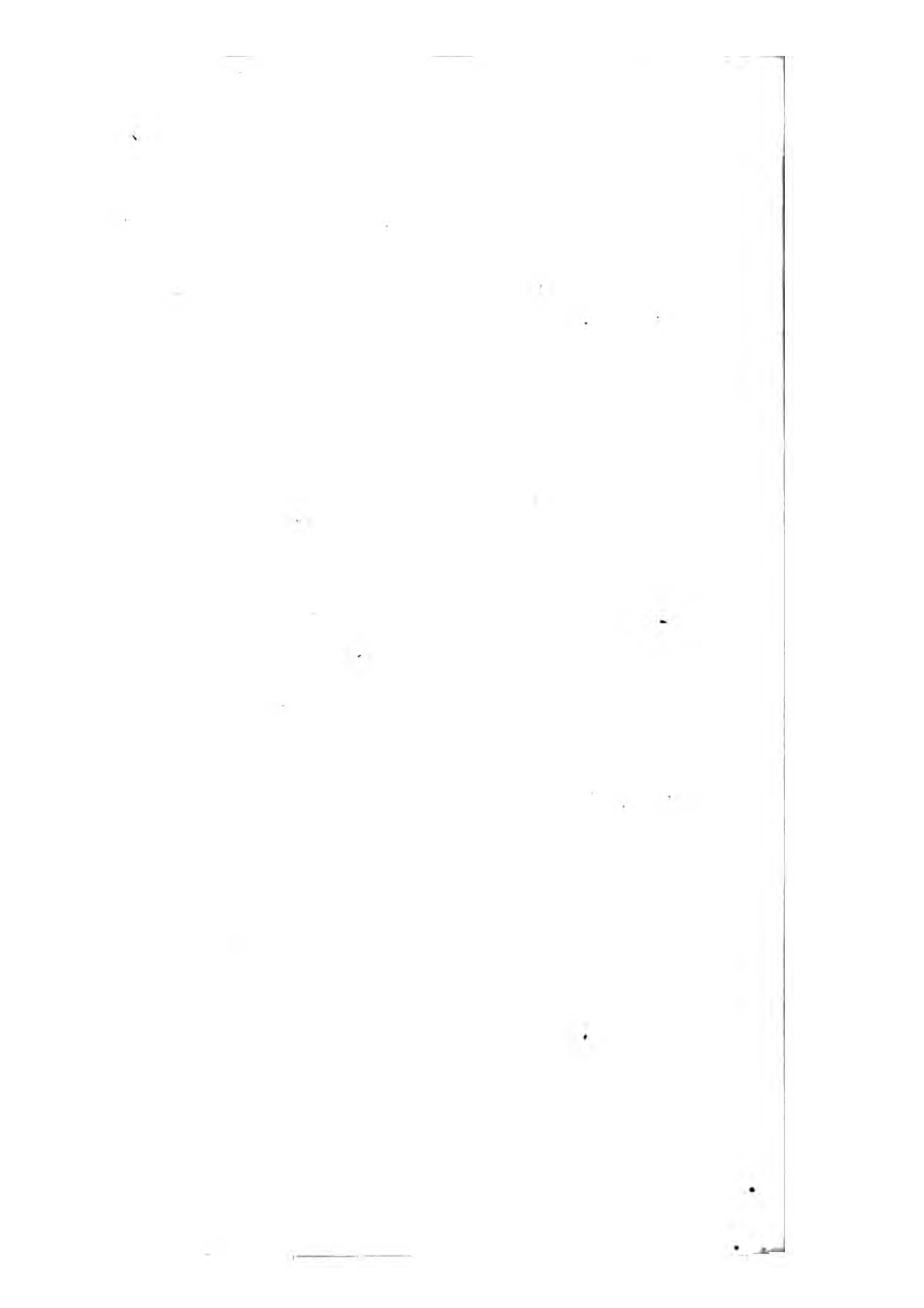
Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And now, good friends, when you shall judgment
 join
In censure of my seeming, I beseech you,

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor aught set down in malice. Note you this:
Time has not sow'd a grizzle on my face:
The golden mark I seek to hit, is not
To look quite through the deeds of men, and shew
The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure. With a simple wreath,
Cull'd from the book and volume of my brain,
I come before you. Yet alas! methinks
I hear a voice cry: "horrible! most horrible!
Ye Gods! how vilely does this cynic rhyme!
Oh! he's as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Worse than the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag!"
Though all that I can do is little worth
With your displeasure piec'd, my good intent
May carry through itself: no levell'd malice

TO THE REVIEWERS.

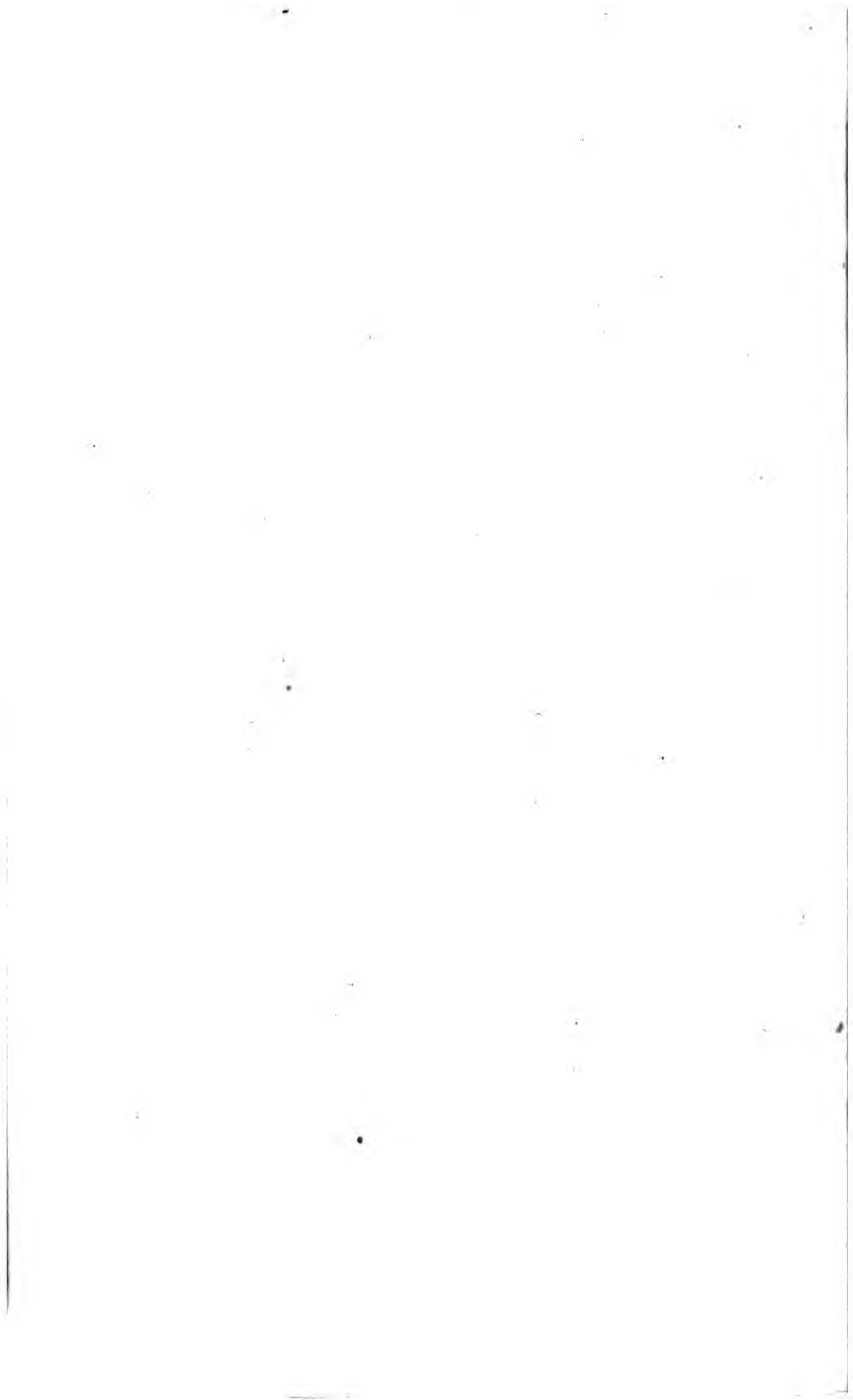
vii

Infects one comma in the course I hold,
Under your good correction, if I speed,
And my invention thrive, then will I say,
Your love deserves my thanks: so farewell, gentlemen.



PALMYRA.

— ανακτα των παντων υπερβαλ-
λοντα χρονον μακαρων. PIND.



PALMYRA.

I.

As the mountain-torrent rages,
Loud, impetuous, swift, and strong,
So the rapid stream of ages
Rolls with ceaseless tide along.
Man's little day what clouds o'ercast!
How soon his longest date is past!
All-conqu'ring DEATH, in solemn state unfurl'd,
Comes, like the burning desert-blast,
And sweeps him from the world.
The noblest works of human pow'r
In vain resist the fate-fraught hour;
The marble hall, the rock-built tow'r,

Alike submit to destiny:

OBLIVION's awful storms resound;

The massy columns fall around;

The fabric totters to the ground,

And darkness veils it's memory!

II.

'Mid SYRIA's barren world of sand,

Where THEDMOR's marble wastes expand,

Where DESOLATION, on the blasted plain,

Has fix'd his adamantine throne,

I mark, in silence and alone,

His melancholy reign.

These silent wrecks, more eloquent than speech,

Full many a tale of awful note impart;

Truths more sublime than bard or sage can teach

This pomp of ruin presses on the heart.

Whence rose that dim, mysterious sound,

That breath'd in hollow murmurs round?

As sweeps the gale
Along the vale,
Where many a mould'ring tomb is spread,
Awe-struck, I hear,
In fancy's ear,
The voices of th' illustrious dead:
As slow they pass along, they seem to sigh,
"Man, and the works of man, are only born to die!"

•
III.

As scatter'd round, a dreary space,
Ye spirits of the wise and just!
In reverential thought I trace
The mansions of your sacred dust,
Enthusiast FANCY, rob'd in light,
Pours on the air her many-sparkling rays,
Redeeming from OBLIVION's deep'ning night
The deeds of ancient days.

The mighty forms of chiefs of old,
To VIRTUE dear, and PATRIOT TRUTH sublime,
In feeble splendor I behold,
Discover'd dimly through the mists of TIME,
As through the vapours of the mountain-stream
With pale reflection glows the sun's declining beam.

IV.

Still as twilight's mantle hoary
Spreads progressive on the sky,
See, in visionary glory,
Darkly-thron'd, they sit on high.
But whose the forms, oh FAME, declare,
That crowd majestic on the air?
Bright Goddess! come, on rapid wings,
To tell the mighty deeds of kings.
Where art thou, FAME?
Each honor'd name

From thy eternal roll unfold:

Awake the lyre,

In songs of fire,

To chiefs renown'd in days of old.

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 dazzling glories of their day

The stream of years has swept away;

Their names, that struck the foe with fear,

Shall ring no more on mortal ear!

v.

Yet faithful MEMORY's raptur'd eye

Can still the godlike form descry,

Of him, who, on EUPHRATES' shore,
From SAPOR's brow his blood-stain'd laurels tore,
And bade the ROMAN banner stream unfurl'd;
When the stern GENIUS of the startling waves
Beheld on PERSIA's host of slaves
Tumultuous ruin hurl'd!
Meek SCIENCE too, and TASTE refin'd,
The grave with deathless flow'rs have dress'd,
Of him whose virtue-kindling mind
Their ev'ry charm supremely bless'd;
Who trac'd the mazy warblings of the lyre
With all a critic's art, and all a poet's fire.

VI.

Where is the bard, in these degen'rate days,
To whom the muse the blissful meed awards,
Again the dithyrambic song to raise,
And strike the golden harp's responsive chords?

Be his alone the song to swell,
The all-transcendent praise to tell
Of yon immortal form,
That bursting through the veil of years,
In changeless majesty appears,
Bright as the sun-beams thro' the scatt'ring storm!
What countless charms around her rise!
What dazzling splendor sparkles in her eyes!
On her radiant brow enshrin'd,
MINERVA's beauty blends with JUNO's grace;
The matchless virtues of her godlike mind
Are stamp'd conspicuous on her angel-face.

VII.

Hail, sacred shade, to NATURE dear!
Though sorrow clos'd thy bright career,
Though clouds obscur'd thy setting day,
Thy fame shall never pass away!

Long shall the mind's unfading gaze
Retrace thy pow'r's meridian blaze,
When o'er ARABIAN deserts, vast and wild,
And EGYPT'sland, (where REASON's wakefuleye
First on the birth of ART and SCIENCE smil'd,
And bade the shades of mental darkness fly)
And o'er ASSYRIA's many-peopled plains,
By Justice led, thy conqu'ring armies pour'd,
When humbled nations kiss'd thy silken chains,
Or fled dismay'd from ZABDAS' victor-sword:
Yet vain the hope to share the purple robe,
Or snatch from ROMAN arms the empire of the globe.

VIII.

Along the wild and wasted plain
His vet'ran bands the ROMAN monarch led,
And roll'd his burning wheels o'er heaps of slain:

The prowling chacal heard afar
The devastating yell of war,
And rush'd, with gloomy howl, to banquet on the dead!

IX.

For succour to PALMYRA'S walls
Her trembling subjects fled, confounded,
But wide amid her regal halls
The whirling fires resounded.
Onward the hostile legions pour'd:
Nor beauteous youth, nor helpless age,
Nor female charms, by savage breasts ador'd,
Could check the ROMAN'S barb'rous rage,
Or blunt the murd'rous sword.
Loud, long, and fierce, the voice of slaughter roar'd
The night-shades fell, the work of death was o'er,
PALMYRA'S sun had set, to rise no more!

X.

What mystic form, uncouth and dread,
With wither'd 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 wav'd his bony hand, and frown'd.
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.

XI.

Yes, all are flown!
I stand alone,
At ev'ning's calm and pensive hour,

Mid wasted domes,
And mould'ring tombs,
The wrecks of vanity and pow'r.
One shadowy tint enwraps the plain;
No form is near, no sounds intrude,
To break the melancholy reign
Of silence and of solitude.

How oft, in scenes like these, since TIME began,
With downcast eye has CONTEMPLATION trod,
Far from the haunts of FOLLY, VICE, and MAN,
To hold sublime communion with her GOD!
How oft, in scenes like these, the pensive sage
Has mourn'd the hand of FATE, severely just,
WAR's wasteful course, and DEATH's unsparing rage,
And dark OBLIVION, frowning in the dust!
Has mark'd the tombs, that kings o'erthrown declare,
Just wept their fall, and sunk to join them there!

XII.

In yon proud fane, majestic in decay,
How oft of old the swelling hymn arose,
In loud thanksgiving to the LORD OF DAY,
Or pray'r for vengeance on triumphant foes!
'Twas there, ere yet AURELIAN's hand
Had kindled Ruin's smould'ring brand,
As slowly mov'd the sacred choir
Around the altar's rising fire,
The priest, with wild and glowing eye,
Bade the flow'r-bound victim die;
And while he fed the incense-flame,
With many a holy mystery,
Prophetic inspiration came
To teach th' impending destiny,
And shook his venerable frame
With most portentous augury!

In notes of anguish, deep and slow,
He told the coming hour of woe;
The youths and maids, with terror pale,
In breathless torture heard the tale,
 And silence hung
 On ev'ry tongue,
While thus the voice prophetic rung:

XIII.

“ Whence was the hollow scream of fear,
Whose tones appall'd my shrinking ear?
Whence was the modulated cry,
That seem'd to swell, and hasten by?
What sudden blaze illum'd the night?
Ha! 'twas DESTRUCTION's meteor-light!
Whence was the whirlwind's eddying breath?
Ha! 'twas the fiery blast of DEATH!

XIV.

“ See! the mighty GOD OF BATTLE
Spreads abroad his crimson train!
Discord’s myriad voices rattle
O’er the terror-shaken plain.
Banners stream, and helmets glare,
Show’ring arrows hiss in air;
Echoing through the darken’d skies,
Wildly-mingling murmurs rise,
The clash of splendor-beaming steel,
The buckler ringing hollowly,
The cymbal’s silver-sounding peal,
The last deep groan of agony,
The hurrying feet
Of wild retreat,
The length’ning shout of victory!

XV.

‘ O’er our plains the vengeful stranger
Pours, with hostile hopes elate:
Who shall check the coming danger?
Who escape the coming fate?
Thou! that through the heav’ns afar,
When the shades of night retire,
Proudly roll’st thy shining car,
Clad in sempiternal fire!
Thou! from whose benignant light
Fiends of darkness, strange and fell,
Urge their ebon-pinion’d flight
To the central caves of hell!
SUN ador’d! attend our call!
Must thy favor’d people fall?
Must we leave our smiling plains,
To groan beneath the stranger’s chains?

Rise, supreme in heav'nly pow'r,
On our foes destruction show'r;
Bid thy fatal arrows fly,
Till their armies sink and die;
Through their adverse legions spread
Pale DISEASE, and with'ring DREAD,
Wild CONFUSION's fev'rish glare,
HORROR, MADNESS, and DESPAIR!

XVI.

“ Woe to thy numbers fierce and rude,
Thou madly-rushing multitude,
Loud as the tempest that o'er ocean raves!
Woe to the nations proud and strong,
That rush tumultuously along,
As rolls the foaming stream its long-resounding waves!
As the noise of mighty seas,
As the loudly-murmuring breeze,

Shall gath'ring nations rush, a pow'rful band:
Rise, GOD OF LIGHT, in burning wrath severe,
 And stretch, to blast their proud career,
 Thy arrow-darting hand!
Then shall their ranks to certain fate be giv'n,
 Then on their course DESPAIR her fires shall cast,
Then shall they fly, to endless ruin driv'n,
As flies the thistle-down before the mountain-blast!

XVII.

“ Alas! in vain, in vain we call!
 The stranger triumphs in our fall!
 And FATE comes on, with ruthless frown,
 To strike PALMYRA'S splendor down.
 Urg'd by the steady breath of TIME,
 The desert-whirlwind sweeps sublime,
The eddyng sands in mountain-columns rise:
 Borne on the pinions of the gale,

In one concenter'd cloud they sail,
Along the darken'd skies.

It falls! it falls! on THEDMOR'S walls
The whelming weight of ruin falls!
Th' avenging thunder-bolt is hurl'd,
Her pride is blotted from the world,
Her name unknown in story:
The trav'ler on her scite shall stand,
And seek, amid the desert-sand,
The records of her glory!

Her palaces are crush'd, her tow'rs o'erthrown,
OBLIVION follows stern, and marks her for his own!"

XVIII.

How oft, the festal board around,
These time-worn walls among,
Has rung the full symphonious sound
Of rapture-breathing song!

Ah! little thought the wealthy proud,
When rosy pleasure laugh'd aloud,
That here, amid their ancient land,
 The wand'rer 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 revell'd here,
 In happiness and love!

XIX.

Short is the space to man assign'd
 This earthly vale to tread;
He wanders, erring, weak, and blind,
 By adverse passions led.

LOVE, the balm of ev'ry woe,
The dearest blessing man can know;
JEALOUSY, whose pois'nous breath
 Blasts affection's op'ning bud;
Stern DESPAIR, that laughs in death;
 Black REVENGE, that bathes in blood;
FEAR, that his form in darkness shrouds,
 And trembles at the whisp'ring air;
And HOPE, that pictures on the clouds
 Celestial visions, false, but fair;
 All rule by turns:
 To-day he burns
With ev'ry pang of keen distress;
 To-morrow's sky
 Bids sorrow fly
With dreams of promis'd happiness.

XX.

From the earliest twilight-ray,
That mark'd CREATION'S natal day,
Till yesterday's declining fire,
Thus still have roll'd, perplex'd by strife,
The many-clashing wheels of life,
And still shall roll, till TIME'S last beams expire.
And thus, in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
While circling years shall fly,
The varying deeds that mark the present time
Will be but shadows of the days gone by.

XXI.

Along the desolated shore,
Where, broad and swift, EUPHRATES flows,
The trav'ler's anxious eye can trace no more
The spot where once the QUEEN OF CITIES rose.
Where old PERSEPOLIS sublimely tow'r'd,

In cedar-groves embow'r'd,
A rudely-splendid wreck alone remains.
The course of FATE no pomp or pow'r can shun.
Pollution tramples on thy giant-fanes,
Oh CITY OF THE SUN!
Fall'n are the TYRIAN domes of wealth and joy,
The hundred gates of THEBES, the tow'rs of TROY;
In shame and sorrow pre-ordain'd to cease,
Proud SALEM met th' irrevocable doom;
In darkness sunk the arts and arms of GREECE,
And the long glories of imperial ROME.

XXII.

When the tyrant's iron hand
The mountain-piles of MEMPHIS rais'd,
That still the storms of angry TIME defy,
In self-adoring thought he gaz'd,
And bade the massive labors stand,

Till NATURE's self should die!
Presumptuous fool! the death-wind came,
And swept away thy worthless name;
And ages, with insidious flow,
Shall lay those blood-bought fabrics low.
Then shall the stranger pause, and oft be told,
"Here stood the mighty PYRAMIDS of old!"
And smile, half-doubtful, when the tale he hears,
That speaks the wonders of the distant years.

XXIII.

Though NIGHT awhile usurp the skies,
Yet soon the smiling MORN shall rise,
And light and life restore;
Again the sun-beams gild the plain;
The youthful day returns again,
But man returns no more.
Though WINTER's frown severe

Deform the wasted year,
SPRING smiles again, with renovated bloom;
But what sweet SPRING, with genial breath,
Shall chase the icy sleep of death,
The dark and cheerless winter of the tomb?
Hark! from the mansions of the dead,
What thrilling sounds of deepest import spread!
Sublimely mingled with the eddying gale,
Full on the desert-air these solemn accents sail:

XXIV.

“ Unthinking man! and dost thou weep,
That clouds o’ercast thy little day?
That DEATH’S stern hands so quickly sweep
Thy ev’ry earthly hope away?
Thy rapid hours in darkness flow,
But well those rapid hours employ,
And they shall lead from realms of woe

To realms of everlasting joy.
For though thy FATHER and thy GOD
Wave o'er thy head his chast'ning rod,
Benignantly severe,
Yet future blessings shall repair,
In tenfold measure, ev'ry care,
That marks thy progress here.

XXV.

“ BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE IS GOOD,
And loves the works his hands have made;
In earth, in air, in fire, in flood,
His parent-bounty shines display'd.
BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE IS JUST,
Though mortals scan his ways in vain;
Repine not, children of the dust!
For HE in mercy sends ye pain.
BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE IS GREAT,

And was, ere NATURE, TIME, and FATE,
Began their mystic flight;
And still shall be, when consummating flame
Shall plunge this universal frame
In everlasting night.
BOW THEN TO HIM, the LORD of ALL,
Whose nod bids empires rise and fall,
EARTH, HEAV'N, and NATURE'S SIRE;
To HIM, who, matchless and alone,
Has fix'd in boundless space his throne,
Unchang'd, unchanging still, while worlds and suns
expire!"

NOTES.

NOTES.

PALMYRA: 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.—Wood's 'Ruins of Palmyra.'

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.—Ibid.

We departed from Aleppo on Michaelmas day, 1691, and in six easy days travel over a desert-country, came to Tadmor. Having past by

the ruins of a handsome mosque, we had the prospect of such magnificent ruins, that if it be lawful to frame a conjecture of the original beauty of that place by what is still remaining, I question whether any city in the world could have challenged precedence of this in its glory.—Philosophical Transactions, Lowthorp's Abridgement, Vol. III.

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.

Undoubtedly the effect of such a sight is not to be communicated. The reader must represent to himself a range of erect columns, occupying an extent of more than twenty-six hundred yards, and concealing a multitude of other edifices behind them. In this space we sometimes find a palace of which nothing remains but the courts and walls; sometimes a temple whose peristyle is half thrown down; and now a portico, a gallery, or triumphal arch. Here stand groups of columns, whose symmetry is destroyed by the fall of many of them; there we see them ranged in rows of such length, that similar to

rows of trees, they deceive the sight, and assume the appearance of continued walls. If from this striking scene we cast our eyes upon the ground, another, almost as varied, presents itself; on all sides we behold nothing but subverted shafts, some entire, others shattered to pieces, or dislocated in their joints; and on which side soever we look, the earth is strewed with vast stones half buried, with broken entablatures, damaged capitals, mutilated frizes, disfigured reliefs, effaced sculptures, violated tombs, and altars defiled by dust.—VOLNEY'S Travels in Syria.

Stanza 2. Line 2. Thedmor's marble wastes.

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

Of several ancient ways of writing this name, the *ἑδμορ* of the Alexandrian copy comes nearest to the pronunciation of the present Arabs.—WOOD.

I have adopted this pronunciation, as more poetical than Tedmor or Tadmor.

St. 5. L. 2. Can still the godlike form descry.

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, col-

lected 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.

St. 5. L. 11. Of him whose virtue-kindling mind.

Longinus.

St. 6. L. 11. What countless charms around her rise!

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 surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. 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.—GIBBON.

If we add to this her uncommon strength, and consider her excessive military fatigues, for she used no carriage, generally rode, and often marched on foot three or four miles with her army; and if we at the same time suppose her haranguing her soldiers, which she used to do in a helmet, and often with her arms bare, it will give us an idea of that severe character of masculine beauty, which puts one more in mind of Minerva than Venus.—WOOD.

St. 7. L. 14. Zabdas.

Zenobia's general.

St. 7. L. 15. Yet vain the hope to share the purple robe.

From the time of Adrian to that of Aurelian, for about 140 years, this city continued to flourish, and increase in wealth and power, to that degree, that

when the Emperor Valerian was taken prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, Odenathus, one of the Lords of this town, was able, whilst Gallienus neglected his duty both to his father and his country, to bring a powerful army into the field, and to recover Mesopotamia from the Persians, and to penetrate as far as their capital city Ctesiphon. Thereby rendering so considerable a service to the Roman state, that Gallienus thought himself obliged to give him a share in the empire: of which action Trebellius Pollio, in the Life of Gallienus, has these words: *Laudatur ejus (Gallieni) optimum factum, qui Odenatum participato imperio Augustum vocavit, ejusque monetam, quæ Persas captos traheret, cudi jussit; quod et Senatus et Urbs et omnis ætas gratanter accepit.* The same, in many places, speaks of this Odenathus with great respect; and mentioning his death, he says: *Iratum fuisse Deum Reipublicæ credo, qui interfecto Valeriano noluit Odenatum reservare.* But by a strange reverse of fortune, this honor and respect to Odena-

thus occasioned the sudden ruin and subversion of the city. For he and his son Herodes being murdered by Mæonius, their kinsman, and dying with the title of Augustus, his wife Zenobia, in right of her son Vaballathus then a minor, pretended to take upon her the government of the east, and did administer it to admiration: and when, soon after, Gallienus was murdered by his soldiers, she grasped the government of Egypt, and held it during the short reign of the Emperor Claudius Gothicus. But Aurelian, coming to the imperial dignity, would not suffer the title of Augustus in this family, though he was contented that they should hold under him as *vice Cæsaris*, as plainly appears by the Latin coins, of Aurelian on the one side, and Vaballathus on the other, with these letters, V. C. R. IM. OR; which P. Harduin has most judiciously interpreted, VICE CÆSARIS RECTOR IMPERII ORIENTIS, without the title of Cæsar or Augustus, and with a laurel instead of a diadem. But both Vaballathus and Zeno-

bia are styled ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΙ in the Greek coins, made, it is probable, within their own jurisdiction.

But nothing less than a participation of the empire contenting Zenobia, and Aurelian persisting not to have it dismembered, he marched against her; and having in two battles routed her forces, he shut her up and besieged her in Palmyra, and the besieged finding that the great resistance they made availed not against that resolute emperor, they yielded the town; and Zenobia flying with her son was pursued and taken; with which Aurelian being contented spared the city, and marched for Rome with this captive lady; but the inhabitants, believing he would not return, set up again for themselves, and, as Vopiscus has it, slew the garrison he had left in the place. Which Aurelian understanding, though by this time he was gotten into Europe, with his usual fierceness, speedily returned, and collecting a sufficient army by the way, he again took the city without any great opposition, and put it to the sword.

with uncommon cruelty (as he himself confesses in a letter extant in Vopiscus), and delivered it to the pillage of his soldiers.—Philosophical Transactions.

St. 9. L. 6. Nor beauteous youth nor helpless age.

The following is the letter of Aurelian above alluded to: Aurelianus Augustus Ceionio Basso: Non oportet ulterius progredi militum gladios, jam satis Palmyrenorum cæsum atque occisum est. *Mulieribus non pepercimus, infantes occidimus, senes jugulavimus, rusticos interemimus, cui terras, cui urbem, deinceps relinquemus? Parcendum est iis qui remanserunt. Credimus enim paucos tam multorum suppliciiis esse correctos. Templum sanè solis, quod apud Palmyram aquilifer legionis tertię cum vexilliferis et draconario cornicinibus atque liticinibus diripuerunt, ad eam formam volo, quæ fuit, reddi. Habes trecentas auri libras Zenobię capsulis: habes argenti mille octingenta pondo e Palmyrenorum*

bonis: habes gemmas regias. Ex his omnibus fac
cohonestari templum: mihi et diis immortalibus gra-
tissimum feceris. Ego ad Senatum scribam, petens
ut mittet pontificem, qui dedicet templum.

St. 12. L. 1. In yon proud fane.

Architecture more especially lavished her orna-
ments, and displayed her magnificence, in the temple
of the sun, the tutelar deity of Palmyra. The square
court which enclosed it was six hundred and seventy-
nine feet each way, and a double range of columns
extended all round the inside. In the middle of the
vacant space, the temple presents another front of
forty-seven feet by one hundred and twenty-four in
depth, and around it runs a peristyle of one hundred
and forty columns.—VOLNEY.

St. 16. L. 1. Woe to thy numbers fierce and rude.

Woe to the multitude of many people, that
make a noise like the noise of the seas, and to the

rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters! The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters; but GOD shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind.
ISAIAH, c. xvii.

St. 21. L. 4. The queen of cities.

Babylon.

St. 21. L. 10. Oh City of the Sun!

Balbec, the HELIOPOLIS of the Greeks and Romans.

St. 23. L. 4. Again the sun-beams gild the plain.

Let clouds rest on the hills, spirits fly, and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams, and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly; rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or enclose her head

in clouds; night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. *Night flies before the beam, when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.*

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent; scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgotten. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"—See the beautiful little poem of **THE BARDS** in the notes on **OSSIAN'S CROMA**.

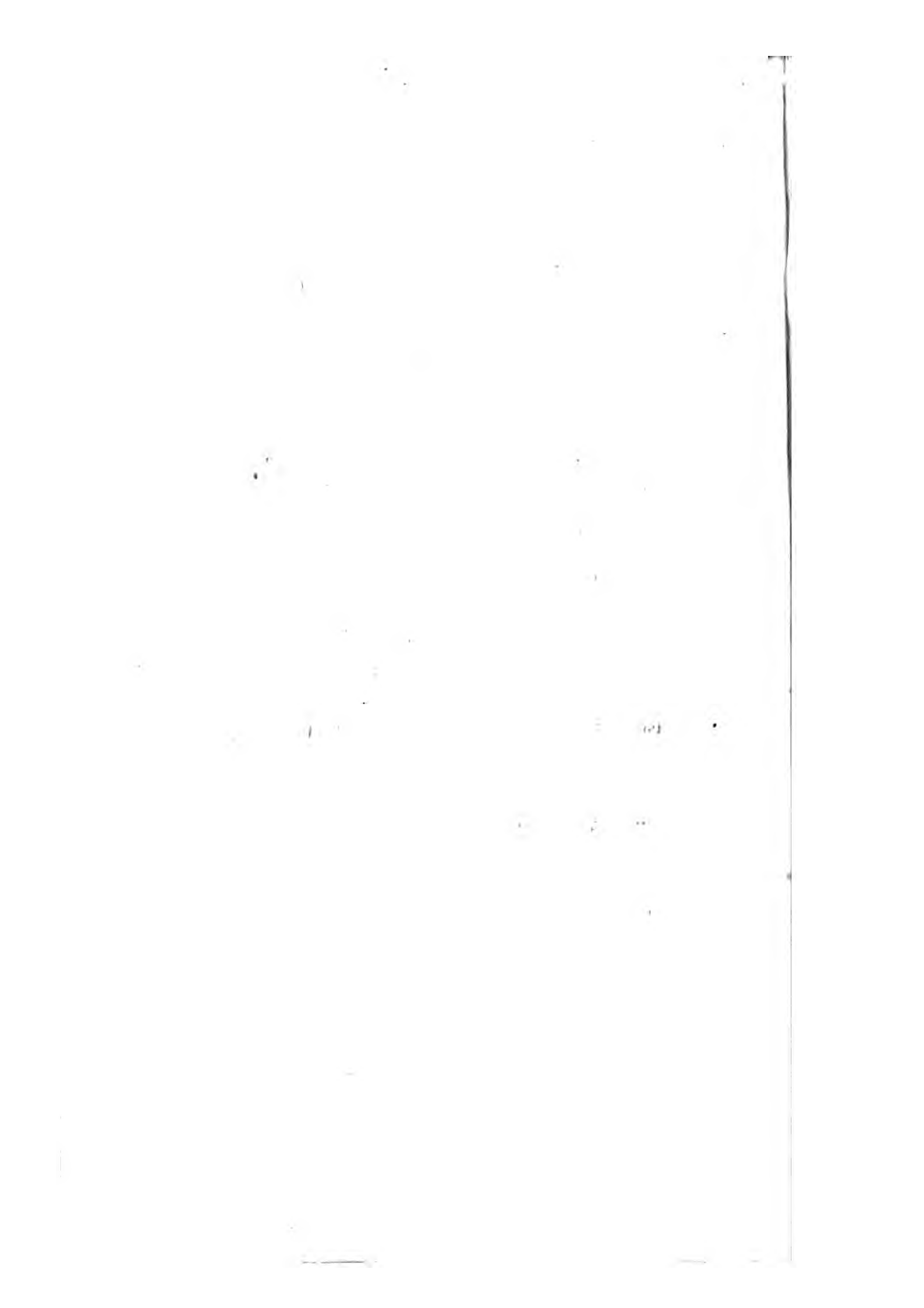
Raise, ye bards, said the mighty **FINGAL**, the praise of unhappy **MOINA**. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills; that she may rest with the fair of **MORVEN**, the sun-beams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of **BALCLUTHA**, but they were desolate. The fire had

resounded in the halls: the voice of the people was heard no more. The stream of CLUTHA was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of MOINA, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, oh bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield.—OSSIAN.

THE
VISIONS OF LOVE.

Senza l'amabile
Dio di Citera,
I di non tornano
Di primavera;
Non spira un zeffiro,
Non spunta un fior.

METASTASIO.



THE VISIONS OF LOVE.

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of HEAV'N.

At EDEN's gate, as ancient legends say,
The flaming sword for ever bars the way;
Not ours to taste the joys our parents shar'd,
But pitying NATURE half our loss repair'd,
Our wounds to heal, our murmurs to remove,
She left mankind the PARADISE of LOVE.

All-conqu'ring LOVE! thy pow'rful reign surrounds
Man's wildest haunts, and earth's remotest bounds:
Alike for thee th' untainted bosom glows
'Mid eastern sands and hyperborean snows:
Thy darts unerring fly with strong controul,
Tame the most stern, and nerve the softest soul,
Check the swift savage of the sultry zone,
And bend the monarch on his glitt'ring throne.

When wakeful MEMORY bids the mind explore
The half-hid deeds of years that are no more,
How few the scenes her hand can picture there
Of heart-felt bliss untroubled by a care!
Yet many a charm can pow'rful FANCY raise,
To point the smiling path of future days;
There too will HOPE her genial influence blend,
Faithless, but kind; a flatt'rer, but a friend.

But most to cheer the lover's lonely hours,
Creative FANCY wakes her magic pow'rs;
Most strongly pours, by ardent love refin'd,
Her brightest visions on the youthful mind.
Hence, when at eve with lonely steps I rove
The flow'r-enamell'd plain or dusky grove,
Or press the bank with grassy tufts o'erspread,
Where the brook murmurs o'er its pebbly bed;
Then steals thy form, ROSALIA, on my sight,
In artless charms pre-eminently bright:
By HOPE inspir'd, my raptur'd thoughts engage
To trace the lines of FATE's mysterious page;
At once in air, the past, the present, fade;
In fairy-tints the future stands display'd;
No clouds arise, no shadows intervene,
To veil or dim the visionary scene.

Within the sacred altar's mystic shade,
I see thee stand, in spotless white array'd;
I hear thee there thy home, thy name resign,
I hear the awful vow that seals thee mine.
Not on my birth propitious FORTUNE smil'd,
Nor proud AMBITION mark'd me for her child;
For me no dome with festal splendor shines;
No pamper'd lacquies spread their length'ning lines;
No venal crowds my nod obsequious wait;
No summer-friends besiege my narrow gate;
Joys such as these, if joys indeed they be,
Indulgent NATURE ne'er design'd for me:
I ask them not: she play'd a kinder part:
She gave a nobler gift, ROSALIA's heart.

The simple dwelling, by affection rear'd;
The smiling plains, by calm content endear'd;

The classic book-case, deck'd with learning's store,
Rich in historic truth, and bardic lore;
The garden-walks, in NATURE'S liv'ry dress'd;
Will these suffice to make ROSALIA bless'd?
And will she never feel a wish to roam
Beyond the limits of our rural home?

How sweet, when SPRING has crown'd, by genial
show'rs,

The woods with verdure, and the fields with flow'rs,
When fleeting SUMMER holds his burning reign,
Or fruitful AUTUMN nods with golden grain,
With thee, dear girl, each well-known path to tread,
Where blooming shrubs their richest odors shed,
With thee to mark the seasons' bright career,
The varied blessings of the rip'ning year.

When frost-crown'd WINTER binds the earth in
chains,

And pours his snow-storms on the whit'ning plains,
Then shall the pow'r of constant LOVE be found,
To chase the deep'ning gloom that low'rs around.
Beside the cheerful fire's familiar blaze,
Shall MEMORY trace the deeds of long-past days;
Of those propitious hours when first I strove
To win thy gentle ear with tales of love,
When, while thy angel-blushes half-conceal'd
The kind consent thy bashful smiles reveal'd,
From those bright eyes a soft expression stole,
That spoke the silent language of the soul.

Or haply then the poet's song may cheer
The dark death-season of th' accomplish'd year:

Together then we'll roam the sacred plain,
Where the bright NINE in ceaseless glory reign;
By HOMER led, through TROJAN battles sweep;
With VIRGIL cleave the tempest-beaten deep;
Trace the bold flights of SHAKESPEAR'S muse of fire;
Strike the wild chords of GRAY'S enraptur'd lyre;
From MILTON learn with holy zeal to glow;
Or weep with OSSIAN o'er a tale of woe.
Nor less shall MUSIC charm: her pow'r sublime
Shall oft beguile the ling'ring steps of TIME:
Then, as I watch, while my ROSALIA sings,
Her seraph fingers sweep the sounding strings,
In soft response to sorrow's melting lay,
Or joy's loud swell, that steals our cares away,
My heart shall vibrate to the heav'nly sound,
And bless the stars our mutual fates that bound.

And oft, when darkness veils the stormy skies,
Beneath our roof shall FRIENDSHIP'S voice arise;
On ev'ry breast her sacred influence pour'd,
Shall crown with gen'rous mirth our social board;
The chosen few, to TASTE and VIRTUE dear,
Shall meet a welcome, simple, but sincere.

Not from our door, his humble pray'r denied,
The friendless man shall wander unsupplied;
Ne'er shall the wretch, whom fortune's ills assail,
Tell there in vain his melancholy tale:
Thy heart, where NATURE'S noblest feelings glow,
Will throb to heal the bending stranger's woe;
On mercy's errand wilt thou oft explore
The crazy dwellings of the neighb'ring poor,
To blunt the stings of want's unsparing rage,
To smooth the short and painful path of age,

The childless widow's drooping head to raise,
And cheer her soul with hopes of better days:
For thee the pray'r affliction's child shall frame,
And lisping orphans bless ROSALIA's name.

Soon shall new objects thy affection share,
New hopes, new duties claim ROSALIA's care.
How will thy anxious eye exulting trace
The charms and virtues of thy infant-race!
Thy tender hand with sense and taste refin'd
Shall stamp each impulse of the rip'ning mind,
And early teach their little steps to stray
Through VIRTUE's paths, and WISDOM's flow'ry way.

Thus may our lives in one smooth tenor flow;
Possess'd of thee, I ask no more below.

That constant love, which bless'd with genial rays

The bright and happy spring-time of our days,

Shall still dispel the clouds of woe and strife

From the full summer of progressive life.

The hand of TIME may quench the ardent fire

Of rising passion, and of young desire;

But that pure flame esteem first taught to burn

Can only perish in the silent urn.

And when the last, the solemn hour draws near,

That bids us part from all that charm'd us here,

Then on our thoughts the heav'nly hope shall rise,

To meet in higher bliss, in better skies,

In those bright mansions of the just above,

Where all is RAPTURE, INNOCENCE, and LOVE.

MARIA'S RETURN

TO

HER NATIVE COTTAGE.

Si perda la vita,
Finisca il martire ;
È meglio morire,
Che viver così.

METASTASIO.

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MARIA'S RETURN.

THE whit'ning ground
In frost is bound;
The snow is swiftly falling;
While coldly blows the northern breeze,
And whistles through the leafless trees,
In hollow sounds appalling.

On this cold plain,
Now reach'd with pain,
Once stood my father's dwelling:

Where smiling pleasure once was found,
Now desolation frowns around,
And wintry blasts are yelling.

Hope's visions wild
My thoughts beguil'd,
My earliest days delighting,
Till unsuspected treach'ry came,
Beneath affection's specious name,
The lovely prospect blighting.

With many a wile
Of blackest guile
Did HENRY first deceive me:
What winning words to him were giv'n!
He swore, by all the pow'rs of HEAV'N,
That he would never leave me.

With fondest truth

I lov'd the youth:

My soul, to guilt a stranger,
Knew not, in those too simple hours,
That oft beneath the sweetest flow'rs
Is couch'd the deadliest danger.

With him to roam

I fled my home;

I burst the bonds of duty;
I thought my days in joy would roll;
But HENRY hid a demon's soul
Beneath an angel's beauty!

Shall this poor heart

E'er cease to smart?

Oh never! never! never!

Did av'rice whisper thee, or pride,
False HENRY! for a wealthier bride
To cast me off for ever?

My sire was poor:
No golden store
Had he, no earthly treasure:
I only could his griefs assuage,
The only pillar of his age,
His only source of pleasure.

With anguish wild,
He miss'd his child,
And long in vain he sought her:
The fiercest thunder-bolts of heav'n
Shall on thy guilty head be driv'n,
Thou DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER!

I feel his fears,

I see his tears,

I hear his groans of sadness:

My cruel falsehood seal'd his doom:

He seems to curse me from the tomb,

And fire my brain to madness!

Oh! keenly blow,

While drifts the snow,

The cold nocturnal breezes;

On me the gath'ring snow-flakes rest,

And colder grows my friendless breast;

My very heart-blood freezes!

'Tis midnight deep,

And thousands sleep,

Unknown to guilt and sorrow;

They think not of a wretch like me,
Who cannot, dare not, hope to see
The rising light to-morrow!

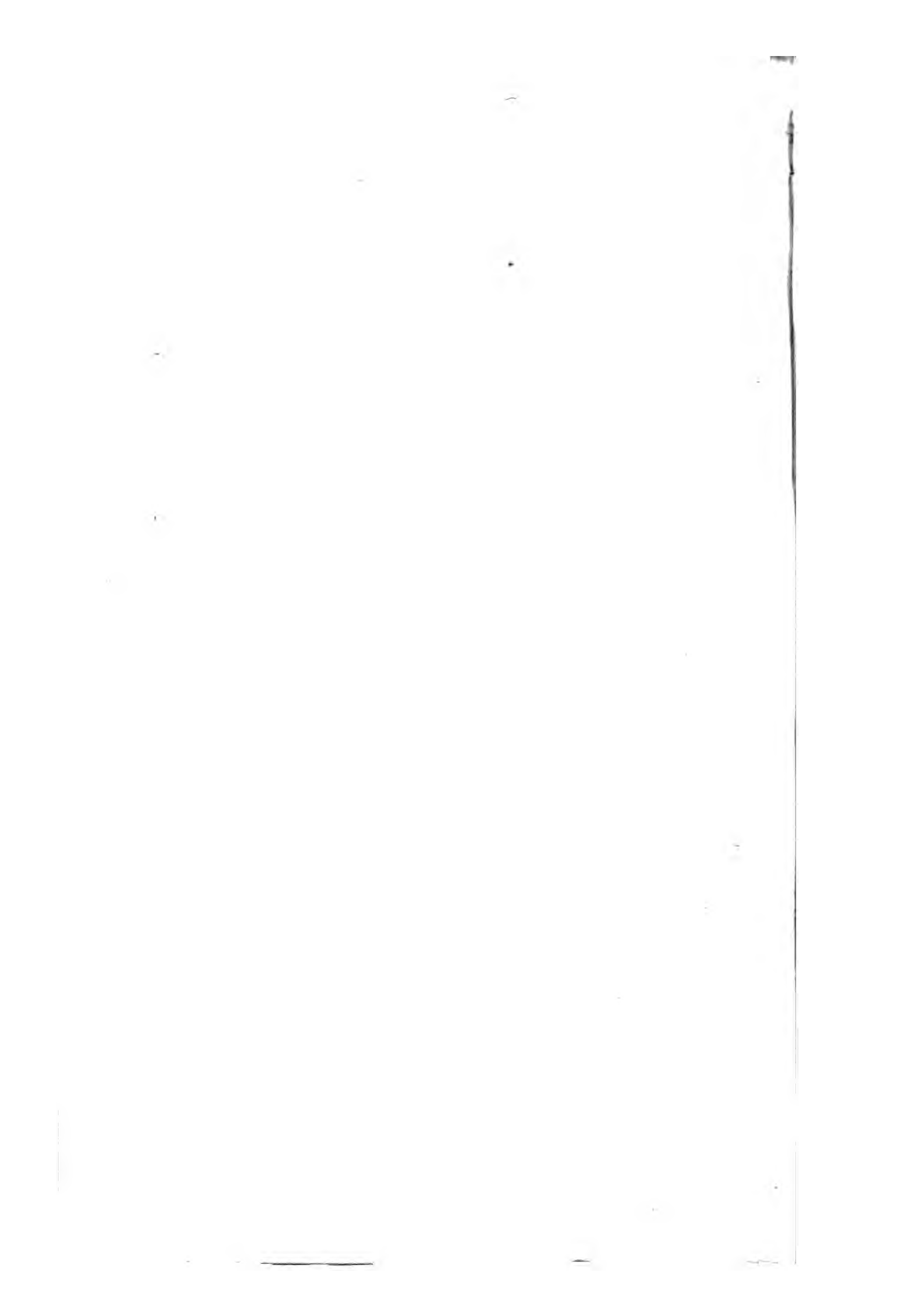
An outcast hurl'd
From all the world,
Whom none would love or cherish,
What now remains to end my woes,
But here, amid the deep'ning snows,
To lay me down and perish?

Death's icy dart
Invades my heart:
Just HEAV'N! all-good! all-seeing!
Thy matchless mercy I implore,
When I must wake, to sleep no more,
In realms of endless being!

FIOLFAR,
KING OF NORWAY.

..... agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu.

HOR.



FIOLFAR.

I.

IN the dark-rolling waves at the verge of the west
The steeds of DELLINGER had hasten'd to rest,
While HRIMFAX advanc'd through the star-spangled
plain,
And shook the thick dews from his grey-flowing mane;
The moon with pale lustre was shining on high,
And meteors shot red down the paths of the sky.
By the shore of the ocean FIOLFAR reclin'd,
Where through the rock-fissures loud-murmur'd the
wind,
For sweet to his ear was the deep-dashing flow
Of the foam-cover'd billows that thunder'd below.

—“ Alas!” he exclaim’d, “ were the hopes of my
youth,

Though rais’d 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 hush'd are the harps, and extinguish'd 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 doom'd 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 wond’ring descried
A sable-clad form standing tall by his side:
His soul-piercing eyes as the eagle’s were bright,
And his raven-hair flow’d 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 abhorr’d;
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 ceas’d, and FIOLFAR beheld him no more;
Nor long paus’d the youth on the dark-frowning shore:

—“Whate'er be thy nature, oh stranger!” he said,
“Thou hast call'd 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!”—

II.

To Loda's dark CIRCLE and mystical STONE,
With the grey-gather'd 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:
—“ The mountains of LOCHLIN shall ring with
alarms,
For the heroes of NORWAY are rising in arms;
The heroes of NORWAY destruction shall pour
On the wide-spreading plains of the bold YRRODORE.
VALFANDER! look down from thy throne in the skies!
Our suppliant songs from thy altar arise:

Be thou too propitious, invincible THOR!
And lend thy strong aid to our banners of war.
As the white-beating stream from the rock rushes down,
FIOLFAR'S young warriors will speed to renown.
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 battle attend,
When the raven shall hover on dark-flapping wing,
And the eagle shall feed on the foes of our king!"—
As full to the wind rose the soul-thrilling tones,
Strange murmurs rung wild from the moss-cover'd
stones;
The ghosts of the mighty, rejoicing, came forth,
And roll'd their thin forms on the blasts of the north;
On light-flying meteors triumphantly driv'n,
They scatter'd their signs from the centre of heav'n

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 whirl'd,
Fantastical arrows and jav'lins were hurl'd,
That, flashing and falling in mimic affray,
In the distant horizon died darkly away,
Where a blood-dropping banner seem'd slowly to sail,
And expand its red folds to the death-breathing gale.
FIOLFAR look'd forth from his time-honor'd halls,
Where the trophies of battle emblazon'd the walls:
He heard the faint song as at distance it swell'd,
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 crown'd ;
By valor and virtue for ever renown'd ;
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 !”

III.

The sword clatter'd fiercely on helm and on shield,
For NORWAY and LOCHLIN had met in the field;
The long lances shiver'd, the swift arrows flew,
The string shrilly twang'd 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, strong as the whirlwinds the forest that tear,
And strew with its boughs the vast bosom of air,
The NORWĒYANS bore down with all-conquering force,
And havoc and slaughter attended their course.
FIOLFAR through danger triumphantly trod,
And scatter'd confusion and terror abroad;

Majestic as BALDER, tremendous as THOR,
He plung'd in the red-foaming torrent of war:
Through the thickest of battle he hasten'd at length
Where YRRODORE stood in the pride of his strength:
—“Turn, traitor!” he cried, “thy destruction is nigh!
Thy soul to the regions of HELA shall fly,
Where the base and the guilty for ever are toss'd
Through NILFHIL'S nine worlds of unchangeable
frost!”—
—“Vain boaster! no! never shall YRRODORE yield!”—
But the sword of FIOLFAR had shatter'd his shield:
Indignantly YRRODORE sprung on the foe,
And rear'd his strong arm for a death-dealing blow,
But the monarch of NORWAY impatiently press'd,
And sheath'd the bright steel in his enemy's breast.
Swift flow'd the black blood, and in anguish he breath'd,
Yet he mutter'd these words as expiring he writh'd:

—“And deem'st 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-blacken'd spirit went forth,

And rush'd to the caves of the uttermost north;

Still destin'd to roam through the frost-cover'd

plain,

Where HELA has fix'd her inflexible reign,

Till the day when existence and nature shall end,
When the last fatal TWILIGHT on earth shall descend,
When FENRIS and LOK, by all beings accurst,
Their long-galling chains shall indignantly burst,
When the trump of HEIMDALLER the signal shall peal
Of the evils CREATION is destin'd to feel,
And SURTUR shall scatter his ruin-fraught fire,
And earth, air, and ocean, burn, sink, and expire!

IV.

Now dreary and dark was the field of the dead,
For NORWAY had conquer'd, and LOCHLIN had fled:
The hoarse raven croak'd from the blood-streaming
ground,
Where the dead and the dying lay mingled around:
The warriors of NORWAY were sunk in repose,
And rush'd, in idea, 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 lean'd on his spear,
For YRRODORE'S words echoed still in his ear:
When sudden, through twilight, again he descried
The sable-clad form standing tall by his side:
—" Behold me, Fiolfar: my promise I keep:
NITALPHA is fetter'd in magical sleep:

Yet I to thy arms can the maiden restore,
And passion and vengeance shall harm her no more.
The monarch of LOCHLIN, enrag'd at her scorn,
Confin'd her in DEURANIL'S caverns forlorn,
Nor dar'd he endeavour, though deeply he sigh'd,
By force to obtain what affection denied." —

—" Strange being! what art thou? thy nature de-
clare." —

—" The name of NERIMNER from mortals I bear:
Mid desolate rocks, in a time-hollow'd 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 giv'n,
That can check the pale moon as she rolls through the
heav'n,

Can strike the dark dwellers of NILFHIL with dread,
And breathe the wild verse that awakens the dead.

My voice can the spells of thy rival destroy :

Then follow, FIOLFAR! I lead thee to joy!"——

As flow'd the deep accents mysterious and stern,

Fiolfar felt hope to his bosom return ;

He follow'd the stranger, by vale and by flood,

Till they pierc'd the recesses of DEURANIL'S wood :

Through untrodden thickets of ash and of yew,

Whose close-twining boughs shut the sky from their

view,

Slow-toiling they wound, till before them arose

The black-yawning caves of NITALPHA'S repose.

A blue-burning vapor shone dim through the gloom,

And roll'd its thin curls round a rude-fashion'd

tomb,

Where the weary DUERGI, by magic constrain'd,
 With eyes never-closing, their station maintain'd.
 Loud shouting they rose when the strangers advanc'd,
 But fear glaz'd their eyes, and they paus'd as entranc'd,
 While the mighty NERIMNER, in fate-favor'd hour,
 Thus breath'd the strong spell that extinguish'd their
 pow'r:

—“ 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 unreveal'd accents, in secret express'd,
 Of old by VALFANDER to BALDER address'd;
 By the ills which the guilty and dastardly share;
 By HELA's dominions of pain and despair;
 By SURTUR's wide regions of death-spreading fire;
 Hence, children of evil! DUERGI, retire!” —

The **DUERGI** with yells made the caverns resound,
As, reluctantly yielding, they sunk through the ground;
And the youth felt his breast with anxiety swell,
While thus the magician concluded the spell:
—“ Fair maid, whom the tomb’s dreary confines sur-
round,
Whom the dark, iron slumber of magic has bound,
Let life and delight re-illumine thine eyes,
Arise, star of beauty! **NITALPHA**, arise!” —
The vapor-flame died in a bright-beaming flash;
The tomb burst in twain with an earth-shaking crash;
All wonder, **NITALPHA** arose in her charms,
She knew her **FIOLFAR**, she flew to his arms,
And he found ev’ry shadow of sorrow depart,
As he clasp’d the dear maiden again to his heart.

NOTES.



NOTES.

Though the names of Odin and Thor, the Fatal Sisters, and the Hall of Valhalla, be familiar to the readers of English poetry, yet, as the minutiae of the Gothic Mythology are not very generally known, I have subjoined a few short explanatory notes, which, though they cannot be expected to afford much insight into the general system, will, I trust, be sufficient to enable my readers to comprehend such parts of it, as are alluded to in this poem.

DELLINGER,—day.

HRIMFAX,—the steed of the evening twilight.

NIORD,—the God of the sea and wind.

NORVER,—Night.

LOK.—Lok, though he ranked amongst the Scandinavian Deities, had all the attributes of a

demon. He was the enemy of Gods and Men, and the author of crimes and calamities.

VALFANDER,—a name of Odin, the chief of the Gods.

To Loda's dark circle, and mystical stone.

The Circle of Loda, or Loden, was a rude circle of stones, used as a place of worship amongst the Scandinavians.

THOR,—the Gothic Mars.

VALHALLA,—the hall of Odin, where the spirits of heroes who died in battle drank mead and beer from the skulls of their enemies.

With strong coruscations of vibrating light.

It is well known with what superstitious anxiety the *Aurora Borealis* was formerly regarded. Ignorance and credulity readily discerned in its brilliant phenomena the semblance of aërial battles: and it is not surprising, that from such a source the va-

liant should draw prognostics of victory, and the timid of defeat and destruction. Thus Lucan, in describing the prodigies which preceded the civil war:

Tum ne qua futuri
 Spes saltem trepidas mentes levet, addita fati
 Pejoris manifesta fides, superique minaces
 Prodigiiis terras implerunt, æthera, pontum.
 Ignota obscuræ viderunt sidera noctes,
 Ardentemque polum flammis, cœloque volantes
 Obliquas per inane faces, crinemque timendi
 Sideris, et terris mutantem regna cometen.
 Fulgura fallaci micuerunt crebra sereno,
 Et varias ignis tenso dedit aëre formas;
 Nunc jaculum longo, nunc sparso lumine lampas
 Emicuit cœlo.

Fantastical arrows and jav'lines were hurl'd.

The northern lights which appeared at London in 1560 were denominated *burning spears*.

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

BALDER,—the Scandinavian Apollo, the son of

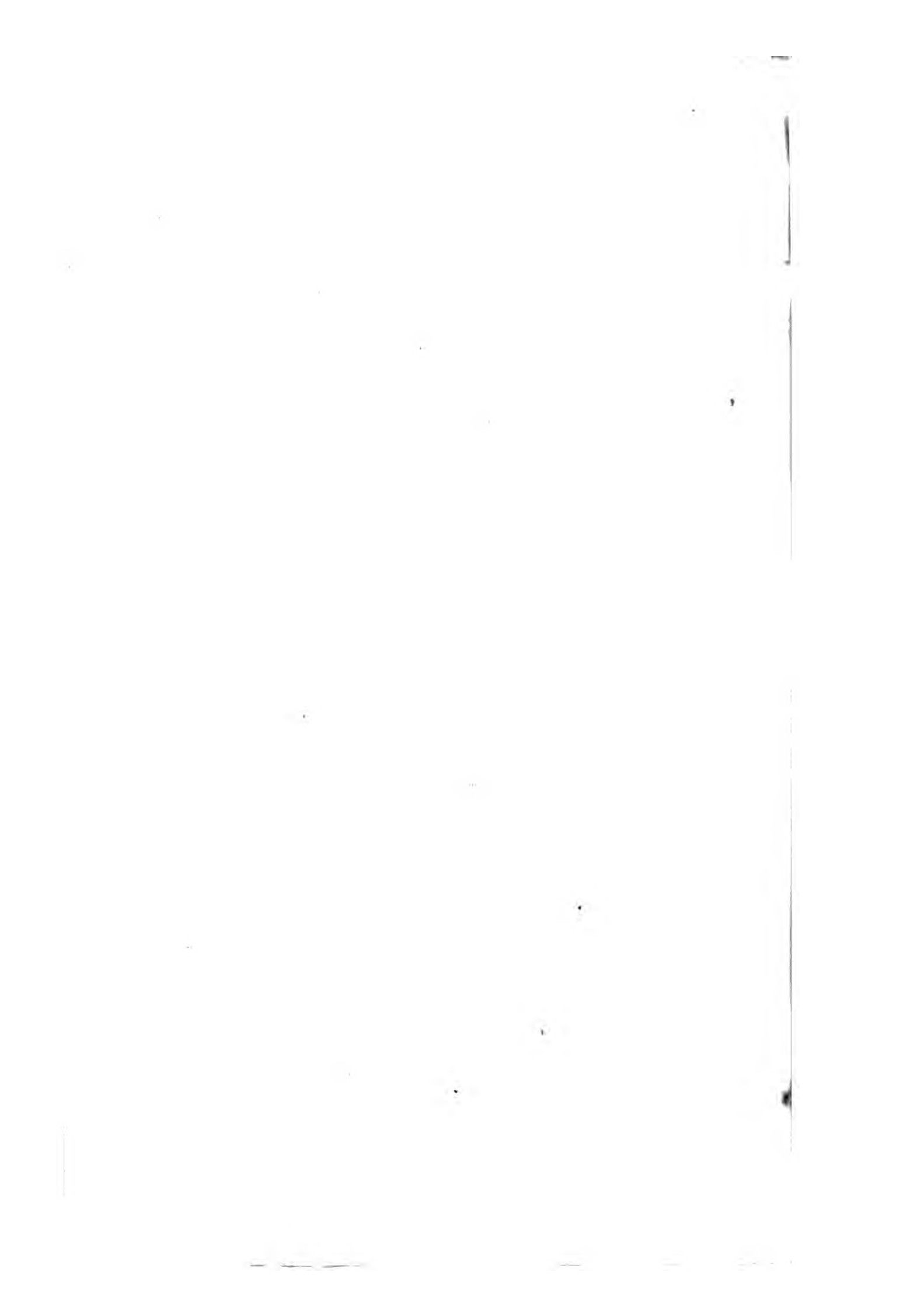
Odin. He was the most amiable and beautiful of all the Deities; and drove the chariot of the sun, till, being killed by Hoder through the machinations of Lok, he was compelled to fix his residence in the palace of Hela, when his office was transferred to Dellinger.

HELA,—the Goddess of Death. She presided over Nilphil, or Nistheimr, the hell of the Gothic Nations, which was situated in the frozen regions at the north pole. At the south pole was the region of fire, inhabited by Surtur, the enemy of Odin, and his attendant genii and giants, by whom, in the twilight of the Gods, the world is to be consumed.

DUERGI, —dwarfs.

FREYER,—the son of Niord.

MISCELLANIES.



HENRIETTE.

LOUD and long the church-bells ringing

Spread their signals on the air;

Tow'rds his ELLEN lightly springing,

Faithless EDWARD hastens there.

Can he dare to wed another?

Can he all his vows forget?

Can he truth and conscience smother,

And desert his HENRIETTE?

Pale remorse my steps attending,

Whither can I hope to fly?

When shall all my woes have ending?

Never, never, till I die!

Can the youth who once ador'd me,
Can he hear without regret,
Death has that repose restor'd me,
He has stol'n from HENRIETTE?

Brightly smiles the summer-morning
On my EDWARD'S nuptial day;
While the bells, with joyous warning,
Call to love and mirth away.
How this wretched heart is throbbing!
Ere the ev'ning sun shall set,
Death shall ease my bosom's sobbing,
Death shall comfort HENRIETTE.

Cruel youth, farewell for ever!
False as thou hast been to me,

Ne'er, till FATE my thread shall sever,
Can I turn my thoughts from thee.
Guilt and shame thy soul enslaving,
Thou mayst weep and tremble yet,
When thou seest the willow waving
O'er the grave of HENRIETTE!

THE
OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

ON ETERNITY'S confines I stand,
And look back on the paths I have trod:
I pant for the summoning hand,
That shall call me away to my God!

My temples are sprinkled with snow;
The sands of existence decline;
The dwelling is cheerless and low,
The dwelling that soon must be mine.

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT. . 99

No longer beside me are found
The forms that of old were so dear;
No longer the voices resound,
That once werè so sweet to mine ear.

The wife of my bosom is lost;
Long, long, has she sunk into sleep:
My boy on the ocean was toss'd,
He rests in the caves of the deep.

A villain my daughter betray'd;
Her home and her father she fled:
But HEAV'N has in justice repaid
The tears he has caus'd me to shed.

100 THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

Her peace and her honor he stole;
Abandon'd, despairing, she died:
Remorse quickly seiz'd on his soul,
And he rests in the grave by her side.

Oh! where are the friends of my youth,
The lovely, the good, and the brave?
All flown to the mansions of TRUTH!
All pass'd through the gates of the grave!

On parents, and children, and friends,
Have mortality's arrows been driv'n;
But swiftly the darkness descends,
And my spirit shall join them in HEAV'N!

ON THE DEATH OF
CHARLES PEMBROKE, ESQ.

WHERE yon green tombs their heads promiscuous raise,
With tearful eyes let FRIENDSHIP mark the spot
Where PEMBROKE slumbers. Upright and sincere,
For public worth esteem'd, for private lov'd,
Approving VIRTUE smil'd upon his life,
And soft eyed sorrow consecrates his urn.
Above that spot where rests his honour'd dust,
The sportive child may spend his idle hours,
Unthinking that the silent form below
Was once like him, like him was wont to play,
Unknown to care. Thrice happy innocent!
Thou too shalt fall, and on thy humble grave

Another child, unthinking as thyself,
Light as the lark, and rosy as the morn,
Shall frolic in his turn. Thus 'tis with man:
Like Autumn's leaves the present race decays,
Another race succeeds. But after death
Shall VIRTUE live, and live to die no more,
In better climes, from mortal eyes retir'd.
There, PEMBROKE, there thy sainted spirit dwells,
In everlasting rest; there, far remov'd
From all the troubles of the world, enjoys
The sure reward of goodness here below,
Eternal, boundless happiness above.

THE RAIN-BOW.

THE day has pass'd in storms, though not unmix'd
With transitory calm. The western clouds,
Dissolving slow, unveil the glorious sun,
Majestic in decline. The wat'ry east
Glow's with the many-tinted arch of HEAV'N.
We hail it as a pledge that brighter skies
Shall bless the coming morn. Thus rolls the day,
The short dark day of life; with tempests thus,
And fleeting sun-shine chequer'd. At its close,
When the dread hour draws near, that bursts all ties,
All commerce with the world, RELIGION pours

HOPE's fairy-colors on the virtuous mind,
And, like the rain-bow on the ev'ning clouds,
Gives the bright promise that a happier dawn
Shall chase the night and silence of the grave.

ELLEN.

THE marble tomb, in sculptur'd state display'd,
Decks the vile earth where wealthy vice is laid;
But no vain pomp its hollow splendor throws,
Where BEAUTY, VIRTUE, INNOCENCE, repose.
The cypress tow'rs, the waving willows weep,
Where ELLEN sleeps the everlasting sleep,
Where with a sigh the passing stranger sees
The long rank grave-grass bending in the breeze.

THE LORD'S PRAYER,

PARAPHRASED.

A. Æ. 16.

FATHER of all! who dwell'st above!

Thy praises we proclaim:

To thee be endless fear and love;

All-hallow'd be thy name.

Thy kingdom come: thy will be done

On earth, as 'tis in HEAV'N:

In ev'ry realm beneath the sun,

To thee be glory giv'n.

Grant us, oh thou who cloth'st the field!

 This day our daily bread:

As we to others mercy yield,

 On us thy mercy shed.

Permit not in temptation's road

 Our heedless steps to stray;

Free us from evil's dire abode,

 And guide us on our way.

For ever above all to tow'r,

 For ever bright to shine,

Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r,

 And endless glory thine.

FAREWELL TO MATILDA.

Oui, pour jamais
Chassons l'image
De la volage
Que j'adorais. PARNY.

MATILDA, farewell! FATE has doom'd us to part,
But the prospect occasions no pang to my heart;
No longer is love with my reason at strife,
Though once thou wert dearer, far dearer than life.

As together we roam'd, I the passion confess'd,
Which thy beauty and virtue had rais'd in my breast;
That the passion was mutual thou mad'st me believe,
And I thought *my* MATILDA could never deceive.

My MATILDA! no, false one! my claims I resign:
 Thou canst not, thou must not, thou shalt not be mine:
 I now scorn thee as much as I lov'd thee before,
 Nor sigh when I think I shall meet thee no more,

Though fair be thy form, thou no lovers wilt find,
 While folly and falsehood inhabit thy mind,
 Though coxcombs may flatter, though ideots may prize,
 Thou art shunn'd by the good, and contemn'd by the
 wise.

Than mine what affection more fervent could be,
 When I thought ev'ry virtue was center'd in thee?
 Of the vows thou hast broken I will not complain,
 For I mourn not the loss of a heart I disdain.

Oh! hadst thou but constant and amiable prov'd
As that *fancied perfection* I formerly lov'd,
Nor absence, nor time, though supreme their controul,
Could have dimm'd the dear image then stamp'd on
my soul.

How bright were the pictures, untinted with shade,
By HOPE'S glowing pencil on FANCY pourtray'd!
Sweet visions of bliss! which I could not retain;
For they, like thyself, were deceitful and vain.

Some other, perhaps, to MATILDA is dear,
Some other, more pleasing, though not more sincere;
May he fix thy light passions, now wav'ring as air,
Then leave thee, inconstant, to shame and despair!

Repent not, MATILDA, return not to me:

Unavailing thy grief, thy repentance will be:

In vain will thy vows or thy smiles be resum'd,

For LOVE, once extinguish'd, is never relum'd.

M I R A.

BENEATH yon yew-tree's silent shade,
Long, tufted grass the spot discloses,
Where, low in death untimely laid,
Pale MIRA's silent form reposes.

The plaintive bird, at ev'ning-close,
Pours there her softly-mournful numbers;
The earth its earliest sweets bestows,
To deck the grave where MIRA slumbers.

There SUMMER'S brightest flow'rs appear;
There oft the hollow breeze is swelling;
The passing stranger drops a tear
On MIRA'S dark and narrow dwelling.

The moralist, with musing eyes,
Loves there his pensive steps to measure:
"How vain is human pride!" he cries,
"How soon is lost each earthly treasure!"

"To snatch the fleeting bubble, joy,
How weak is ev'ry fond endeavour!
We rush to seize the glitt'ring toy;
It bursts, it vanishes for ever!

“ How soon our pleasures pass away !

How soon our bliss must yield to sorrow!

The friend, with whom we smile to-day,

May wither in his shroud to-morrow!”

AMARILLIS;

FROM THE PASTOR FIDO.

(DUNQUE addio, care selve,
Care mie' selve, addio.
Ricevete questi ultimi sospiri,
Fin che sciolta da ferro ingiusto, e crudo,
Torni la mia fredd' ombra
A le vostr' ombre amate.
Che nel penoso inferno
Non può gir innocente,
Nè può star tra beati

Disperata e dolente.

.....

..... i' moro, e senza colpa,

E senza frutto; e senza te, cor mio:

Mi moro, oime, MIRTILLO.)

Dear woods, your sacred haunts I leave:

Adieu! my parting sighs receive!

Adieu! dear native woods, adieu!

Which I no more am doom'd to view,

From ev'ry joy remov'd;

Till from the cold and cruel urn

My melancholy shade shall turn

To seek your shades below'd.

For, free from guilt, I cannot go

To join the wailing ghosts below,

Nor can despair and bleeding love

Find refuge with the blest above.

.....

In youth and innocence I die;

The cold grave-stone must be my pillow;

From life, from love, from hope I fly;

Adieu! a long adieu! MIRTILLO!

CLONAR AND TLAMIN.

IMITATED FROM A LITTLE POEM IN MACPHERSON'S
NOTES ON OSSIAN.

“The loves of Clonar and Tlamin were rendered famous in the north by a fragment of a lyric poem still preserved which is ascribed to Ossian. It is a dialogue between Clonar and Tlamin. She begins with a soliloquy, which he overhears.”

TLAMIN.

SON of CONGLAS of IMOR! thou first in the battle!

Oh CLONAR, young hunter of dun-sided roes!

Where the wings of the wind through the tall branches

rattle,

Oh, where does my hero on rushes repose?

By the oak of the valley, my love, have I found thee,
Where swift from the hill pour thy loud-rolling
streams;
The beard of the thistle flies sportively round thee,
And dark o'er thy face pass the thoughts of thy
dreams.

Thy dreams are of scenes where the war-tempest
rages:

TLAMIN'S youthful warrior no dangers appal:
Even now, in idea, my hero engages,
On ERIN'S green plains, in the wars of FINGAL.

Half hid, by the grove of the hill, I retire:

Ye blue mists of LUTHA! why rise ye between?
Why hide the young warrior whose soul is all fire,
Oh why hide her love from the eyes of TLAMIN?

CLONAR.

As the vision that flies with the beams of the morning,
While fix'd on the mind its bright images prove,
So fled the young sun-beam these vallies adorning;
Why flies my TLAMIN from the sight of her love?

TLAMIN.

Oh CLONAR! my heart will to joy be a stranger,
Till thou on our mountains again shalt be seen;
Then why wilt thou rush to the regions of danger,
Far, far from the love of the mournful TLAMIN?

CLONAR.

The signals of war are from SELMA resounding!
With morning we rise on the dark-rolling wave;
Towards green-vallied ERIN our vessels are bounding;
I rush to renown, to the fields of the brave!

Yet around me when war's hottest thunders shall rattle,

Thy form to my soul ever present shall be ;

And should death's icy hand check my progress in

battle,

The last sigh of CLONAR shall rise but for thee.

FOLDATH
IN
THE CAVERN OF MOMA.

FROM THE SAME.

FOLDATH,
ADDRESSING THE SPIRITS OF HIS FATHERS.

In your presence dark I stand:
Spirits of my sires! disclose,
Shall my steps, o'er ATHA's land,
Pass to ULLIN of the roes?

ANSWER.

Thou to ULLIN's plains shalt go:

There shall rage the battle loud:

O'er the fall'n thy fame shall grow,

Like the gath'ring thunder-cloud.

There thy blood-stain'd sword shall gleam,

Till, around while danger roars,

CLONCATH, the REFLECTED BEAM,

Come from MORUTH's sounding shores.

DREAMS.

FROM PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

DREAMS, which, beneath the hov'ring shades of night,
Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
Creates its own. For when the chains of sleep
Have bound the weary, and the lighten'd mind
Unshackled plays, the actions of the light
Become renew'd in darkness. Then the chief,
Who shakes the world with war, who joys alone

In blazing cities, and in wasted plains,
O'erthrown battalions sees, and dying kings,
And fields o'erflow'd with blood. The lawyer dreams
Of causes, of tribunals, judges, fees.
The trembling miser hides his ill-gain'd gold,
And oft with joy a buried treasure finds.
The eager hunter with his clam'rous dogs
Makes rocks and woods resound. The sailor brings
His vessel safe to port, or sees it whelm'd
Beneath the foaming waves. The anxious maid
Writes to her lover, or beholds him near.
The dog in dreams pursues the tim'rous hare.
The wretch, whom Fortune's iron hand has scourg'd,
Finds in his slumbers all his woes reviv'd.

PINDAR

ON THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Ακτις αελιου πολυσκοπε, κτλ.

ALL-ENLIGHT'NING, all-beholding,

All-transcending star of day!

Why, thy sacred orb enfolding,

Why does darkness veil thy ray?

On thy life-diffusing splendor

These portentous shades that rise,

Vain the strength of mortals render,

Vain the labors of the wise.

Late thy wheels, through ether burning,
Roll'd in unexampled light :
Mortals mourn thy change, returning
In the sable garb of night.

Hear, oh PHŒBUS! we implore thee,
By OLYMPIAN JOVE divine ;
PHŒBUS! THEBANS kneel before thee,
Still on THEBES propitious shine.

On thy darken'd course attending,
Dost thou signs of sorrow bring?
Shall the SUMMER rains, descending,
Blast the promise of the SPRING?

Or shall WAR, in evil season,
Spread unbounded ruin round?
Or the baleful hand of TREASON
Our domestic joys confound?

By the bursting torrent's power,
Shall our rip'ning fields be lost?
Shall the air with snow-storms lower,
Or the soil be bound in frost?

Or shall ocean's waves stupendous,
Unresisted, unconfined,
Once again, with roar tremendous,
Hurl destruction on mankind?

TO A YOUNG LADY, NETTING.

WHILE those bewitching hands combine,
With matchless grace, the silken line,
They also weave, with gentle art,
Those stronger nets that bind the heart.

But soon all earthly things decay:
That net in time must wear away:
E'en BEAUTY'S silken meshes gay
No lasting hold can take:

But BEAUTY, VIRTUE, SENSE, combin'd,
(And all these charms in thee are join'd)
Can throw that net upon the mind,
No human art can e'er unbind,
No human pow'r can break.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. I.

NUGÆ.

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LEVI MOSES.

Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato?

Juv.

MA name'sh LEVI MOSHESH: I tink I vash born,

Dough I cannot exactly remember,

In ROSHEMARRY-LANE, about tree in de morn,

Shome time in de mont of NOVEMBER.

Ma fader cried "*clothesh*," trough de shtreetsh ash he

vent,

Dough he now shleeping under de shtone ish,

He made by hish bargains two hundred per shent,

And dat vay he finger'd de monish.

Ma fader vash vise: very great vash hish shenshe:

De monish he alwaysh vash turning:

And early he taught me poundsh, shillingsh, and penshe;

“For,” shaysh he, “dat ish all dat’sh vorth learning.

Ash to Latin and Greek, ’tish all nonshenshe, I shay,

Which occasion to shtudy dere none ish;

But shtich closhe to COCKER, for dat ish de vay,

To teach you to finger de monish.”

To a shtock-broker den I apprentishe vash bound,

Who hish monish lov’d very shinshereley;

And, trough hish inshtuctions, I very shoon found,

I ma bushinesh knew pretty clearly.

Shaysh he: “cheat a little: ’tish no shuch great crime,

Provided it cleverly done ish:”

Sho I cleverly cheated him every time

I could manage to finger hish monish.

And den I shet up for a broker mashelf,
 And FORTUNE hash shmil'd on ma laborsh;
 I've minded de main-chanshe, and shcrap'd up de pelf,
 And ruin'd von half of ma neighboursh.
 If any von cash on goot bondsh would obtain,
 Very shoon ready for him de loan ish;
 And about *shent per shent* ish de int' resht I gain,
 And dat vay I finger de monish.

To part vit ma monish I alwaysh vash loth;
 For ma table no daintiesh I dish up:
 I dine on two eggsh, and I shup on de broth,
 But I feasht vonsh a veek like a bishop!
 Ev'ry SHATURDAY night, on a *grishkin of pork*
 I regale bote mashelf and ma croniesh;
 And I play on de grishkin a goot knife and fork,
 Dough dat runsh away vit de monish!

To de presheptsh ma fader inshtill'd in ma mind

I have ever been conshtant and shteady :

To learning or pleasure I ne'er vash inclin'd,

For neider vould bring in de ready.

And into ma pocketsh de monish to bring

Ma perpetual shtudy alone ish,

For de monish indeed ish a very goot ting,

Oh, a very goot ting ish de monish !

SLENDER'S LOVE-ELEGY.

COME, POLYHYMNIA, heav'nly maid!

Oh deign an humble bard to aid,

Whose heart in tenfold chains is laid,

In CUPID's cage:

To ANNA's name I strike the string;

Thence all my pains and pleasures spring:

Yes, I aspire thy praise to sing,

OH SWEET ANNE PAGE!

The lustre of thy soft blue eyes,
Thy lip that with the coral vies,
Might bid love's flames the breast surprise,

Of stoic sage :

And cold indeed his heart must be,
Who could thy matchless features see,
And not at once exclaim, with me,

OH SWEET ANNE PAGE !

Wealth, pow'r, and splendor, I disown :
To them no real joys are known :
Thy unaffected charms alone

My heart engage :

Thou canst alone my bosom fire,
Thou canst alone my muse inspire,
To thee alone I tune the lyre,

OH SWEET ANNE PAGE !

Against my passion's fond appeal
Should'st thou thy gentle bosom steel,
What pow'r the pangs I then should feel

Could e'er assuage?

To woods, to mountains would I fly;
Thy dear lov'd name unceasing sigh,
Till thousand echoes should reply:

OH SWEET ANNE PAGE!

I cannot boast the art sublime,
Like some great poets of the time,
To sing, in lofty-sounding rhyme,

Of amorous rage:

But LOVE has taught me to complain;
LOVE has inspir'd this humble strain;
Then let me not still sigh in vain,

OH SWEET ANNE PAGE!

A FRAGMENT.

NAY, deem me not insensible, **CESARIO**,
To female charms; nor think this heart of mine
Is cas'd in adamant; because, forsooth,
I cannot ogle, and hyperbolise,
And whisper tender nothings in the ear
Of ev'ry would-be beauty, holding out
The bright but treach'rous flame of flattery,
To watch the she-moths of a drawing-room
Sport round the beam, and burn their pretty wings,
Ere conscious of their danger: yet, believe me,
I love a maid whose untranscended form
Is yet less lovely than her spotless mind.

With modest frankness, unaffected genius,
Unchang'd good-humour, beauty void of art,
And polish'd wit that seeks not to offend,
And winning smiles that seek not to betray,
She charms the sight, and fascinates the soul.
Where dwells this matchless nymph? alas, CESARIO!
'Tis but a sickly creature of my fancy,
Unparallell'd in nature.

THE END.

