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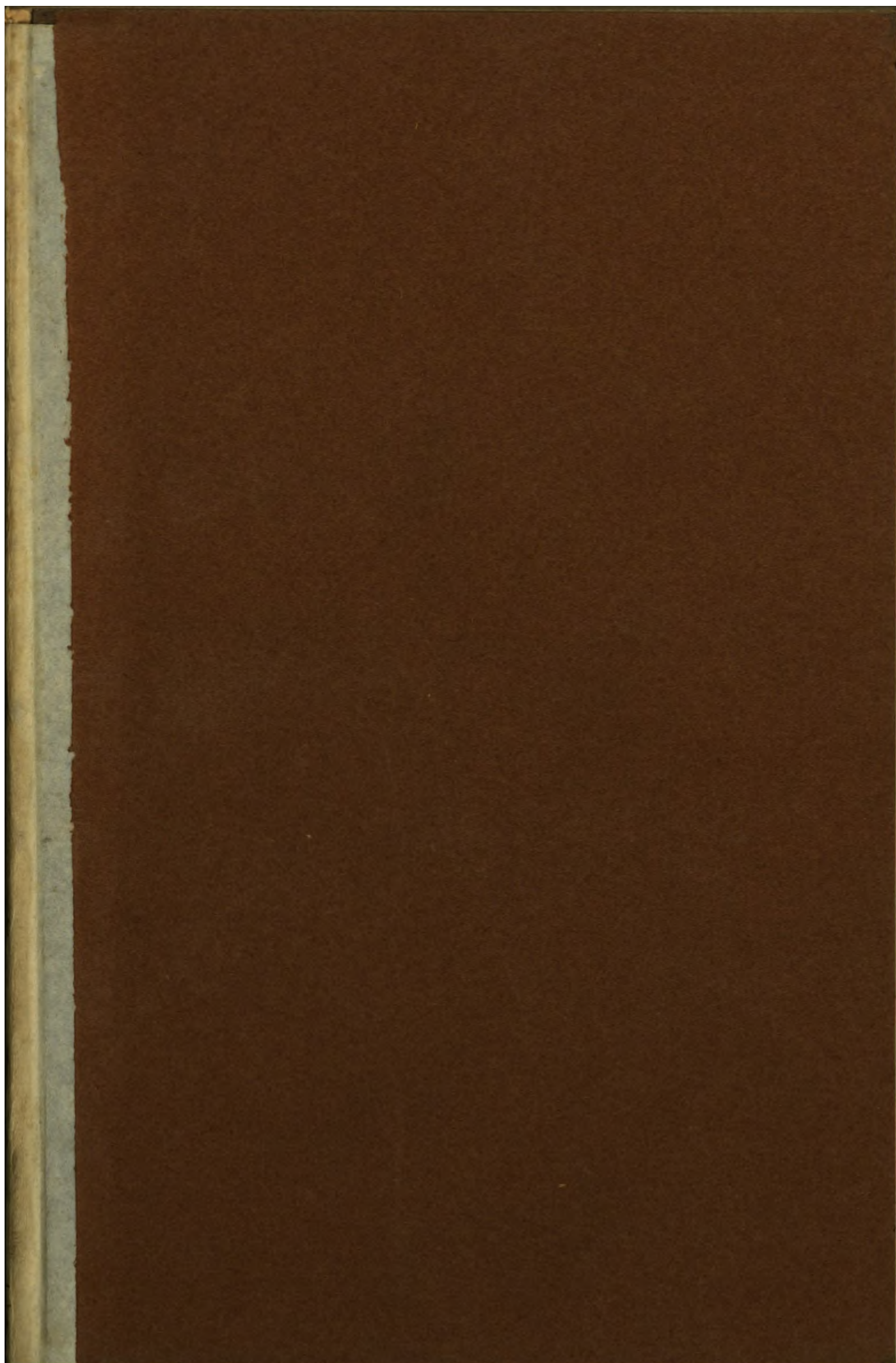
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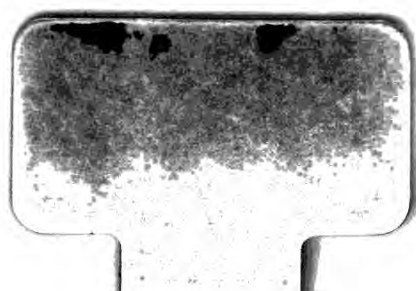
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Egypt.

A PRIZE POEM.

*George Adde Lamb
80. 58*

BY THOMAS WALKER, M.A.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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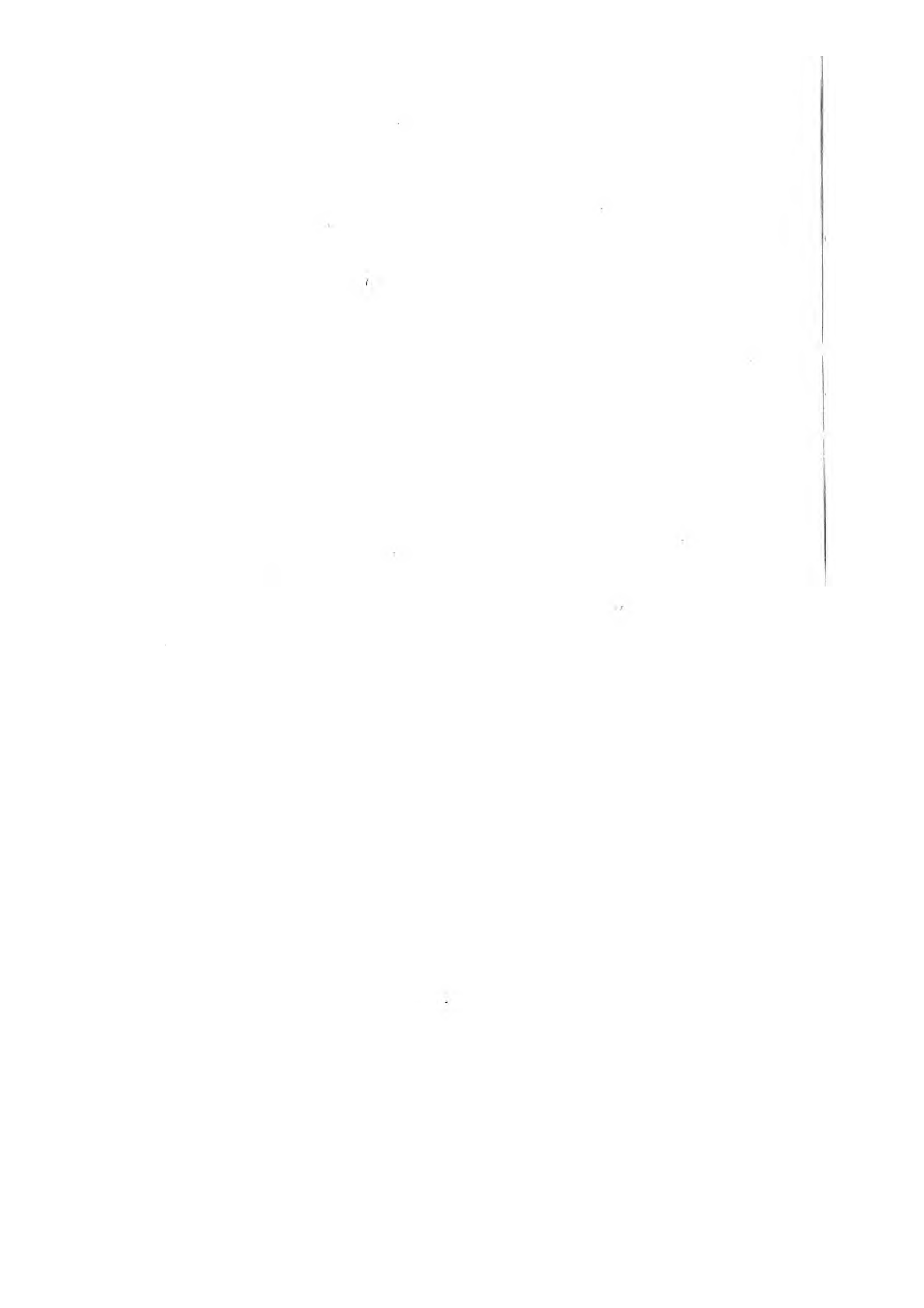
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1858.*





EGYPT.

“Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.”

JUVENAL, *Sat.* xv.

O LAND of Misraim! eldest child of Time,
Whose shadow sits upon thine aged brow,
Awful, august! the lights, how few and dim,
That stream adown the night of centuries dark,
Whose veil mysterious shrouds thine earliest years!
How feeble were the poet's pen to trace
The thousand thoughts, or clear or indistinct,
That thrill with awe and sympathy sublime,
As sinks thy vast idea on the soul!

A strange fate hath been thine—since, ages gone,
Thy river-sire, the all-prolific Nile,
Roll'd thee, an infant, on the fiery lap
Of Africa—enswathed with yellow sand,
And cradled in the barren wilderness;
Then, year by year, beneficent and mild,
Spread his broad bosom forth, on either side,
To nurture thee—even as he nurtures still.

A conqueror of the world went forth from thee,¹
Whose name was graved on many a pillar'd stone,
On Asia's fields, on Ethiopia's sands,
Self-styled “The king of kings and lord of lords,”—

¹ Rameses or Sesostris.

His form in many a giant statue carved,
 Towering at Thebes—in Nubian temple shrined,
 A god amongst the gods!—ages before,
 Or Alexander, flush'd with conquest's smiles,
 Until proclaim'd the son of Ammon, deem'd
 His glory incomplete; or Cæsar, thrall'd
 By Egypt's queen, frail sovereign of his soul,
 Voluptuously in Cleopatra's halls
 Quaff'd the rich juice of Mareotic vines.

Full blest wast thou with Nature's choicest gifts,
 Salubrious skies, and earth's abounding fruits!
 No stinted harvests, no reluctant soil,
 Exhaust the aids of Labour and of Art;
 Nor niggard rains instil forebodings dire;
 The Nile, that made, maintains thy fruitful vale—
 The land of plenty once so wide renown'd,
 The mart of nations, granary of the world!
 Behold! like some vast artery, that holds
 The life-blood of the land, with many a vein—
 Canal and sluice and rivulet and rill,
 Whose genial gushes thrill the fields remote,
 He—and no tributary aid he asks—
 In self-reliant strength rolls down his tide,
 Broad, placid, and serene. But chiefly then,
 The smile of Heaven o'erspreads this favour'd land,
 Reflected in a sea of waters wide,
 When, annually, far-bursting o'er his banks,
 For leagues around the inundation spreads—
 No deluge of destruction, but a flood
 Instinct with life and renovating power;
 The rustics, freed from toil, with eager eyes,
 Shut in their cities and their hamlets, watch
 From tower and minaret, as inch by inch
 The widening waters rise;—at intervals,
 Above the wave the crests of palm-tree groves,
 Hamlet and town and causeway high appear.

High sight there is and solemn festival,
At Cairo, when beneath pavilion rich
The solemn pasha sits—dead silence rules
The thronging thousands, crowding or on foot,
Or lounging soft in boats o'er-canopied,
Full gaily gilt—the turban'd bey on steed
Richly caparison'd—in awed suspense
They wait, until, th' expected signal given,
The floodgates ope—the waters rush amain ;
Then sound the trumpets—then the air is rent
With mingling shouts of gratitude and joy ;
They hail the flood the welcome harbinger
Of fertile fields, fair flowers, and pastures green.

There is a spring, o'erhung with willows wild ;¹
Near which a venerable pillar rears
Its granite shaft—the ancientest of all
The ancient obelisks—its fellows, far
To Western capitals transported, grace
Their younger years with ornaments of eld ;
Eastward the hazy desert meets the eye,
And westward from the Nile, near Memphis' site,
Stupendous rise the mountain pyramids.
This is the monument—the sole remain,
Where stood the City of the Sun, the seat
Of Egypt's earliest wisdom—the great school,
Which nursed the heroes of the ancient mind.
Beneath this obelisk, beside this well,
Sat the first fathers of philosophy ;
Here stored their ample intellects with food
Amid the general famine ; hence they drew
The rules of art, and scientific lore,
Maxims of prudence and of polity,
And codes of laws for nations. Hither came

¹ See notices of Egypt in Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*.

The Sire of History, he whose curious eye
 Pierced Egypt's mystic veil—much of her laws
 And manners learn'd, and chronicled her kings.
 Hither the sages of famed Hellas came—
 Solon, Pythagoras, Plato—they, whose lips
 Pour'd eloquent wisdom, and whose lessons left
 A lasting influence on all after time.

Alas! for Egypt's glory, passed away!
 How sunk in degradation—she, whose lords,
 "Sons of the wise, sons of the ancient kings,"¹
 Thought in their greatness none could equal them!²
 The basest, now, of kingdoms! desolate³
 Amid the desolate countries! Far and wide,
 Down the green valley of her parent-stream,
 Her cities lie—proud boast of perish'd years!
 Crumbling and crush'd—or vanish'd wholly, like
 The traveller's track upon the wind-swept sand;
 Nor far removed, o'er the forsaken plains
 Of many an empire, long since overthrown,
 Cast down beneath the curse of God, are found
 Sad sharers in their desolation.—Weep!
 Ye elder cities of the Orient clime!
 Sisters in splendour once, as now in doom!
 Queens of majestic mien ye seem'd to sit
 On the first thrones of far antiquity—
 That grand barbaric wilderness of time!
 Ere died the rays of your primæval suns,
 Quench'd in the twilight of decay, and paled
 Their long-lived light before the western stars.
 Weep for your fallen sceptres, pass'd away
 To climes, unheeded or unknown by you!
 Cleft are your coronets—outworn and wedged
 Deep in the desert-sand, or weltering wide
 Beneath the sun on many a scorching plain!

¹ Isaiah xx. 11.² Ezekiel xxxi. 2.³ Ezekiel xxx. 7.

While the loud tumult of your revelry,
 Your flush of triumph, and your pride of power,
 Throbb'd through your veins, and rose, in rash disdain,
 (Unhallow'd offering!) to the ear of Heaven;
 Stern Prophecy had hung the pall of doom
 Above your guilty greatness; words of woe
 Flew from her fatal lips, like burning shafts
 From the full quiver of Jehovah's wrath.
 Your glaring suns are sunk in endless night!
 Your empires seem but dreams of a long sleep
 Of ages; and the far voice of your fame,
 All indistinct, through centuries wafted down
 By the gray wings of fainting Memory, sends
 Weak whispers through the corridors of Time.
 —Say, Misraim, Egypt's mightier founder! thou
 Sire of a marvellous multitude, who hast
 Even in thy ruins wild and vast bequeath'd
 A wealth of wonder to remotest time!
 Where are thy cities, numerous as the sands,
 And bright as stars, in constellation fair
 Set in the emerald of thy teeming vale—
 Thebes, Memphis, On, and twice a myriad more?¹
 Where are the cities of the neighbouring realms?
 Where now is Edom—she, who made her nest,²
 High as the eagle's, in the rocky clefts?
 And where are Zidon, Tyre, and Nineveh?
 And what is Babylon but pools and heaps?³
 And thou, O land of Israel! resting-place
 Of God's great people, and His chiefest care,
 Thou nursing-mother of the righteous few!
 Sole sanctuary of the oracles of God—
 All of eternal Light, vouchsafed, in vain,
 To the dark nations of the former days.
 Home of the prophet and the prophet-bard,

¹ Egypt was said, in ancient times, to contain 20,000 cities.

² Jeremiah xlix. 16.

³ Jeremiah li. 37.

Whose words were fire, that should have lighten'd thee
 And warm'd—thou would'st not—and they have consumed!
 Thou didst the abominable thing—thou didst
 Burn incense to the fabled queen of Heaven;¹
 Thou didst forsake thy God, and, in the day,
 When fear of mighty monarchs made thee quake,
 Cleave to the shadow of an arm of flesh,
 And lean on Egypt's broken reed. Alas!
 Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
 Thy crown is in the dust!—yes! even thou,
 Daughter of Sion! even thou art changed.
 How different, when with timbrel and with dance,
 While Miriam answer'd, rose the choral hymn
 Triumphantly o'er Pharaoh's overthrow;
 Or, in the cedar courts of Solomon,
 Ere yet thy God and thou were laid aside
 For Pharaoh's daughter and Phoenicia's gods;
 Glorious and glad of heart thou wentest forth!
 Thy beauty, then, the Lord's reflected light,—
 Thy presence was a summer, and thy youth
 A holiday of hopes—thy heart a hall
 Of mirth, where hung the ever-blooming wreaths,
 Twined from the trees of Liberty and Life,
 And smiles seem'd dancing to the lute of Love!
 How changed! flowers dead, lute broke, and mirth herself
 Slain, where she sat, upon her wealthiest throne,—
 A throne—an altar—and 'tis now a tomb!
 How changed! thy heart is now a house of death.
 Egypt! thy story and thy lasting doom
 The mind connects, by many a well-known link,
 With our remembrance of the chosen race;
 We think on Israel, when we think on thee!
 Thou wert their home—their nursery, where they grew
 And multiplied—their school of trial sore—

¹ Jeremiah xliv. 25.

Their house of bitter bondage—cradle, both,
Of Israel, and of Israel's Saviour King—
The Holy Child! (and pious awe would fain
Still point the place upon the desert's edge,
Which shelter'd him from Herod's cruel spite).
In after times, we read, perverse and vain,
The people's hearts were often turning back
To thee, unmindful of their God, who, when
They cross'd the famous Sea, did interpose,
'Twixt thee and them, that deep and awful gulf,
His holy law and solemn covenant,
Ne'er to be pass'd again!—And Israel's seers
Pronounced the curse, that should consume thy land.
A pen of iron has inscribed that curse
In characters of blood upon thy page!
Thy lords were tyrants; they dethroned or dead,
Tyrants still ruled o'er thee;—their conquerors
Were not thy liberators. They, alas!
Wrote not their names within that glorious book,
Where shines, O Freedom! many a deed sublime,
Boast of thy children!—they, who dared to wave
Thy banner o'er the soil of tyranny;
Wrest from the clenched grasp of despot force
A charter, blazon'd with their country's rights;
With laws, by Justice lov'd, Oppression fear'd,
On Truth's firm base a glorious fabric raise,
And consecrate it to thy name—while theirs
Was graved conspicuous on the corner-stone.
Here mad Ambition, crown'd with gory wreaths,
Rode, in her tinsel chariot of false fame,
O'er trampled ties, o'er desecrated shrines,
Razed cities, ravaged fields; her altars reek'd
With human sacrifice; and, dear as praise,
She heard the wail of nations, by her sword
Slain, scatter'd, desolate—their ruin-smoke
Her sweetest incense, her libations blood!

'Tis sad that human splendour should be rear'd
 On human woe ; yet, thus, those pyramids,
 The work of years, the wonder of all time,
 (Gray sons of Age, that mock their mother's might !)
 Recal the stern taskmaster's iron rod,
 The chiding tongue, the stings of infamy,
 The sweat of slaves, the captive's bitter tears !
 Hard by these royal tombs, behold ! the Sphinx,
 Albeit half-sunk in surges of the sand,¹
 Shorn of his beard and helmet, seam'd with scars,
 Long while the sport of many a Tartar's lance,
 Majestic e'en in mutilation, stands !
 Type of a beauty and a glory gone,
 How grandly, rising o'er the peopled plain,
 His monstrous form and features could inspire
 The sense of all-unconquerable strength !
 The awe of ages ! as they watch'd his look,
 Sad, earnest, and inexorable,—yet calm
 And quiet as the moon, when her loved light
 Views not, through all her dream-like paths of air,
 One shadowy shape to charm to sweetest smile,
 But beams benign on mutual earthly love,
 And wins, yet woos not, for herself a part,
 Which with a ray of sadness ever blends.

Ever the same, the ancient river rolls,
 Father of Life ! while, all along his banks,
 The sons of Death in dark oblivion sleep !
 In countless sepulchres, hewn in the rock,
 Or rear'd, or sunk beneath the sand, they lie ;—
 They, who once drank his tide, whose sickles reap'd
 His harvests—then their richest revenue ;
 From that vast burial-ground of Memphis, where
 Coffins with legends quaint, and broken hides,

¹ For the sex of the Sphinx, see notices of Egypt in Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*.

Mummies and mummy-cases, bones and skulls
 Innumerable were found—a hideous heap
 Of dead humanity,—and up the stream
 Far onward, to that Valley of the Tombs,
 Enclosed and overhung with rugged cliffs,
 Awful abodes of Ammon's¹ ancient kings!
 There² should they in their glory lie, each one
 In his own house—immortal in their death!
 How drear! how still! no habitation nigh,
 No sound of city-strife to reach the ear.
 Attempt were vain in feeble verse to paint
 These palaces of Death—whose storied walls
 Are carved and dyed with many a strange device;
 There Justice with her ostrich-plume is seen,³
 The mummy-barge upon the Sacred Lake,
 And genii rare and jackal-headed gods,—
 Sad Superstition's mummeries manifold!
 That vaulted hall, that huge sarcophagus,
 That gallery high and devious passage, seem'd
 The same, when Moses mused, Rameses reign'd!

Lo! where the verdant plain, the smiling sky,
 The mountain-ranges wild, on either side
 Receding, look as though the charmèd vale
 Widen'd her lap, and spread her carpet soft
 Of brightest green, to catch some gorgeous gem
 That fell from Heaven;—and there the jewel lies!
 There lies majestic, monumental Thebes!
 City of giants! giants in their thoughts,
 In self-elation of presumptuous pride,
 In monstrous statues, edifices vast,
 Stupendous gateways, halls, and obelisks,

¹ Thebes.

² Isaiah xiv. 18.—In not one of the sepulchres in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings has the royal mummy been discovered.

³ See Stanley's notices of Egypt, in his *Sinai and Palestine*.

Or multiplied in lengthening avenue,
 Or some, in solitary grandeur rear'd,
 High towering o'er the rest ;—some still erect,
 But most, all marr'd and shatter'd, overthrown—
 Heaps upon heaps of massive masonry,
 Down on the plain in wildest ruin roll'd !
 'Twas here the royal tenants of the tombs
 Abode in life, and here their thrones were set.
 The blind old bard of Scio sung of thee,
 Thebes of the Hundred Gates ! whose portals all,¹
 'Twas told, could pour a million men of war,
 And twice ten thousand chariots, on the foe !
 Gigantic in thy dissolution, e'en
 The hand of Time less rudely pass'd o'er thee ;
 The sheen of splendour and the scorn of strength
 Illumine still and dignify the spot ;
 Nor twice ten centuries of slow decay,
 The cold neglect of a degenerate race,
 Nor savage scathe of envious conqueror,
 Nor zealot's fury, burning to destroy,—
 The Moslem's blinded wrath—hater, alike,
 Of idols and of images of men ;
 Not these, nor aught beside, could all efface
 The awful grandeur of thine ancient pride.
 How eloquent the silence of these stones !
 Or, when the sultry noon with eye of fire
 Glares on the surface of the sandstone walls,
 Revealing rents and fissures, deep and gray,
 Wrinkles of age ! clear-pictured histories,
 That laugh at Time, whose various hues and bright
 Seem struck immortal by some spell of art !
 Or, when the moon, ascendant o'er the scene,
 (Ever herself the same, serene, unmoved
 Amid the mighty motions of mankind,)

¹ It was said that Thebes could send out at once two hundred chariots, and ten thousand fighting men at each of its gates.

Bathing with floods of weird and solemn light
Temple and tower and court and colonnade,
Colossal portals, palaces, and streets,
Attunes the mind to meditation calm ;
Or strikes illusively the musing thought
With wizard wand, and, seeming half to hide
The steps of Desolation and of Doom,
Repeoples with the forms of fallen kings,
With long procession, festival, and dance,
The still and sombre solitudes, which bear
The lasting impress of their giant thoughts,
And deeds of marvellous enterprise. Methinks !
It needs no straining fancy's utmost range,
To picture all the splendour of the scene,
Or 'mid these fragments of the mighty shell,
To know the pulse, that grandly throbb'd within !
Astonishment of ages ! legends, carv'd
By many a stranger's hand from Greece or Rome,
Attest their admiration and their awe ;
And strangers still are they, who most admire ;
The half-clad native in his mud-built hut,
Dead to all emulation, all regret,
Perceives no sense of sympathy sublime ;
He little heeds the grandeur of the scene,
Nor knows he whence it rose ; his vacant eye
Surveys, unmoved, these mightiest monuments
Of human power and wisdom. How unlike,
His little life, the gush of energy,
Whose vital pulses thrill'd a thousand courts !
Far better life, although it lead to death,
Than neither death nor life ; and better thus,
These shattered splendours, torn from Glory's brow,
Memorials huge of action and of thought,
Traces of fame and frailty—better far
Than that the history of man had been
A voiceless blank. For we extract from out

This lion-carcass of a mighty past
The soul's sweet food, divine philosophy.

Full many a lone and late explored recess,
Discovering tombs and temples wonderful,
Philæ and Ipsambul with many more,
Might hold the muse in contemplation calm ;
But space forbids ; and admiration shades
Her kindling eye, whene'er its rays reveal
Object of worship base—creatures adored,
Whom God ordain'd to serve and to obey,
Or, with wise end unknown, to hurt and kill—
Apis or Ibis, crocodile and cat ;
Vilest of all, the serpent, emblem meet,
In subtle power to taint the sap of life,
Of man's arch-enemy ! Could these be gods,
Helpless themselves to save ?—as on the day
When that strange van¹ of Persia's host could daunt
Pelusium's poor defenders—they who loosed
Grim floods of slaughter on their bleeding land ;
Or, when the maniac son of Cyrus, drunk
With shouts of triumph, sheathed his savage steel
In Apis' side, and, in derisive scorn,
O'erthrew a nation and a nation's gods.
Corrupted to the core, we deem such land
Rife with the seeds of death. And, whence arose
This mixture marvellous of sublime and base,
Mean and majestic in one ritual blent ?
Its roots were struck deep in the common soil
Of human nature ; thence it grew so great,
Water'd by pride, by recreant reason fed,
Until its branches flung their poison-shade,
Like fabled upas-tree, o'er all the land.

¹ In allusion to a stratagem of Cambyses in the capture of Pelusium, when he secured his army from the attacks of the besieged, by driving before it a large assemblage of dogs and cats.

O man, the image of thy Maker made!
 Fall'n, helpless, weak! in every age were thine
 The power of good, propensity to ill!
 In every age and clime, till light from Heaven
 Invade and permeate thine inmost part,
 Thy soul or slumbers sluggishly upon
 The fatal calm of aimless apathy;
 Or wanders wildly toss'd on waves of doubt—
 Blind surgings of the sense! 'Tis true that now
 No temples rise, no offerings gild the shrine
 Of Isis or Osiris—none demands
 Counsel of Ammon to direct his deeds;
 We see no godhead in four-footed beasts;
 Birds of the air and creeping things of clay
 Appal not with the semblance of divine;
 Yet we have idols, shrined within the soul,
 Unseen, yet all-pervading; and the breast,
 Meant for a temple of the living God,
 Becomes, too oft, a cage of unclean birds,—
 Beasts of the mind obscene! There are, alas!
 Wise in their generation, as they deem,
 Rich in the legacy of light bequeath'd
 Through searching centuries of throbbing thought,
 Who, learn'd in all the wisdom of the world,
 Carve out colossal images of Truth,
 Who rear the mind's majestic pyramids,
 Tier above tier of labour'd argument—
 The splendid structures of long years of toil,
 Who yet, alas! in scorn of all their gains,
 Too often quit the proudest pinnacle
 Of hope and holiest aim, and bow the knee
 To gods of gold, base pride, and bestial lust!
 Refrain we, then, from philosophic sneer;
 Nor should those mournful human relics move
 The scoffing jest profane;—alike is death,
 Or shut within the sods of yesterday,

Or when its awful shade hath hovered round
The mummy, (that grim mockery of man!)
Thro' the drear void of thrice a thousand years
Its inmate and companion. Often we,
Too vainly conscious of existence, deem
Our life is better than their death; we deem
Ourselves the heirs of all their former good;
We rear our palaces upon their tombs—
Too proud our footstep, as it clanks upon
The gravestone of a hundred ages past!
Far from our thoughts be, equally, excess
Of veneration, and contemptuous sneer;
Nor be the meed of gratitude forgot.
The sons of Science ever deem this land
Her birthplace and first home; even as the Nile,
From Abyssinian sources, long conceal'd,
Flows down and fertilizes all her plains,
So flowed her wisdom o'er the ancient world,
(The sweet refreshment of the thirsting mind!)
Thence in a stream, still widening as it roll'd,
Descending to our day. Methinks! with eye
Intent and cheering smile fair Science views,
Even now, her sons, whose filial zeal would search
The still recesses of primeval time,
To trace the footsteps of her infancy,
Her youthful secrets, long-forgotten lore,
And breathes her blessing on their noble toil!

O land of Egypt! vainly may I shew,
Within the compass of this feeble verse,
Thy pristine grandeur, or thy present shame.
So we preserve thy mighty moral deep
Fix'd in our memories, 'tis enough to know,
How that the self-exalted sons of pride,
Who magnified themselves against the Lord,
Monsters abhorr'd, whose cruel wrath could wreak

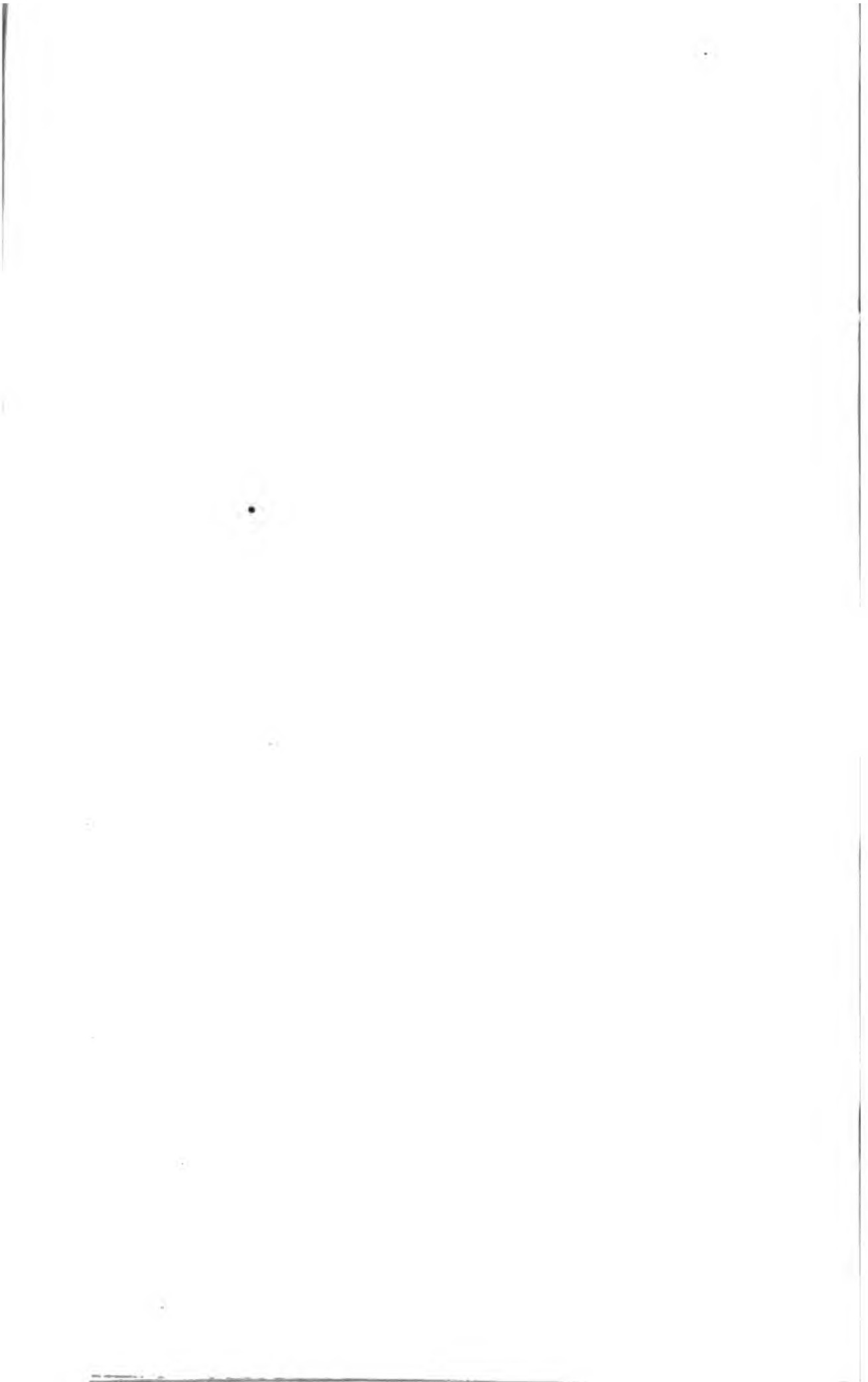
Accursed wrong on prostrate misery,
 Who¹ made the world a wilderness, have been
 Themselves brought low. Enough to know, how vain,
 In former days, thy pageantry and pomp,
 Vain all thy wisdom, all thy worship vain,
 That could nor succour nor deliver thee!
 Enough to know, all that the prophets spake
 Of old, at God's behest, concerning thee,
 Has come to pass;—'tis written in their books,
 'Tis written in thy ruin and thy shame!

One hope, one only refuge, waits for thee!
 O would thine ardent aspirations rise,
 Soaring sublime, as thine own pyramids,
 Above the carcase of thy buried guilt,
 To find a final resting-place in Heaven!
 O that, apart from all material strength,
 That sport of chance, that creature of a day,
 (What but a day, even in thy history,
 Now they are past, appear a thousand years?)
 Thou hadst the knowledge of man's highest good—
 The grandeur and the glory of the soul!
 O that thy sons, in these thy latter days,
 Abject, afflicted, ruin'd though they be,
 Would stretch their suppliant hands unto the Lord,
 And He, thy Smiter, be thy Healer too!²
 Then, rising glorious o'er th' awaken'd plain,
 The Sun of Righteousness, too long withheld,
 Or dimly seen through Superstition's cloud,
 With dawning ray should strike the sleeping chords,
 That linger voiceless in the vacant heart,
 The drear abode of darkness; then their hymns
 Should wake in tones of praise, more musical
 Than Memnon's fabled lyre; then blessed Peace,
 Wide as thy river-sea, should spread her wings;

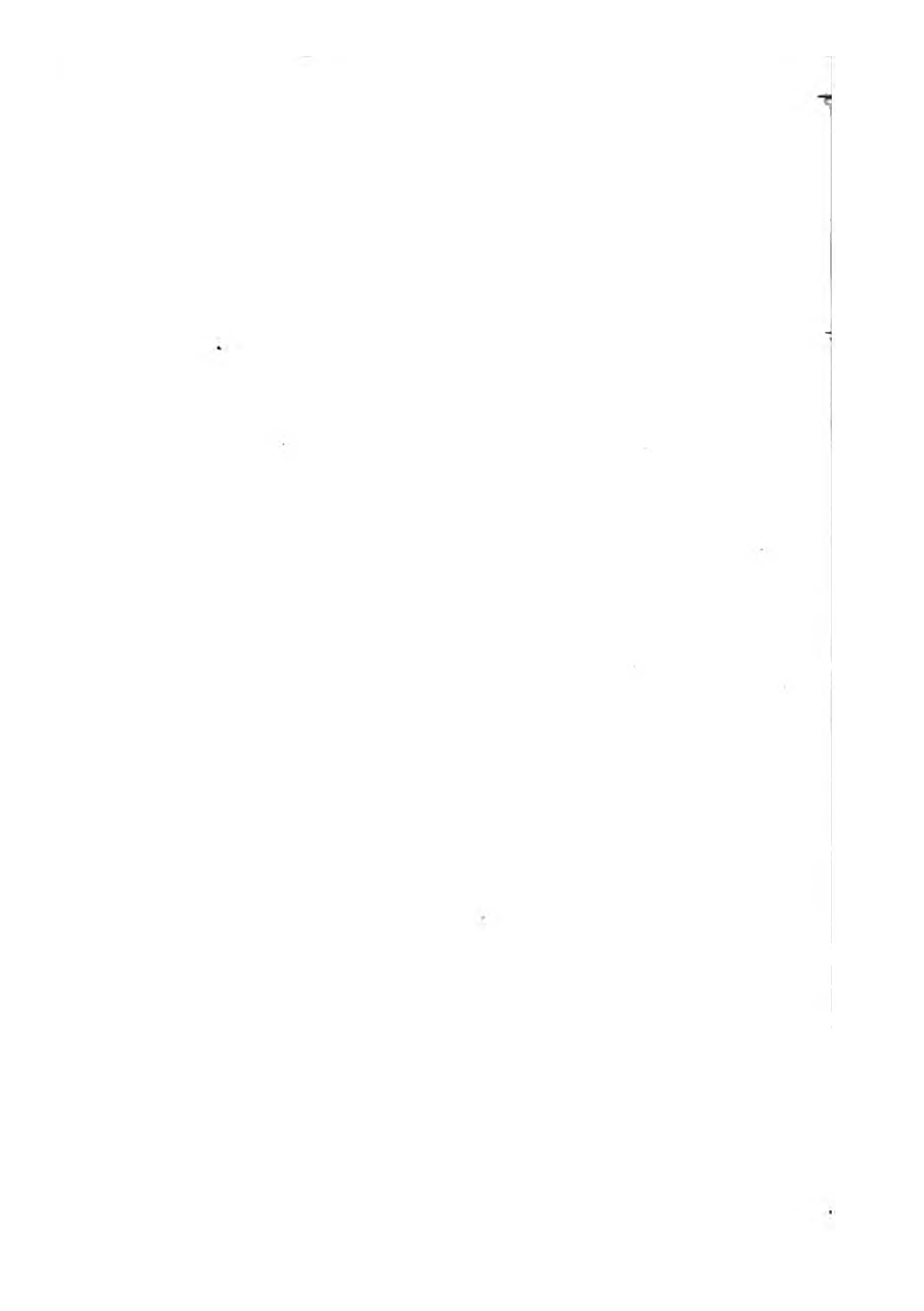
¹ Isaiah xiv. 17.

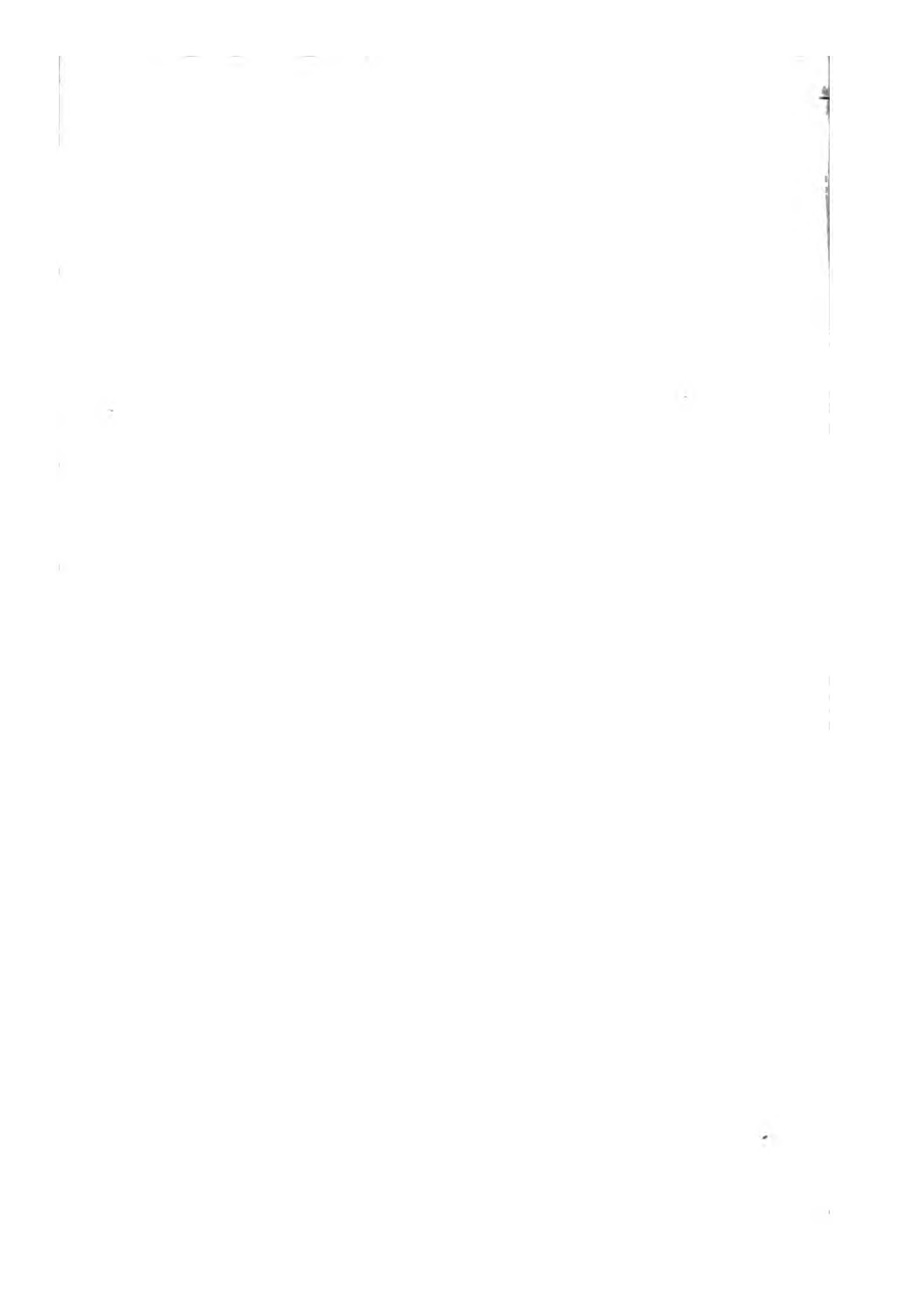
² Isaiah xix. 22.

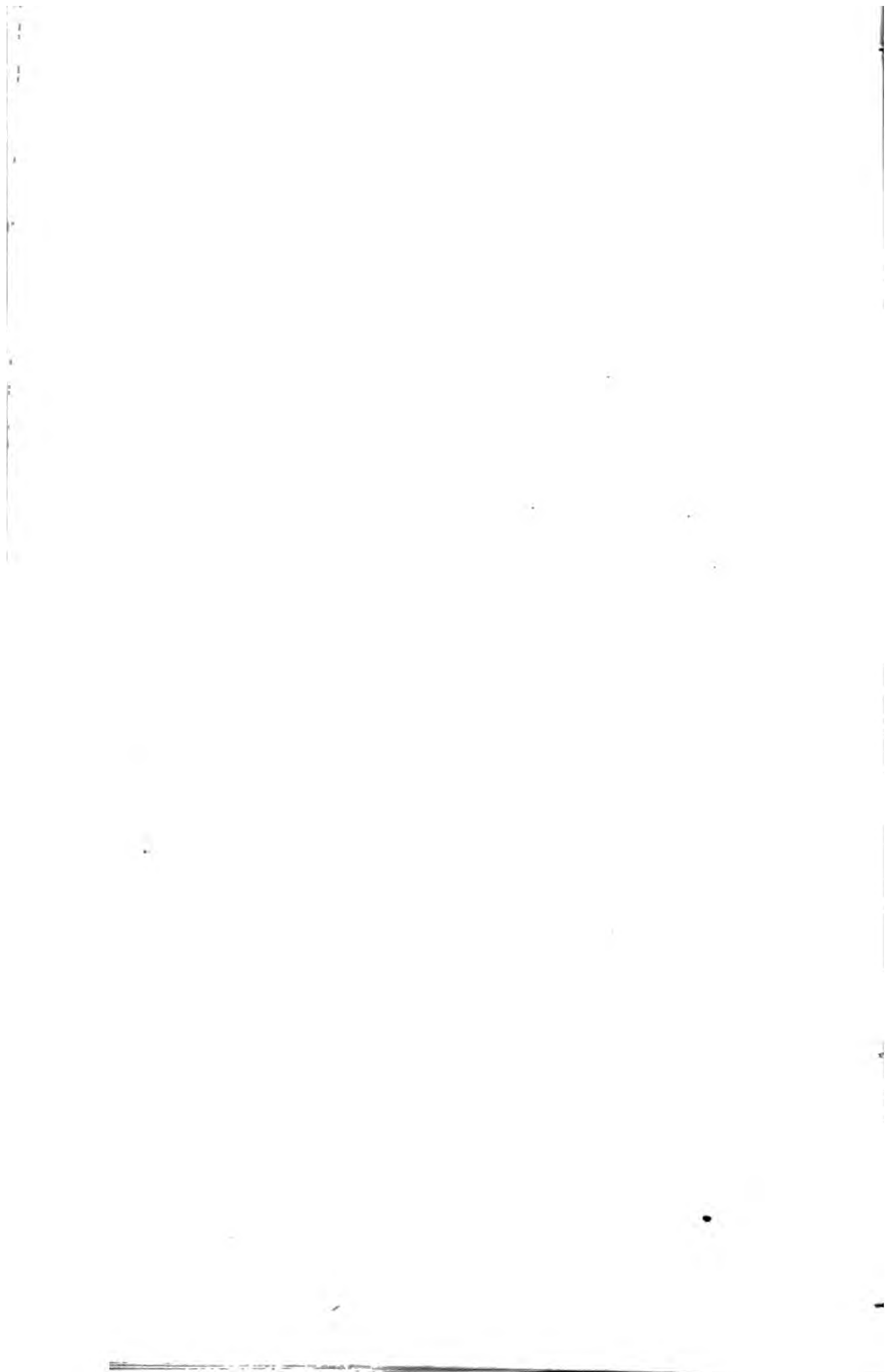
Then should thy shadowy palm-trees seem to wave,
As graceful emblems of triumphant Truth,
Towering sublime above thy wilderness
Of sunken ages ; then the eye of Hope
Should pierce thy pall, and o'er thy land of death
Her glance of glory flash away the gloom.





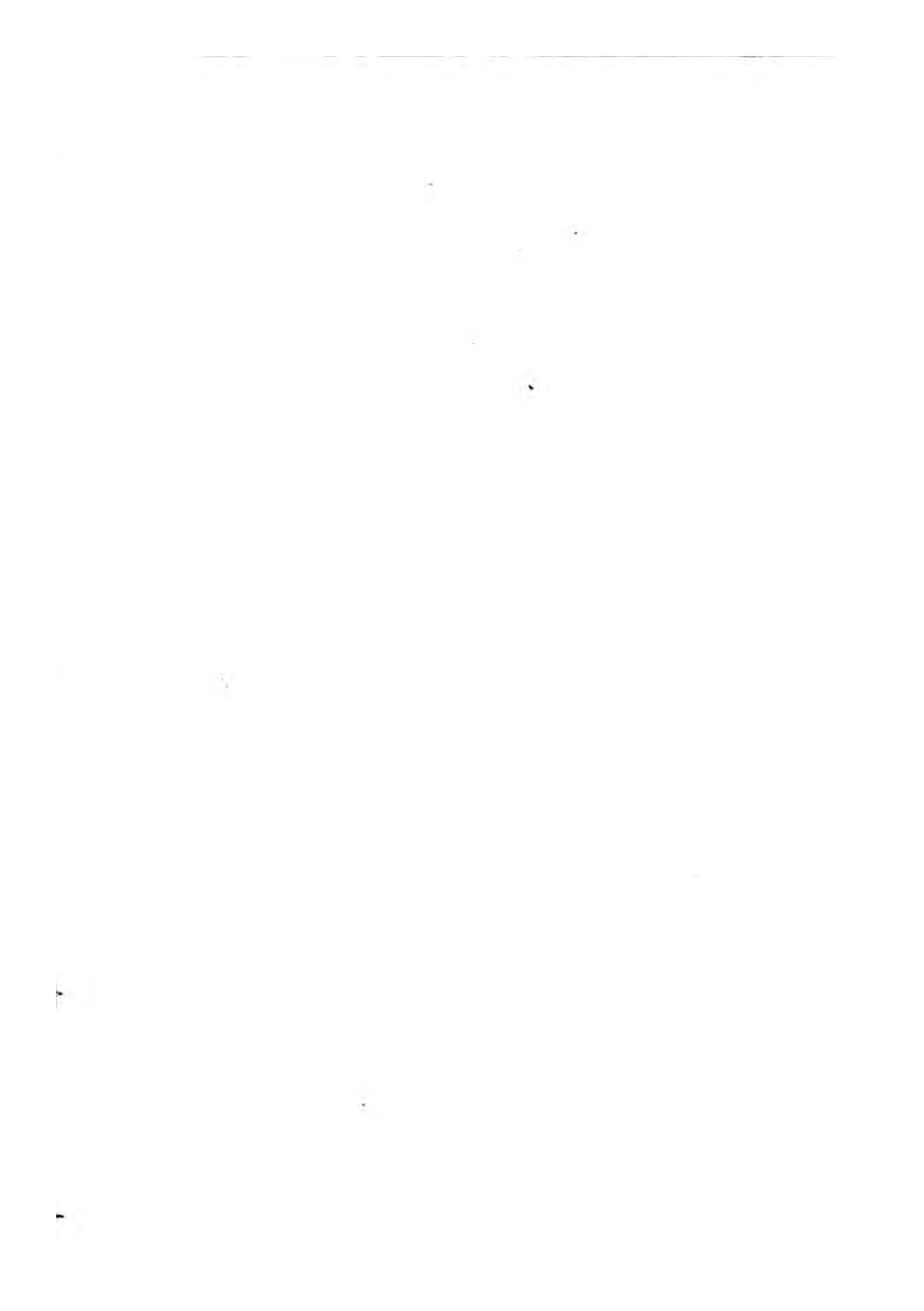




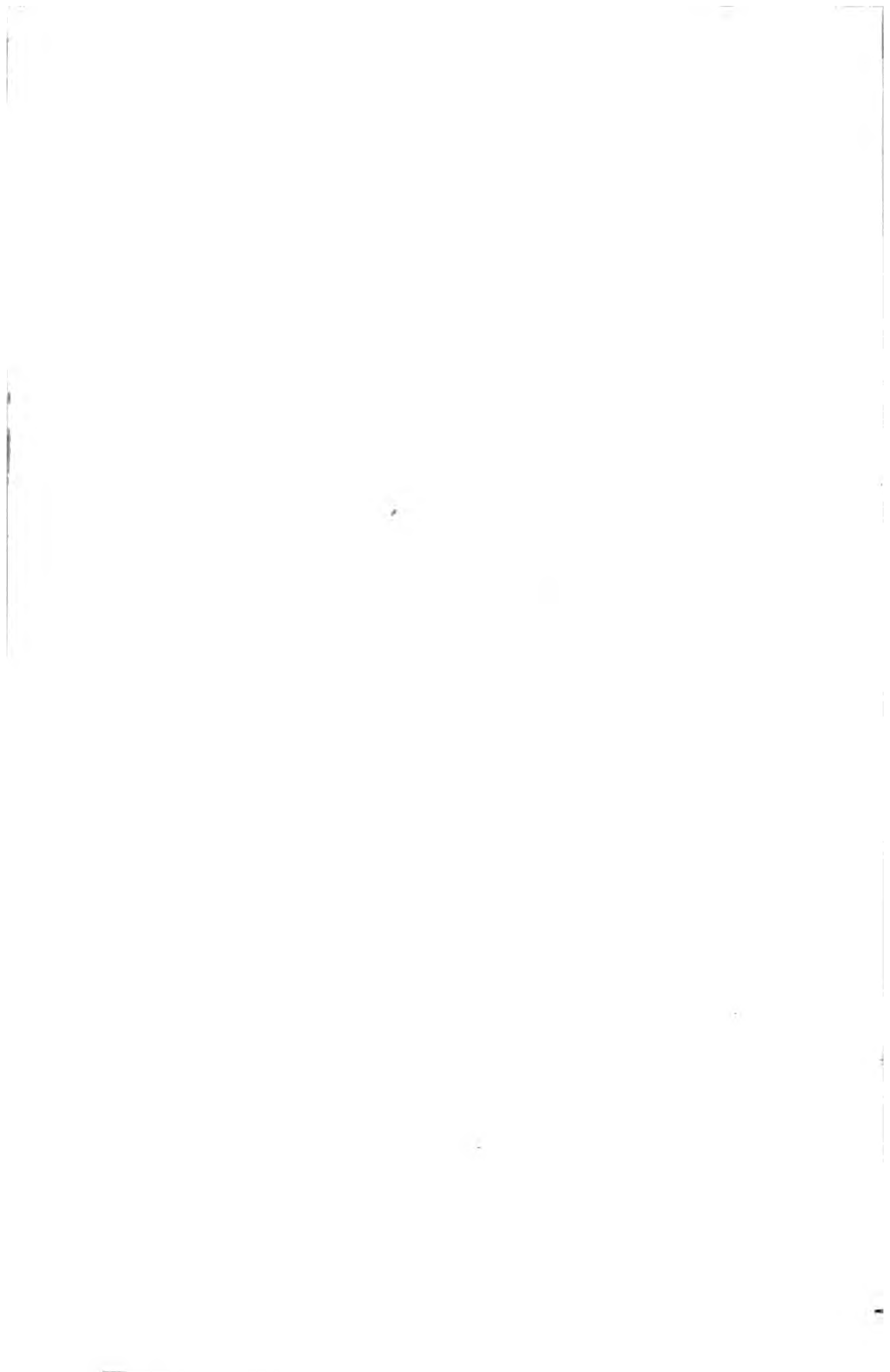




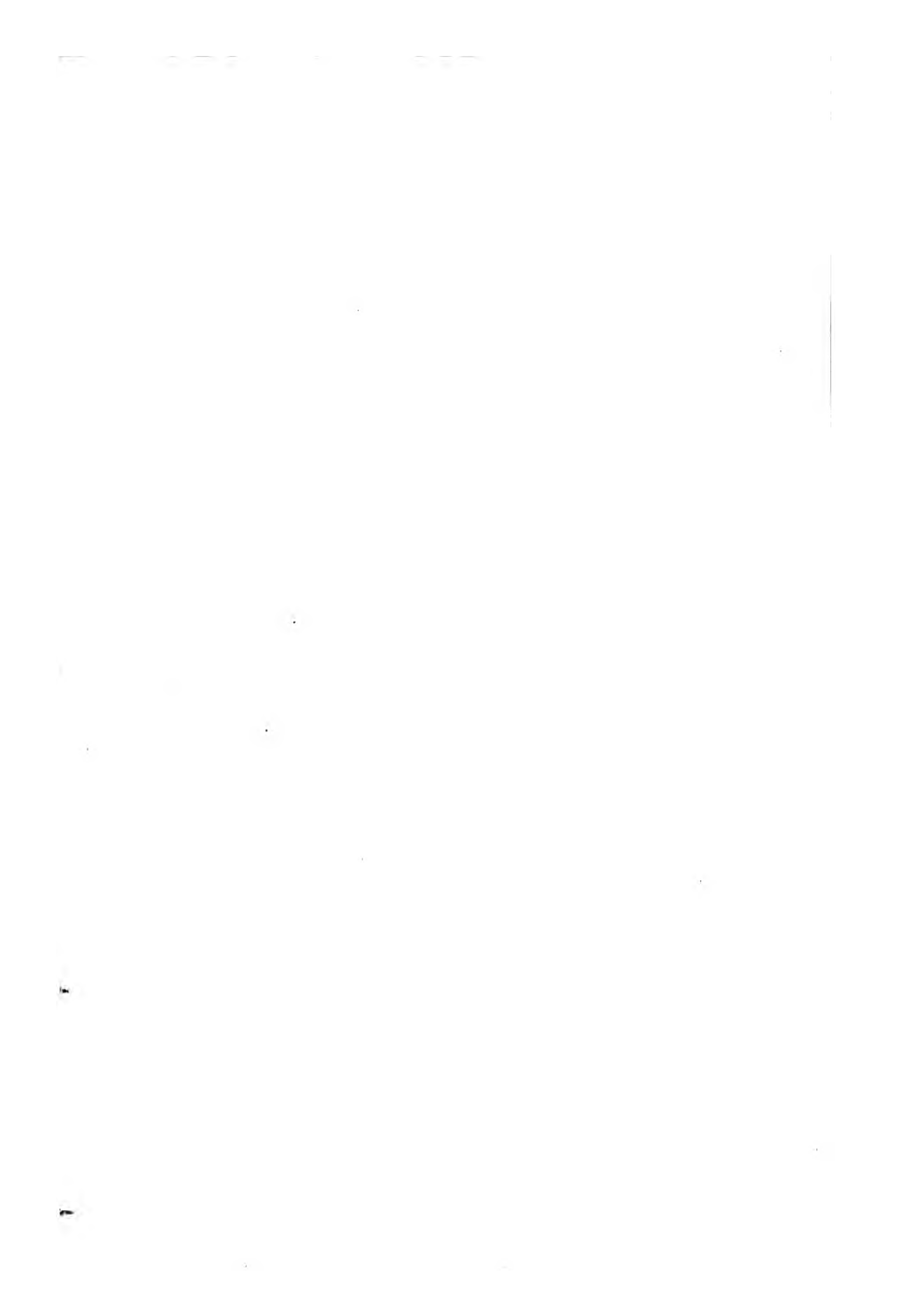


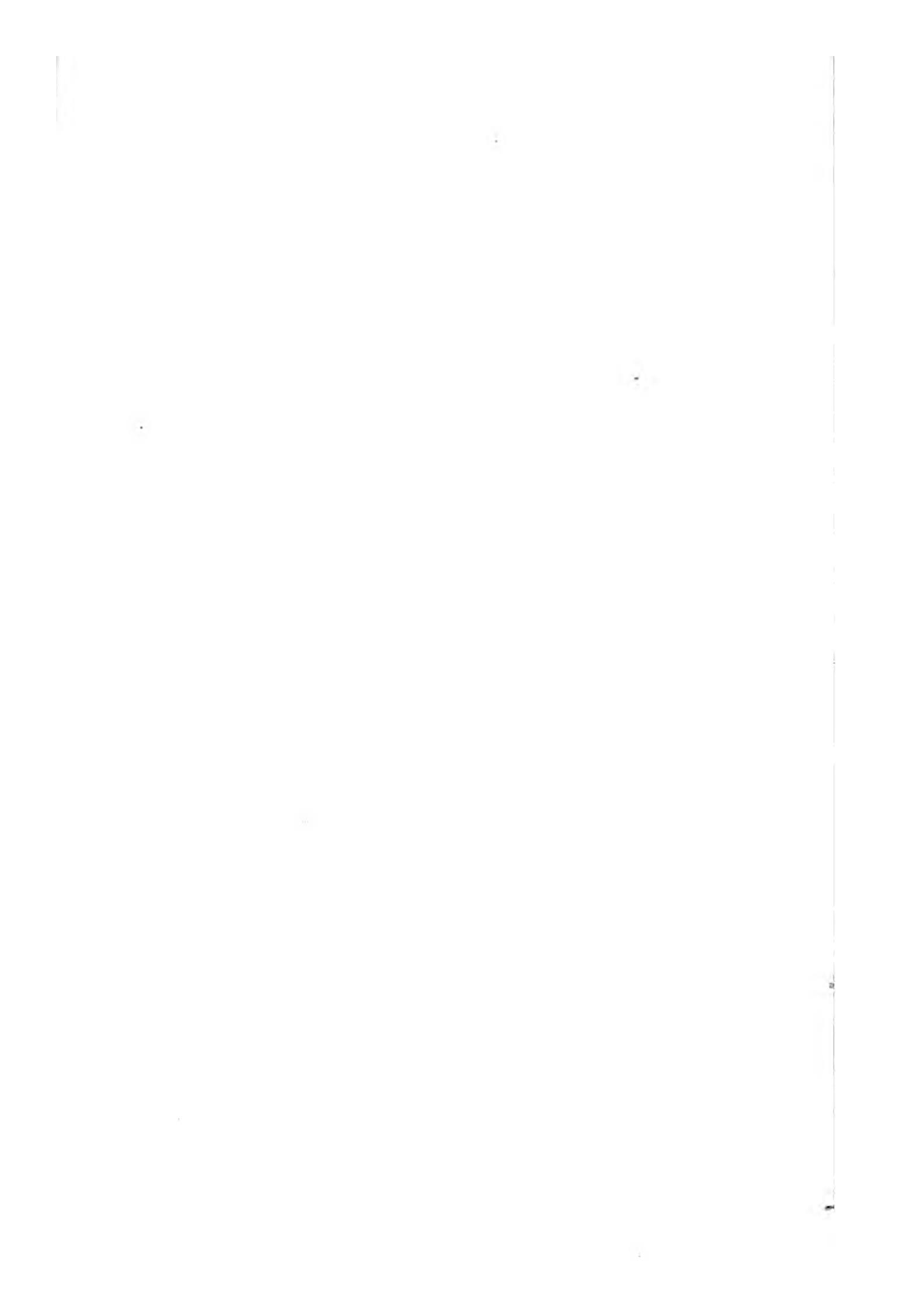


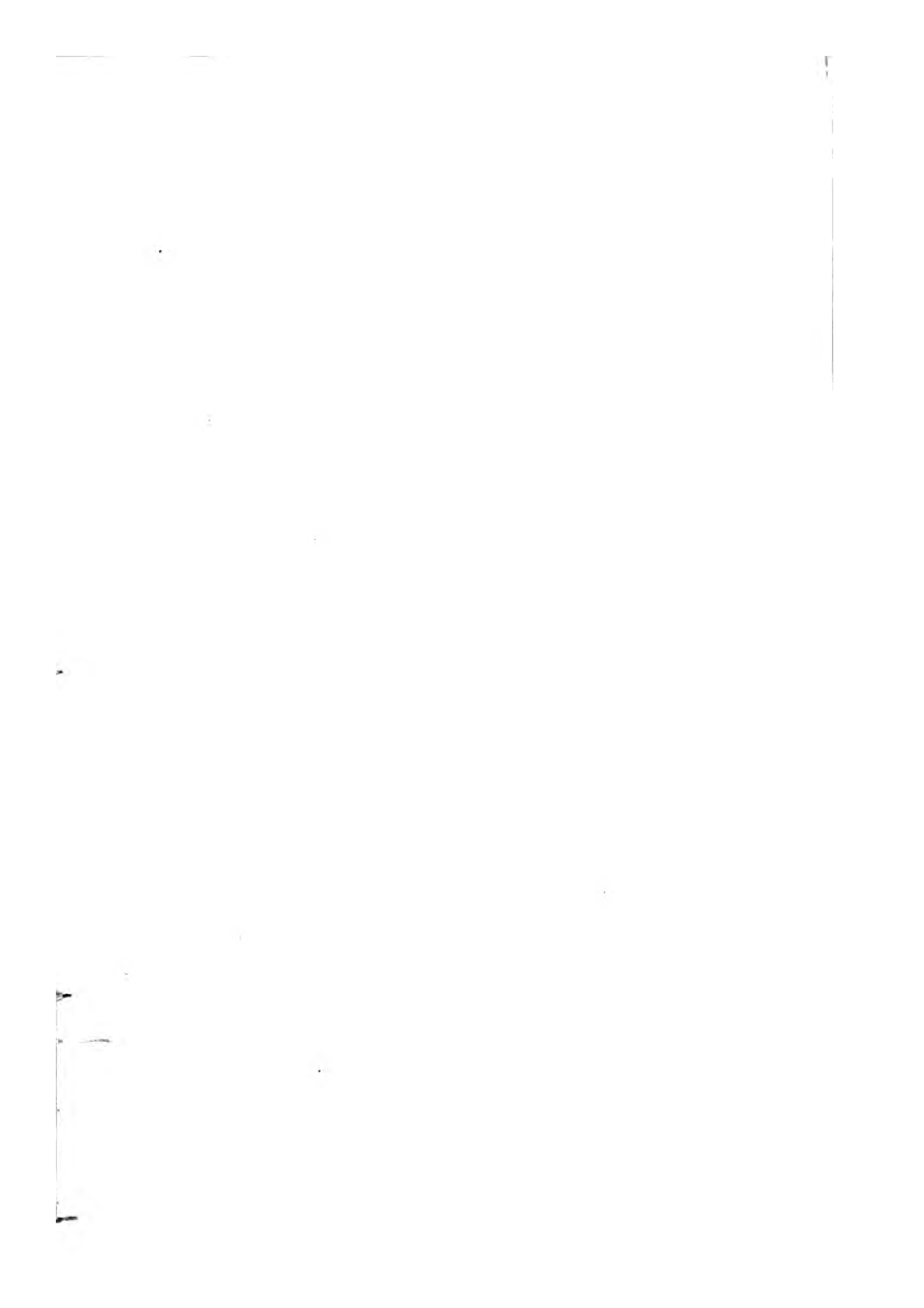




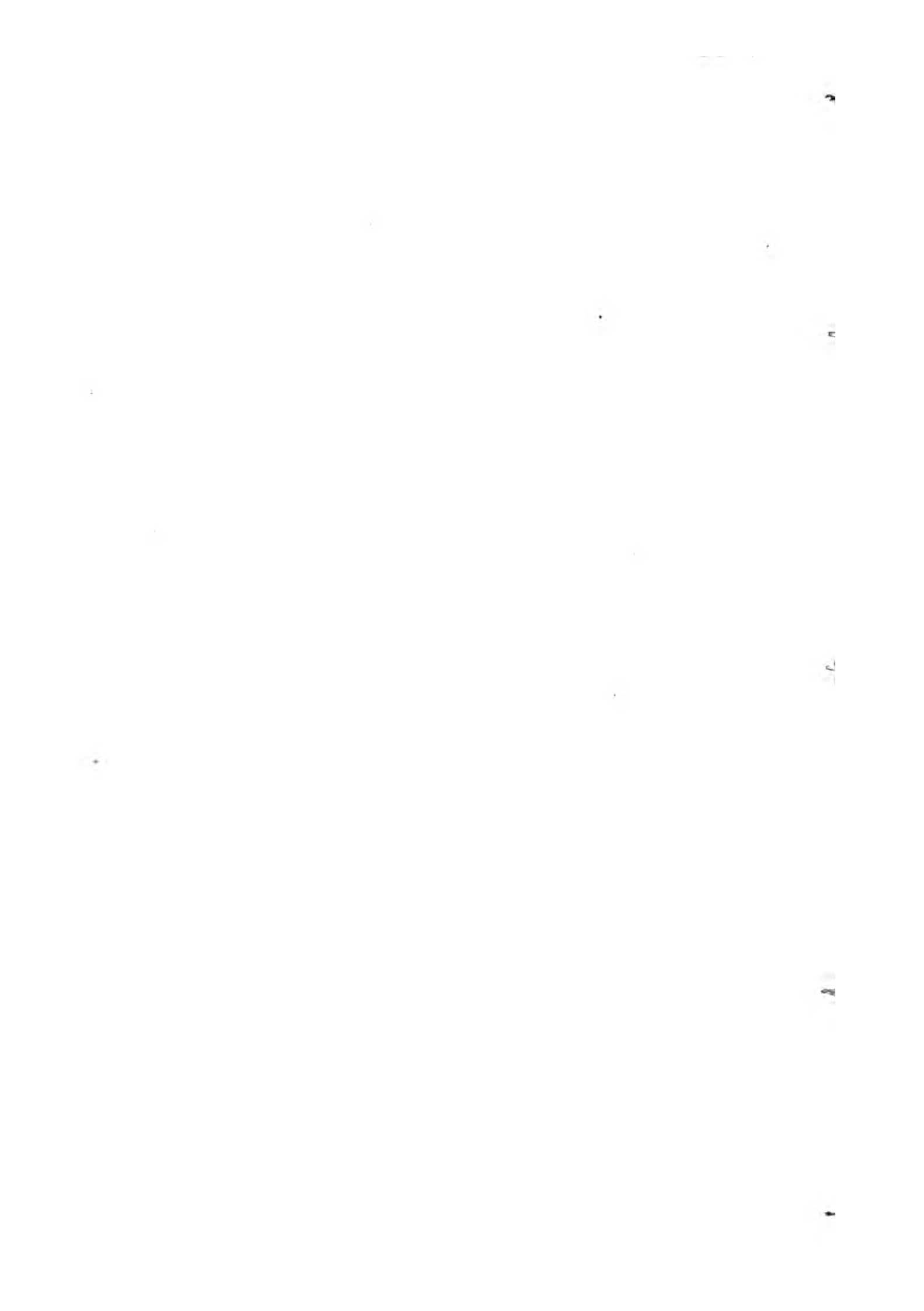






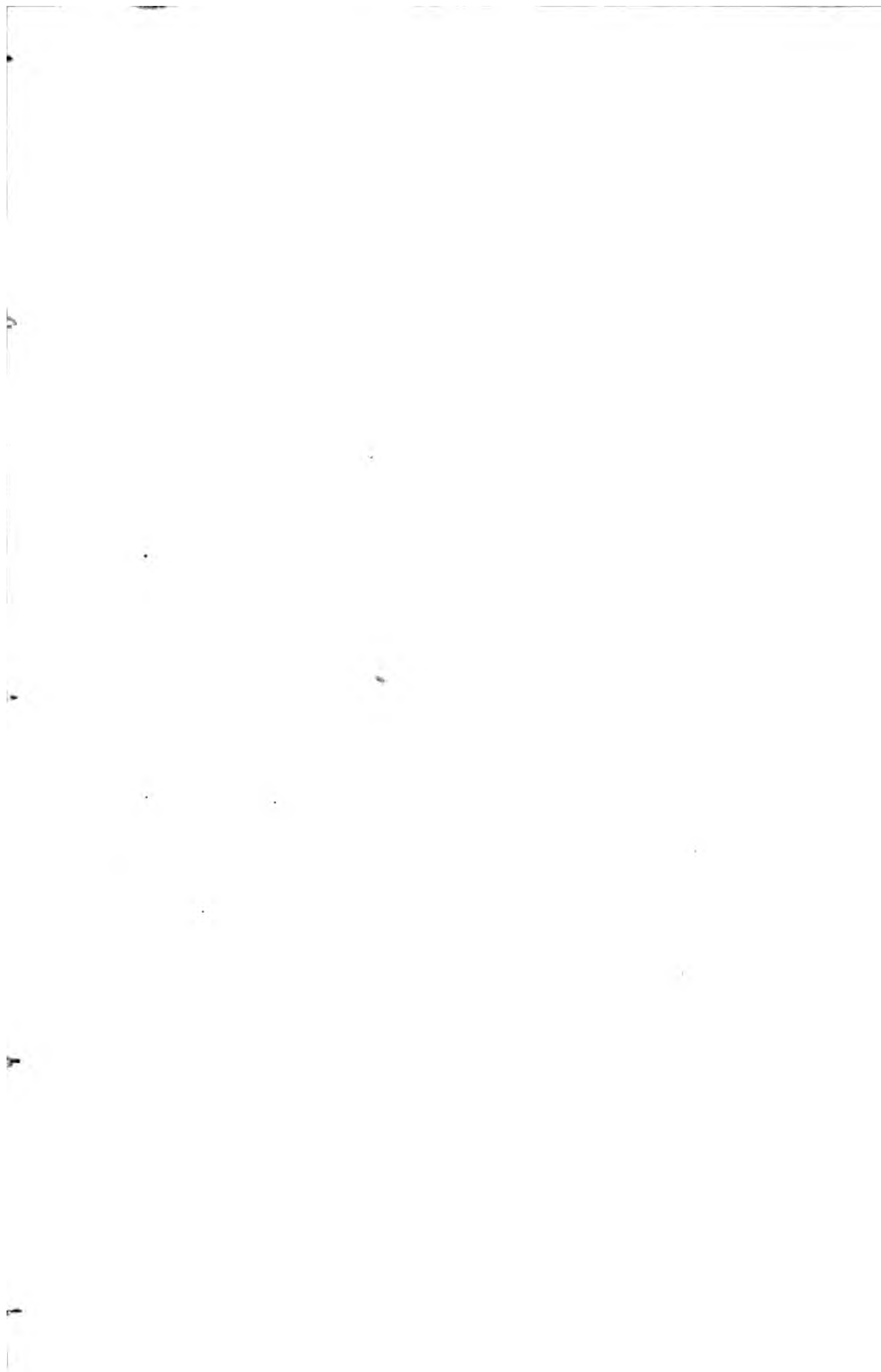


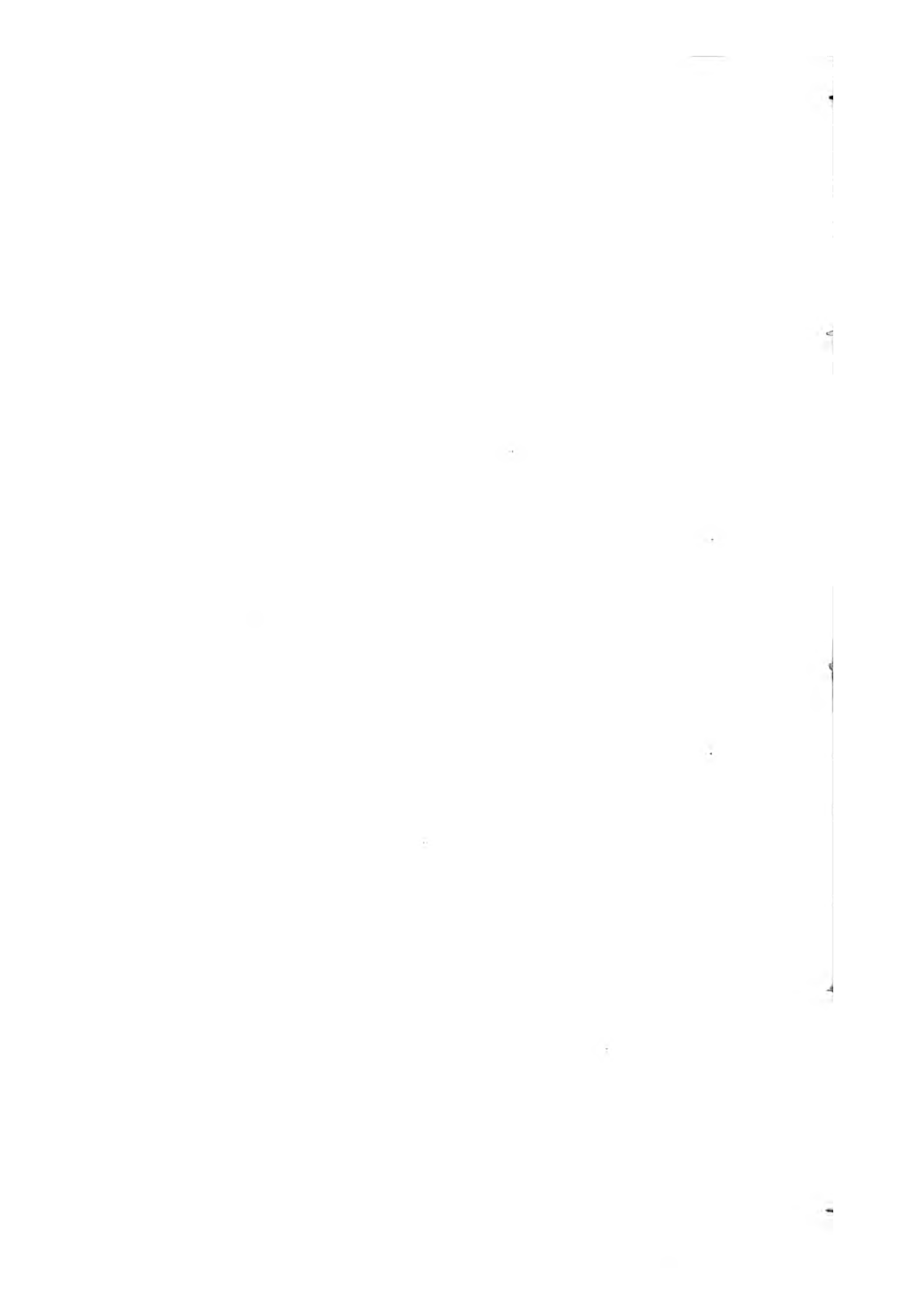




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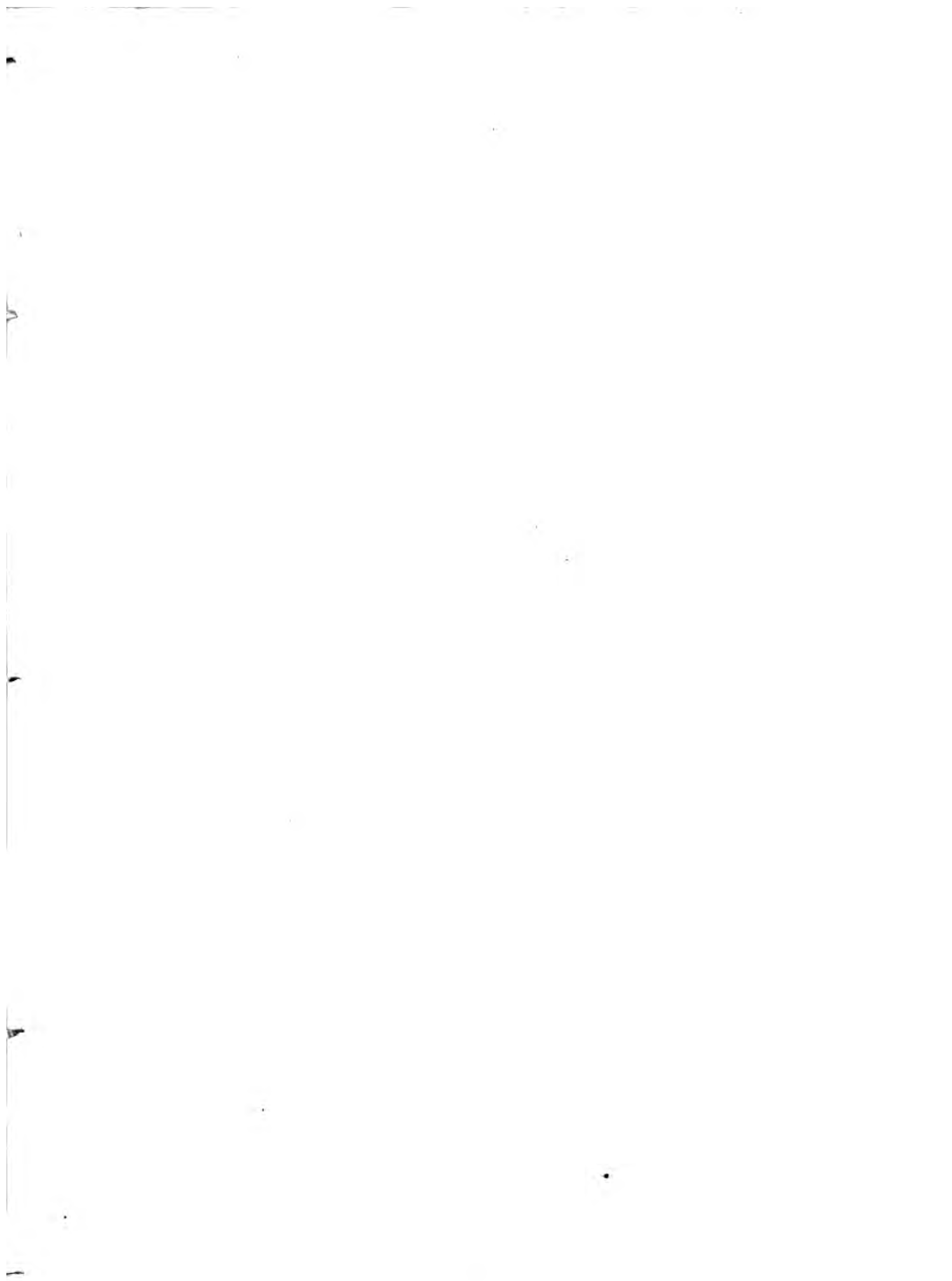


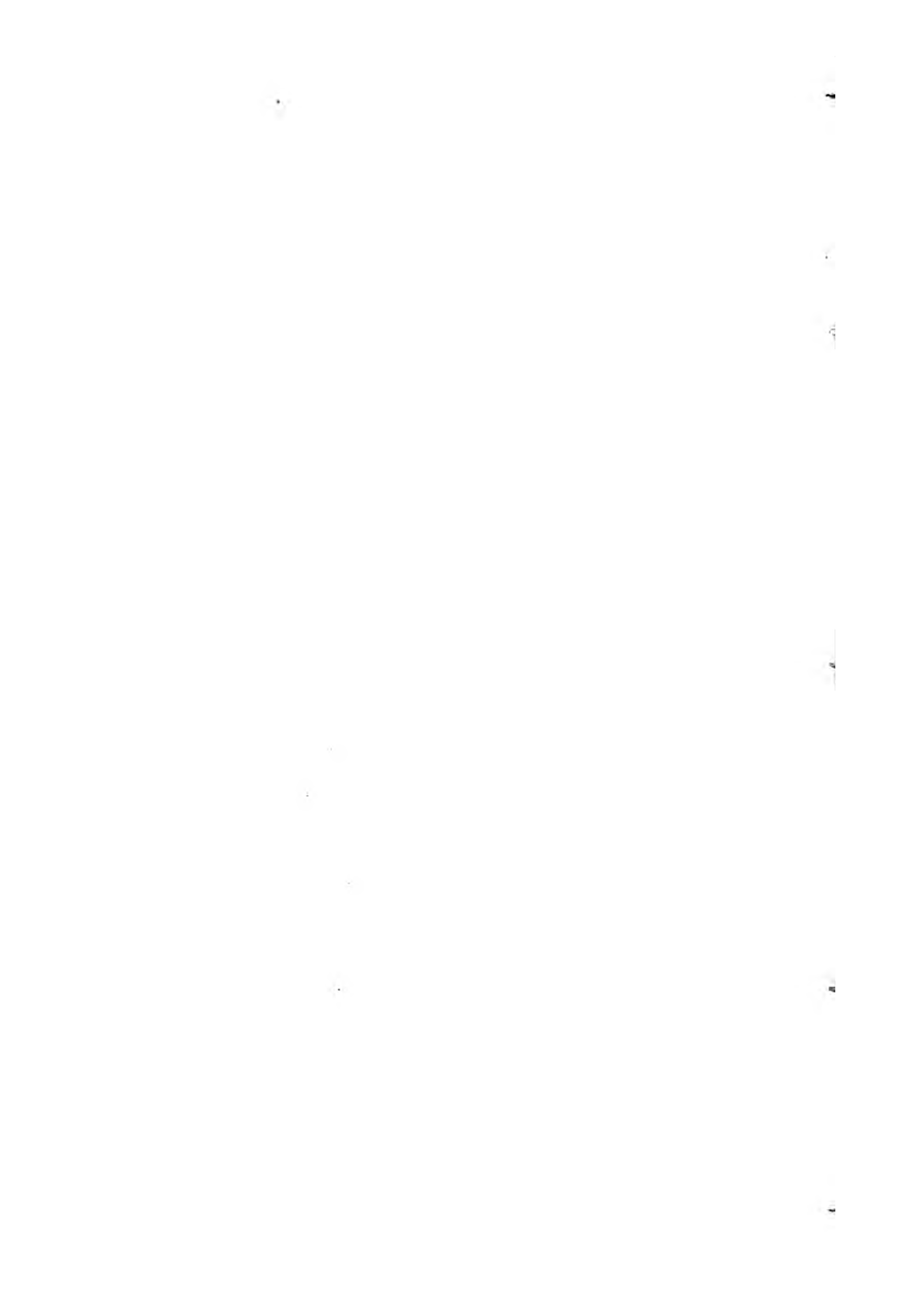


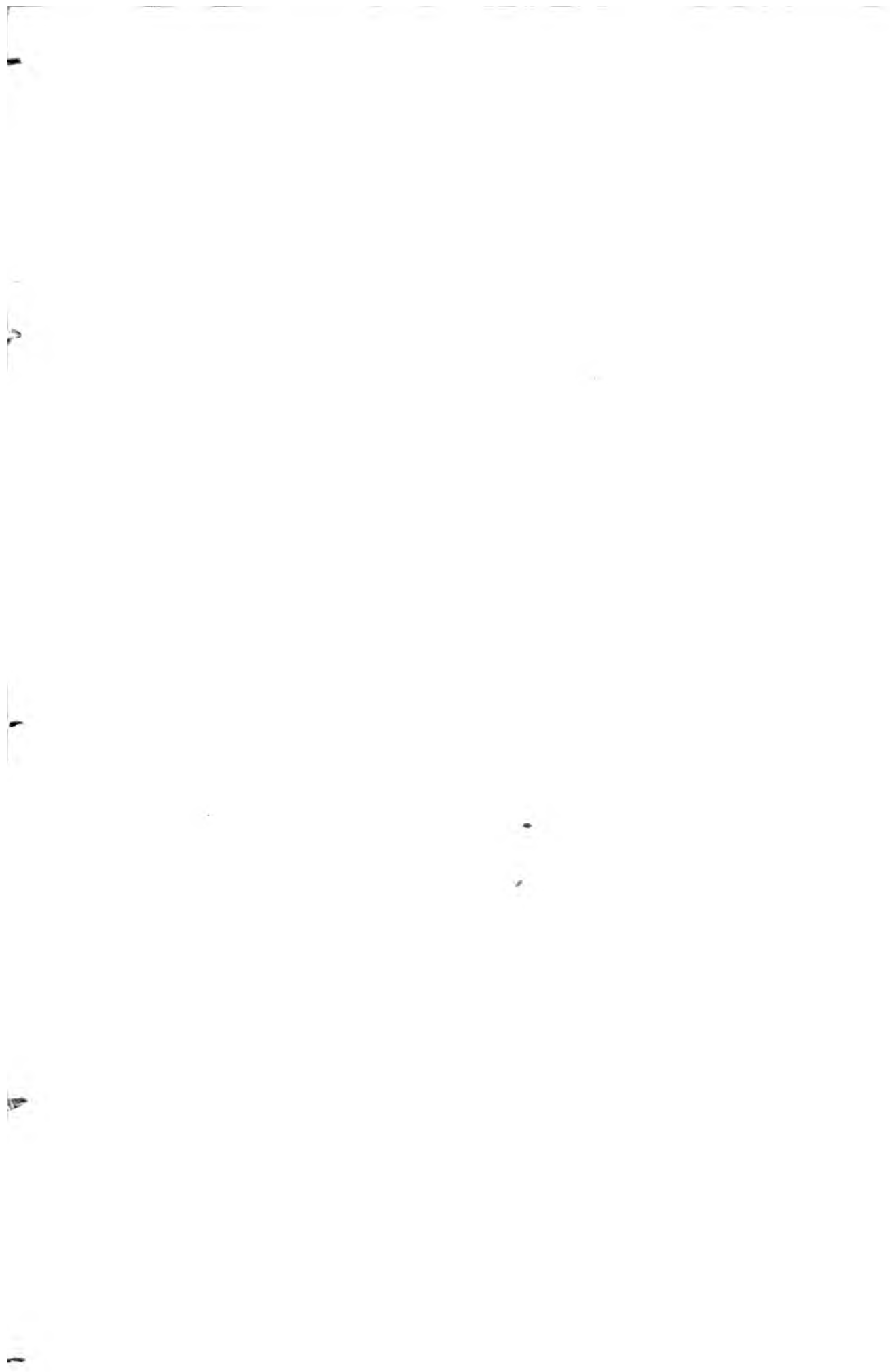


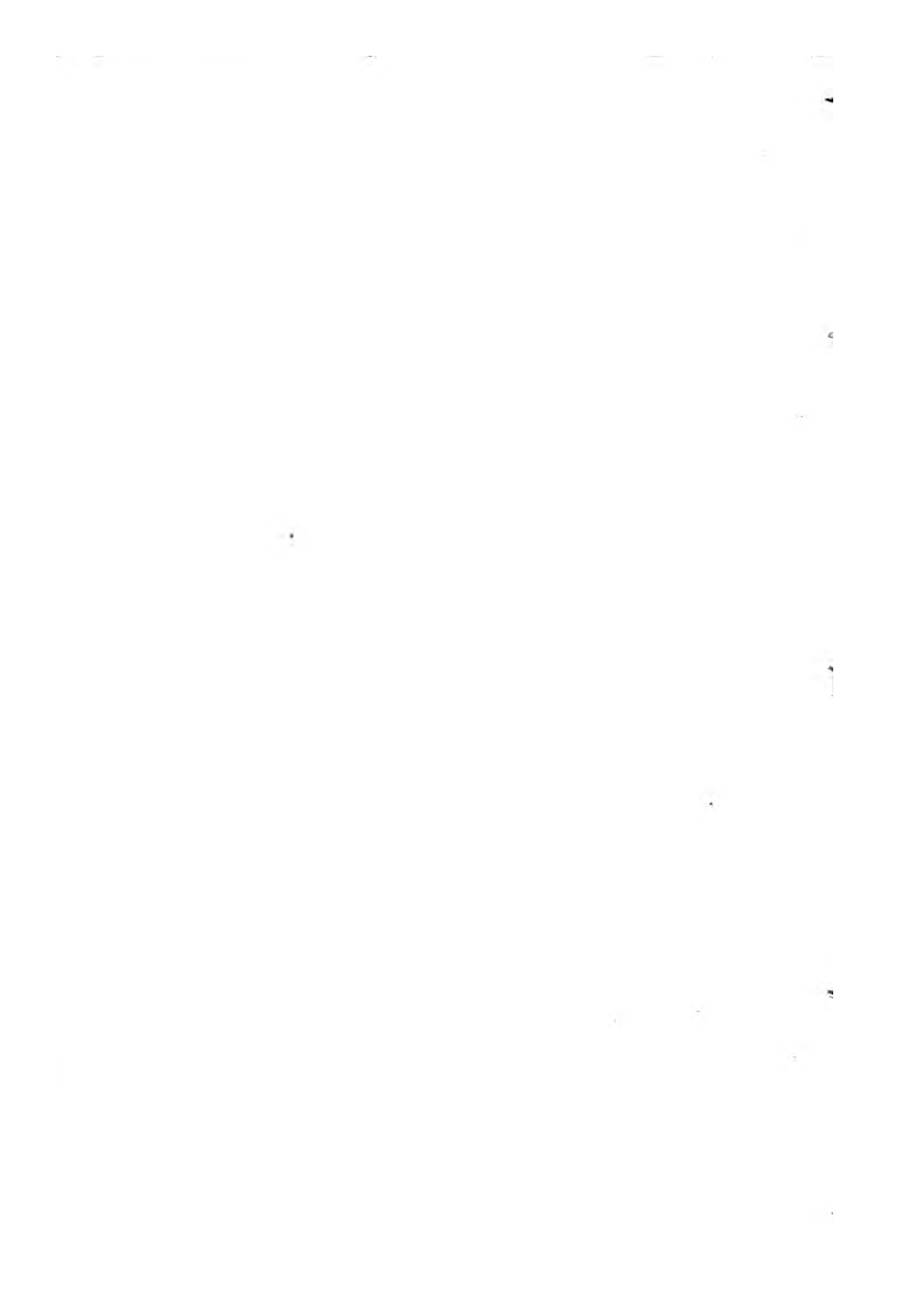
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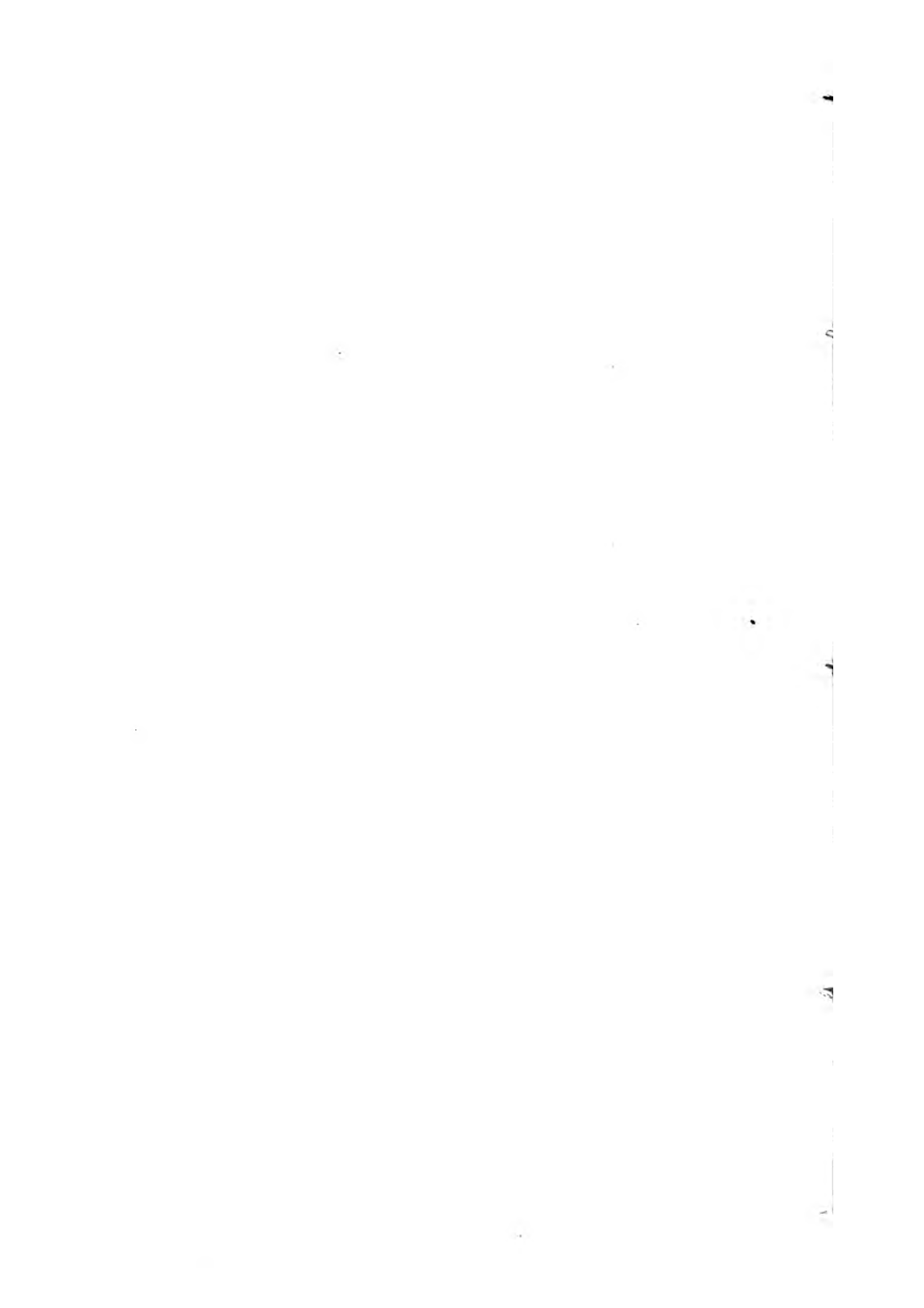
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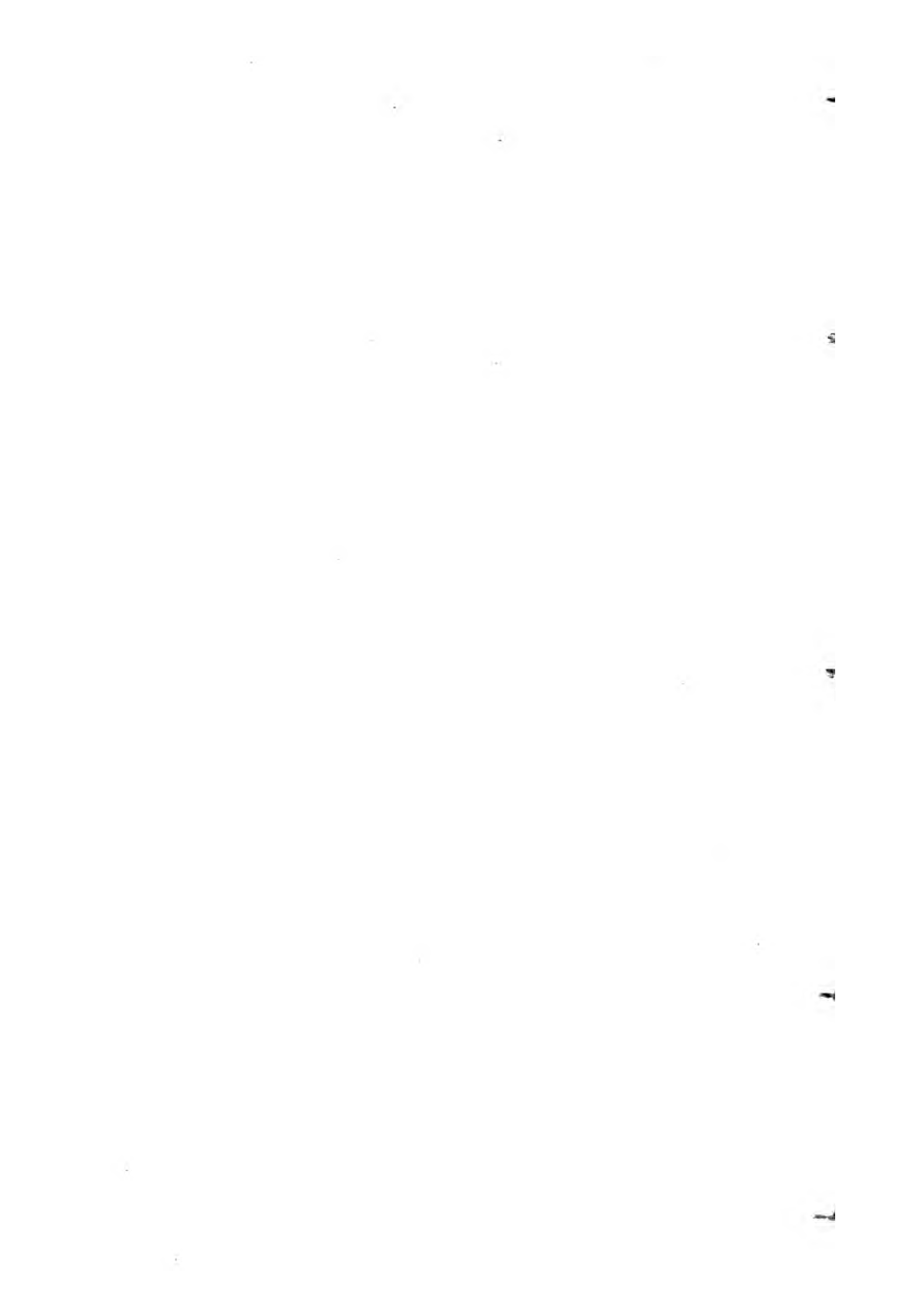
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