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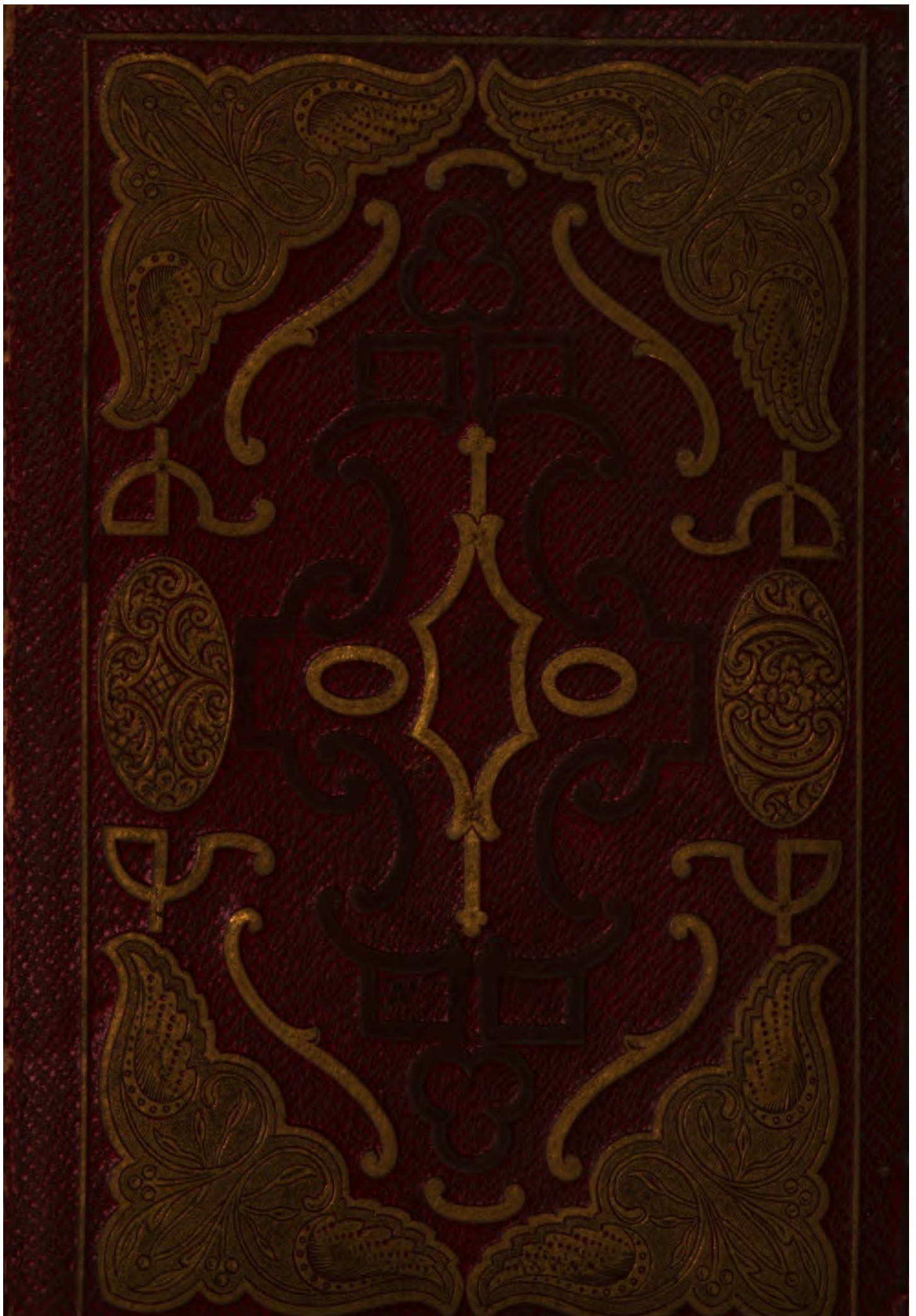
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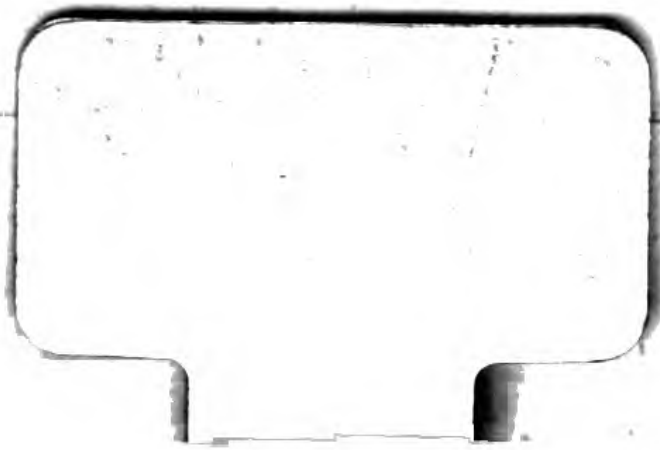
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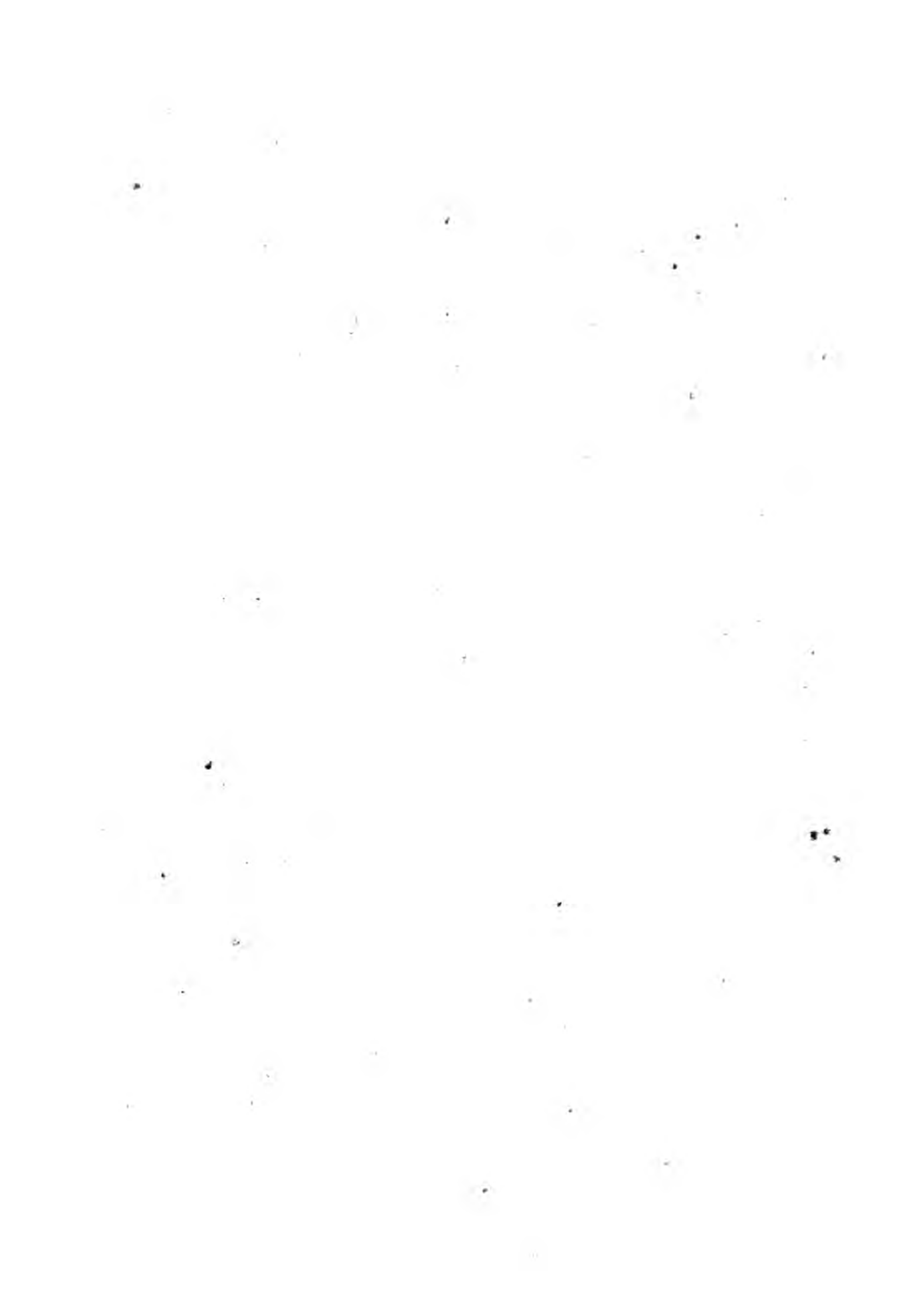


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PALESTINE.

“ He sang of Palestine,—that holy land.
Where saints and martyrs, and the warrior brave,
The cross in triumph planting on its strand,
Beneath its banners sought a glorious grave.
He sang of Calvary, of his Saviour sang,
Of the rich mercies of redeeming love.”—

Miss Jermyn.

PALESTINE

by

BISHOP HEBER.



LONDON
H.C. CLARKE & CO
69 OLD BAILLY



PALESTINE,

AND

O T H E R P O E M S .

BY

Henry Adams

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

LONDON:

H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.

—
1843.



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M E M O I R .

The subject of this memoir was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, April 2, 1783, and was admitted into the Christian fold by the holy sacrament of water; at which time he was named Reginald, after his venerable sire, who filled the important office of parish priest at Merton, in Yorkshire. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Allanson, a clergyman of the same county.

Young Heber was a child of early promise, and his youthful mind was soon imbued by an overpowering love for the Holy Word; on this he might almost have been literally said "to meditate day and night." He also displayed an early fondness for poetry, and had the high advantage of receiving the rudiments of his education under his excellent father, and thence passed to the care and tutorage of Dr. Bristow, having previously studied for some time in the grammar school of Whitchurch. While at the academy of Dr. Bristow he made considerable progress in his learning, and at

the proper age was entered an under-graduate of Brazenose College, Oxford, where he adopted the habit of early rising, and suffered no opportunity to pass unimproved; and it was here, that acting by the advice of his tutor, he was induced by the subject of Palestine being given out as an English prize poem, to prepare the best of his poetical productions, which was judged worthy to receive the prize, and admitted into no mean niche in the temple of literary fame.

In his twenty-first year, that is in 1804, our young scholar was elected a fellow of All Souls, and here he pursued his studies with unremitting ardour. The year following he resolved to visit the continent of Europe, and visited the countries of Sweden, Norway, Finland, Russia, Hungary and Germany, in the company of his friend John Thornton, Esq. By this tour he profited much, and returned to his college with an unabated thirst for knowledge and desire of improvement. After his return; writing of All Souls, he says, "the very air of the place breathes study. While I write I am enjoying the luxuries of a bright coal-fire, a green desk, and a tea-kettle bubbling."

Previous to his leaving England he had published an essay on "the sense of honor;" and about two

years afterwards he was admitted into holy orders; soon after which he was presented to the living of Hodnet, the duties of which he performed with exemplary zeal and piety, and only relinquished them to enter upon those arduous duties of the then recently established bishopric of Calcutta.

Reginald Heber entered upon his ministerial duties with ardour and resolution; and while much difference of opinion does, and will exist, as to the soundness of many of his theological opinions; as a practical Christian minister, "his praise is in all the churches." Indeed we have no hesitation in saying, that for practical piety and solid learning combined, Protestant England has never produced his equal. Soon after his settlement at Hodnet he entered into the holy state of matrimony, his partner being Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph; after which, with his amiable bride, he took a short excursion into Wales, and then returned to his flock at Hodnet, over whom he watched as one that must give an account, that he might do it with joy and not with grief.

His success amongst the parishioners at Hodnet was by no means equal to his wishes, but he did what he could, and it may be that the fruits of his pious labour will remain now that he is reaping his reward in a

brighter and better world. In 1815 he was selected to deliver the Bampton Lectures, which on their publication created much controversy. To the remarks made upon them Heber replied in a pamphlet, and at least silenced his adversaries, if he failed to convince them. In one thing at all events his pamphlet merits the highest commendation, as it is entirely devoid of that acrimonious and intolerant spirit with which it is so usual to clothe controversial works.

Soon after this time Mr. Heber published a life of the celebrated Jeremy Taylor, which as a literary production does him much credit; and almost immediately afterwards he received the flattering distinction of being appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn. To this labour he devoted three months in each year, and the sermons delivered from that pulpit are generally considered as amongst the most carefully-written and finished of his numerous publications.

That steady discharge of duty by which Heber was so distinguished, was shewn in a remarkable manner at Hodnet during the prevalence of a putrid sore throat, by which many of his parishioners were afflicted. On this occasion his efforts were unremitting, and when remonstrated with as to the dangers to which he exposed himself, his answer was at once

worthy of the Christian and the devoted servant of Him who "went about doing good." "Am I not," he said, "as much in God's keeping in the sick man's chamber as in my own." The disorder, however, reached him, and every member of his family at last, but in no instance terminated fatally.

But we must hasten to view him in another and a more extensive scene of usefulness. The news of the death of Bishop Middleton, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, reached England in 1822, and in the December of that year the Hon. C. W. W. Wynn wrote to Heber, asking him to name a person he thought likely to fill with energy and spirit the vacant See, and in a delicate manner intimating, that in Heber himself he thought he had discovered that person. Want of space prevents us from going into detail; suffice it to say, that Heber twice declined the proffered honour, and at length only accepted it on a conviction that in doing so he was acting in strict accordance with the line of duty. He felt most keenly his separation from his flock at Hodnet, of whom he took a most affectionate leave, in a sermon which will long be remembered by those who heard it, and left England with his family on the 16th of June, 1823, and devoted his time during the outward bound voyage to making himself acquainted

with the languages of Hindoostan and Persia, and arrived in India in the early part of the following year, and immediately entered upon the important duties of his mission.

Bishop Heber commenced his apostolic labours with a zeal and perseverance which evidently considered nothing is done while anything was left to do. We describe his mode of travelling through his extensive diocese in his own words.

“ Of the way of performing these long journeys I was myself very imperfectly informed before I came here; and even then it was long before I could believe how vast and cumbersome an apparatus of attendance and supplies of every kind was necessary, to travel in any degree of comfort and security. On the river, indeed, so long as that lasted, our progress is easy and pleasant, (bating a little heat and a few showers,) carried on by a strong south-eastern breeze, in a very roomy and comfortable boat, against the stream of a majestic body of water, with a breadth, during the rainy season, so high up as Patra, of from six to nine miles, and even above Patra, as far as Cawnpore, in no place narrower than the Mersey opposite Liverpool, (about three-quarters of a mile). But it is, after leaving the Ganges for the land journey, that, if not the tug, yet no small

part of the *apparatus, preventus et commentus* of war commences. It has been my wish on many accounts to travel without unnecessary display. My tents, equipments, and number of servants, are all on the smallest scale, which comfort or propriety would admit of. They all fall short of what are usually taken by the collectors of districts; and in comparison with what the commander-in-chief had with him the year before last I have found people ready to cry out against them as quite insufficient. Nor have I asked for a single soldier or trooper beyond what the commanding officers of districts have themselves offered as necessary and suitable. Yet, for myself and Dr. Smith, the united numbers amount to three elephants, above twenty camels, five horses, besides ponies for our principal servants, twenty-six servants, twenty-six bearers of burthens, fifteen classhees to pitch and remove tents, elephant and camel drivers, I believe thirteen; and since we left the company's territories and entered Rajahpatnam a guard of eighteen regular horse, and forty-five sipodies on foot, including native officers. Nor is this all, for there is a number of petty tradesmen, and other poor people, whose road is the same as ours, and who have asked permission to encamp near us, and travel under our protection; so that yesterday, when I

found it expedient, on account of the scarcity which prevails in these provinces, to order an allowance of flour, by way of Sunday dinner, to every person in camp, the number of heads counted was one hundred and sixty-five. The truth is, that when people carry every thing with them—tent, bed, furniture, wine, beer, and crockery for six months together no small quantity of beasts of burden may well be supposed necessary; and in countries such as those which I have now been traversing, where every man is armed, where every third or fourth man a few years since was a thief by profession, and where, in spite of English influence and supremacy, the forests, mountains, and a multitude of petty sovereignties, for the practical application of Wordsworth's "good old rule," you may believe me that it is neither pomp nor cowardice which has thus fenced your friend in with spear, shield, and bayonet."

In spite, however, of these difficulties, Bishop Heber commenced his work with joy, and prosecuted his labours in the spirit of his Lord. He had travelled over a large portion of his extensive vineyard, and visited the important stations of Bombay, Madras and Ceylon, and had taken in all these places the most effectual steps to render the mission successful. He arrived, of course,

attended by his numerous train, at Trichinipoly, in the early part of the day, on the 1st of April, 1826 which was Saturday, and on Sunday, the 2nd, preached in the morning to a numerous assembly. In the evening of the same day he administered the holy and scriptural rite of confirmation to little short of fifty persons, and then retired to rest. He rose early the next morning, and rode to the mission station, where he administered the same holy rite to fifteen young persons, and performing that impressive ceremony in the language of the natives. He had previously performed the solemn duties of family worship, and after confirming the young persons presented to him he rode to the mission-house, where he performed some necessary business, and returned to his encampment, where he prepared to take a bath. It is supposed that the chill of the water produced an apoplectic fit, as he was, in about half an hour after he had entered the bath, found at the bottom by his servant, who was alarmed at his prolonged absence. Medical aid was immediately procured, but every effort was vain. Life was extinct, and the faithful servant had departed to the joy of his Lord.

Nothing could exceed the grief which the news of this melancholy event diffused throughout the whole of

British India; nor was the grief less general or less sincere when the fatal news reached England. If ever a human being possessed, and deserved to possess, the love of all, it was Bishop Heber.

Owing to the heat of the climate the interment took place the next morning; and thus twenty-four hours after he was engaged in active labour, his body was consigned to the cold embraces of the silent grave.

A marble monument was erected by government to his memory, in the church of St. John, Trichinipoly, bearing a suitable inscription.

Besides the works already mentioned he composed "Hymns on Various Occasions;" and to his pen the Quarterly Review was indebted for some of its best and most finished papers; "but he rests from his labours, and his works follow him."



PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF MDCCCII.

Of the collection of Poems now offered to the Public, the first is an academical exercise composed at the age of nineteen, and which had the good fortune to obtain a prize from the University of Oxford. The second is an attempt to embody and compare the different feelings excited, in the first instance, by the opening and event of the war between France and Prussia; and afterwards, by the glorious struggle of the Spanish people in defence of their political liberty. The events which have since taken place in Europe have not been such as to lessen the hopes or change the sentiments expressed in the former editions, and the poem is again presented without alteration; though if the characters of poet and prophet had indeed been still synonymous,

the imaginary guardian of Europe would doubtless have carried his views considerably farther; would have averted his eyes in horror from the calamitous scenes of Wagram and Walcheren; and have reposed with joyful anticipation on the achievements of Hill, Graham, and Wellington.

The remaining contents of the volume have been written at various times, and under the pressure of various occupations. The pursuits of a life which, though retired, has not been idle, joined to the peculiar duties of the author's profession, have permitted few opportunities of indulging in the relaxation of poetry. If the future should present, as is far from improbable, still fewer than these, and forbid his adding to the following trifles any thing more worthy of fame; he trusts, at least, that nothing will be detected in his pages, repugnant to the first interests of mankind, to the cause of Liberty or Religion.

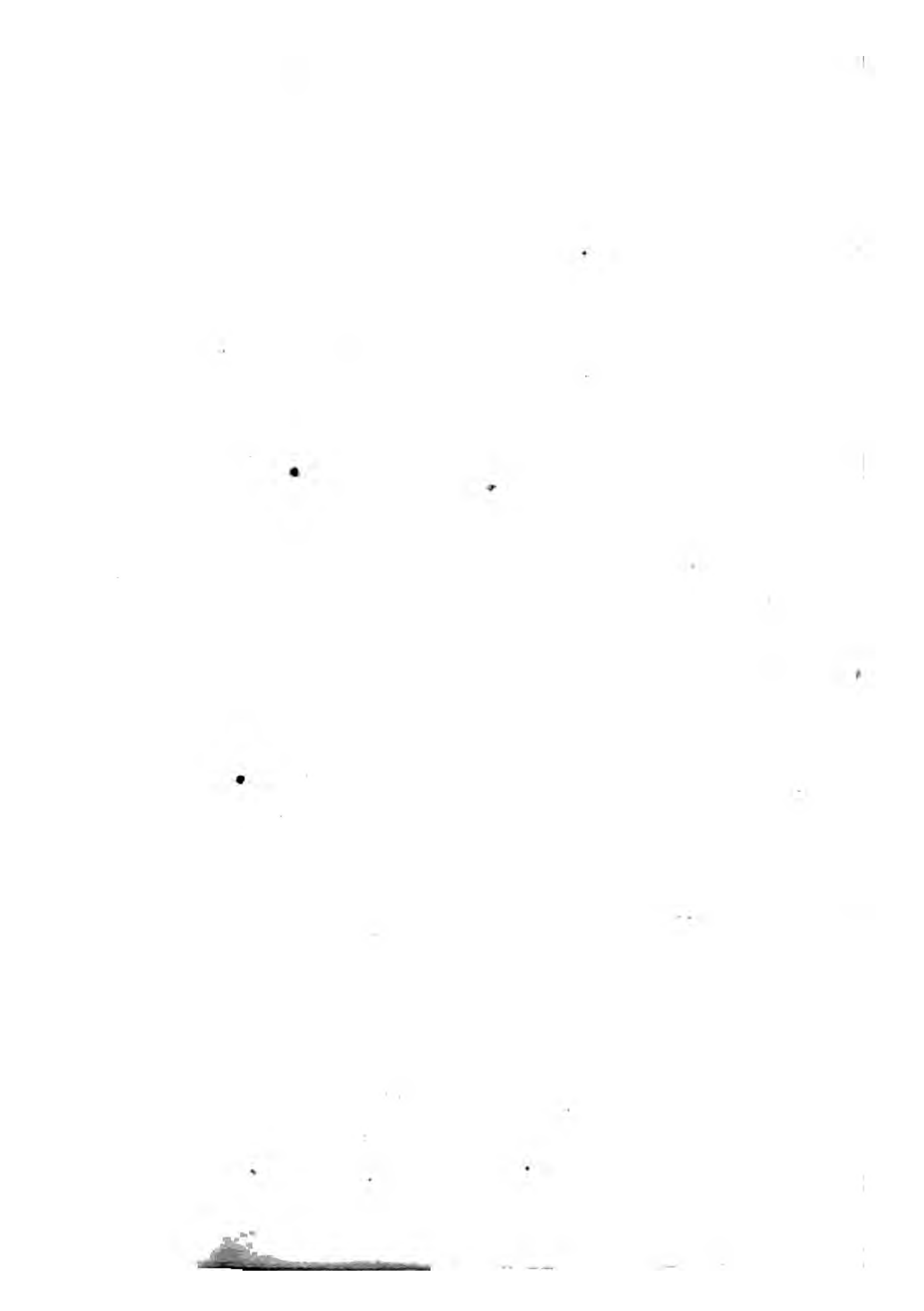
Palestine,

A PRIZE POEM.

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.



P A L E S T I N E .

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, and City, 'this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now the pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings
subdu'd?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven,
To whose high care Judea's state was given!

O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
 A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
 If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
 By Siloa's fount or Tabor's echoing hill;
 If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
 And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
 (For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
 Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
 And blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
 Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear);
 Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
 Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
 Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
 With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
 Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
 And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
 Delight of men below, and saints above!
 Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
 Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
 Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of
 fate,
 Thy house is left unto the desolate;
 Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
 And seas of sand o'ertop thy mould'ring wall
 Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
 Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
 And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
 With glist'ning eye beheld the plain below

With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the op'ning glades of Canaan hail ;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill ;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays ;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold ;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O, ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade !
What though no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ;
Though now no more your glitt'ring marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave ;

Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows :
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb :
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof, no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam :
My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguished woes :
See War untir'd his crimson pinion spread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead !
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine !
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,

Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.

Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whisp'ring reed;
And their's the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice;
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for thy power ador'd!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source;
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine!
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?

For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd ?

O, feeble boast of transitory power !
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !
Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :
Not such their hope, when through the fields of
 night
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light :
Not, when fierce conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car :
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite :
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height ;
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd :)
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power, eternal, infinite ?—
Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.

—Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?
 Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?
 No ;—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore
 A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore :
 By him, the chief to farthest India known,
 The mighty master of the iv'ry throne ;
 In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
 Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :
 Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
 And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
 —And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
 Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfined ;
 Who ev'ry bird, and beast, and insect knew,
 And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ;
 To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
 The powerful sigil and the starry spell,
 The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
 And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
 Hence all his might ; for who could these oppose ?
 And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.
 Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fail,
 And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
 In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
 There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd
 Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wond'ring
 ears
 The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
 Still sound Arabia's legendary lays !

And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore,
And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;
Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;—
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return,

And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their ling'ring Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear control ;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's
soul !

Nor vain their hope :— Bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high ;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King !
Mark'd ye, where, hov'ring o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?
Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice .
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war :
Messiah comes :—let furious discord cease
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !
Disease and anguish feel his blest control,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul ;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumed,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !
Thou sick'ning sun, so dark, so deep, so red !

Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light?
declare!

Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah rag'd, by ruffian discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning temple rose in lurid light,

To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd,
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade :
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man !

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom !
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome :
To swell, slow-pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride ;
To flesh the lion's rav'nous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel ;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah ! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost :
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid ;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove ;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb :

While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.
Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal ?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel ?
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sov'reign of the breast !
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows !

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign.
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen ;
There barb'rous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow ;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wand'ring hermit wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came :
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;

While beardless youths and tender maids assume
 The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
 In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
 The pond'rous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
 And start to see their armour's iron gleam
 Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
 All madly blythe the mingl'd myriads ran :
 Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
 And hov'ring vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
 By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led,
 Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
 United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore !
 There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance,
 Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;
 Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
 Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band :
 There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
 And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain ;
 Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
 Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow :—
 Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to avenge
 And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous
 blade !

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
 Whose giant force Britannia's armies led!

Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
 Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
 Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
 Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
 And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
 Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
 Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
 Th' apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
 To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
 When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
 And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway;
 What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
 What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
 Britannia's champion!—bath'd in hostile blood,
 High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood:
 Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
 E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.
 Oh day of death! Oh thirst, beyond control,
 Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul!
 The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
 O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;
 O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
 And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.

While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restor'd,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.

To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
And, hark ! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !

Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo ! thrones arise, and every saint is there ;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night ;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light :
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark ! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong ;—
“ Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to save,
“ Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave ! ”

Europe,

LINES

ON

THE PRESENT WAR.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCIX.

ID. QVANDO. ACCIDERIT. NON. SATIS. AVDEO
EFFARI. SIQVIDEM. NON. CLARIVS. MIHI
PER. SACROS. TRIPODES. CERTA. REFERT. DEVS
NEC. SERVAT. PENITVS. FIDEM

QVOD. SI. QVID. LICEAT. CREDERE. ADHVC. TAMEN
NAM. LAEVVM. TONVIT. NON. FVERIT. PROCVL
QVAERENDVS. CELERI. QVI. PROPERET. GRADV
ET. GALLVM. REPRIMAT. FEROX

PETRVS. CRINITVS. IN. CARMINE
AD. BER. CARAPHAM.

E U R O P E .

At that dread season, when th' indignant North,
Pour'd to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fann'd too late the flame of liberty;
By feverish hope oppress'd, and anxious thought,
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine play'd
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade:—
Yet slept not all;—I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons, and the wheels of war;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum;
O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that trode,
And the far distant fife that thrill'd along the road.
Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell
To catch the music of the pealing bell:
And sweet to list as on the beach we stray,
The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay:—
But sweet no less, when Justice points the spear,
Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear,

To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,
And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.

Oh! song of hope, too long delusive strain!
And hear we now thy flattering voice again?
But late, alas! I left thee cold and still,
Stunn'd by the wrath of Heaven, on Prätzen's hill.
Oh! on that hill may no kind month renew
The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew!
Accurs'd of God, may those bleak summits tell
The field of anger where the mighty fell.
There youthful Faith and high-born Courage rest,
And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled crest;
There Europe, soil'd with blood her tresses gray,
And ancient Honour's shield,—all vilely thrown
away.

Thus mus'd my soul, as in succession drear
Rose each grim shape of Wrath and Doubt and Fear;
Defeat and Shame in grisly vision past,
And Vengeance, bought with blood, and glorious Death
the last.

Then as my gaze their waving eagles met,
And through the night each sparkling bayonet,
Still Memory told how Austria's evil hour
Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power,
And Gallia's vaunting train, and Mosco's horde,
Had flesh'd the maiden steel of Brunswic's sword.
Oh! yet, I deem'd, that Fate, by Justice led,
Might wreath once more the veteran's silver head;

That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain
The cumbrous sceptre of a single reign ;
That conscious right would tenfold strength afford,
And Heaven assist the patriot's holy sword,
And look in mercy through th' auspicious sky,
To bless the saviour host of Germany.

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as shed
Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed?
And are they dreams? or can th' Eternal mind
Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind?
Why, if the dubious battle own his power,
And the red sabre, where he bids, devour,
Why then can one the curse of worlds deride,
And millions weep a tyrant's single pride?

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps stray'd
Rapt in the visions of the Aonian maid.
It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear;
My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide
Through the green walks of scented even-tide,
Or stretch'd with me in noonday ease along,
To list the reaper's chaunt, or throstle's song:—
But she of loftier port; whose grave controul
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul;
She, whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
With fame's bright promise cheers the student's toil;
That same was she, whose ancient lore refin'd
The sober hardihood of Sydney's mind.

Borne on her wing, no more I seem'd to rove
By Dresden's glittering spires, and linden grove
No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,
Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,
While the still margent of his ample flood
Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood—
(Woods happy once, that heard the carols free
Of rustic love, and cheerful industry;
Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,
And silence marks the track where France has been.)
Far other scenes than these my fancy view'd:
Rocks rob'd in ice, a mountain solitude;
Where on Helvetian hills, in godlike state,
Alone and awful, Europe's Angel sate:
Silent and stern he sate; then bending low,
Listen'd th' ascending plaints of human woe
And waving as in grief his towery head,
"Not yet, not yet the day of rest," he said;
"It may not be. Destruction's gory wing
Soars o'er the banner of the younger king,
Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway
To stem the lava on its destin'd way.
Poor, glittering warriors, only wont to know
The bloodless pageant of a martial show;
Nurselings of peace, for fiercer fights prepare,
And dread the step-dame sway of unaccustom'd war!
They fight, they bleed!—Oh! had that blood been shed
When Charles and Valour Austria's armies led;
Had these stood forth the righteous cause to shield,
When victory waver'd on Moravia's field

Then France had mourn'd her conquests made in vain,
Her backward-beaten ranks, and countless slain ;—
Then had the strength of Europe's freedom stood,
And still the Rhine had roll'd a German flood !

“ Oh ! nurs'd in many a wile, and practis'd long
To spoil the poor, and cringe before the strong ;
To swell the victor's state, and hovering near,
Like some base vulture in the battle's rear,
To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare :
A curse is on thee, Brandenburgh ! the sound
Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground ;
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of woe.

“ Enough of vengeance ! O'er th' ensanguin'd plai
I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain ;
Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.
Enough of vengeance !—By the glorious dead,
Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led ;
By Blucher's sword in fiercest danger tried,
And the true heart that burst when Brunswic died ;
By her whose charms the coldest zeal might warm,
The manliest firmness in the fairest form—
Save, Europe, save the remnant !—Yet remains
One glorious path to free the world from chains.
Why, when yon northern band in Eylau's wood
Retreating struck, and track'd their course with blood,

While one firm rock the floods of ruin stay'd,
 Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delay'd ?
 And Albion!"—Darker sorrow veil'd his brow—
 " Friend of the friendless—Albion ! where art thou ?
 Child of the Sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,
 The covering cherub of the ocean's bed !
 The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
 And the wild-roaring waves a stern security.
 But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to ride,
 Freedom's lov'd ark, o'er broad oppression's tide ;
 If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
 Glance in contempt on Europe's agony.
 Alas ! where now the bands who went to pour
 Their strong deliverance on th' Egyptian shore ?
 Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,
 Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave.

" And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
 Whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels power
 Whom Earth applauded through her peopled shores!
 (Alas ! whom Earth too early lost deplores :—)
 Young without follies, without rashness bold,
 And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold !
 In every veering gale of faction true,
 Untarnish'd Chatham's genuine child, adieu !
 Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
 Expands from twilight to intenser day,
 Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway.
 O, proved in danger ! not the fiercest flame
 Of Discord's rage thy constant soul could tame ;

Not when, far striding o'er thy palsied land,
Gigantic Treason took his bolder stand;
Not when wild Zeal, by murderous Faction led,
On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread;
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—
Undaunted patriot! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a sterner power
When the dimm'd eye-ball, and the struggling breath
And pain, and terror, mark advancing death!—
Still in that breast thy country held her throne,
Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were hers alone,
Thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy parting groan.

“ Yes, from those lips while fainting nations drew
Hope ever strong, and courage ever new :—
Yet, yet, I deem'd, by that supporting hand
Propp'd in her fall might Freedom's ruin stand;
And purg'd by fire, and stronger from the storm,
Degraded Justice rear her reverend form.
Now hope adieu!—adieu the generous care
To shield the weak, and tame the proud in war!
The golden chain of realms, when equal awe
Pois'd the strong balance of impartial law;
When rival states as federate sisters shone,
Alike, yet various, and though many, one;
And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,
Beam'd each fair star of Europe's galaxy—
All, all are gone, and after-time shall trace
One boundless rule, one undistinguish'd race;

Twilight of worth, where nought remains to move
The patriot's ardour, or the subject's love.

“ Behold, e'en now, while every manly lore
And every muse forsakes my yielding shore ;
Faint, vapid fruits of slavery's sickly clime,
Each tinsel art succeeds, and harlot rhyme !
To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread
In sightly foldings o'er the Grecian bed,
Their mimic guard where sculptur'd gryphons keep,
And Memphian idols watch o'er beauty's sleep ;
To rouse the slumb'ring sparks of faint desire
With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre ;
While youth's enervate glance and gloating age
Hang o'er the mazy waltz, or pageant stage ;
Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,
The nightly revel and the noontide ease—
These, Europe, are thy toils, thy trophies these

“ So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming rain,
Have strew'd the bearded hope of golden grain,
From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies,
The tall, rank weeds in barren splendour rise ;
And strong, and towering o'er the mildew'd ear,
Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear ;
The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
And Famine stalks along the purple field.

“ And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's prayer !—
Where, France. thy hopes, thy gilded promise where ?

When o'er Montpelier's vines, and Jura's snows,
All goodly bright, young Freedom's planet rose?
What boots it now, (to our destruction brave),
How strong thine arm in war? a valiant slave!
What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,
Fann'd by the flattering breath of conquest's gale?
What, that, high-pil'd within yon ample dome,
The blood-bought treasures rest of Greece and Rome?
Scourge of the highest, bolt in vengeance hurl'd
By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world!
Go, vanquish'd victor, bend thy proud helm down
Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown.
For him in Afric's sands, and Poland's snows,
Rear'd by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows;
And rank in German fields the harvest springs
Of pageant councils and obsequious kings.
Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,
Link'd the wide circuit of the Latian chain;
And slaves like these shall every tyrant find,
To gild oppression, and debase mankind.

“ Oh! live there yet, whose hardy souls and high
Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds defy?
Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain
Of the wide prison of the lonely main,
Cling to their country's rights with freeborn zeal,
More strong from every stroke, and patient of the
steel?
Guiltless of chains, to them has Heaven consign'd
Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind!

Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows
 That Freedom's weary foot may find repose?
 No;—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,
 Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell;
 Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed
 Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head;
 He wakes, th' avenger—hark! the hills around,
 Untam'd Asturia bids her clarion sound;
 And many an ancient rock, and fleecy plain,
 And many a valiant heart returns the strain:
 Heard by that shore, where Calpe's armed steep
 Flings its long shadow o'er th' Herculean deep,
 And Lucian glades, whose hoary poplars wave
 In soft, sad murmurs over Inez' grave.
 They bless the call who dar'd the first withstand
 The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land,
 When firm in faith, and red with slaughtered foes,
 Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose.
 Nor these alone; as loud the war-notes swell,
 La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork-built cell;
 Alhama's strength is there, and those who till
 (A hardy race!) Morena's scorched hill;
 And in rude arms through wide Galicia's reign,
 The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.

“Saw ye those tribes? not theirs the plumed
 boast,
 The sightly trappings of a marshal'd host;
 No weeping nations curse their deadly skill,
 Expert in danger, and enur'd to kill:—

But theirs the kindling eye, the strenuous arm ;
 Theirs the dark cheek, with patriot ardour warm,
 Unblanch'd by sluggard ease, or slavish fear,
 And proud and pure the blood that mantles there
 Theirs from the birth is toil ;—o'er granite steep,
 And heathy wild, to guard the wand'ring sheep ;
 To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear
 'Gainst the night-prowling wolf, or felon bear ;
 The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
 And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.
 Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,
 Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time.
 Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found,
 (His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads bound!)
 Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train
 O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne ;
 And chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall
 (Illustrious exile !) o'er Valencia's wall ;
 Ungrac'd by kings, whose Moorish title rose
 The toil-earn'd homage of his wondering foes.

“ Yes ! ev'ry mould'ring tow'r and haunted flood,
 And the wild murmurs of the waving wood !
 Each sandy waste, and orange-scented dell,
 And red Buraba's field, and Lugo, tell,
 How their brave fathers fought, how thick th' invaders
 fell.

“ Oh ! virtue long forgot, or vainly tried,
 To glut a bigot's zeal, or tyrant's pride ! .

Condemn'd in distant climes to bleed and die
 'Mid the dank poisons of Tlascalala's sky ;
 Or when stern Austria stretch'd her lawless reign,
 And spent in Northern fights the flower of Spain ;
 Or war's hoarse furies yell'd on Ysell's shore,
 And Alva's ruffian sword was drunk with gore.
 Yet dar'd not then Tlascalala's chiefs withstand
 The lofty daring of Castilia's band ;
 And weeping France her captive king deplor'd,
 And curs'd the deathful point of Ebro's sword.
 Now, nerv'd with hope, their night of slavery past,
 Each heart beats high in freedom's buxom blast ;
 Lo ! Conquest calls, and beck'ning from afar,
 Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to war.
 —Woe to th' usurper then, who dares defy
 The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty !
 Woe to the hireling bands, foredoom'd to feel
 How strong in labour's horny hand the steel !
 Behold e'en now, beneath yon Bœtic skies
 Another Pavia bids her trophies rise ;—
 E'en now in base disguise and friendly night
 Their robber monarch speeds his secret flight ;
 And with new zeal the fiery Lusian's rear,
 (Rous'd by their neighbour's worth), the long-neglected
 spear

“ So, when stern winter chills the April showers,
 And iron frost forbids the timely flowers ;
 Oh, deem not thou the vigorous herb below
 Is crush'd and dead beneath th' incumbent snow :

Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring
Than all the early smiles of flattering spring."

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell,
On my charm'd sense th' unearthly accents fell :
Me wonder held, and joy chastis'd by fear,
As one who wish'd, yet hardly hop'd to hear.
" Spirit," I cried, " dread teacher, yet declare,
In that good fight, shall Albion's arm be there ?
Can Albion, brave, and wise, and proud, refrain
To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with
Spain ?

Too long her sons, estrang'd from war and toil,
Have loath'd the safety of the sea-girt isle ;
And chid the waves which pent their fire within,
As the stall'd war-horse woos the battle's din.
Oh, by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,
Which, well I feel, each English breast shall
know :

Say, shall my country rous'd from deadly sleep,
Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep ?
And shall once more the star of France grow pale,
And dim its beams in Roncesvalles' vale ?
Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire
To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire ?"

Still as I gaz'd, his low'ring features spread,
High rose his form, and darkness veil'd his head ;
Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,
To heaven he rear'd his arm, and thus he spoke :

“ Woe, trebly woe to their slow zeal who bore
Delusive comfort to Iberia's shore !
Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismay'd,
Now gave, and now withdrew their laggard aid ;
Who, when each bosom glow'd, each heart beat
 high,
Chill'd the pure stream of England's energy,
And lost in courtly forms and blind delay
The loiter'd hours of glory's short-liv'd day.

“ O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,
Lost, ruin'd Albion, Europe mourns for thee !
Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given
To stay thy doom, and ward the ire of Heaven ;
Bar'd in the cause of man thy warrior breast
And crush'd on yonder hills th' approaching pest,
Then had not murder sack'd thy smiling plain,
And wealth, and worth, and wisdom all been
 vain ;

“ Yet, yet awake ! while fear and wonder wait
On the pois'd balance, trembling still with fate !
If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried,
Who ting'd with slaughter Tajo's curdling tide ;
(What time base truce the wheels of war could stay,
And the weak victor flung his wreath away ;)—
Or theirs, who, dol'd in scanty bands afar,
Wag'd without hope the disproportion'd war,
And cheerly still, and patient of distress,
Led their forwasted files on numbers numberless !

“ Yes, through the march of many a weary day,
As yon dark column toils its seaward way ;
As bare, and shrinking from th’ inclement sky,
The languid soldier bends him down to die ;
As o’er those helpless limbs, by murder gor’d,
The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,
And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands press’d,
The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast ;—
E’en in that hour his hope to England flies,
And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes.

“ Oh ! if such hope can plead, or his, whose bier
Drew from his conquering host their latest tear ;
Whose skill, whose matchless valour, gilded flight ;
Entomb’d in foreign dust, a hasty soldier’s rite ;—
Oh ! rouse thee yet to conquer and to save,
And Wisdom guide the sword which Justice gave !

“ And yet the end is not ! from yonder tow’rs
While one Saguntum mocks the victor’s pow’rs ;
While one brave heart defies a servile chain,
And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain
Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
In tenfold myriads darken half the land ;
(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
Bethulia’s matron shook the nightly sword ;)
Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,
And fatal genius fire thy martial eye ;
Yet trust not here o’er yielding realms to roam,
Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.

“ No ! by His viewless arm whose righteous care
Defends the orphan’s tear, the poor man’s prayer ;
Who, Lord of Nature, o’er this changeful ball
Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall ;
Wondrous in all his ways, unseen, unknown,
Who treads the wine-press of the world alone ;
And rob’d in darkness, and surrounding fears,
Speeds on their destin’d road the march of years !
No !—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee ?
And shall it tame despair, thy strong controul,
Or quench a nation’s still reviving soul ?—
Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire !
Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea !—
But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free.”

SONNET.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL,
SIR ROWLAND HILL, K. B.

HILL! whose high daring with renew'd success
Hath cheer'd our tardy war, what time the cloud
Of expectation, dark and comfortless,
Hung on the mountains; and yon factious crowd
Blasphem'd their country's valour, babbling loud!
Then was thine arm reveal'd, to whose young might,
By Toulon's leaguer'd wall, the fiercest bow'd;
Whom Egypt honour'd, and the dubious fight
Of sad Corunna's winter, and more bright
Douro, and Talavera's gory bays;
Wise, modest, brave, in danger foremost found.—
So still, young warrior, may thy toil-earn'd praise,
With England's love and England's honour crown'd,
Gild with delight thy Father's latter days!



THE
Passage of the Red Sea.



THE
PASSAGE
OF
THE RED SEA.

WITH heat o'erlabour'd and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all; the sparkling sands along,
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper, or the camel's bell.—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flatt'ring vapours make
The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake:
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late reveal'd his children's destiny.—
For, not in vain, in thraldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of pow'r;
Nor fail'd the dreadful wand, whose godlike sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;

With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's Gods.
Oh helpless Gods! who nought avail'd to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field!—
Oh helpless Gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold-night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),
Roll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into light!—
Soft fell the eve:—but, ere the day was done,
Tall, waving banners streak'd the level sun:
And wide and dark along th' horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.—

Mark, Israel, mark!"—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent;
And busy faction's undistinguish'd hum
And female shrieks arose, "They come, they come!"
They come, they come! in scintillating show
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;—
And fancy's keener glance ev'n now may trace
The threat'ning aspects of each mingl'd race:
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.

From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,
 Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain :
 On either wing their fiery coursers' check
 The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek :
 While close behind, inur'd to feast on blood,
 Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
 'Mid blazing helms and buckler's rough with gold
 Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd ?
 Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
 Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,
 Mother of armies !—How the emeralds glow'd,
 Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh
 rode !

And stol'd in white, those brazen wheels before.
 Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore ;
 And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
 The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory !—
 Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom ?
 Whom come ye forth to combat ?—warriors, whom ?—
 These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
 Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain ?—
 God of the poor, the poor and friendless save !
 Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave !—
 North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,
 The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
 On earth's last margin throng the weeping train :
 Their cloudy guide moves on :—“ And must we swim
 the main ?”
 'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
 Nor bath'd a fetlock in the nauseous flood—

He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chas'd surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world:
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head:
While far behind retires the sinking day
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blaz'd broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave:
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.

Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
 Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
 Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm;
 With withering splendour blasted all their might,
 And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their
 coursers' flight.

“Fly, Misraim, fly!”—The ravenous floods they see,
 And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.

“Fly, Misraim, fly!”—From Edom's coral strand
 Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand:—
 With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,—
 And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
 Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
 As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast:
 And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
 The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
 In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood!
 Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
 The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
 The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
 A few sad relics of a nation's war:
 Alas, how few!—Then, soft as Elim's well,
 The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
 And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
 The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,
 The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
 In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—

Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel wak'd its silver sound:
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
"On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
"Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"—
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"

Translations of Pindar.

1911

OLYMPIC ODES.

I.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE,

VICTOR IN THE HORSE RACE.

Can earth, or fire, or liquid air,
With water's sacred stream compare?
Can aught that wealthy tyrants hold
Surpass the lordly blaze of gold?—
Or lives there one whose restless eye
Would seek along the empty sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian ray,
A warmer star, a purer day?—
O thou, my soul, whose coral song
Would tell of contests sharp and strong.
Extol not other lists above
The circus of Olympian Jove;
Whence, borne on many a tuneful tongue,
To Saturn's seed the anthem sung,
With harp, and flute, and trumpet's call,
Hath sped to Hiero's festival.—

Over sheep-clad Sicily
 Who the righteous sceptre beareth,
 Every flower of Virtue's tree
 Wove in various wreath he weareth.—
 But the bud of Poesy
 Is the fairest flower of all;
 Which the bards, in social glee,
 Strew round Hiero's wealthy hall.—
 The harp on yonder pin suspended,
 Sieze it, boy, for Pisa's sake;
 And that good steed's, whose thought will wake
 A joy with anxious fondness blended :—
 No sounding lash his sleek side rended :—
 By Alpheus' brink, with feet of flame,
 Self-driven, to the goal he tended :
 And earn'd the olive wreath of fame
 For that dear lord, whose righteous name
 The sons of Syracuse tell :—
 Who loves the generous courser well :
 Belov'd himself by all who dwell
 In Pelops' Lydian colony.—
 —Of earth-embracing Neptune, he
 The darling, when, in days of yore,
 All lovely from the caldron red
 By Clotho's spell delivered,
 The youth an ivory shoulder bore.—

—Well !—these are tales of mystery !—
 And many a darkly-woven lie

With men will easy credence gain ;
 While truth, calm truth, may speak in vain ;—
 For Eloquence, whose honey'd sway
 Our frailer mortal wits obey,
 Can honour give to actions ill,
 And faith to deeds incredible :—
 And bitter blame, and praises high,
 Fall truest from posterity.—

But, if we dare the deeds rehearse
 Of those that aye endure,
 'Twere meet that in such dangerous verse
 Our every word were pure.—
 Then, son of Tantalus, receive
 A plain unvarnish'd lay !—
 My song shall elder fables leave,
 And of thy parent say,
 That, when in heaven a favour'd guest,
 He call'd the Gods in turn to feast
 On Sipylus, his mountain home ;—
 The sovereign of the ocean foam,
 —Can mortal form such favour prove ?—
 Rapt thee on golden car above
 To highest house of mighty Jove ;
 To which, in after day,
 Came golden-haired Ganymede,
 As bards in ancient story read,
 The dark-wing'd eagle's prey.—

And when no earthly tongue could tell
The fate of thee, invisible;—
Nor friends, who sought thee wide in vain,
To sooth thy weeping mother's pain,
Could bring the wanderer home again;
 Some envious neighbour's spleen,
In distant hints, and darkly, said,
That in the caldron hissing red,
And on the god's great table spread,
 Thy mangled limbs were seen.—

But who shall tax, I dare not, I,
The blessed gods with gluttony?—
Full oft the sland'rous tongue has felt
By their high wrath the thunder dealt;—
And sure, if ever mortal head
Heaven's holy watchers honoured,
 That head was Lydia's lord.—
Yet, could not mortal heart digest
The wonders of that heavenly feast;
Elate with pride, a thought unblest
 Above his nature soar'd.—
And now, condemn'd to endless dread,—
(Such is the righteous doom of fate,)
He eyes, above his guilty head,
The shadowy rocks impending weight:—
The fourth, with that tormented three
In horrible society!—

For that, in frantic theft,
 The nectar cup he reft,
 And to his mortal peers in feasting pour'd,
 For whom a sin it were
 With mortal life to share
 The mystic dainties of th' immortal board:
 And who by policy
 Can hope to 'scape the eye
 Of him who sits above by men and gods ador'd?—

For such offence, a doom severe,
 Sent down the sun to sojourn here
 Among the fleeting race of man;—
 Who, when the curly down began
 To clothe his cheek in darker shade,
 To car-borne Pisa's royal maid
 A lover's tender service paid.—
 But, in the darkness first he stood
 Alone by ocean's hoary flood,
 And rais'd to him the suppliant cry,
 The hoarse earth-shaking deity.—

Nor call'd in vain, through cloud and storm
 Half-seen, a huge and shadowy form,
 The God of Waters came.—
 He came, whom thus the youth address'd—
 "Oh thou, if that immortal breast
 Have felt a lover's flame,

A lover's prayer in pity hear,
Repel the tyrant's brazen spear
 That guards my lovely dame!—
And grant a car whose rolling speed
May help a lover at his need;
Condemn'd by Pisa's hand to bleed
Unless I win the envied meed
 In Elis' field of fame!—

For youthful knights thirteen
By him have slaughter'd been,
His daughter vexing with perverse delay.—
Such to a coward's eye
Were evil augury;—
Nor durst a coward's heart the strife essay!
Yet, since alike to all
The doom of death must fall,
Ah! wherefore, sitting in unseemly shade,
Wear out a nameless life;
Remote from noble strife
And all the sweet applause to valour paid?—
Yes!—I will dare the course! but, thou,
Immortal friend, my prayer allow!"—

Thus, not in vain, his grief he told.—
The ruler of the wat'ry space
Bestow'd a wondrous car of gold,
And tireless steeds of winged pace.—

So, victor in the deathful race,
He tam'd the strength of Pisa's king,
And, from his bride of beauteous face,
Beheld a stock of warriors spring,
Six valiant sons, as legends sing.—
And now, with fame and virtue crown'd,
Where Alpheus' stream, in wat'ry ring,
Encircles half his turfy mound,
He sleeps beneath the piled ground ;
Near that blest spot where strangers move
In many a long procession round
The altar of protecting Jove.—
Yet chief, in yonder lists of fame,
Survives the noble Pelop's name ;
Where strength of hands and nimble feet
In stern and dubious contest meet ;
And high renown and honey'd praise,
And following length of honour'd days,
The victor's weary toil repays.—

But what are past or future joys?—
The present is our own!—
And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone.—
To crown with knightly wreath the king,
(A grateful task), be mine ;—
And on the smooth Æolian string
To praise his ancient line!—

For ne'er shall wand'ring minstrel find
A chief so just,—a friend so kind ;
With every grace of fortune blest ;
The mightiest, wisest, bravest, best !—

God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds,
Have thee in charge, king Hiero !—so again
The Bard may sing thy horny-hoofed steeds
In frequent triumph o'er the Olympian plain !—
Nor shall the Bard awake a lowly strain,
His wild notes flinging o'er the Cronian steep ;
Whose ready muse, and not invoked in vain,
For such high mark her strongest shaft shall keep.—

Each hath his proper eminence !—
To kings indulgent providence
(No farther search the will of Heaven),
The glories of the earth hath given.—
Still may'st thou reign ! enough for me
To dwell with heroes like to thee,
Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.—

II.

TO THERON OF AGRAGAS,

VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

O song! whose voice the harp obeys,
Accordant aye with answering string;
What god, what hero wilt thou praise,
What man of godlike prowess sing?—
Lo, Jove himself is Pisa's king;
And Jove's strong son the first to raise
The barriers of th' Olympic ring.—
And now, victorious on the wing
Of sounding wheels, our bards proclaim
The stranger Theron's honour'd name,
The flower of no ignoble race,
And prop of ancient Agragas!—

His patient sires, for many a year,
Where that blue river rolls its flood;
Mid fruitless war and civil blood
Essay'd their sacred home to rear.—

Till time assign'd, in fatal hour,
 Their native virtues, wealth and power;
 And made them from their low degree,
 The eye of warlike Sicily.

And, may that power of ancient birth,
 From Saturn sprung, and parent Earth,
 Of tall Olympus' lord,
 Who sees with still benignant eye
 The games' long splendour sweeping by
 His Alpheus' holy ford:—
 Appeas'd with anthems chanted high,
 To Theron's late posterity
 A happier doom accord!—
 Or good or ill, the past is gone,
 Nor time himself, the parent one,
 Can make the former deeds undone;—
 But who would these recal,—
 When happier days would fain efface
 The memory of each past disgrace,
 And, from the gods, on Theron's race
 Unbounded blessings fall?—

Example meet for such a song,
 The sister queens of Laius' blood;
 Who sorrow's edge endured long,
 Made keener by remember'd good!—
 Yet now, she breathes the air of Heaven

(On earth by smouldering thunder riven.)

Long-hair'd Semele:—

To Pallas dear is she;—

Dear to the sire of gods, and dear

To him, her son, in dreadful glee

Who shakes the ivy-wreathed spear.—

And thus, they tell that deep below

The sounding ocean's ebb and flow,

Amid the daughters of the sea,

A sister nymph must Ino be,

And dwell in bliss eternally:—

But, ignorant and blind,

We little know the coming hour:

Or if the latter day shall low'r;

Or if to nature's kindly power

Our life in peace resign'd,

Shall sink like fall of summer eve,

And on the face of darkness leave

A ruddy smile behind.—

For grief and joy with fitful gale

Our crazy bark by turns assail,

And, whence our blessings flow,

That same tremendous Providence

Will oft a varying doom dispense,

And lay the mighty low.—

To Theban Laius that befel,

Whose son, with murder dyed,
 Fulfill'd the former oracle,
 Unconscious parricide!—
 Unconscious!—yet avenging hell
 Pursued th' offender's stealthy pace,
 And heavy, sure, and hard it fell,
 The curse of blood, on all his race!—
 Spar'd from their kindred strife,
 The young Thersander's life,
 Stern Polynice's heir, was left alone:
 In every martial game,
 And in the field of Fame,
 For early force and matchless prowess known:
 Was left, the pride and prop to be
 Of good Adrastus' pedigree.
 And hence, through loins of ancient kings,
 The warrior blood of Theron springs;
 Exalted name! to whom belong
 The minstrel's harp, the poet's song,
 In fair Olympia crown'd;
 And where, mid Pythia's olives blue,
 An equal lot his brother drew;
 And where his twice-twain coursers flew
 The isthmus twelve times round.—
 Such honour, earn'd by toil and care,
 May best his ancient wrongs repair,
 And wealth, unstain'd by pride,
 May laugh at fortune's fickle power,
 And blameless in the tempting hour
 Of syren ease abide:—

Led by that star of heavenly ray,
Which best may keep our darkling way
O'er life's unsteady tide!—

For, whoso holds in righteousness the throne,
He in his heart hath known
How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,
In chambers dark and dread,
Of nether earth abide, and penal flame:
Where he whom none may name,
Lays bare the soul by stern necessity;
Seated in judgment high;
The minister of God whose arm is there,
In heaven alike and hell, almighty every where!

But, ever bright, by day, by night,
Exulting in excess of light;
From labour free and long distress,
The good enjoy their happiness.—
No more the stubborn soil they cleave,
Nor stem for scanty food the wave;
But with the venerable gods they dwell:—
No tear bedims their thankful eye,
Nor mars their long tranquility;
While those accursed howl in pangs unspeakable.—

But, who the thrice-renew'd probation

Of either world may well endure ;
 And keep with righteous destination
 The soul from all transgression pure ;
 To such and such alone is given,
 To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
 To that tall city of almighty time,
 Where Ocean's balmy breezes play,
 And, flashing to the western day,
 The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,
 Now in the happy isles are seen
 Sparkling through the groves of green
 And now, all-glorious to behold,
 Tinge the wave with floating gold —

Hence are their garlands woven—hence their hands
 Fill'd with triumphal boughs ;—the righteous doom
 Of Rhadamanthus, whom, o'er these his lands,
 A blameless judge in every time to come,
 Chronos, old Chronos, sire of Gods hath placed ;
 Who with his consort dear
 Dread Rhea, reigneth here
 On cloudy throne with deathless honour graced.—

And still, they say, in high communion,
 Peleus and Cadmus here abide ;
 And, with the blest in blessed union,
 (Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied.)
 The daughter of the ancient sea

Hath brought her warrior boy to be ;
 Him whose stern avenging blow
 Laid the prop of Ilium low,
 Hector, train'd to slaughter fell,
 By all but him invincible ;—
 And sea-born Cynus tamed ;—and slew
 Aurora's knight of Ethiop hue.—

Beneath my rattling belt I wear
 A sheaf of arrows keen and clear,
 Of vocal shafts, that wildly fly,
 Nor ken the base their import high,
 Yet to the wise they breathe no vulgar melody.

Yes, he is wise whom nature's dower
 Hath raised above the crowd.—
 But, train'd in study's formal hour,
 There are who hate the minstrel's power,
 As daws who mark the eagle tower,
 And croak in envy loud !—
 So let them rail ! but thou ! my heart,
 Rest on the bow thy levell'd dart ;
 Nor seek a worthier aim
 For arrow sent on friendship's wing,
 Than him the Agragantine king
 Who best thy song may claim.—
 For, by eternal truth I swear,
 His parent town shall scanty bear

A soul to every friend so dear,
 A breast so void of blame ;
 Though twenty lustres rolling round,
 With rising youth her nation crown'd,
 In heart, in hand, should none be found
 Like Theron's honour'd name.—
 Yes ! we have heard the factious lie !—
 But let the babbling vulgar try
 To blot his worth with tyranny.—
 Seek thou the ocean strand !—
 And when thy soul would fain record
 The bounteous deeds of yonder lord,
 Go—reckon up the sand !—

III.

TO THE SAME.

May my solemn strain ascending
 Please the long-hair'd Helen well,
 And those brave twins of Leda's shell
 The stranger's holy cause defending !—

With whose high name the chorus blending
To ancient Agragas shall rise,
And Theron for the chariot prize
Again, and not in vain, contending.—
The muse, in numbers bold and high,
Hath taught my Dorian note to fly,
Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony.—
Yes!—as I fix mine eager view
On yonder wreath of paly blue,
That olive wreath, whose shady round
Amid the courser's mane is bound ;
I feel again the sacred glow
That bids my strain of rapture flow,
With shrilly breath of Spartan flute,
The many-voiced harp to suit ;
And wildly fling my numbers sweet,
Again mine ancient friend to greet.—

Nor, Pisa, thee I leave unsung ;
To men the parent of renown.
Amid whose shady ringlets strung,
Etolia binds her olive crown ;
Whose sapling root from Scythian down
And Ister's fount Alcides bare,
To deck his parent's hallow'd town ;
With placid brow and suppliant prayer
Soothing the favour'd northern seed,
Whose horny-hoofed victims bleed
To Phœbus of the flowing hair.

A boon from these the Hero pray'd :
One graft of that delightful tree ;
To Jove's high hill a welcome shade,
To men a blessed fruit to be,
And crown of future victory.—
For that fair moon, whose slender light
With inefficient horn had shone,
When late on Pisa's airy height
He rear'd to Jove the altar stone ;
Now, through the dappled air, alone,
In perfect ring of glory bright,
Guided her golden-wheeled throne ;
The broad and burning eye of night.—
And now the days were told aright,
When Alpheus, from his sandy source,
Should judge the champion's eager might,
And mark of wheels the rolling force.—
Nor yet a tree to cheer the sight
The Cronian vale of Pelops bore ;—
Obnoxious to the noonday weight
Of summer suns, a naked shore.—

But she who sways the silent sky,
Latona's own equestrian maid
Beheld how far Alcides stray'd,
Bound on adventure strange and high :
Forth from the glens of Arcady
To Istrian rocks in ice array'd
He urged th' interminable race,

(Such penance had Eurystheus laid,)
The golden-horned hind to chase,
Which, grateful for Diana's head,
By her redeem'd from foul embrace,
Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.—
Thus, following where the quarry fled,
Beyond the biting North he past,
Beyond the regions of the blast,
And, all unknown to traveller's tread,
He saw the blessed land at last.—
He stopt, he gazed with new delight
When that strange verdure met his sight ;
And soft desire enflamed his soul
(Where twelve times round the chariots roll,)
To plant with such the Pisan goal.

But now, unseen to mortal eyes,
He comes to Theron's sacrifice ;
And with him brings to banquet there
High-bosom'd Leda's knightly pair.—
Himself to high Olympus bound,
To these a latest charge he gave
A solemn annual feast to found,
And of contending heroes round
To deck the strong, the swift, the brave.—
Nor doubt I that on Theron's head,
And on the good Emmenides,
The sons of Jove their blessing shed ;
Whom still, with bounteous tables spread,

That holy tribe delight to please ;
Observing with religious dread
The hospitable god's decrees.—

But, wide as water passeth earthy clay,
Or sun-bright gold transcendeth baser ore ;
Wide as from Greece to that remotest shore
Whose rock-built pillars own Alcides' sway ;
Thy fame hath past thine equals !—To explore
The further ocean all in vain essay,
Or fools or wise ;—here from thy perilous way
Cast anchor here, my bark ! I dare no more !—

IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

Oh, urging on the tireless speed
Of Thunder's elemental steed,
Lord of the world, Almighty Jove !
Since these thine hours have me forth
The witness of thy champion's worth,

And prophet of thine olive grove;—
 And since the good thy poet hear,
 And hold his tuneful message dear;—
 Saturnian Lord of Etna hill!—
 Whose storm-cemented rocks encage
 The hundred-headed rebel's rage;
 Accept with favourable will
 The Muses' gift of harmony;
 The dance, the song, whose numbers high
 Forbid the hero's name to die,
 A crown of life abiding still!—

Hark! round the car of victory,
 Where noble Psaumis sits on high,
 The cheering notes resound;
 Who vows to swell with added fame
 His Camarina's ancient name;
 With Pisan olive crown'd.—
 And thou, oh father, hear his prayer!—
 For much I praise the knightly care
 That trains the warrior steed:—
 Nor less the hospitable hall
 Whose open doors the stranger call;—
 Yet, praise I Psaumis most of all
 For wise and peaceful rede,
 And patriot love of liberty.—
 —What?—do we weave the glozing lie?—
 Then whoso list my truth to try,
 The proof be in the deed!—

To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore,
 Such was the proof Ernicus bore,
 When, matchless in his speed,
 All brazen arm'd the racer hoar,
 Victorious on the applauding shore,
 Sprang to the proffer'd meed ;—
 Bow'd to the queen his wreathed head ;—
 " Thou seest my limbs are light," he said ;
 " And, lady, mayst thou know,
 That every joint is firmly strung,
 And hand and heart alike are young ;
 Though treacherous time my locks among
 Have strew'd a summer snow !"—

V

TO THE SAME.

Accept of these Olympian games the crown,
 Daughter of Ocean, rushy Camarine !—
 The flower of knightly worth and high renown,
 Which car-borne Psaumis on thy parent shrine,

(Psaumis, the patriot, whom thy peopled town
 Its second author owns,) with rite divine
 Suspends!—His praise the twice six altars tell
 Of the great gods whom he hath feasted well
 With blood of bulls; the praise of victory,
 Where cars and mules and steeds contest the prize:
 And that green garland of renown to thee
 He hallows, Virgin daughter of the sea!
 And to his sire and household deities.—
 Thee too, returning home from Pelops' land,
 Thee guardian Pallas, and thy holy wood,
 He hails with song; and cool Oanus' flood;
 And of his native pool the rushy strand;
 And thy broad bed, refreshing Hipparis,
 Whose silent waves the peopled city kiss;
 That city which hath blest his bounteous hand
 Rearing her goodly bowers on high.—
 That now, redeem'd from late disgrace,
 The wealthy mother of a countless race,
 She lifts her front in shining majesty.—

'Tis ever thus! by toil, and pain,
 And cumbrous cost we strive to gain
 Some seeming prize whose issues lie
 In darkness and futurity.
 And yet, if conquest crown our aim,
 Then, foremost in the rolls of fame,
 Even from the envious herd a forced applause we claim.
 O cloud-enthron'd, protecting Jove,

Who sitst the Cronian cliffs above,
And Alpheus' ample wave,
And that dark gloom hast deign'd to love
Of Ida's holy cave!
On softest Lydian notes to thee
I tune the choral prayer,
That this thy town, the brave, the free,
The strong in virtuous energy,
May feel thine endless care.—

And, Victor, thou, whose matchless might
The Pisan wreath hath bound;
Still, Psaumis, be thy chief delight
In generous coursers found.—
Calm be thy latter age, and late
And gently fall the stroke of fate,
Thy children standing round!—
And know, when favouring Gods have given
A green old age, a temper even,
And wealth and fame in store,
The task were vain to scale the heaven;
—Have those immortals more?—

VI.

TO AGESIAS OF SYRACUSE.



Who seeks a goodly bower to raise,
Conspicuous to the stranger's eye,
With gold the lintel overlays,
And clothes the porch in ivory.—
 So bright, so bold, so wonderful,
 The choicest themes of verse I cull,
To each high song a frontal high!—
 But, lives there one whose brows around,
 The green Olympian wreath is bound;
 Prophet and priest in those abodes
 Where Pisan's land the sire of gods
 And Syracuse's denizen?—
Who, 'mid the sons of mortal men,
While envy's self before his name
Abates her rage, may fitlier claim
Whate'er a bard may yield of fame?—

For sure, to no forbidden strife,
In hallow'd Pisa's field of praise,
He came, the priest of blameless life!—
Nor who in peace hath past his days,
 Marring with canker sloth his might,
 May hope a name in standing fight
Nor in the hollow ship to raise!—
 By toil, illustrious toil alone,
 Of elder times the heroes shone;
And, bought by like emprise, to thee,
Oh warrior priest, like honour be!—
Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him, the prophet chief of yore,
When, snatch'd from Thebes' accursed fight,
With steed and car and armour bright,
Down, down he sank to earthy night.—

When the fight was ended,
And the sevenfold pyres
All their funeral fires
In one sad lustre blended,

The leader of the host
Murmur'd mournfully,
“ I lament the eye
Of all mine army lost!—
To gods and mortals dear,
Either art he knew;

Augur tried and true
 And strong to wield the spear!"—
 And, by the powers divine,
 Such praise is justly thine,
 Oh Syracusan peer,—
 For of a gentle blood thy race is sprung
 As she shall truly tell, the muse of honey'd tongue.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace
 And, Phintis, climb the car with me;
 For well they know the path to trace
 Of yonder victor's pedigree!—
 Unbar the gates of song, unbar!—
 For we to-day must journey far,
 To Sparta and to Pitane.—

She, mournful nymph, and nursing long
 Her silent pain and virgin wrong,
 To Neptune's rape a daughter fair,
 Evadne of the glossy hair,
 (Dark as the violet's darkest shade.)
 In solitary sorrow bare.
 Then to her nurse the infant maid
 She weeping gave, and bade convey
 To high Phersana's hall away;
 Where woman-grown, and doom'd to prove
 In turn a god's disastrous love,
 Her charms allur'd the Lord of day.—

Nor long the months, ere, fierce in pride,
The painful tokens of disgrace
Her foster-father sternly eyed,
Fruit of the furtive god's embrace.—

He spake not, but with soul on flame,
He sought th' unknown offender's name,
At Phœbus' Pythian dwelling place.—

But she, beneath the greenwood spray,
Her zone of purple silk untied ;
And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side ;
While, in the solitary wood,
Lucina's self to aid her stood,
And fate a secret force supplied.—

But, who the mother's pang can tell,
As sad and slowly she withdrew,
And bade her babe a long farewell,
Laid on a bed of violets blue ?—

When, ministers of Heaven's decree,
(Dire nurses they and strange to see,)
Two scaly snakes of azure hue
Watch'd o'er his helpless infancy,
And, rifled from the mountain bee,
Bare on their forky tongues a harmless honey dew.—

Swift roll the wheels! from Delphos home
Arcadia's car-borne chief is come :

But, ah, how chang'd his eye!—
His wrath is sunk, and past his pride,
“Where is Evadne's babe,” he cried,
“Child of the Deity?
“'Twas thus the augur god replied,
“Nor strove his noble seed to hide;
“And to his favoured boy, beside,
“The gift of prophecy,
“And power beyond the sons of men
“The secret things of fate to ken,
“His blessing will supply.”—

But, vainly, from his liegemen round,
He sought the noble child;
Who, naked on the grassy ground,
And nurtur'd in the wild,
Was moisten'd with the sparkling dew
Beneath his hawthorn bower;
Where morn her watry radiance threw
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet flower.—

From that dark bed of breathing bloom
His mother gave his name;
And Iamus, through years to come,
Will live in lasting fame;

Who, when the blossom of his days.
 Had ripen'd on the tree,
 From forth the brink where Alpheus' strays,
 Invok'd the god whose sceptre sways
 The hoarse resounding sea ;
 And whom the Delian isle obeys,
 The archer deity —
 Alone amid the nightly shade,
 Beneath the naked heaven he pray'd,
 And sire and grandsire call'd to aid ;
 When lo, a voice that loud and dread
 Burst from the horizon free ;
 " Hither ! " it spake, " to Pisa's shore !
 " My voice, oh son, shall go before,
 " Beloved, follow me ! " —

So, in the visions of his sire, he went
 Where Cronium's scarr'd and barren brow
 Was red with morning's earliest glow
 Though darkness wrapt the nether element.—
 There, in a lone and craggy dell,
 A double spirit on him fell,
 Th' unlying voice of birds to tell,
 And, (when Alcmena's son should found
 The holy games in Elis crown'd,)
 By Jove's high altar evermore to dwell,
 Prophet and priest !—From him descend
 The fathers of our valiant friend,
 Wealthy alike and just and wise,

Who trod the plain and open way ;
And who is he that dared despise
With galling taunt the Cronian prize,
Or their illustrious toil gainsay,
Whose chariots whirling twelve times round
With burning wheels th' Olympian ground
Have gilt their brow with glory's ray ?
For, not the steams of sacrifice
From cool Cyllene's height of snow,
Nor vainly from thy kindred rise
The heaven-appeasing litanies
To Hermes, who, to men below,
Or gives the garland or denies :—
By whose high aid, Agesias, know,
And his, the thunderer of the skies,
The olive wreath hath bound thy brow !—

Arcadian ! Yes, a warmer zeal
Shall whet my tongue thy praise to tell !
I feel the sympathetic flame
Of kindred love ;—a Theban I,
Whose parent nymph from Arcady
Metope's daughter, Thebe) came.—
Dear fountain goddess, warrior maid,
By whose pure rills my youth hath play'd ;
Who now assembled Greece among,
To car-borne chiefs and warriors strong,
Have wove the many-colour'd song.—

Then, minstrel ! bid thy chorus rise
 To Juno, queen of deities,
 Parthenian lady of the skies !
 For, live there yet who dare defame
 With sordid mirth our country's name
 Who tax with scorn our ancient line,
 And call the brave Bœotians swine ;—
 Yet, Æneas, sure thy numbers high
 May charm their brutish enmity ;
 Dear herald of the holy muse,
 And, teeming with Parnassian dews,
 Cup of untasted harmony !—
 That strain once more !—the chorus raise
 To Syracuse's wealthy praise,
 And his the lord whose happy reign
 Controls Trincria's ample plain,
 Hiero, the just, the wise,
 Whose steamy offerings rise
 To Jove, to Ceres, and that darling maid,
 Whom, rapt in chariot bright,
 And horses silver-white,
 Down to his dusky bower the lord of hell convey'd !

Oft hath he heard the muses' string resound
 His honour'd name ; and may his latter days,
 With wealth and worth, and minstrel garlands crown'd,
 Mark with no envious ear a subject praise,

Who now from fair Arcadia's forest wide
To Syracuse, homeward, from his home
Returns, a common care, a common pride,—
(And, whoso darkling braves the ocean foam,
May safeliest moor'd with twofold anchor ride.)
Arcadia, Sicily, on either side
Guard him with prayer ;—and thou who rulest the deep,
Fair Amphitrite's lord ! in safety keep
His tossing keel,—and evermore to me
No meaner theme assign of poesy !



L I N E S

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,
ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION
AS CHANCELLOR.

Ye viewless guardians of these sacred shades,
Dear dreams of early song, Aonian maids!—
And you, illustrious dead! whose spirits speak
In each warm flush that tints the student's cheek,
As, wearied with the world, he seeks again
The page of better times and greater men;
If with pure worship we your steps pursue,
And youth, and health, and rest forget for you,
(Whom most we serve, to whom our lamp burns
 bright
Through the long toils of not ingrateful night,
Yet, yet be present!—Let the worldly train
Mock our cheap joys, and hate our useless strain,

Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear
 The fleece Iberian or the pamper'd steer;—
 Let sterner science with unwearied eye
 Explore the circling spheres and map the sky ;
 His long-drawn mole let lordly commerce scan,
 And of his iron arch the rainbow span :
 Yet, while, in burning characters imprest,
 The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast ;
 Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,
 Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,
 And in warm feeling from the storied page
 Arise the saint, the hero, or the sage ;
 Such be our toil !—Nor doubt we to explore
 The thorny maze of dialectic lore,
 To climb the chariot of the gods, or scan
 The secret workings of the soul of man ;
 Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,
 Or the slow pinion of the stagyrite.—
 And, those grey spoils of Herculanean pride,
 If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide ;—
 If Padua's sage be there, or art have power
 To wake Menander from his secret bower.
 Such be our toil !—Nor vain the labour proves,
 Which Oxford honours, and which Grenville loves !
 —On, eloquent and firm !—whose warning high
 Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,
 When, like those brethren stars to seamen known,
 In kindred splendour Pitt and Grenville shone ;—
 On in thy glorious course ! not yet the wave
 Has ceas'd to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to rave,

102 LINES ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION.

Go on! and oh, while adverse factions raise
To thy pure worth involuntary praise :
While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,
And from thy counsels date their happiness ;
Say, (for thine Isis yet recalls with pride
Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side,)
Say, hast thou scorn'd, mid pomp, and wealth, and
power,
The sober transports of a studious hour?—
No, statesman, no !—thy patriot fire was fed
From the warm embers of the mighty dead ;
And thy strong spirits patient grasp combin'd
The souls of ages in a single mind.—
—By arts like these, amidst a world of foes,
Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose ;—
Thus, last and best of Romans, Brutus shone.
Our Somers thus, and thus our Clarendon ;
Such Cobham was ;—such Grenville, long be thou,
Our boast before,—our chief and champion now!—

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER,

DESIGNED FOR A TOMB IN A SEAPORT TOWN

IN NORTH WALES.

Sailor! if vigour nerve thy frame,
If to high deeds thy soul is strung,
Revere this stone that gives to fame
The brave, the virtuous, and the young!—

For manly beauty deck'd his form,
His bright eye beam'd with mental power
Resistless as the winter storm,
Yet mild as summer's mildest shower.—

In war's hoarse rage, in ocean's strife,
For skill, for force, for mercy known;
Still prompt to shield a comrade's life,
And greatly careless of his own.—

Yet, youthful seaman, mourn not thou
The fate these artless lines recal ;
No, Cambrian, no, be thine the vow,
Like him to live, like him to fall !—

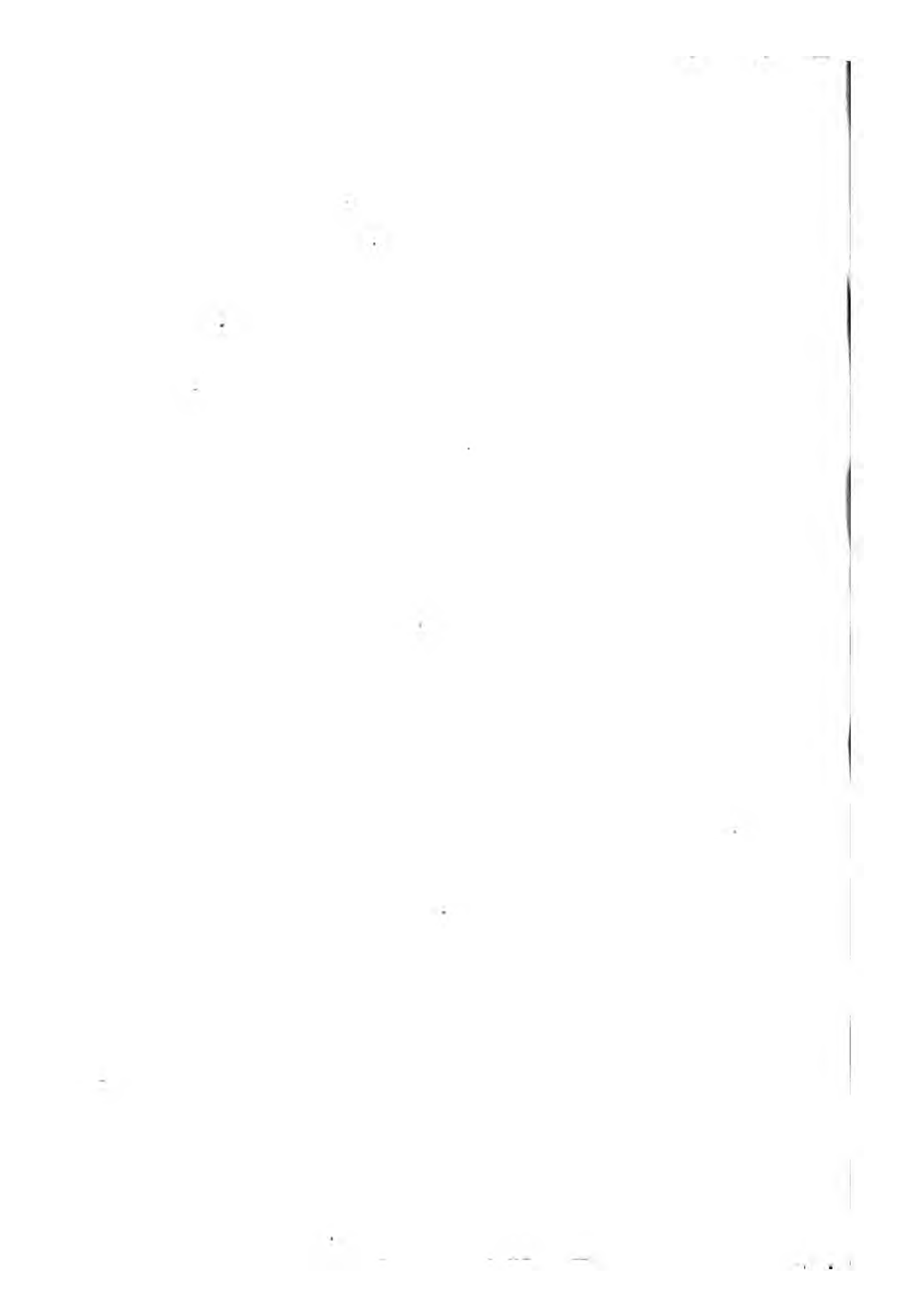
But hast thou known a father's care,
Who sorrowing sent thee forth to sea ;
Pour'd for thy weal th' unceasing prayer,
And thought the sleepless night on thee ?—

Has e'er thy tender fancy flown,
When winds were strong and waves were high,
Where listening to the tempest's moan,
Thy sisters heav'd the anxious sigh ?—

Or, in the darkest hour of dread,
Mid war's wild din, and ocean's swell,
Hast mourn'd a hero brother dead,
And did that brother love thee well ?—

Then pity those whose sorrows flow
In vain o'er Shipley's empty grave !—
—Sailor, thou weep'st :—indulge thy woe ;
Such tears will not disgrace the brave !—

Notes.



NOTES.

Page 21. line 16.

Folds his dank wing—

Alluding to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17.

Page 21. line 17.

—ye warrior sons of heaven,

Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Huds. vi. p. 1282. et alibi passim.

Page 22. line 2.

—*Sion's towery steep.*

It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. "The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the hill of Bashan."

Page 22. line 8.

Mysterious harpings—

See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

Page 22. line 15.

Then should my Muse—

Common practice, and the authority of Milton, seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

Page 22. line 22.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate.

Matth. xxiv. 38.

Page 22. line 27.

—*the seer—*

Moses.

Page 23. line 4.

———*Almotana's tide.*

Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as **Ardeni** is for Jordan.

Page 23. line 8.

The robber riots, or the hermit prays.

The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, passim.

Page 23. line 12.

Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold.

The untameable spirit, feudal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pages. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a small volume on their history; Paris, 1763. 12mo.

Page 23. line 17.

Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear.

“The Turkish Sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane.” Sir W. Jones’s 1st Disc. to the Asiatic Society.

Page 23. line 26.

Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold.

The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

Page 24. line 4.

And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows.

In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

Page 24. line 16.

Arabia's parent—

Hagar.

Page 24. line 25.

—*the guarded fountains shine.*

The watering places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pages.

Page 24. line 26.

Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine!

See Ammianis Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vales.

Page 25. line 3.

*Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.*

“Thine eye shall not spare them.”

Page 25. line 8.

Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice.

A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

Page 25. line 18.

And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source.

Psalm. cxiv.

Page 25. line 21.

*To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !*

See Psalm lxxx. 8—14.

Page 26. line 12.

—*the harness'd Amorite.*

Josh. x.

Page 26. line 24.

Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

Page 27. line 6.

The mighty master of the iv'ry throne.

Solomon. Ophir is by most geographers placed in the Aurea Chersonesus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

Page 27. line 12.

Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd.

The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scrip-

ture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

Page 27. line 20.

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Palmyra ("Tadmor in the Desert") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek, and the various Travels into the East, more particularly Charadin's, in which, after a minute and interesting description of the majestic ruins of Estakhar, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, an account follows of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. Ed. Amst. 1735, 4to. Vide also Sale's Koran; D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. (article Soliman Ben Daoud;) and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, passim.

Page 27. line 24.

—*houseless Santon*—

It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or ruins.

Page 28. line 2.

How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

Numbers xxiv. 5.

Page 28. line 3.

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore.

Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

Page 28. line 4.

And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore.

An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold mines.

Page 28. line 14.

The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.

Psalm xxiv. 7

Page 28. line 15

No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung.

“There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building.”
1 Kings vi. 7.

Page 28. line 20.

View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.

“And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped.” 2 Chron. vii. 3.

Page 28. line 22.

Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.

Psalm cxxiv. 4.

Page 30. line 12.

Weep for your country, for your children weep!

Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

Page 30. line 24.

And the pale parent drank her children's gore.

Joseph vi. p. 1275. Ed. Huds.

Page 31. line 12.

The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride.

The Roman notions of humanity cannot have been very exalted when they ascribed so large a share to Titus. For the horrible details of his conduct during the siege of Jerusalem and after its capture, the reader is referred to Josephus. When we learn that so many captives were crucified, that *δια το πληθος χωρα τε ενλειπετο τοις σαυροις και σαυροι τοις σομασιν* and after all was over, in cold blood and merriment, he celebrated his brother's birth-day with similar sacrifices; we can hardly doubt as to the nature of that untold crime, which disturbed the dying moments of the "darling of the human race." After all, the cruelties of this man are probably softened in the high priest's narrative. The fall of Jerusalem nearly resembles that of Zaragoza, but it is a Morla who tells the tale.

Page 32. line 11.

—*yon pompous shrine.*

The Temple of the Sepulchre.

Page 32. line 12.

And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.

See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

Page 32. line 16.

—*the British Queen.*

St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

Page 32. line 20.

And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword.

The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

Page 32. line 24.

The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.

Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of phrenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must

however recollect, that, had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power; and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

Page 33. line 1.

*While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.*

See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe. liv. i.

Page 33. line 6.

—*Tabaria's stream.*

Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

Page 33. line 12.

By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led.

Brennus, and Tamerlane.

Page 33. line 15.

There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance.

The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army; once by refusing to serve under Richard Cœur de Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolle's History of the Turks.

Page 33. line 16.

Form the long line—

The line (*combat a la haye,*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Creci were drawn up thirty deep.

Page 33. line 26.

Whose giant force Britannia's armies led.

All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi sagittarii ed hanno
 Gente con lor, ch' e piu vicina al polo,
 Questi da l'alte selve irsuti manda
 La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.

Tasso, Gierusal. lib. i. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were synonymous.

Page 34. line 3.

Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear.

The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's Hist. of Anc. Poetry.

Page 35. line 12.

And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.

Psalm ii. 3 cvii. 16.

Page 35. line 13.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring.

“ I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more the reproach of famine among the heathen.”—“ And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden,” &c. Ezek. xxxvi.

Page 35. line 21.

Courts the bright vision of descending power.

“That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God.”
Rev. xxi. 10.

Page 35. line 22.

Tells every gate, and measures every tower.

Ezekiel xl.

Page 35. line 26.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form.

Rev. x.

Page 36. line 6.

Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there.

Rev. xx.

Page 36. line 10.

God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.

“And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God

Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi. 22.

Page 36. line 14.

And the dry bones be warm with life again.

"Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live."
 "Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel." Ezek. xxxvii.

Page 39. line 6.

In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.

The opening lines of this poem were really composed in the situation (the Park of Dresden,) and under the influence of the feelings which they attempt to describe. The disastrous issue of King Frederic's campaign took away from the author all inclination to continue them, and they remained neglected till the hopes of Europe were again revived by the illustrious efforts of the Spanish people.

Page 40. line 6.

—*Pratzen's hill.*

The hill of Prätzen was the point most obstinately contested in the great battle which has taken its name from the neighbouring town of Austerlitz; and here the most dreadful slaughter took place, both of French and Russians. The author had, a few weeks before he wrote the above, visited every part of this celebrated field.

Page 40. line 12.

And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humble crest.

It is necessary perhaps to mention, that, by freedom, in this and in other passages of the present poem, political liberty is understood in opposition to the usurpation of any single European state. In the particular instance of Spain, however, it is a hope which the author has not yet seen reason to abandon, that a struggle so nobly maintained by popular energy, must terminate in the establishment not only of national independence, but of civil and religious liberty.

Page 40. line 23.

—*Gallia's vaunting train*—

The confidence and shameful luxury of the French nobles, during the seven years war, are very sarcastically noticed by Templeman.

Page 43. line 20.

—*where youthful Lewis led.*

Prince Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, who fell gloriously with almost the whole of his regiment.

Page 43. line 23.

By her whose charms—

The Queen of Prussia; beautiful, unfortunate, and unsubdued by the severest reverses.

Page 44. line 6.

The covering cherub—

“Thou art the anointed cherub that coverest.”—
Addressed to Tyre, by Ezekiel, xxviii. 14.

Page 48. line 14.

—*Inez' grave.*

Inez de Castro, the beloved mistress of the Infant Don Pedro, son of Alphonso IV. King of Portugal, and stabbed by the orders, and, according to Camoens, in the presence of that monarch. A fountain near Coimbra, the scene of their loves and misfortunes, is still pointed out by tradition, and called Amores.—De la Clede, Hist. de Portugalle, 4to. tom. i. page 282—7 :— and Camoens' Lusiad, canto 3, stanza cxxxv.

Page 48. line 15.

—*Who dared the first withstand
The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land.*

The Asturians, who under Pelagius first opposed the career of Mahometan success.

Page 48. line 18.

Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia—

“La couronne de fer de Dom Pelage,—cette couronne si simple mais si glorieuse, dont chaque fleuron est forme du fer d'une lance arrachee aux Chevaliers

Maures que ce heros avoit faits tomber sous ses coups.”
Roman de Dom Ursino le Navarin, Tressan, tom. ix. 52.

Page 49. line 12.

Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time.

See the two elegant specimens given by Bishop Percy in his Reliques; and the more accurate translations of Mr. Rodd, in his Civil Wars of Grenada.

Page 49. line 13.

—*him in Xeres' carnage fearless found.*

The Gothic monarchy in Spain was overthrown by the Mussulmans at the battle of Xeres, the Christian army being defeated with dreadful slaughter, and the death of their king, the unhappy and licentious Roderigo. Pelagius assembled the small band of those fugitives who despised submission, amid the mountains of the Asturias, under the name of King of Oviedo.

Page 49. line 15.

Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train.

Alonso, surnamed the Chaste, with ample reason,

if we believe his historians; who defeated, according to the Spanish romances, and the graver authority of Mariana, the whole force of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, at Roncesvalles. Bertrand del Carpio, the son of Alonso's sister, Ximena, was his general; and according to Don Quixote (no incompetent authority on such a subject) put the celebrated Orlando to the same death as Hercules inflicted on Antæus. His reason was, that the nephew of Charlemagne was enchanted, and like Achilles, only vulnerable in the heel, to guard which he wore always iron shoes.—See Mariana, l. vii. c. xi.; Don Quixote, book i. c. i.; and the notes on Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid; a work replete with powerful description, and knowledge of ancient history and manners, and which adds a new wreath to one, who "nullum fere scribendi genus intactum reliquit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

Page 49. line 17.

—*chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall*—

Rodrigo Diaz, of Bivar, surnamed the Cid by the Moors.—See Mr. Southey's Chronicle.

Page 49. line 24.

—*red Buraba's field and Lugo*—

Buraba and Lugo were renowned scenes of Spanish victories over the Moors, in the reigns of Bermudo, or as his name is latinized Veremundus, and Alonso the Chaste. Of Lugo, the British have since obtained a melancholy knowledge.

Page 50. line 2.

—*Tlascala*—

An extensive district of Mexico: its inhabitants were the first Indians who submitted to the Spaniards under Cortes.

Page 50. line 9

—*her captive king*—

Francis I. taken prisoner at the Battle of Pavia.

Page 50. line 19.

—*yon Bœtic skies*—

Andalusia forms a part of the ancient **Hispania Bœtica**.

Page 51. line 20.

—*Roncesvalles' vale.*

See the former note on Alonso the Chaste.

Page 52. line 18.

—*the pois'd balance trembling still with fate.*

This line is imitated from one in Mr. Roscoe's spirited verses on the commencement of the French Revolution.

Page 52. line 26.

—*numbers numberless.*

“ He look'd and saw what numbers numberless.”

Milton, *Paradise Regained.*

Page 53. line 18.

—*one Saguntum*—

The ancient siege of Saguntum has been now rivalled by Zaragoza. The author is happy to refer his readers to the interesting narrative of his friend Mr. Vaughan.

Page 53. line 24.

Bethulia's matron—

Judith.

Page 54. line 6.

Who treads the wine-press of the world alone.

“ I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me, for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury.”—Isaiah lxiii. 3.

Page 61. line 2.

Siwah.—

Oasis. Sennaar.—Meroe.

Page 61. line 6.

—*Shangalla—*

The black tribes, whom Bruce considers as the aboriginal Nubians, are so called. For their gigantic stature, and their custom of ornamenting themselves and their houses with the spoils of the elephant, see the account he gives of the person and residence of one of their chiefs, whom he visited on his departure from Ras el Feel.

Page 61. line 11.

—*emeralds*—

The emerald, or whatever the ancients dignified by the name of smaragdus, is said to have been found in great quantities in the mountain now called Gebel Zumrud (the mount of emeralds.)

Page 63. line 23.

—*Elim's well.*

It is interesting to observe with what pleasure and minuteness Moses amid the Arabian wilderness, enumerates the "twelve wells of water," and the "three-score and ten palm trees," of Elim.

Page 70. line 26.

The fourth with that tormented three.

The three were Sisyphus, Tityus and Ixion. The author of the *Odyssey*, or, at least, of that passage which describes the punishments of Tantalus, assigns him an eternity of hunger, thirst, and disappointment. Which of these opinions is most ancient, is neither very easy nor very material to decide. The impending rock of Pindar is perhaps a less appropriate, but surely, a more picturesque mode of punishment.

Page 71. line 15.

To car-borne Pisa's royal maid.

Ænomaus king of Pisa had promised his daughter, the heiress of his states, in marriage to any warrior who should excel him in the chariot race, on condition however that the candidates should stake their lives on the issue. Thirteen had essayed and perished before Pelops.

Page 73. line 9.

He sleeps beneath the piled ground.

Like all other very early tombs, the monument of Pelops was a barrow or earthen mound. I know not whether it may still be traced. The spot is very accurately pointed out, and such works are not easily obliterated.

Page 74. line 5.

God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds.

The solemnity of this prayer contrasted with its object, that Hiero might again succeed in the chariot race, is ridiculous to modern ears. I do not indeed believe that the Olympic and other games had so much importance attached to them by the statesmen and warriors of Greece, as is pretended by the sophists of later ages; but where the manners are most simple, public exhi-

bitions, it should be remembered, are always most highly estimated, and religious prejudice combined with the ostentation of wealth to give distinction to the Olympic contests.

Page 75. line 11.

The flower of no ignoble race.

Theron was a descendant of Œdipus, and consequently of Cadmus. His family had, through a long line of ancestors, been remarkable, both in Greece and Sicily, for misfortune ; and he was himself unpopular with his subjects and engaged in civil war. Allusions to these circumstances often occur in the present ode.

Page 79. line 9.

—*he whom none may name.*

In the original “*τις*,” “a certain nameless person.” The ancients were often scrupulous about pronouncing the names of their gods, particularly those who presided over the region of future hopes and fears ; a scruple corresponding with the Rabbinical notions of the ineffable word. The pictures which follow present a striking discrepancy to the mythology of Homer, and of the general herd of Grecian poets, whose Zeus is as far in-

ferior to the one supreme divinity of Pindar, as the religion of Pindar himself falls short of the clearness and majesty of Revelation. The connection of these Eleusinian doctrines with those of Hindustan, is in many points sufficiently striking. Southey and Pindar might seem to have drunk at the same source.

Page 80. line 25.

Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied.

I know not why, except for his brutality to the body of Hector, Achilles is admitted with so much difficulty into the islands of the blessed. That this was considered in the time of Pindar as sufficient to exclude him without particular intercession, shews at least that a great advance had been made in moral feeling since the days of Homer.

Page 81. line 15.

*—train'd in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power.*

It was not likely that Pindar's peculiarities should escape criticism, nor was his temper such as to bear it with a very even mind. He treats his rivals and assailants with at least a sufficient portion of disdain, as servile adherents to rule, and mere students without

genius. Some of their sarcasms passed however into proverbs. "Διος Κορινθιος," an expression in ridicule of Pindar's perpetual recurrence to mythology and antiquities, is preserved in the Phædon; while his occasional mention of himself and his own necessities, is parodied by Aristophanes. I cannot but hope however, that the usual conduct of Pindar himself, was less obtrusive and importunate than that of the Dithyrambic poet who intrudes on the festival of Nephelocoggugia, like the Gaelic bard in "Christ's kirk o' the green."

Page 83. line 22.

*Whose sapling root from Scythian down
And Ister's fount Alcides bare.*

There seems to have been in all countries, a disposition to place a region of peculiar happiness and fertility among inaccessible mountains, and at the source of their principal rivers. Perhaps indeed the Mount Meru of Hindustan, the blameless Ethiopians at the head of the Nile, and the happy Hyperborean regions at the source of the Ister, are only copies of the garden and river of God in Eden. Some truth is undoubtedly mixed with the tradition here preserved by Pindar. The olive was not indigenous in Greece, and its first specimens were planted near Pisa. That they ascribed its intro-

duction to their universal hero Hercules, and derived its stock from the land of the blessed, need not be wondered at by those who know the importance of such a present. The Hyperborean or Atlantic region, which continually receded in proportion as Europe was explored, still seems to have kept its ground in the fancies of the vulgar, under the names of the island of St Brandan, of Flath Innis, or the fortunate land of Cockayne, till the discovery of America peopled the western ocean with something less illusive.

Page 85. line 5.

Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.

Taygeta.

Page 88. line 1.

*To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore,
Such was the proof Ernicus bore,*

Ernicus was one of the Argonauts, who distinguished himself in the games celebrated at Lemnos by its hospitable queen, Hypsipile, as victor in the foot-race of men clothed in armour. He was prematurely grey-headed, and therefore derided by the Lemnian women before he had given this proof of his vigour. It is not impossible that Psaumis had the same singularity of appearance.

There is a sort of playfulness in this ode, which would

make us suspect that PINDAR had no very sincere respect for the character of Psaumis. Perhaps he gave offence by it; for the following poem to the same champion is in a very different style.

Page 89. line 17.

Rearing her goodly towers on high.

Camarina had been lately destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a great measure by the liberality of Psaumis.

Page 92. line 12.

*Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him, the prophet chief—*

The prophet chief is Amphiaraus, who was swallowed up by the Earth before the attack of Polynices and his allies on Thebes, either because the gods determined to rescue his virtues from the stain of that odious conflict; or, according to the sagacious Lydgate, because, being a sorcerer and a pagan "byshoppe," the time of his compact was expired, and the infernal powers laid claim to him.

Page 93. line 8.

*Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
And Phintis climb the car with me.*

Agesias had been victor in the Apene or chariot drawn by mules; Phintis was, probably, his charioteer.

Page 94. line 10.

*And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side.*

I venture in the present instance to translate “καλπις” a clasp, because it was undoubtedly used for the stud or buckle to a horse’s bit, as “καλπαζειν” signifies to run by a horse’s side holding the bridle. The “καλυξ” too, appended to the belt of Hercules, which he left with his Scythian mistress, should seem, from the manner in which Herodotus mentions it, to have been a clasp or stud, nor can I in the present passage understand why the pregnant Evadne should encumber herself with a water-pot, or why the water-pot and zone should be mentioned as laid aside at the same time. But the round and cup-like form of an antique clasp may well account for such names being applied to it.

Page 97. line 9.

—*cool Cyllene’s height of snow*

Cyllene was a mountain in Arcadia dedicated to Mercury.

Page 98. line 1.

*Then, minstrel! bid thy chorus rise
To Juno, queen of deities.*

Such passages as this appear to prove, first, that the

Odes of Pindar, instead of being danced and chaunted by a chorus of hired musicians and actors, in the absurd and impossible manner pretended by the later Grecian writers (whose ignorance respecting their own antiquities is in many instances apparent,) were recited by the poet himself sitting, (his iron chair was long preserved at Delphos,) and accompanied by one or more musicians, such as the Theban Æneas whom he here compliments. Secondly, what will account at once for the inequalities of his style and the rapidity of his transitions, we may infer that the Dincæan swan was, often at least, an "improvisatore." I know not the origin of the Bœotian agnomen of swine. In later times we find their region called "vervecum, patria."

Page 98. line 26.

Mark with no envious ear a subject's praise.

Either the poet was led by his vanity to ascribe a greater consequence to his verses than they really possessed, when he supposes that the praise of Agesias may move his sovereign to jealousy; or we may infer from this little circumstance that the importance attached to the Olympic prize has not been so greatly overrated by poets and antiquaries, and that it was indeed "a gift more valuable than a hundred trophies."

Page 100. line 1.

Ye viewless guardians of these sacred shades.

These lines were spoken (as is the custom of the University on the Installation of a new Chancellor,) by a young nobleman, whose diffidence induced him to content himself with the composition of another. Of this diffidence his friends have reason to complain, as it suppressed some elegant lines of his own on the same occasion.

Page 103. line 4.

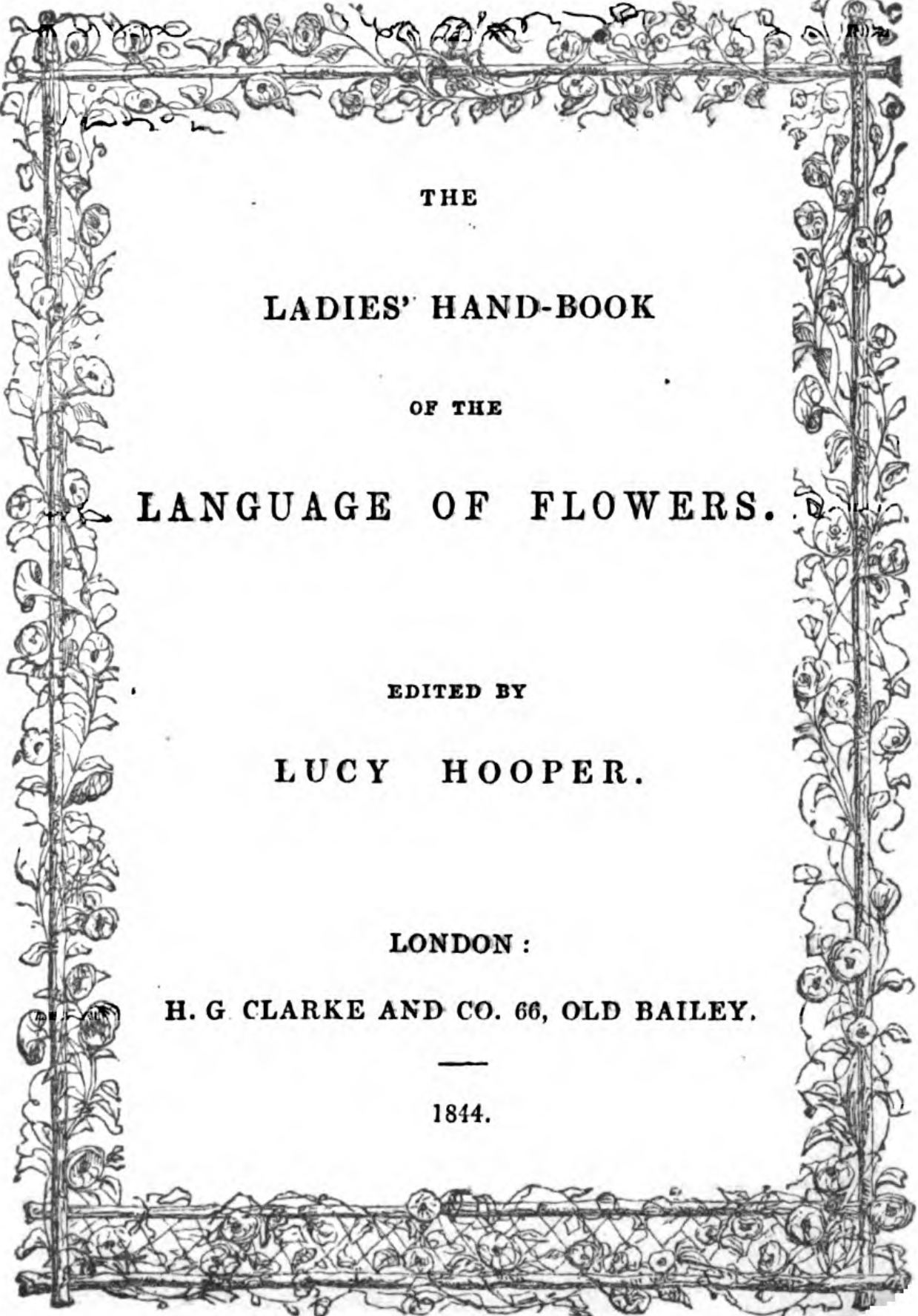
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