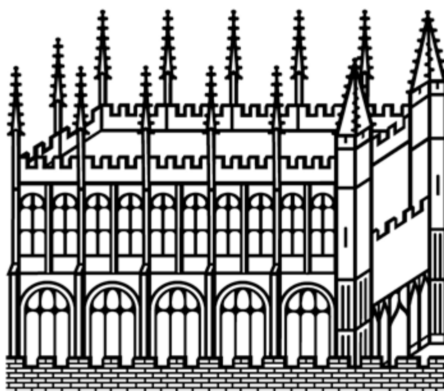

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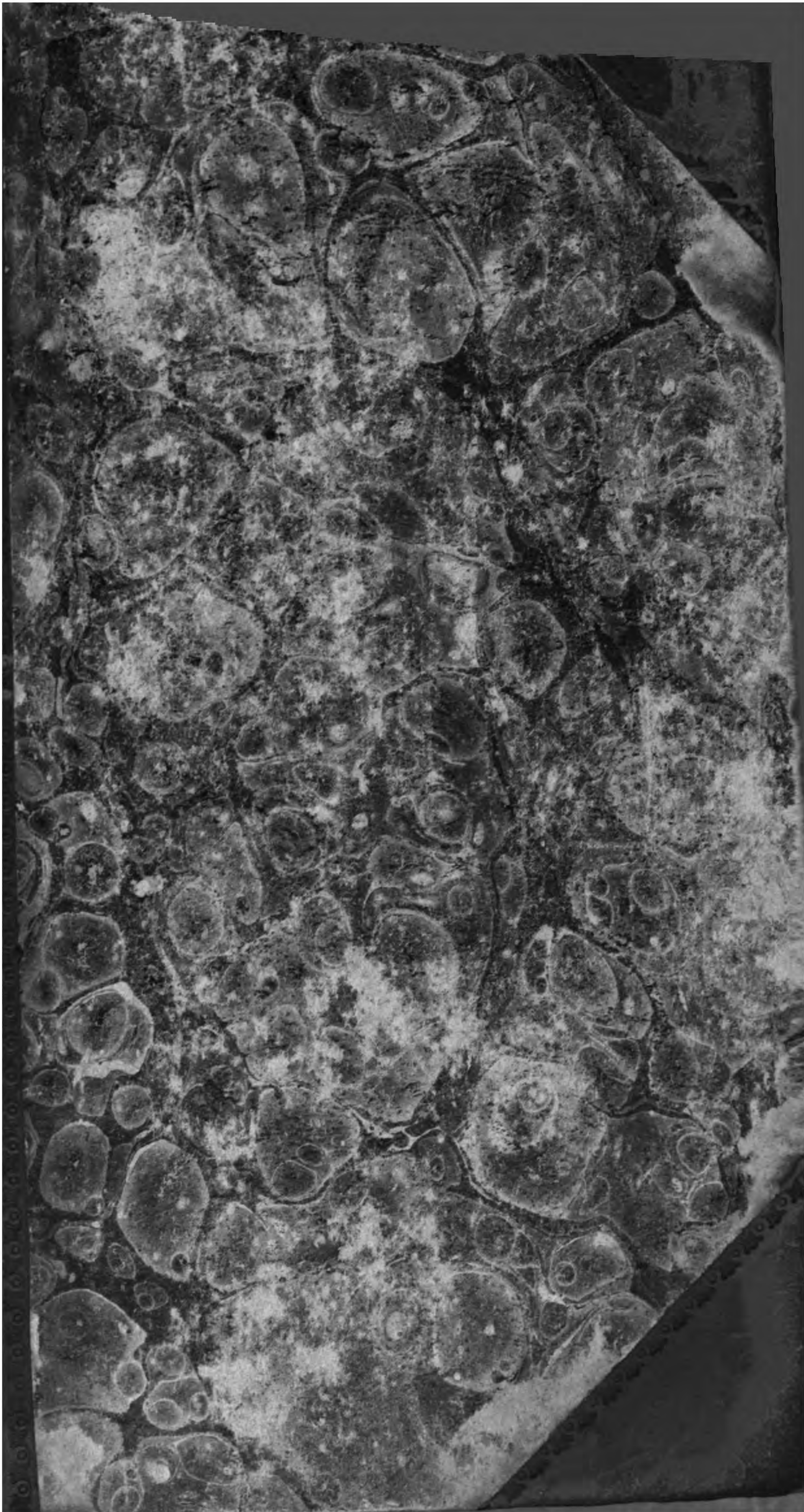

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MEMORIALS OF A TOUR

IN

GREECE.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR

IN SOME PARTS

OF

GREECE:

CHIEFLY POETICAL.

/2

BY

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

"Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of Thought and its Eternity."—
SHELLEY.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER-STREET.
MDCCCXXXIV.

558.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, (LATE T. DAVISON,)
WHITEFRIARS.

TO

HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

It may excite some just surprise both in others and yourself, that I have ventured to prefix to these light leaves a name so grave and exalted in English letters. But I have a motive for so doing which I would fain believe that you will appreciate and approve. If I have ever entertained pleasurable anticipations connected with the publication of any production of my mind, they have owed not a little to the thought that I should thus be enabled to give, in my humble way, an open testimony to the affectionate admiration with which I regarded one, whom I loved with the truth of early friendship, and you with a parent's passion. It has pleased that high Will, to which we must submit every thing, even our loves, to take Him away, in whom the world has lost so much,

and they who knew him so much more. I would therefore delude my grief by the fancy, that in offering this little book to your name, I am paying my feeble but ardent homage to him who is gone.

You and your family have a supremacy of sorrow on which no one can dare to intrude; but still we, the contemporaries of your dear son, have one source of regret, which, in the nature of things, is spared you. We are deprived, not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor in all the serious concerns of existence, of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in every thing else, as he is now in the way of life.

I hold his kind words and earnest admonitions in the best part of my heart, I have his noble and tender letters by my side, and I feel secure from any charge of presumption in thus addressing you, under the shield of his sacred memory.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your deeply obliged

And obedient Servant,

R. M. MILNES.

London, Nov. 1833.

PREFACE.

The publication of the following collection of fragments, itself a fragment, has met with some objections from persons to whose judgment the manuscript had been deferentially referred. It has been urged to me, that, whatever might be the merits of the contents, the form, or rather formlessness, was quite sufficient to prevent it from winning the slightest public attention, that any thing in the prose part of it, which could lay any claim to general interest, might just as easily have been conveyed in the usual shape of connected travels, and that the poems would lose nothing by being edited separately. I could only reply to these remarks by the question, whether every book of Travels from De Rubruquis to the last hot-prest and wide-margined octavo, is not in its very nature fragmentary, whether any one ever embraced the fullness and whole of a subject, however limited, and whether this unpretending volume differs from them in any thing else, but in the suppression of dates, distances, and the articulations of unimportant individual adventure. When it was still insisted on, that these negative reasons were not sufficient to warrant a deviation from a practice so universally adopted, I could only suggest that the circle of readers

I anticipated was so very narrow, and of a class so entirely careless of the mere surface and dress of a book, if it afforded them either amusement or instruction, that I could not consent to give myself any additional trouble. I believe a great deal more past on the occasion, but I have forgot the prudence which counselled in vain. The observations in these pages only extend over "some parts of Greece;" the political state of the country and my own want of time would not allow me to complete my Tour: Livadia, much of the Morea, and the bare blue islands of the Archipelago, are yet unseen. If, as I ardently hope, I should one day enjoy their presence, I shall most probably write notes and verses about them; whether I shall thus beget another volume is much less certain. The subject may soon become a trite one, now that the difficulty, or, to speak more justly, the notion of the difficulty, of visiting those scenes is so much diminished—now that these precious monuments

> "are free to crumble undefaced,
> For Britain's future Poets to behold,
> That they may hold that sum of memories fast,
> Which is their dowry from the days of old*."

---

* Charles Tennyson. Sonnets.

INTRODUCTION.

Let not any one, about to travel in Greece, be induced by any thing under absolute necessity to undertake the long week's journey from Naples to Brindisi or Otranto. There is no district of Italy so devoid of beauty and interest, and few parts of Greece itself where he will meet with more personal inconvenience. Some fifty miles of bare mountain road, not without majestic glimpses, lead into the undulating plain which forms that southern portion of the Capitanate, to which every century has paid its tribute of blood, from Hannibal to Napoleon. It is impossible, however, to give any meaning or power to the associations which scenes so familiar to history might be expected to call up. The multiplicity and confusion of the events, as well as the nature of the ground, prevent the imagination from acting freely: it cannot abstract any one clear and definite picture from the motley tumult of nations, and times, and causes, which rises on the memory, dazzling to blindness. Roman and African and Greek, Norman and Saracen, Spaniard and French, press

forward, host upon host, in such rapid succession, that the impression left by the whole is as that of a vacant theatre, where an unceasing variety of noble events have been fictitiously represented, rather than that of a scene where the presence of that which is enduring and unchanging realises to the mind of the spectator that which was fortuitous and transitory. I remember to have experienced this feeling, in a fainter degree, on the plain of the Marchfeld, thrice eventful to the house of Hapsburg*: but here the indistinctness of association is immeasurably greater; for even could the position of each battle be accurately determined, they are so numerous, and the different inequalities of the plain so totally without individual features, that it is almost impossible to get beyond the simple consciousness, that we are passing over a great charnel-field of humanity. It is perhaps the circumstance of the most important conflicts being decided in flat districts, that renders the impressions of the places of their occurrence so little vivid. All battles, at least to the eye of the imagination, are so like one another, and so few plains have any peculiar character, that to give an ideal life to this twofold monotony, is as difficult for the poet as for the painter; it is as hard for the one to give truth and energy to so vague an image in his own mind, as for the other to invest it with any high interest in art.

The spot which an uncertain tradition has consecrated to the disasters of Cannæ, has nevertheless something definite about it. The modern town of Canosa, built on a bleak sand-hill, rises out of the solitude with a picturesque solemnity, and prepares you for the scene.

* In 1260—1278, and at Wagram.

Save where Garganus, with low-ridgèd bound,
  Protects the North, the eye outstretching far
Surveys one sea of gently-swelling ground,
  A fitly-moulded " Orchestra of War."
Here Aufidus, between his humble banks
  With wild thyme plotted, winds along the plain,
A devious path, as when the serried ranks
  Past over it, that past not back again.
The long-horned herds enjoy the cool delight,
  Sleeping half-merged, to shun the deep sun-glow,
Which, that May-morning*, dazed the Roman sight,
  But fell innocuous on the subtler foe.
We feel the wind upon our bosoms beat,
  That whilom dimmed with dust those noble eyes†,
And rendered aimless many a gallant feat,
  And brought disgrace on many a high emprise.
And close beside us rests the antient well ‡,
  Where at the end of that accursed day,
Apulian peasants to their grandsons tell,
  The friend and follower of wise Fabius lay;

---

* The battle was fought on the 21st of May, B. C. 216.

† Vulturnus, a south-east wind, probably a local name.

‡ The only localities preserved in the tradition are this large fountain which goes by the name of the " Consul's Well," and " The Place of Blood," a farm-house on the other side of the river, where they say the Roman prisoners were massacred.

Here fainting lay, compelled by fate to share
  Shame not his own,—here spurned the scanty time
Still left for flight, lest, living, he might bear
  Hard witness to his colleague's generous crime*.
I have seen many fields where men have fought
  With mightier issues, but not one, I deem,
Where history offers to reflecting thought,
  So sharp a check of greatness so supreme.

The bronze doors of the tomb of "Boemond," in the church at Canosa, are covered with quaint figures and strange devices: one of the inscriptions has some vigor of expression:—

"Vicit opes regum Boemundus opesque potentum,
Et meruit dici nomine jure suo:
Intonuit terris, cui cum succumberet orbis,
Non hominem possum dicere, nolo Deum.

The Neapolitans, by a terrible distortion of taste, consider the "Terra di Bari" the most favored spot of their splendid country, and even bring its beauty into comparison with that of

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* Abi, nuncia publice patribus urbem Romam muniant ..... privatimque Fabio, L. Æmilium præceptorum ejus memorem extitisse, et vixisse, et adhuc mori; et tu me, in hac strage militum meorum, patere exspirare, ne ut reus interean, causâque consulatus accusator collegæ existam, ut alieno crimine innocentiam meam protegam. Liv. xxii.

the western shore. It is a sort of practical parody of its pendant plain of Lombardy; the vines, instead of being led into festoons and trellice-work, fall into dull and shapeless clumps, not unlike gooseberry-bushes, and interminable olive-grounds, of a thin and stunted growth, are the foliage. The only objects to divert the wearisomeness of the road are the specimens of Gothic architecture which adorn almost every petty town. And not only for their own merit are they remarkable, but as a lesson of the reciprocation of national intelligences which evolves the moral history of the world. The temples of Pæstum remain the solitary native memorials of "Great Greece," while these expressions of the northern mind have naturalised themselves in its hamlets and cities; but time has swept the latter artists from the land of their conquests, even as it annihilated the monuments of the antient race; and though each might seem to have existed in a world of its own, the shadow of the past lies upon both, not equally dark, but always a shadow.

The host of the inn at Otranto told me, that "he was perfectly aware of the important part the 'Castle' of that town played in English history;" the merest fictions of one nation often become its history in the estimation of another, but the ambition of H. Walpole, probably, never contemplated so absolute an identification of the work of his fancy with the nation it was written to amuse.

From a Letter.

When I tell you that, instead of looking forward with joyous expectation to the great and bright things I am about to see, I never felt sadder at heart, I hope you will esteem my feelings

aright. It may be that the "true poet is no picture-maker;" that his anticipations of beauty are most modest; that he comes both to nature and to art, "with a wise passiveness," and holds in his creative power, till, having possessed himself of the real, he informs it with the ideal, and produces one glorious concordant whole. But I cannot think that this mode of mind is applicable to those objects which have been decorated with the spring-flowers of youthful fancy, and the more solid ornaments of mature imagination. If the philosophic poet at last found, that the "*genuine* image" of "Yarrow," rivalled * "in the light of day "the delicate creation" of his mind, yet his joy is tempered by a "pensive recollection," and it is only *now*, and one might fancy not willingly even now, that he ventures to make the comparison; it is eleven years † since he past by the spot, and feeling as I do at this moment left it unvisited:—

> "Be Yarrow stream, unseen, unknown,—
> It must, or we shall rue it,—
> We have a vision of our own,
> Ah! why should we undo it?"

The apple is hanging "fair frae the rock," but he leaves "it growing." Is it a mere vanity, to love, with something of a parent love, those dear imaginations, to which our own minds have given birth, which have waited upon our sickness and sorrow, and given us pleasant companionship in darkness and solitude? Is it weakness to regret to exchange these creations, which, being born of the spirit alone, seem to partake of a higher

* *Vide* Wordsworth's "Yarrow visited," and "Yarrow unvisited."
† The dates of the two poems are 1803 and 1814.

nature, for those which are to be brought to us by the hand of sense, and consigned to the care of our adoption? The only poet of our time into whom the power of old Greece past like living fire, never left the smoke of London till he went away to die; Keats could have learnt nothing more by gazing on Athens, and bathing his feet in the Ægean; he would perhaps, however, have lost nothing, nor feared to lose, and this may be the privilege of the highest; they who have a little wealth, are pardoned if they pause and tremble, before they commit it to a possible hazard, and are somewhat blind to the probable advantage. Victor Hugo, a true poet, has resolved never to pass the Alps, and to preserve his own Italy inviolate; I am going to Greece because I love it, but for the same love of it, I am almost tempted to turn back. It is a happy philosophy, to believe that loss and gain, in equal proportions, are the contents and history of human life; but few, I imagine, can look steadily at this consolation in the crisis of the change, and cheerfully reckon upon the "other race" to be, and the "other palms" to be "won *."

* *Vide* Wordsworth's Platonic Ode.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

CORFOU.

Thou pleasant island, whose rich garden-shores
Have had a long-lived fame of loveliness*,
Recorded in the historic song, that framed
The unknown poet of an unknown time,
Illustrating his native Ithaca,
And all her bright society of isles,—
Most pleasant land! To us, who journeying come
From the far west, and fall upon thy charms,
Our earliest welcome to Ionian seas,
Thou art a wonder and a deep delight,
Thy usual habitants can never know.
Thou art a portal, whence the Orient,
The long-desired, long-dreamt-of Orient,
Opens upon us, with its stranger forms,
Outlines immense and gleaming distances,
And all the circumstance of faery-land.
Not only with a present happiness,
But taking from anticipated joys
An added sense of actual bliss, we stand

---

* Σχερίην ἐρατεινήν.—Odyss. 7, 79.

Upon thy cliffs, or tread the slopes that leave
No interval of shingle, rock, or sand,
Between their verdure and the Ocean's brow,—
Whose olive-groves (unlike the darkling growth,
That earns on western shores the traveller's scorn)
Can wear the grey that on their foliage lies,
As but the natural hoar of lengthened days,—
Making, with their thick-bosst and fissured trunks,
Bases far-spread and branches serpentine,
Sylvan cathedrals, such as in old times
Gave the first life to Gothic art, and led
Imagination so sublime a way.
Then forth advancing, to our novice eyes
How beautiful appears the concourse clad
In that which, of all garbs, may best befit
The grace and dignity of manly form:
The bright red open vest, falling upon
The white thick-folded kirtle, and low cap
Above the high-shorn brow.

Nor less than these,
With earnest joy, and not injurious pride,
We recognise of Britain and her force
The wonted ensigns and far-known array;
And feel how now the everlasting sea,
Leaving his old and once imperious spouse,
To faint, in all the beauty of her tears,

On the dank footsteps of a mouldering throne,
Has taken to himself another mate,
Whom his uxorious passion has endowed,
Not only with her antient properties,
But with all other gifts and privilege,
Within the circle of his regal hand.
Now forward,—forward on a beaming path,
But be each step as fair as hope has feigned it,
For me, the memory of the little while,
That here I rested happily, within
The close-drawn pale of English sympathies,
Will bear the fruit of many an after-thought,
Bright in the dubious track of after-years.

"It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise."

SHELLEY.

Having lost all consciousness of the beauty of those scenes which have been tediously presented to them for years together, day after day, and considering the whole term of their residence there as a mere official banishment, it is little wonder that Englishmen, on their return home, are seldom inclined to expatiate on the picturesque merits of the Ionian islands. To a passing traveller Corfou can give the rare pleasures to which I have dedicated the above lines. The landskips are of unexceeded richness, and their general effect is very different from that of Italian scenery; to this the raised roofs of the towns and

villages contribute not a little. Descriptive sketches are generally uninteresting, except to those whom they can the least instruct, I mean those who have themselves seen what is attempted to be drawn; but if any scene can look well upon paper, that of the "One-Gun Battery," the daily ride, drive, and walk of Corfouots and English, might be fairly selected. It is, as seen on one side, a small green terrace, on the skirts of the thick olive grove through which it is approacht; on the other it is a platform on the top of as grand a cliff as ever beetled over a northern sea. The little peninsula on which it stands slants towards the east, so that the eye takes in the whole of the bay which is enclosed between St. Salvador and the citadel. The former stretches across the north, one level wall of majestic mountain, rising at each extremity as into a natural turret, while the tongue of land, on which the two-horned fortress raises its fantastic form, presents its crescent outline on the nearer side. The town (which, like most others in these latitudes, is far fitter to be painted than to be lived in) spreads from the citadel into the main land, and is backt by other fortifications, the suburb villages running along the shore on either hand. Beyond the strait, which is seldom not adorned by some considerable vessel passing at full sail in one or other direction, the Albanian hills lay their huge shadows over each other as the place of the sun may chance to be, mass folding over mass, and tier rising above tier, till the highest range faintly draws the line of the eastern horizon. To the north the heights of the continent seem to join on continuously with those of St. Salvador, closing round the sea as if it were a lake; but its southward course lies clear, uninterrupted by a single islet. It is very beautiful to linger in this quiet spot, and look at these things as the summer evening comes

gently on, and the dark olive shades grow darker; for it is the custom of the Albanians, at the dry time of the year, to set fire to the brushwood on the mountain sides, to prepare new districts for cultivation. The flames, spreading broadly and rapidly, give the hills a volcanic appearance,—streams of lava are bursting forth, and rolling even unto the sea; clouds of smoke are thickening the air. As the other objects fade in the gloom, the glow widens and brightens, and the view of the night has little less beauty than that of the day.

An old priest related to me an historical tradition of the island which I wish I were able to mould into a ballad; but that talent is so rare a one, that there is no shame in owning an utter want of it. "It was at the time, when the heart of the people of the good town of Corfou rose up against their Genoese rulers, and chast the oppressors with terror and shame far into the wide sea; and now they were all met to take counsel together, and decide into the hands of what other nation they should deliver the sacred trust of their country's protection; for there was not one among them, who did not feel that only the shield of a powerful guardian could defend the weakness of their natural position from their old tyrants and other still more fearful enemies, and at the same time secure them, by a firm and righteous government, from intestine broils. But in the choice of a protector the strife ran high, and as they stood there with arms in their hands, and the heat of victory still upon them, brothers' blood might have been spilt, had not an aged man, of noted wisdom and piety, come forth, and having advised them of this great danger, prayed them that, as the manifest strength of God

had assisted them to their present delivery, so they would leave the choice of the fittest guardian to him alone. 'Let the fairest and fastest galley in the harbour be got ready, and let our holy bishops consecrate it to this high purpose with solemn words; and on the deck let there be raised a rich altar, and the keys of our good city be placed upon it; then, while the bishop and his prelates are offering up the holy sacrifice, let the galley stand out to sea and go wherever the wind may bear it, and you all remain upon the shore in humble prostration and prayer; and whatever ship it shall please the Lord that our galley first shall meet, let the keys of our city and the dominion of our island be given up to the nation to which that ship belongs.' The people with one voice cried out, 'so let it be;' and it was done as has been said. The bishop put on his purple robes of penitence, and knelt before the altar in the galley, and all the priests and the greatest and wisest men of the island knelt behind him; and the moment the chant began to rise, a fresh wind filled the sails, but did not even sway the flame of the blessed tapers on the altar. Past the island of Vido, and towards St. Salvador, the anxious eyes of the people followed the vessel. When it entered the strait those who were on board looked intently forward, but no ship, large or small, appeared on the waters, and they sailed on into the open sea. Here, in the dim northern horizon, the forms of two vessels met their sight at the very same moment, and this circumstance placed them in great perplexity, till the bishop said, 'Let us go forward and meet the ships with bold faith, whatever they be, and proclaim to them, that whichever of the two shall the first take possession of our good town, to that nation shall be given these keys and the dominion of our island.' 'So be it,' answered all; and how beat their hearts, when, as they approacht,

on one side the winged lion leapt out of the distance, and on the other gleamed the crescent of the infidel. The steersman turned pale, and, as by instinct, inclined the course of the galley towards its Christian brother; but the holy men remembered the oath that had been made in their hearts, and putting faith above fear, bade him go straight onward, till they came between the two vessels, which, in wonder at the strange appearance, simultaneously endeavoured to draw near. Here they told their marvellous bidding, and had hardly ceast when the wind turned directly round, and all three ships in full pomp of sail were borne towards the town. The Venetian strove gallantly for the victory, and at first had rather the advantage, but the spirits of the Corfouots soon began to faint at the certain conviction that the Turk was the faster sailer. As they entered the bay she was half her length a-head; as they past Vido she had trebled her distance; a stifled cry of despair went up from the multitude; there seemed no hope, when the sound of the firing of a cannon was heard, and the ball fell in the midst of the citadel. 'Thus,' cried the Venetians, 'thus we take possession of the gift of the city of Corfou.' 'We accept the token,' answered the bishop of the island; 'that was no human thought; it is Providence that has foiled the infidel.' A shout of joy from the shore was the second answer, and the Turk, seeing that the multitude were rushing armed into their boats, and stricken with shame, made her escape with all haste. And from that hour to this, the power of the crescent, though separated from us but by this little strip of sea, has never prevailed to gain our town of Corfou; for even when the Turk, many years after, had won fortress after fortress, up to the very town gates, he was driven back and out of the island by the power of God, the intercession of St. Spiridion, and

the arm of great General Schullenberg, whose statue you see on the Esplanade."

The range of rocks which forms the "Leucadian Promontory," on one side shelving to the sea's brink and clothed with greenish heather, on the other fearfully precipitous and of the purest chalk, remind you much more forcibly of the dread with which of old they filled the approaching mariner*, than of their anti-erotic powers of purgation. The Temple of Apollo, which stood near its extremity, seems to have had reference to both these purposes. Even when the edifice no longer remained to receive the offerings and adjurations of the trembling seamen, a record of the religion of the place was left; and in these late days, Kendrick mentions that he saw the sailors cast obols into the sea to propitiate the present power. It is also no bad illustration of the different ways in which faith sways the minds of men, that, with regard to the more marvellous function of this sacred shore, lovers in the cooler stage of Grecian mythology, no longer undertook the ordeal leap, but were content to court the favor of the god to ease them of their superfluous passions by the same safe method of pecuniary oblation. The origin and meaning of the fable itself is most obscure. The gods did not make the miracle, but found it there; Jupiter used it with infallible success:—this was all Apollo could tell Venus about it, when she asked him the reason of the immediate cessation of her love for Adonis, on leaping from this rock into her native element,—and *we* cannot be expected to know more. But the mystery is greatly thickened when the experiment passes from

* Formidatus nautis. Vir. Æn. 3, 272.

divine to mortal adventurers; for that any one of merely human capabilities could jump from any part of this line of cliff, without being dasht to pieces against the rocks below by the fall itself and the raving surge seems morally impossible, even though the devotee were winged or feathered with all the skill to which art could attain. Sappho, the half-goddess, is the first mortal on record who made the trial, and her attempt is followed by that of many of less noble fame of both sexes with various success. In her legend, which is fresh among the people, Phaon is of course the king of the island, and the poetess a foreign queen. He slights her passion, and she wanders over the hills in agony of heart; heedless of her steps she falls over the precipice. Another version makes her a "duchessa," to account in a popular way for the Venetian name of the "Doge's Point" (Capo Ducato), which the promontory now bears. The unique collection of Leucadian coins, in the possession of Dr. Patrizzipolo of St. Maura*, contains one with a female head, and the anagram "Σαφ" on one side, and a pegasus on the reverse. The features are large and not of great beauty; the head-dress is a sort of turban and veil, hanging down over the right side of the face. Perhaps the adjoining bay and village of "Basilike" may have some connexion with the memory of Queen Artemisia, another heroine of "the leap;" and the ancient worship of the sun-god have something to do with the selection of "St. Elias," as the saint peculiarly reverenced in the island†, in the same

* A series of the Archons of Leucas, very rare, is among them. A part of the collection was publisht by the possessor. Florence, 1814.

† If the supposition be warranted in this case, the application will be very wide. There is hardly a Grecian island in either sea without a hill and chapel of St. Elias. I have also found more than once the name of St. Salvador applied to a site of a temple of "Jupiter the Preserver."

manner as Bellerophon speeding his northward flight in quest of the Chimæra has become its heraldric distinction, under the form of "St. George" on horseback.

The mariners were all asleep,
  Save one half-dreaming at the stern,
Who gently bade me upward turn
  My eyes, long gazing on the deep.
The wind had stol'n away,—our skiff
  Rested, as if its sails were furled,
Upon the tide which softly curled,
  Around a triple-breasted cliff,
Whose steeps, in mistiest day-time bright,
  Were almost above nature white,
Bare-fronted to the westering moon,
  For the autumn night had past its noon.
I prayed that not a soul might wake,—
  To be left utterly alone,—
That not the faintest human tone,
  The silence of that time might break;
When, as of old the alien maids,
  Who sanctified Dodona's shades,
Drew out the tale of human fate,
  From sounds of things inanimate,—
Wont with inclinèd ear to listen,
  Where branches rock or fountains rise,

Till high intelligences glisten
  In their intense Egyptian eyes,—
So I began, in that light breeze,
  Glancing along those noted seas,
To trace a harmony distinct,
  A meaning in each change of tone,
And sound to sound more strangely linkt,
  Than in my awe I dared to own;—
But when in clearer unison
  That marvellous concord still went on,
And gently, as a blossom grows,
  A frame of syllables uprose,
With a delight akin to fear
  My heart beat fast and strong, to hear
Two murmurs beautifully blent,
  As of a voice and instrument,—
A hand laid lightly on low chords,—
  A voice that sobbed between its words.
" Stranger! the voice that trembles in your ear,
  You would have placed, had you been fancy-free,
First in the chorus of the happiest sphere,
  The home of deified mortality:
Stranger, the voice that trembles here below,
  While in your life, enjoyed a fame so loud,
That utmost nations listened to its flow,
  And of its presence the old Earth was proud:

Stranger, the voice is Sappho's,—weep, oh! weep,
  That the soft tears of sympathy may fall
Into this prison of the sunless deep,
  Where I am laid in miserable thrall.
Not of my mortal pride, my mortal woe
  Would I now speak;—there is no gentle maid,
Nor youth kind-hearted, but has sighed to know,
  What was my love and how it was repaid!
I had dear friends, who wept with bitter tears,
  To watch my spirit's stream, which else had run,
In fulness and delight, its course of years,
  Wasted and parcht by that relentless sun.
Of this far rock, and its miraculous power,
  They heard, emmarvailed, and with sedulous prayer
Conjured me not to lose one precious hour,
  But seek the cure of all my misery there.
'The Gods' they argued in their fond esteem,
  'Love their harmonious daughter far too well,
Not to pour forth on her diseasèd dream,
  The benediction of that soothing spell.
When many a one, whose name will never shine
  On after ages, there has found release,
How shall not *she*, already half divine,
  Claim the same gift of spiritual peace?'
I told them, 'Thousands in that chilly deep
  Might find relief from their weak hearts' annoy:—

Venus herself might try the counselled leap,
  And rise oblivious of her hunter-boy;
The mystery of the place might moderate
  The authentic passion of imperial Jove,
But did they hope for me that common fate,
  They could know nothing of a Poet's love.'
But vain my words;—the tender-cruel hand
  Of blinded friendship guided me away,
I would have died in my own Lesbian land,
  Not in these regions of the waning day!
Thus here all bootless adorations paid,
  I dared the height of this tremendous shore;
What were your agonies, ye hope-betrayed!
  When to your bosoms I came back no more?
Of the mysterious pass, that leads through death,
  From life to life, I must not speak to thee;
Enough that now I breathed another breath,
  Beyond the portals of mortality.
A stream received me, whose etherial flow
  Came to my senses like aperfumed sigh,
From the rich flowers that shed their light below,
  And bowed their jewelled heads as I past by.
And opposite a tide of sound was driven,
  That made the air all music, and from far
Glimmered bright faces through a dead-gold heaven,
  As in an earthly night star follows star.

At last I came to a gigantic gate,
  That opened to a steep-ascending lawn,
Whence rose a temple, whose white marble state
  Was fused into that gold and purple dawn.
Sisterly voices were around me chanting,
  'Hail! Thou whom Song has numbered with the blest,
From fear, and hope, and passion's feverish panting,
  Pass to thy crown, a Muse's glorious rest.'
Entranced I entered,—but there stood between
  Me and the fane, a queenly form and stern,
Upon whose brow, in letters all of sheen,
  I saw the antient name of Themis burn.
She laid her hand on mine, it felt so cold,
  She askt me, 'Whether I, whose soul had earned
This highest Heaven, now felt serene and bold;'
  Then I into my conscious self returned.
She askt me, 'Whether all that heart-distress,
  In which my yielding womanhood had erred
From this my Goddess-state with bitterness
  And shame was seen;' I answered not a word.
Then, piercingly, she askt me 'Whether He,
  Before whose charms I prostrated so low
My woman's worth, my Poet's dignity,
  Was clear forgot;'—I answered slowly, 'No.'
Strange strength was in me; with consummate scorn,
  I spoke of 'That Apollo, who could deem,

That by his magic leap, the true love-lorn
  Could wake to bliss, as from a troublous dream.'
I said, ' The promised peace, the calm divine,
  The cold self-power, and royalty of will,
Or there, or elsewhere, never could be mine,
  For I was Sappho,—Phaon's Sappho still.'
There was dead blackness on the golden sky,
  There was dumb silence in the resonant air,
But still I cried aloud in agony,
  ' Heaven was not Heaven, if Phaon was not there.'
With arms upraised, and towering looks averse,
  That fearful Being uttered,—' Be it so,
Blessing thou wilt not, thou shalt have a curse;
  High bliss thou wilt not, thou shalt have deep woe.
Thou hast defiled the Gods' most choicest dower,
  Poesy, which in chaste repose abides,
As in its atmosphere;—that placid flower,
  Thou hast exposed to passion's fiery tides;
Within the cold abyss, degraded, lone,
  Beneath the rock whose power thou hast blasphemed,
From thy Parnassian, long-expectant throne,
  Lie banished, till by some new fate redeemed.'
When will that new fate be? I linger on,—
  I know not what I wish; Oh! tell me, thou
That weep'st for one thou wouldst have smiled upon,
  Dear stranger, tell me where is Phaon now?"

Here paused the Voice, and now, methought, I spoke,
  But what I know not; for there past a shock
Throughout my senses, like a lightning-stroke;
  I started to my feet;—the tall white rock,
Walled the far waste of silent sea, the morn
  Light-lined the East, on grey-white wings upborne.

Sir William Gell may perhaps consider the Topography of Thiàke his antiquarian freehold, and look on any one as a trespasser who touches on that ground. He has indeed all the right that first possession can give, for he is strictly the discoverer of the Odyssean Ithaca. The world had heard that such a place was there, and knew no more. Spon had even given a different turn to common opinion. Sir William Gell's visit was sufficiently long, his observations, as always, most minute, and, in consequence, not only has his work been respectfully recognised as decisive of the subject by the most competent German authorities, but he has succeeded in impressing his antiquarian views on the minds of the peasantry of the island, and permanently fixing the Homeric names, as they seemed to him to adapt themselves to the several localities. Later travellers, seemingly content to have found the work of illustration done to their hands, have been lionised from place to place, and in transferring his observations to their journals have done little more than prune off what appeared to them too ingeniously curious. These stray thoughts pretend to refute

nothing,—to be nothing more than hints for future investigation, on which if they are found to be erroneous, I am only guilty of having persuaded myself, by reasons not strong enough to persuade others. That Thiáke is Ithaca is indisputable, not only from the absence of all proof to the contrary, but from the unfading tradition in the minds of the islanders. The legendary remembrance, however, confines itself to the wandering king and faithful wife, who weaves and spoils her web for very sorrow and distraction. That the suitors and other personages have fallen away from the popular memory is far less wonderful, than that any part of the tale has survived the numerous devastations and depopulations to which the little island has been subject;—it would seem as if the story were laid up in the earth itself, and no procession of changes could take it away. Of the localities I shall speak but of three,—the fountain of Arethusa, the grotto of the nymphs, and the house of Ulysses. The first is placed by Sir William at the southern extremity of the island, a beautiful and peculiar spot, but liable to many objections; the strongest I imagine to be the excessive difficulty of bringing cattle to drink at it, or its application to other pastoral purposes. It is on a ledge of rocks but a few feet wide, a perpendicular precipice behind, a very steep descent beneath, and only approachable by one rather dangerous and very circuitous path. Now to the north, in a much richer and more fertile district, there is a fountain of the most picturesque kind, the common drinking-place of all the neighbouring cattle, and bearing the peculiar name of "Melannéron," or the black water, from the dark overhanging rock, which throws its shadow upon the well. It is explicitly mentioned in the Odyssey, that the cattle of Eumæus come to the fount of Arethusa to drink the "black water"

(μέλαν ὕδωρ), nor is this epithet a common or random one. With regard to the grotto or cave of the nymphs, it must be looked for on or near the coast of the deep large bay (λιμένος πολυβενθέος), which stretches so far inward as nearly to cut the island in two, and gives the name of "Vathi" to the small and graceful town. On the shore itself, nothing is to be found but the sea-cave of "Thexia," the upper part of which, even when Sir W. saw it, had fallen in, and all traces of which the new road has now nearly obliterated; it is described by the oldest inhabitants as a common hollow in the rock, into which the sea entered. Though I cannot help thinking that this description does not well accord with a place chosen for purposes of concealment and as a depositary of treasures, yet there might be no solid reason for disputing its classical identity if a grotto had not been discovered by some shepherds, a few years ago, which bears a faithful likeness to the Homeric portrait. It lies about a quarter of a mile from the sea, up the hill side, the mouth facing the same quarter as that of the cave below. At the opposite angle from that where you enter by a shelving descent, the grotto tapers upward in such a manner, and so much higher than the rest of the roof, that unless you have light directly under the aperture, it appears as if it were a perpendicular passage to the surface of the earth above; and there could not be a simpler and fairer imagination than that from this conical entrance, the nymphs fluttered down into the cool dwelling, which their "stone distaffs," the stalactites, so strangely adorned. Among the wantonly broken fragments that are scattered round, lie many relics of native vases and amphoræ, some still with perfect faces on them of fine execution, and in one corner was the reverst top of a small marble altar. I believe few persons who have had the good fortune to

see this interesting place have had any doubt of its authenticity.

There are evidently two sites of ancient cities in the island, the one on the Eagle-height, ("Αιτω), near the narrowest part, the other to the north of the Western coast, still called the City, (Πόλις or Στήυπολι), but I should not hesitate to take the former for the more important, if not older one, and consequently the most likely to have been the dwelling of the Chief of the Republic of the Islands. The excessive majesty of the walls, the change in construction discernible between the older part on the summit of the hill, and that built nearer the base and the sea when piracy had become less an object of terror, and the central situation, may determine this. But that the house of Ulysses, as described in the song, is to be traced out in the foundations which are on the very crown of the mountain, is a bolder supposition. An evident correspondence between the description and the plan of the remains, proves nothing more than a generic similarity between all the dwellings of nearly the same age in the same country, which is natural enough, but goes no way to demonstrate their identity with the Chieftain's house. If such a traditionary building existed, as is not improbable, it must have been coeval with the very earliest period of the Epos, before the real names of the wise Prince and his Queen were allegorised into the "Man of Sorrows" and the "Ladie of the Web;" this process must have occupied much time*, and is it not almost fantastic to attempt to recognise the traces of an edifice, which was, per-

* Professor Thiersch, the profoundest Homeric scholar in Europe, has discerned four distinct stages of dialect and phraseology in the Odyssey; an evidence of the slow growth of the Epos up to the form in which we see it.

haps, an object of historical record, even in the life-time of the unknown poet who cast the Odyssean legend into its perfect and abiding form, while all vestiges of the other habitations of the city, however more recent in date, have utterly vanisht?

As in painting, a predominancy of shade has more dignified ideas annexed to it than a predominancy of light, so there is often a deep and absconded beauty in the very blank and absence of the beautiful; how harmonised a tone the spirit strikes out from all this wildness! I never saw the old hills look so old, and it is well that the outward and visible nature, which associates itself with the primæval memorials, the first-born of the heart and mind of man, should not be marked by a gay countenance and fresh-springing form, but should wear all the solemn repose, and even some of the leanness and barrenness of age. The "visible music" of the scene around, has caught the staid and royal pace of the heroic song, and there is a majesty in the monotony of the one as of the other. Do we not know at heart the truth and meaning of epic poetry, when we feel how entirely it interpenetrates the whole of the material world with which it deals; how it is one with nature, and how that dreamy calm of power, by which the poet creates and embodies with no other effort than that of will, communicates itself to external things, and spreads over this else charmless ground a mantle of exceeding beauty and perfect peace? The Iliad and the Odyssey are both worked out of the rock of human nature; but the one is more the nature of a nation, the other the nature of an individual man; to this, therefore, we look with an intimate sympathy, as with a personal religion; but our affections, however vividly interested, never pass the just bounds of epic calm, for they are always the gentlest and the

sweetest. Not as the ideal of the wisdom of the time, and of the vigor of the manly will, does Ulysses come the oftenest before us, but in his commonest feelings, in his weak humanity; the very basis of the tale is his love of home, his love for these naked rocks to which I am now laying my head; not the delights of earth alone, but all the treasures of a magic world are poured out to hold him back, in vain. The passion of Circean voluptuousness, the Siren witcheries of art, and the charmed rest of the Lotos land, the

> "Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"—

he would take none of them in exchange for toil and suffering, and the malice of offended gods, while the hope of Ithaca is before him. Happy strife! happy victory! Honor to the women of the Iliad and the Odyssey!—to Andromache and Penelope!—they are the first wives we know of in the world, and all the development of classic ages gives us hardly another. We see the first but for a moment,—the other is with us the poem through; and by this more continual presence of holy womanhood, the whole is informed with an interest stronger, because more mild. Wherever her name shines out, what is not mellowed and toucht with love?

The man of wisdom and endurance rare,
  A sundry-coloured and strange-featured way,
Our hearts have followed; now the pleasant care
  Is near its end,—the oars' sweet-echoed play,

Falls on the cliffs of Ithaca's deep bay;—
The enemy, on whose impetuous breast,
The hero rode undaunted, night and day,
(Such was Minerva's power, and Jove's behest)
Scorns the inglorious strife, and lays his wrath to rest.

And how returns the tempest-tost? his prows
Gay-garlanded, with grand triumphal song?
Leaps he upon the strand, and proudly vows
Dire vengeance unto all who did him wrong?
Not so; for him, all force and passion strong,
And fretful tumult, for a while is o'er,—
He is borne gently, placidly along,
And laid upon his own belovèd shore,
Even as a wearied child, in quiet sleep once more!

There is no part of that Archaic Lay,
That strikes with such resistless power on me,
As this pure artist-touch, this tender ray,
A perfect-simple light of poesy:
Not the nice wiles of chaste Penelope,—
Not the poor pining dog that died of joy,—
Not the grey smoke the wanderer yearned to see,
Whose wavings he had traced, a careless boy,
Sweet as they are, for me this preference can destroy.

Where the " stone distaffs" of the nymphs of old,
Still make rich tracery in the sacred cave,—
Where peasants the dark-shadowed fountain cold,
Hail by the name the poet found or gave,
Where on the Eagle-height the walls out-brave
All time, and only the full-fruited vine
Trails o'er the home,—it may be o'er the grave,
Of him for whom these memories combine,—
Rest, care-worn mortal, rest, and let his sleep be thine.

From a Letter.

The vale of Heraclea or Rachly, some few hours to the south of the important remains of the city of Samos, has sunk deep in my memory, not only as a scene of beauty, but as a rare representation in actual life of one of those pictures which old poetry and Sidney's prose have taught us to call Arcadian.

It is entered by a cleft in the range of hills that skirt the shore, sufficiently broad, and no more, to admit a river and a mule-path, which, at this season, may be used indifferently, save where the thick growth of stately oleanders closes up the rough line of the former's winter course. From this romantic pass it expands into the fairest fertility; but nature has many such forms all the world over, and I am not sure whether, if merely travelled through, it might not be unremembered. You must demand the hospitality of Signor Cambizzi, the continual inhabitant of the valley, and the proprietor of a great part of it; you must be a visiter in his old farm-house, a sharer of the frugal

plenty of his board; you must see him in his fields with his labourers; you must talk with him of his agricultural occupations and improvements; and more than all you must let him tell you how he looks out from his content and peace into the workings of the loud and busy world, with that sly humour which is the child of quiet observation, before you have derived from this place all the delight and instruction that it offers. You must take him and the happy sameness of his existence into your idea before you estimate what recompense you have for coming here. How far is he from making his gain the servant of his ambition; how he loves the delicate oleander flowers above the gaudiness of cities, and the cheruba shade above high houses! How well he sees into the unmeaningness and verbiage of the Anglo-Ionian constitution, and the cloakt pretences of English authority; "the English," he said, "would put chains on the legs of the very fleas, and yet would make every body talk of liberty!" How acutely he blamed the superficial civilisation which was being spread over his country, leaving the substance below just as it found it; the roads of gigantic design and perfect execution, wrung from the forced labour of the people, "innocent of a wheel" from the day of opening, and by this time half grass-grown; the parade of public schools and the total absence of household education.

The town of Zante has something about it more Greek than any I have yet seen, but the high cultivation of the plain takes back the mind to the most favored parts of Italy, though I should doubt whether any district between the Mediterranean

and the Adriatic can compete with this in an almost prurient affluence and vividness of colour. The leaves of the currant vine are of a very light green, and the plants so full and close together, that the appearance of the whole from a certain height is of a garden or rather lawn, whose surface of most lively verdure is only broken by the darker foliage of occasional trees, and the elegant one-storied casinos, which are more like summer houses or ornamental buildings than the actual dwellings of the proprietors. In the distance are fair white villages among cypresses and olives, and the whole lookt so bright, yet so peaceful, when I first beheld it in the clear gorgeousness of one of those sun-sets, with nothing in the sky but some fine brown-gold clouds trailing along like a witch's hair, and the Black Mountain of Cephalonia bent like a bow over the waters, that I thought I never understood till then how placid beauty can remain, be her face ever so gay, and her vestment ever so parti-coloured; nay, even the excess of light may be made to minister to her eternal quietness.

But the inhabitants of the island think little of this; they are too much depressed at the ruin of their commerce, at the entire and sudden fall of their means of prosperity, to have time for any other reflection. Every thing at Zante is currants; they are the staple of trade, thought, and conversation; hopes and fears are all spent on currants; scandal itself is in currants: to traduce a man they defame his currants; while all-consecrating, all-applying piety raises in the midst of the cemented drying ground a simple wooden crucifix, and adorns its arms with the choicest bunches. The failure of the currant trade is no mystery; the price before the war was no more than fourteen or fifteen dollars the 1000lbs., and if it was a natural and venial error to be

led into dreams of unlimited wealth by the rise to ninety-six dollars, which they attained in 1826, it was not less obvious to a moment's reflection that such a price could not stand. The deluded cultivators, however, strained their capital to the utmost to bring every inch of feasible ground to the produce of this lucrative article. Hills were cut and terraces built up to the highest level where earth rested, though five years must elapse before the vine bears any fruit at all, and eight before it pays its common cultivation; and even then the excessive risk is to be taken into account, for unless dried in covered trays (which requires a large outlay) one sprinkling of rain during the eight days of the process is absolute destruction. A diminution of profit seems never to have suggested itself; and though so great a one as that of above four-fifths in six years might not have been fairly expected, the imprudence is unquestionable. The whole cultivation is now a sheer loss; and I was told by many proprietors that, unless some improvement takes place, they had no resource but emigration; forty dollars the 1000lb. would be but a fair profit, and they are selling for sixteen or under. Their only hope is in a reduction of the immense import duty (300 per cent.) into England, and this I should imagine unlikely to be fulfilled.

Though the soil is too strong to make good wine, a tolerable brandy might be distilled from the fruit; but I do not see how even the present price, low as it is, can maintain itself, as soon as a more settled state of affairs renders the broad plains of Corinth, and other parts of the Morea, capable of renewing their former produce, and bringing into the market a so much more abundant supply.

The modern Greek phrase for the setting of the sun is Βασιλεῦει ὁ ἥλιος *" "the sun reigns," or "the sun is a king." A forced and prosaic interpretation of this expression was given me, viz. that in the vesper anthem beginning with the words, "῾Ο Κύριος Βασιλεῦει," "the Lord reigns," the action was transferred to the sun itself in the same feeling as the "Ave Maria" is the synonym of the close of an Italian day. The more natural and poetical explanation I have formed into the following lines:—

In perfect kingliness now reigns the sun;
At morn, as one who girds himself for speed,
A hero prompt to do a mighty deed,
And not to rest until the deed be done,
He rose;—at noon he wore the guise of one,
Who feels the purpose that his will decreed
Half perfect, and goes onward to his meed,
Stronger than were his labour just begun;
And now his aim attained, his triumph known,
In conscious dignity he mounts his throne
Of golden air, and ere the eve can spread
Her pale-rose veil above his royal head,
No courtier clouds around him, to the bed
Of a victorious rest, he passes all alone.

* It has been suggested to me that the phrase is of Oriental origin, and that its introduction into Greek speech is mentioned by some antient writer; I should be grateful for any more accurate information.

The last peculiarity I have alluded to, the solitude of pure air in which the sun sets, appears to me eminently distinctive of Grecian evenings. The throng and blazonry of clouds which glorify the time in other skies, and give to its features of splendor an interminable variety, are here totally unknown. Even if vapors and exhalations have attended and obstructed the luminary during any part of the day, it is very rare that they do not retire before the lonely monarchy of its end; or should they still linger, they are generally drawn out into long thin stripes, and the burning gold in which they are steept is only relieved by tints of rose, saffron, and olive. But to me the scene is by far the loveliest when the God himself has sunk to rest, and, as his heritage of beauty to the earth, all things are fused into a faint roseate light, which does not seem to be cast upon, but to become the natural hue of, the whole circumambient ether.

The affinity and common parentage in the sequence of causes of light and music is no longer a poet's theory, but a bright example how imaginative analogies can lead the way to sciential truth; and the impression of this state of the atmosphere struck me as an instance of the correspondence of their effects upon the feelings. How much music gains by the concealment of the musician, when the air is possessed by the sound, and is not the mere medium of its communication,—when you almost *feel* the harmony about and upon you, and can in it—

> " ———— without a body move,
> Rising and falling with its wings!"

So is it with light; and though we may by habit have become

dead to this fine perception in the common light of day, yet when the light comes upon us with a new and peculiar *melody of colour,* as in the case I am referring to, no one can be unconscious of the additional intensity of emotion which is produced by the invisibility of the agent, or, to speak more correctly, of the object to which our senses habitually attribute the immediate agency.

IN TURKISH GREECE.

On entering the gulph of Arta, I remarkt the little forts which had each of them a small light wooden cottage, fit for a pleasant country site, raised above the stone-work. I thought them accurately typical of the nature of Turkish power, repose based upon force, peace founded upon war.

The first extensive ruins I saw in Greece were Roman, those of Nicopolis, founded by Augustus after the battle of Actium, and peopled by the desolation of the neighbouring villages. The long walls still stretch in broken lines nearly across the promontory, and the remains of two theatres, and other public buildings, are the natural monuments of an existence of six centuries. But about the whole there is that absolute death, which the fragments of gross and artless edifices always present; however large the skeleton may be, it is still a mere mass of dull bones, with no memory or sanctity to attach to them. I do not remember one great city upon the earth, great in manifestations of art, in development of intellect, or as a centre of power, which owes its existence to the soveran mandate of an individual, and not to that silent and invisible influence which we may call either chance or necessity. Cities are the salient points of nations, and the will of one man has as little to do with laying the

foundation of the greatness of the one as of the other. There is little more truth in the tale of Romulus and Rome, than in the legend of England and the Trojan Brutus. The littleness and weakness of heroes in their efforts of personal and immediate influence bears a fair proportion to their indirect and instrumental agency in the universal scheme. How large a breadth of the history of half the world turns on Octavius Cæsar as on a pivot, and yet the "City of Victory" raised in solemn perpetuation of his instalment into such an imperial possession as the past had never seen, rose not beyond a poor municipal town, to be ultimately annihilated by a Bulgarian horde *, and, what is more to the point, the Actian era was unable to establish itself with any permanence in the speech and reckonings of mankind †.

A GRECIAN THUNDER-STORM.

THE thunder came not with one awful pulse,
When the wide Heaven seems quaking to its heart,
But in a current of tumultuous noise,
Crash upon crash,—a multitudinous clang
Of cymbals beating in the low-hung clouds,—
And every shortest interspace filled up
With echoes vivid as their parent sounds.

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* In 393, A. D.

† There was, however, an "Æra of Cæsar" which survived in Spain, (a Cæsarean Province,) where it was in legal and popular use till the fourteenth century. It began thirty-eight years before the birth of Christ.

The lightning came not in a flash of light,
Soon yielding to the darkness, (which ere long
Is routed by another winged blaze,)
But with no pause, and swaying to and fro,
As if the common air were turned to flame.
So mused I, from this hot and furious scene
Drawing a timely lesson of calm Truth,
So, when great nations are awake at heart,
And rise embattled, from an antient sleep
Sudden aroused by some consummate deed
Of reckless tyranny, or glad to stand
For heir-loom rights, familiar liberties,
Through pain and loss and terror unto death,
Should be the expression of their energies,
Earnest, intense, impassioned as you will,
But with no pause,—the fruit is victory.

A mosque is an architectural combination of the extremes of heaviness and lightness; thus the picturesque effect is good when seen at some distance, and the eye takes in both parts as a whole. Thus also the general appearance is much less pleasing when the minaret is detacht from the body of the building, and decidedly disagreeable when the pointed top of the minaret is away, which frequently happens.

Yanina, Sept. 17, 1832.

My dear * * *

I was laughing yesterday at old Spon, who, immediately on landing on this coast, says, "Nous primes des notions generàles sur l'Epire;" yet this is what you ask me to do for you, though perhaps I know little more about it. The object is indeed somewhat difficult of attainment, not only on account of the paucity of preceding travellers, but from the numberless errors both of omission and commission, which render this part of the only large map of Greece (that usually called Lapiès) altogether useless, except on the daily traverst roads, where it is hardly necessary to apply to it. It is drawn, I believe, almost exclusively after the observations of Mons. Pouqueville, who, without being "always out," as Lord Byron somewhat flippantly says, seems to have had no opportunity of rendering them sufficiently accurate for such a purpose. Though accredited political agent to Alì Pacha, the personal enmity which existed between them neutralised all the advantages his position afforded, and though compelled to submit to his attendance on his principal state journeys through the country, the tyrant of Epirus took good care that the hated minister of a hated power should not extend his information in any direction, or on any ground further than he could not prevent. In fact the French consul was in a sort of barely courteous imprisonment the greater part of his residence at Yanina, and the general suspicion of a Turkish government must, under these circumstances, have driven him to content himself with much second-hand information, which, together with the narrowness of his scholarship, renders his bulky volumes on this district as incorrect on topographical and antiquarian matters, as weak and

cloudy on political ones. The character of the country is, however, definite enough, to impress its general features easily on an observer's mind:—it is all one interchange of mountain and valley;—high ranges, seldom broken, stretch from the south in straight and parallel lines down to the gulf or alluvial plain of Arta, and the spaces between them are intersected by one or more lower lines of hills, also parallel to the others, and sometimes nearly as regularly continuous, though oftener taking the form of divided and independent knolls. This fine shape and figure of nature, where the jaggedness of the details is always subservient to the grandeur and roundness of the general outline, has all the apparel and ornaments which can make it most sublime. The dense-leaved black-green Prinare generally covers the summits of the hills; the wild vine enriches the foliage, and thickens the shade of many of the enormous platans that are spread over their bases. The horse-path often runs for miles together through one unbroken bower, where the redundant underwood, and low-hanging branches, are as embarrassing to the mounted traveller as pleasant to the pedestrian; descending into the plain, it occasionally leads, where the ground is marshy, through gigantic reeds, and not unfrequently is altogether lost in the wide and irregular fields of Indian corn; in this latter case it is not recovered without loss of time, and rather by the guide's general knowledge of the direction than of any fixed point, where the track can again be found. The common rule that the characteristics of a country are to be looked for in its by-ways and remote places holds good here; there is little of interest in the high road from Arta to Yanina, except the mere fact of its being the only broad and well-paved road in the whole of Roumelia. It is the work of Ali Pacha, and is continued from Yanina to Larissa, a Simplon in

its way, as its designer was a Napoleon; but in these lower and as it were mere physical modes of human greatness, we take things rather positively than relatively; it is the extent of the power and its effects that we look to, not to the amount of ability required to produce them; in the higher courses of moral grandeur, on the contrary, we are inclined to be much more just; we allow the greatness of the beggar to be as great as the greatness of the king. I believe, in very truth, that Alì Pacha, in Napoleon's place, would have done as great things, and perhaps much in the same way as Napoleon did; but history can never class them in the same category. I have not time just now to follow up this reflection, for I must take you back to Epirus, and tell you that by far the most delightful road to Yanina is a rude and somewhat tortuous one, on the other side of the river which passes for the Achelous, being at the same time supremely picturesque and including many interesting historical monuments. As it lies for the most part in deep glens, you frequently meet with that agreeable delusion, where your path seems to terminate in a huge cliff-theatre, wooded to the very top, and within whose area the water you have long followed as a river rests as a quiet lake, while you pause in willing embarrassment round what hidden angle or up what unobserved ravine you are about to turn. The scenery of the defile of the Acheron is of a similar character, but with an accession of the darker features. I never was more vividly conscious of the vanity and spiritlessness of Roman adaptations and copyings of Grecian fable, than when I stood by this turbid and toiling stream, with its mountain banks and carious channel, and deep shadows, and every other accompaniment of the mysterious and sublime, and thought of Cumæ and its Virgilian topography. *Here* every thing was consistent,

true to the idea; it was in a far and rarely-visited district, where all the manifestations of outward nature were of the wildest and saddest kind, and none but harmonious associations could touch the mind, that the religion of a poet people, not the fancy of an individual poet, imagined the passage from the visible to the unseen world; *there*, it was the vicinity of Baiæ, the daily-trod shore, where, though perchance there may have been some accidents of nature of a somewhat gloomier cast, such as a pine wood, or dark waters, or some volcanic phenomena, the impress of the whole must have been much the same as the rest of that brilliant and laughing region, which the Italian poet selected as the scene to which he was to transfer the awful imagery of Grecian tradition, as part of his national epic; when will people, and reading, thinking people, cease talking about Homer *and* Virgil?

All attempts to identify the particular localities of this part of the country have met with poor success. Pouqueville arbitrarily assigns the name of "Temple of the Furies" to some faint traces of an old building near Glyky, at the entrance of the narrow valley of the Acheron from the Paramithean plain; with this exception, I am aware of the existence of no other vestiges. It may, however, be questioned whether, in a poetical sense, this absence of accurate limitation is not rather gain than loss. I am sure that, in another instance, the uncertainty of the position of Dodona, the obscurity and indefiniteness, has been to me a source of much delight. Instead of having my imagination contracted within the limits of some, perhaps now treeless and barren, hill, with perhaps no memorial of the holy-voiced stream and the hundred fountains, but a dull water-course or stagnant marsh, I was enabled, in my passage through the

country, to associate all that I met with of sublime and beautiful with the spirit of that awful name, and feel continually about me the presence of the eldest of oracles, of which we know little more than that it was, and was adored; the records of whose origin are too vague and scattered to establish any thing but a still more antient existence either in that part of Greece itself, which was the cradle of her mythological inspirations, or in a distant and sacred land*, and whose ministrations were all an immediate appeal to the harmonies and mysteries of nature,—the simplest expression of the yearnings and questionings of the

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* The historical question is as difficult of solution as the topographical one: it is difficult not to attach some meaning to the Herodotean story of a connection with, and transplantation from, Egypt; but, on the other hand, the existence of a Thessalian Dodona, anterior to the establishment of the oracle in Epirus, is incontrovertible; and it is difficult not to imagine some relation between this fact and the very early emigration of the Perabœan people from the former to the latter country. That these were Pelasgians there can be little doubt, and the word itself may consequently be called Pelasgic, but its elements are so like Greek, if not actually Greek, as to be very distinguishable; the intensive δα is familiar to etymology, and the difference between the word ὄζος, a branch, and ὄδος is almost imperceptible, pronouncing the δ as the soft *th*, which was indisputably the antient mode. The name therefore would be applicable to every woody situation, and might be common to any number of different places. The most positive assertion I have met with, as to its later site, among so many contradictory suppositions, is in a very interesting Romaic work, published at Venice, 1815, entitled the "History of Suli," by "Peravos" (or the Perabœan), the real name of the author I have forgot:—"Ἔαν τελὸς παντῶν τὸ μαντεῖον τὴς Δωδώνης ἐφέρθη ἄπο Θεσσαλίαν ἐις Ἠπεῖραν, ἔιναι φανερὸν ἀπὸ διαφορῶν μαρτυρίας ὀτὶ ἡτὸν ἐις τὴν Χαωνίαν κατὰ τὸ σημερινὸν Δελβινόν, κὰι ἐις τὸ χώριον λεγόμενον Φοινικὴ, ὀπου κὰι ἀρκετὰ παλάια ἐρειπια φαινόνται ἑως τὴν σήμερον. Πλὴσιον ἀυτοῦ ῥέει κὰι ὁ Δωδὼν πόταμος, ὁς τις πίθανον ἔιναι να ἔλαβε τὴν ονομασίαν ἀπὸ τὴν Δωδώνην. Καλεῖται δὲ τα νῦν Μπιστρίτζα, κὰι εχὲι τὰς ἐκβολὰς τôυ ἐις το Βόυθροντον αντικρὺς τὴς Νήσου τôν Κορύφων." This would seem to go some way to decide the controversy, but has left it, I believe, much as it found it.

heart of an infant world. There is much difference between the mental process by which the fancy transmutes the chink in the rock at Delphi, stopt up with stones, into the miraculous aperture that lay beneath the tripod of the god-drunken priestess, and that which impregnates with all the poetry of the idea of Dodona such a scene as "Monastic Zitza" opens to the view, whether presented in the sultry summer dress of "bluest skies," that it wears in the pretty stanzas of Childe Harold*, or arrayed, as I witnesst it, in the more becoming magnificence of a dying storm, the higher of the unnumbered ranges of hills half hid in grey and grey-green masses of clouds, beneath which white lightning ceaselessly glimmered or flashed,—the antient oaks, whose fine forms overlook so wide a field, "gathering the winds within their ample room," and swaying their branches with a mighty music.

I would that the later and simply historical recollections, called up in this district, were equally bright and pure. The remains of antient towns and fortresses are, I believe, nearly as numerous and prominent as in any other part of Greece. Time may have been somewhat less diligent to destroy, where man has been so emulous of his labors. You will, no doubt, remember the short tale of the fate of this province. When we read the few words, that for the favor they had shown an enemy of Rome, Paulus Emilius having placed a Chiliarch and some troops in each of the Epirote towns, gave the order, that they all, to the number of seventy, should be sackt on one and the same appointed day, and all the inhabitants slain or enslaved: we comprehend how such an act was in perfect keeping with the policies of Rome, both for the immediate purpose of gloating the avarice of the

* Canto ii. stanzas 48—51.

citizen army, and the more important end of augmenting the terror of its name, by assimilating the judgments of its wrath, after the manner of Eastern desolations, rather to earthquakes and deluges and other necessary ordainments of nature, than to the efforts of individual cruelty; we understand the fact, and can, if necessary, draw conclusions from it; but in cases like these, I think we must often feel discontented with ourselves that our sympathies are so slow in following up our knowledge; we ought, perhaps, (to pursue the train of thought somewhat further) rather to rejoice with gratitude, at this gracious condition of human nature; the heart cannot take in so immense a range of suffering: we are more affected, if the same number of words be applied to the description of the misery of one single person, than when they record the agonies of myriads; and if this were not so, if we could feel for the thousand as we feel for the one, would not our spirits faint under the burthen of the sorrow of mankind, and history, with its experiences and lessons, be one plague-scene to sicken over?—but, correctly speaking, this limiting law is in the Imagination, through which these sympathies act, not in the sympathies themselves; and this must not be forgotten, whenever we are tempted to complain of the restraints and discipline to which this power is subject. The ruins principally consist of citadels, separate turrets and fragments of wall which the Roman devastators probably found too troublesome to destroy; for, notwithstanding the diabolical vauntings of the Abbé Fourmont as to the innumerable cities he succeeded in annihilating, to pull down a Pelasgian wall can be only one step easier than to build it up. The sites of many of these, Rogous, Castri, &c., are of such varied loveliness, that antiquarian curiosity is often lost in present admiration; but there is one monument which does not yet seem to have met with the attention it

deserves; I allude to the theatre near Dramesus, which Pouqueville, I know not on what ground, sets down as Passaron. Leake describes the great Argolic theatre of Iero to be the largest and most perfect in Greece, with *this* single exception; it is built at one angle of the inner wall of the city, so that in following the wall you come upon the top of it in an instant; the huge semicircle is stretched out below you, which the ruins of three towers of unequal height close in on either side; of any scene or front apparatus there is no trace whatever, and I believe this to be the case in all known theatres in Greece, though some vestiges have been discovered in those of Asia Minor. One has only to observe what natural prospects were chosen by Grecian taste for purpose of backgrounds, to conceive how unimportant the illustration of artificial scenery must have been, when a perfectly fit and harmonious locality for all their most customary dramatic impersonations was ever before them. In contrasting the theatres of the Greeks and Romans it is surely not fanciful to remark, how strikingly the reliance of the former upon Nature, their delight in using all her means and appliances, their earnest endeavours to effect any desired object by the plainest and readiest method, and, on the other hand, the self dependence, self-glory of the latter,—their love of evincing *power*, at whatever cost of gratuitous labour, is here exhibited. Whenever it was practicable, the Grecian theatres were hewn out of the living rock, and thus are as perfect this very day, as if dwellings and temples had not crumbled about them;—in other places, where the steps and fronting were the work of art, there still remains, and will remain till the old hills fall, the shape and dimensions of the edifice, which, of itself, has led to the discovery of the situation of many great cities. The Roman took, on the plane surface, just

as much earth as was necessary to him, and raised upon it his walls or tiers of arches, and placed his theatre within them; and thus, after centuries, we look for still surviving specimens to find them only in the darkness of Herculaneum and the resurrection of Pompeii. But to return to things as they are. Unless distinguished by some marked peculiarity of position, all Turkish towns must have much the same appearance. As seen from without, the groupings of burnished minarets and dead-black cypresses, of fortifications often composed of the motley constructions of old Grecian, Venetian, and Turkish art, and the broad eaves of the houses roofing the light and sometimes gaily-painted verandahs, are strangely pleasing; but when you are once fairly in the town, there is little charm but that of novelty; the dirtiness of the narrow streets transfers its unpleasantness to the rich and various costumes, and tarnishes their lustre. There are but two kinds of houses, the better sort of which are little more than two or three of the worse placed on three sides of a court, with the addition of a broad balcony. In what may be called the country towns, the villas round about, generally on little knolls or a hill-side, are not inelegant,—they appear to have no inhabited story but the upper one, which the thick-woven reed-lattice declares devoted to female privacy; below this the wall is only perforated by small apertures, like our turret-windows. Some of the villages, roofed with, as well as built of, white stone, have, from some short distance, a most curious effect, especially in a fertile part of the country; they are quite ghastly,—ghosts of habitations or congregated tombs.

I leave my "notions generàles" to your clear mind and full knowledge; they can teach you little, but your thoughts are accustomed to make much out of every little.

When the thick and bitter Acheron leaves the ravine of the Cassopœan mountains, the gorge through which it takes its broader course into the Paramithian plain is called "Glyky," and the part of the coast where it meets the sea "Porto Glyky" (the sweet harbour). That the river of Pain and Terror should be changed into a sweet-flowing and delicious stream, before it is lost in the eternal ocean, is not a conceit of any one age or any one faith,—it is a thought of the common "human heart, by which we live;" and not we only, but men of all times. We recognise and feel the analogy as almost a truism of the fancy, but it was the freshness and truth of old imagination which could alone give it form and place in the visible world.

In the chance villages where we slept on our journey, and also in some of the towns, I found the almost unceasing nightly barking of the huge Molossian dogs* at first very tormenting; but I soon reconciled myself to it, by clearly distinguishing the vigilant and protecting sound from the howl of the jackals and wolves, to which it was often an answer; and by resting on the idea of the guardianship thus easily, though rudely, afforded, I got at last to consider it rather as an aid to repose than otherwise.

* Vide Arist. περὶ Ζωῶν, ix. 1, 2.

LINES

EXPRESSIVE OF THE STATE OF FEELING EXCITED BY THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF BEING IN A CLASSIC COUNTRY.

"To me . . .
Pushed from his chair of regal heritage,
The Present is the vassal of the Past."
ALFRED TENNYSON.

OH, blessèd, blessèd be the Eld,
Its echoes and its shades,—
The tones that from all time outswelled,
The light that never fades;—
The silver-pinion'd memories,
The symbol and the tale,—
The soul-enchasèd melodies
Of merriment or bale.

Oh, glory! that we wrestle
So valiantly with Time;—
We do not alway nestle
In listlessness and crime:

We do not live and die
  Irrevocably blind,
But raise our hands, and sigh
  For the might we left behind.

Each goodly sign and mystic letter,
  That angel-haunted books unfold,—
We cherish more,—we know them better,
  When we remember they are old;
And friends, though fresh, and hale, and cheerly,
  And young, as annals hold,
Yet, if we prize them *very* dearly,
  We love to call them old.

Yon scented shrub,—I past it by,
  The youngling of the breeze;
I sat me, sad and soberly,
  Beneath those antient trees,
Whose branches, dight in summer pall,
  Their gloom in moaning wore;
For they told me of the Eld, and all
  The mystery of yore.

And in the gusts, I thought they pitied
  The falling of the young,—
The fair, the subtle-witted,
  Fine limb, and honeyed tongue;—

As man, from birth to funeral,
Were but a tragic mime,—
And they the kinsman lineal
Of the good and olden prime.

I saw the hoary bulk of ocean
A' couching on the shore,
With a ripple for its motion,
And a murmur for its roar;
I gazed, but not as on the dead,
But as if Death were held
In awe, by a thing that slumberèd
In the deep and silent Eld.

The golden school of Eld is rife
With many a God-sent ray,
And jewel-gleams of perfect life,
Hereditary day!
Alas! we cannot quite awake,—
But when we *feel* we dream,
That hour, our heart is strong to shake
The falsities that seem.

For our bark is on the angle
Of a wide and bending stream,
Whose bosky banks entangle
The eye's divergent beam;—

The ridgy steeps hide in the way,
  Whither the stream is quest,
As on a lake, the mirror'd day
  Repeats its waveless rest.

How know we, when so clearly still,
  Where its nether fountains be?
That it welleth in a viewless hill,
  And passeth to the sea?
The tide beneath us,—where it welled
  Dull sense regardeth not,—
But it was *once* the tide of Eld,
  And we have not *all* forgot.

Great Art hath bound a diadem,
  Upon his front serene,
Whose every pure and charmèd gem,
  Bedews him with its sheen.
And thus,—nor deem it wildly new,
  Nor slur of idle tongue,—
But true, as God's own words are true,
  The Eld is alway young;—

Young as the flush of all-blue light,
  Or eve's imperial eyes,
And he who worshippeth aright,
  Shall aye be young and wise,

And gentle as the virgin dove
That primal chaos quelled,
With Nature for his ladie-love,
The daughter of the Eld.

Epirus, Sept. 20th.

Beauty and beauteous words should go together.
G. Herbert.

In writing notes of travel, or in fact any thing of which description and impression are the chief components, one finds the paucity of rational epithets for objects of beauty, pleasure, and admiration almost painful; but the monotony which results from this barrenness of language may have its own significance. The mother-feeling of beauty is clear, absolute, one,—the same spirit fused into the most varied forms; the negation, or the absence of beauty, on the contrary, admits of as many different notions, and consequently of as many expressions, as there are gradations of the deficiency.

Of the famous cities of antiquity, comparatively few have saved from the "dark backward and abyss of Time" any testimonies to the splendor of their temples, political edifices, or private dwellings; the only marks, not only of their greatness,

but of their very existence, are commonly walls and sepulchres. Similar has been the fate of many men and masses of men in the moral world, the general events of whose being have taken no hold on the remembrance of posterity, and who owe their historic life solely to their energies of resistance, and the peculiar circumstances of their destruction. Of this class is the story of the Republic of Suli, whose establishment is said to have originated with a few goatherds, about the middle of the seventeenth century *, but may, in all likelihood, be as antient as the forced occupation of the most retired and most defensible positions, both of Roumelia and the peninsula, by "Palikàri," genuine sons of old Greece, who, in the transference of their country from master to master, have remained to our time individually free, and have won at this eleventh hour the reward of the untiring strife of ages.

That this clan of mountain-marauders should, with so few peculiarities of manners and conduct, and a sphere of action so limited, have gained for themselves, in the common course of things, an especial and enduring fame, and have become an integral part of the history of later Europe, is highly improbable, and I think the whole cause of the distinction will be found in the aggressive measures of Alì Pacha, and the consequent intensity of passion with which they were encountered on the part of the Suliots. The determined will to destroy on the one side,

* The notion of its connection with the "Selli" of Homer, (Il. 16, 233,) has been disclaimed, and disproved by Peravos. (Hist. of Suli.) He supposes this people to have transmitted their name to the village of "Sello," at the foot of Olympus, between "Helasson" and Vlakolivathos." The root of the word is probably in the language or tradition of the mountain Greeks; there is both a Suli and a Kako-Suli in the north of Attica.

aroused a will as determined to defend on the other; and as long as we confine our admiration to this exertion, and the deeds to which it was father, nothing can be more just; but when we apply to the series of events which led to the annihilation of the whole tribe, the feelings with which we in general regard the relations of oppressor and victim, of unauthorised violence and resisting innocence, we misapprehend the self-evident facts of the case, under the gloss of an adulterate sensibility. The Suliot character and method of life seem to have differed from that of the other robber inhabitants of the Grecian mountains, in nothing but the excess of their predatory activity, the rash impartiality with which they conducted their Klephtic enterprises, and, something more of social organisation and sympathies, the necessary consequence of their firm occupation of so large a district. At the time of the appointment of Alì to the office of Dervenji Pacha of Northern Greece, whose first duty was to establish free and safe passage on all the roads, they are said to have been possessed of sixty-six villages. Supposing the greater number were merely conquered by their arms, and added little to their actual force, yet the population was always sufficient to number 1000 or 1500 muskets. M. Pouqueville is, at least, an unobjectionable authority on this subject, when he is compelled to lay aside his most inveterate prejudices, and own the legitimacy of the Pacha's attempts to repress their outrages. "Pillaging alike friends and foes, they carried their imprudence so far as to embroil themselves with the chiefs of the armatolis, and even with the Turks of Thesprotia. *All commercial intercourse* was interrupted in Lower Albania. The defiles were no longer passable without numerous escorts, which were often defeated by these audacious mountaineers." This statement explains the

active assistance afforded by the Greek armatolis (or self-constituted militia), in the expedition against these Greek outlaws, and makes it clear that the identification of the cause of Suli with that of Greek liberty is abundantly fanciful, at the same time that it shows the necessity for compulsory measures. Treachery, the diplomacy of such men as Alì, was first tried to effect the submission of the republic, and when this was met by equal cunning and inflexible courage and utter scorn, we cannot be surprised at the determination of the tyrant to avenge his insulted pride at any cost of life, treasure, or crime. "In this contest," says Lord Byron, "there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece." The first attack was repelled with an enthusiasm, against which superiority of physical force was nothing-worth, which unsexed the weakness of womanhood, and, aided by rare advantages of position, gave the child who could roll down a stone upon the climbing or flying foe the effectiveness of a warrior. The nine years' peace, the fruit of this marvellous victory, was followed by a three years' war, conducted on the one side with all the exertion of the most vigorous mind in the history of the modern Mahommedan world, supported by a wide and absolute authority, and on the other by an unflinching struggle almost against hope in the mass of the people, which would possibly have vanquisht, in the end, a force whose very excess of numbers was a confusion and embarrassment, had not individual perfidy opened the otherwise impenetrable passes. But even on the general brightness of this part of the tale, there is one dark shade; the same people whose feelings were so highly-toned that their wives hurled themselves and their children from precipices, with frantic mirth and song, to escape the pollution of Turkish slavery, were

able to request the secession or self-banishment of their bravest captain and chief "Foto Tzavella," as the chief impediment in the way of tranquillity, at the solicitation of the Vizier. All their after-bravery seems hardly to expiate this act of cowardice, which comes forward in painful contradiction even to the unvarnisht and somewhat harsh idea of the Suliot character, which is attempted to be given in the following verses, and is in fact hardly to be accounted for. It explains, however, very satisfactorily, the humble deportment of Tzavella to the exterminator of his nation, into whose service he entered some time afterwards.

THE SULIOT'S ANSWER TO AN EXPOSTULATING FRANK.

YOUR phrases are good and your promises fair,
  Your heart may respond to the meaning they bear,
Such things may seem just to your nature and name,
  To *us* they are baseness, and folly, and shame.

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* It is hardly supposable that any Suliot ever thought as I have represented him, and still less ever exprest any such reflections. My object is merely to pourtray what would have been his train of thought, had it been possible for him to have acted as he did act, by a reasoning process, instead of mere instinct, and to have given account of the feelings within him.

I ask you, would Nature have planted us there,
  Where Earth's farthest region is bounded by air,
Where the great Eagle pauses in wonder to see,
  The race he contemns as exalted as He,—

Where corn never waves, and the diligent flock
  Tracks out the scant grass that is sprent on the rock,
Where the clouds fold about us in darkness and dew,
  Had she meant us to live and have feelings, like you?

She gave you your cities, your pleasures, and arts,
  Your fairly-built homes, and your populous marts,
Your paths o'er the ocean, your science, and lore,—
  She gave us our freedom and gave us no more!

But not the half-freedom, that makes the half-slave,
  The guard of the timid, the curb of the brave,
The freedom of charter, and rights, and decree,—
  But the freedom with which our fathers were free.

To be free to exist,—for evil or good,—
  Like the wolf in the brake, or the hawk in the wood,
To follow our instincts, and bend not in awe
  To a chance-begot king, or the phantom of law;

To be free to fall down on the wealthier land,
With musket at back, and dagger in hand,
And use the sole right that we own or we know,
The right of the strongest, wherever we go;

Here take our creed, we are klephts if you will,
There are worse names than that in the chapter of ill,
For we give what we take,—let the resolute man,
Resist us, and kill us, and well,—if he can.

Behold our women! their forms are as fair,
As love ever guarded with delicate care,
They have all woman's beauty, but yet Nature wills,
No weak woman-hearts should be born on our hills.

They know not the distaff, they know not the loom,
Such tasks, to their hands, would be dull as the tomb;
And why should they toil without pleasure or gain?
They are clothed with the spoils that we bring from the plain.

They clean our muskets, they sharpen our swords,
They speed us to battle with kisses and words,
And when to our homes the hot enemy's nigh,
They show us our children, and bid us go die.—

This will to resist, whoever the foe,
  Is part of our being,—the thing must be so,—
As the faith we adore, as the hills where we range,
  As the blood of our fathers, *that* never can change.

Alì Pacha knows that the hate we have vowed
  Can never be broken, can never be bowed,
We hate him as Turk, as tyrant, as man,—
  We hate as he hates, that is all that we can.

Alì Pacha knows with what mercy he'd meet
  Were he laid by the chances of war at our feet;
He has smiled at each pang of a Suliot's frame,
  How loud would we laugh, when he suffered the same.

Neither dazzled with hope, nor blinded with pride,
  Do we look on the tempest our hearts have defied,
Let them conquer at last,—we are ready for all,
  What on earth has not fallen, and shall not we fall?

Yet still we have faith, that their number and nerve
  Will not force the strong spirit within us to swerve,—
When the breath of a traitor shall poison our air,
  It is then, only then, we shall dare to despair.

But then, even then, though the blood-sated foe
Shall ravage our homes till each stone be laid low,
Though the manifold voice of our nation be still
In the winding defile, on the fort-headed hill*,

Though the stranger shall pause in the desolate scene,
To ask some lone herdsman of things that have been,
And the water undrawn in the weed-clotted wells†
Be a visible sign of the tale that he tells;

One memory brightly shall start from the shade,
Where we, and our passions, and errors are laid,
One thought, that there only through all this wide land,
The cross was upright in the Christian hand‡.

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* The silence was unbroken through the whole Suliot territory, except by the rifle practice in the Turkish serail or fort, which stands massively on the immense cliff of Kiaffa, the memorial of a victory which the desolation is quite enough to commemorate.

† At the site of the hamlet of "Samoriva" two lean asses, at "Kako (κάτω?) Suli" the capital village, a scanty herd of goats and their solitary keeper, were the only living things I saw among the scorcht and broken frame-works of houses: the number of wells or rather cisterns at the latter place, nearly close together, is extraordinary; our guide, himself a Suliot, said that there was a separate one for each house; this, however, may be well discredited.

‡ There is no doubt that religious passion strongly assisted the Suliots in bearing up against their enemy; in their latter and most desperate struggles, they were generally led on by a priest, and the red cross was their banner.

In the valleys beneath us, degraded, forlorn,
Its being the boon of the Infidel's scorn,
In shame and in darkness it lingers, but *there*
It is waving as free as the ambient air.

The time may be near when the Mussulman sword,
Shall rend in its fury the sign of the Lord,
Shall defile it with dust, and pollute it with gore,
But the last of *our* race will have fallen before.

The history of Parga is commonly considered as a sort of corollary to that of Suli, and the expressions of sympathy it excites are often mingled with bitter accusations of British policy. It is but too true, that the partitions of empires and peoples, to which the beginning of our century was witness, were marked by a spirit, which the experience of very few years has shown to be philosophically short-sighted, and a calm benevolence would have pronounced interested and unjust; the administrating powers seem to have only remembered, that the momentary destination of the political form of Europe was in their hands, and to have forgot that the metal they were casting was living man. But in the case at issue, the sin was entirely one of omission. Parga was never mentioned in any treaty; but its possession was left to the English government and the Porte to arrange at pleasure. One would imagine from the

style of invective adopted by French partisans and Italian poets, that the Parghiotes underwent a forced transition from perfect liberty to slavery; a little inquiry would show the falseness of this conception, and that the only injustice, committed by the English, was the voluntary abandonment of a no longer useful military position, physically unable to assert its own independence, and its consequent occupation by the natural government of the surrounding country. Parga was originally colonised from "Pastro Vecchio" in Albania, with which the name is probably connected by some etymological process*, and appears to have enjoyed that sort of municipal freedom, which the Porte granted not unwillingly to the submissive payers of a regular tribute. "Miletius," the accurate Greek geographer, in his work, publisht 1807, writes—"Parga is at the present time democratically governed under the inspection of Constantinople, in the same way as Prevesa and Vonitza;" and Sir William Gell, who visited it somewhere about this time, relates that he found the political direction of the town under the absolute control of a Turkish magistrate. It afterwards fell into the power of the French, and in March, 1814, it came under English protection. When this should be withdrawn, there seems no reason for supposing it to have had capabilities of preserving itself from the yoke of Alì Pacha, who would be little likely to suffer this single solitary rock silently to disown his wide-spread authority, or to spare any effort of vigorous attack

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* This is more natural at least than the derivation of Miletius—"Ὕπαργος Ὕπαρχος:" a friend of mine, of large contracting propensities in etymology, has suggested "παλαιά ἔργα" or "πράγματα" as the root; but I believe no traces of ruins have been found there.

or patient blockade, if openly resisted. The Parghiots had once driven him back by their active ardor while under the French, and he never forgave or forgot such things. If, then, the English had contented themselves with abandoning the place to its own resources, without any engagement with the Albanian sovereign, the desperation and agonies of Suli would have been inevitably repeated. The remuneration for the loss of the property of the voluntary exiles, however incomplete, was at all events something gained for the Parghiots. But why did not the English remain and continue their protection? I dare not take on myself to weigh the hard balance between the moral and political validity of the motives, but there is much to excuse, if not enough to justify. The mercy of maintaining an effective protecting force in a post, with which we had no connexion but that of a war-conquest, and productive of no commercial or military advantage whatever, is to be taken with the injustice of imposing such a maintenance on the English people. The defence of the Parghiots from the tyranny of Alì Pacha is to be reckoned with the improbability of securing the complete safety and freedom of our Ionian subjects, in the close vicinage of an enemy, whose ambition was only measured by his abilities, whose power was of gigantic growth, and was still indefinitely growing; and who, through his high influence at the Porte, made this concession the sole price of peace and alliance. It may be the virtue of an individual to endure any personal ill to effect any good; but governments must weigh evil with evil, the evil to be done with the evil to be suffered; and that is the wisest which produces the greatest total good. Many of the self-banisht families have now returned, and the place is rising into some consideration.

In forming historical judgments of modern events and persons, it is often a severe necessity to transfer our thoughts and calculations from the smooth and solid temper of an advanced form of society into that of one, where all the relations of life are as different as if the distance of the one from the other, in space and time, were the very widest,—and while we refuse ourselves to our most familiar principles of right and wrong, to admit no other notions than are adopted to that state of things, where moral worth is strictly analogous to physical excellence, and strength and active energy are the sole virtue of the spirit as of the body. I am sure that much of the misconception of the Greeks, their character, and their revolution, which has spread through Europe, may be traced to the fact, that Greece is separated by a mere strip of sea from countries, whose social and political condition is so uncommensurate with its own; the geographical vicinity has obscured the right view of the historical distance. Similarly also, on the other hand, has the true character and merit of Alì Pacha been attempted to be come at, by a comparison with that of his contemporary adventurer, and been overspread with equal ignorance and error; the Corsican soldier and the Albanian klepht, the Emperor of France and the Ruler of Northern Greece, lived indeed in the same nominal years: but any comparison between them can be at the best but a fantastic amusement, with which the Historian can have nothing to do. He must studiously avoid any such temptation to confusion, and taking this wonderful man with relation only to the things about him, make a fair estimate of his mental powers. He must not pause to censure the vices and violences of his youth, which rather devolved upon him from the habits of his fathers and kindred, than were consequent on any personal disposition;

but he must regard with wonder and something too of awe, the intense mind which could altogether burst the close net of Mohammedan fatalism, and meet repulse, not with the calm abject despair that faith inculcates, but as believing in its own deep strength, and atheist in all besides. He will find too in the strange and wayward circumstances of his progress, in the casket of gold discovered by the very passionate gesture with which he drove his sword into the ground in the agony of defeat, in the rapid annihilation of his enemies, and the success of every perfidy by which he outwitted the perfidy of the Porte, a natural source of his haughty confidence in himself and his fortune; and in the more advanced stages of the life of his hero, he will recognise the advantages which accrued, both to his own ambition and the welfare of a part of his subjects, from that entire freedom from the religious feelings of his nation, which permitted him to play Moslem against Greek and Greek against Moslem, as best suited the purpose of the time, and to sanction a comparative tolerance of opinion in those who gave him no other cause of offence. It will indeed be his duty to record many acts of disgustful brutality; but he will remark, that, to commit cruelties is a method of savage life and warfare, and that the cruelty of Alì was never that lust or madness, which assimilates the Caligulas of Rome and the Constantines of Poland rather to mere organs of the tormentor of mankind than to reasoning agents, but an effect of settled passion, or a necessary link in a project of ambition; to the first impulse he will refer the hideous punishment of the chief of the village of Chormovo, the seat of his earliest enterprise and earliest disgrace, and the crowning vengeance inflicted by filial rage on the entire population of Gardiki, where the cool assassination of near one thousand prisoners, and

the anathema of desolation laid upon their dwelling-place, expiated his mother's slavery and shame; nor will the death of "Phrosine" the Greek girl *, whom he loved too fiercely to endure a rival in his son, be here forgotten; to the second motive he will look for the cause of the secret murders of so many of his enemies and reputed friends, of the annihilation of whole hostile tribes and peoples, by open massacre, adventitious introduction of plague-infection †, transportation into pestilent districts, and other appliances of ferocious ingenuity, which spread the terror of his wrath wide abroad. If again he measures the avarice of the Vizir by that of the government he profest to serve, and the political system of which he was a part, it will be perceived that his talents supplied him with all practical means of exaction, while others had the will without the power; but it will be difficult to select among his enormities any one so flagitious as the confiscation of numerous villages ‡ and the enslavement of their

* Her story is too well known by all who know any thing about these countries, to need any further relation; but I do not remember to have ever seen a translation of the pathetic song, written by her lover Mouktar, the son of Alì, after her death, which is still a favorite with the people. It begins with great dramatic power :—" On the 15th of August Phrosine goes forth to walk by the water-side, by the lake, in the fresh wind. Oh, Phrosine! you did not do well to bid me send a cloak and a servant to carry it!" &c. &c. It was this cloak or capote, which belonged to Mouktar's mother, and discovered to Alì his son's passion.

† To effect this, Alì used to cause pieces of rich stuff, imbued with plague virus, to be dropt in the streets of the devoted village by persons who, having recovered from the disease, were hardened against it. He then drew a cordon-sanitaire round, which imperceptibly contracted itself, till it closed in the whole circuit of the village, when the soldiers broke out, and the sword destroyed what the pestilence had spared.

‡ These villages were principally in Thessaly.

inhabitants by the Divan of Constantinople, after Ali's death, as the property of a traitor, because the chief persons in them had entered with him into a formal contract, recognising him as proprietor of their communities, and purchasing at the price of a small tribute, perfect security from all other extortion and every insult or assault, under the protection of his fearful name*. But the path of the historian will not lie continually through blood and miseries; he will be enabled to relate, that the insatiable plunder of one man was gratefully welcomed, in exchange for the indiscriminate pillage of the robber-population, which the zeal and determination of the one had exterminated; he will present the pleasing picture of roads thrown over mountains, and the wildest paths traverst by goods and travellers with more safety than in Spain and Italy; and may affirm, that if these provinces had been permitted to follow in peace and perseverance the impulse towards social and political improvement, given them by this great organiser, their present condition would have been very different from that of any other part of the Turkish empire.

In the act of travelling we feel deeply the necessary affinity of Beauty and Repose; to enjoy a beautiful place, we ought to be resting in it as a home;—to enjoy a beautiful sight, we ought

* It is a proverbial expression in Epirus, to denote the utter impracticability of an attempt: "Alì Pacha could not do it." If a mule-driver wishes to enforce upon you in the strongest terms the necessity of dismounting at a steep part of the road, he says,—"Alì Pacha could not go down such a place on horseback."

to look on it, not with the full gaze of delighted surprise, but rather with half-shut eyes, conscious of the bliss they possess, now letting it go, now calling it back, and playing with it as a beloved child. As the sand takes silently the foot-prints, so should we receive the impressions of imperial nature. How small a resistance of our material being, a quick motion, one paining nerve, a feeling of hunger, of cold, of heat, are sufficient to turn off the approaches of the spirit of beauty, and even a sensation of too active pleasure, of too excited gladness, is all enough to keep it away*. And how hard it is, in the rack and fret of a traveller's course, in the exertion necessary to supply the simplest daily wants and the very means of progress, in the tumult of strange languages, strange habits, strange associations, to hold your heart in chaste obedience to the quiet power of beauty, to look plainly through all these fascinating and thronging shadows at the still light within, out of space and out of time. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, some moments of this bright perception are granted to every one, who seeks them with patient desire. In the shade of the Pelasgic wall of Rogous, reposing on a thick grassy bank, the gentle tinkling of the goat and horse-bells mingling with the shepherd's whistle and the bark of distant dogs,—under an alcove of fig-boughs in a nameless valley leading towards Yanina, where a narrow stream wound round the raised root of a huge platan, attacht by some dry branches to the land,—and at other rare times the wings of Peace have brooded over me; and even now while I am writing

* The great poet of sensation has exprest this wonderfully in the line,

"Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad."

ENDYMION, Book 4.

this in a pleasant verandah on the banks of the Peneus, the slopes of the Pindus, thinly set with low pines, closing round with solemn and legendary faces, and Ælian's pretty story of the boy whose name they bear and the faithful dragon* by my side, I have a happiness I have not found in many scenes of brilliancy and wonder.

The "Rocks of Meteora†" are, perhaps, the most marvellous combination of Nature and Art, of the strange humors of geology and humanity, that the world presents. My attention was excited, from some distance, by a group of naked cliffs of unequal heights standing out against the twilight sky, the highest of which seemed pointing to the evening star, that rested glimmering a little way above. But on a close approach in full morning light, through a grove of white mulberry trees that cover a gentle ascent, the feeling of singularity became so intense, that pleasure could not keep itself silent, but burst forth

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* Ælian Περὶ Ζωῶν, Βιβλ. 1.

† I see no possibility of identifying the "Ithome" of Homer with the part of this district, which has been and still is so wonderfully inhabited. The adjoined epithet "κλωμακοέσσαν," implies indeed that the place was so situated as to be only accessible by means of steps or ladders; but it cannot be hence inferred that there existed at that time any such curious constructions as this site renders necessary. I would rather place it in the neighbourhood of Kalabaka, the old "Æginium," some few miles on the Thessalian side, which Livy calls "prope inexpugnabilem," (xxxii. 15), and which must accordingly have been as difficult of approach as the epithet requires.

in loud and repeated laughter. The rocks come on, cluster on cluster, splinter and mass, some light and slender enough to be confounded with the cypresses at their sides, others immense, solid, and cathedral: others again in huge globes or formless clumps, so that the general outline is as wildly irregular as was ever drawn along paper by the half-unconscious hand of an absent man, who lets a pen trail up and down and on at random, while his thoughts are other where. But it is wild-witted manhood that, for purposes of self-defence, or pious seclusion, or both, has given fresh peculiarity to this prodigy of Nature. The dwelling-places here constructed are of two kinds: small huts of reeds stand in artificial caves, of an oblong form, scoopt at a fearful highth in perpendicular cliffs of sand-stone or pudding-stone, and accessible only by fragile ladders, frailly attacht to one another*. The spectator at first is almost incredulous of their reality; he sends his imagination away into distant history, and can find nothing to connect with the scene before him, except the record of the people of Edom, who dwelt "in the clefts of the rock," and held "the height of the hill," and made their "nest, as high as the eagle†." But the excavations in the rocks of the city of Idumea (whatever may have been their use in

* This wayward form of anchorite life is represented in the Greek picture of the monk Zurfanari, which was brought to Italy by Squercione, the master of Mantegna, and is still to be seen in the Vatican, with the inscription "Deposizione di S. Efrem. Siro." It was well copied by Lorenzetti, in his illustrations of holy Eremites, in the Campo-Santo at Pisa. A large fresco in the wall of the church of Kalabaka, doubtlessly taken from Meteora, resembles the picture of Zurfanari, in every respect. The subject was probably a favorite one at the time.

† Jeremiah, xlix. 16.

times of danger) seem to have been generally applied to sepulchral objects; and, though perhaps more remarkable as works of human ingenuity, their appearance, at least in their present desolation, can hardly be more astonishing than this*. The greater part, however, of the houses are of the common Eastern construction and planted on the tops of isolated rocks, not only covering the whole of the irregular surfaces, but stretching out broad verandahs over the unbroken precipice. Of this kind are the two principal monasteries, whose aërial positions are attainable by the simple and rapid mode of elevation in a net, a safe ascent of about four minutes and a half. The view from above is, however, less striking than those below; these grotesque shapes and fragments gain by a nearer and more separate observation. The greater convent was the refuge, and its sumptuous church is the sepulchre, of John Cantacuzene, "the great domestic," that rare character of subtle ambition, who, with a specious exhibition of disinterested justice, disturbed the quasi-legitimacy † of the Grecian empire, who bore the purple in energy and triumph, and laid it aside with the decent dignity of

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* Vid. that most interesting work "Voyage de l'Arabie Petrée par Messrs. Leon de Laborde, et Linant." Paris.

† In permitting myself this cant phrase of present politics, I cannot help remarking its peculiar applicability to the later system of the Byzantine Empire; a pretty clear illustration that it is in no way necessarily connected with any high and liberal feeling. The Greeks went on for centuries, deposing emperor after emperor, family after family, with all the passion of citizen-kingship, but without so much as conceiving the possible existence of any institution, which could permanently limit the tyranny whose excess they so arbitrarily resented, but whose means they so readily transferred.

a philosopher, the moment that its successful retention became improbable or impossible. It is something very imposing when a man consummates an existence of active greatness by an old age of learned retirement; his life becomes a perfect work of art, like an historical play of Shakspeare's, where the climax and catastrophe of the action are always followed by some quiet and reflective scene, gently lowering the excited imagination to the just level of poetic thought.

OLYMPUS.

WITH no sharp-sided peak or sudden cone,
  Thou risest o'er the blank Thessalian plain,
But in the semblance of a rounded throne,
  Meet for a monarch and his noble train
  To hold high synod;—but I feel it vain,
With my heart full and passionate as now,
  To frame my humble verse, as I would fain,
To calm description,—I can only bow
My head and soul, and ask again, "if that be *thou?*"

I feel before thee, as of old I felt,
  (With sense as just, more vivid in degree)
When first I entered, and unconscious knelt
  Within the Roman Martyr's sanctuary:

I feel that ages laid their faith on Thee,
And if to me thou art a holy hill,
Let not the pious scorn,—*that* piety
Though veiled, *that* truth though shadowy, were still
All the world had to raise its heart and fallen will.

Thou shrine which man, of his own natural thought,
Gave to the God of Nature, and girt round
With elemental mightiness, and brought
Splendor of form and depth of thunderous sound,
To wall about with awe the chosen ground,—
All without toil of slaves or lavisht gold,
Thou wert upbuilt of memories profound,
Imaginations wonderful and old,
And the pure gems that lie in poets' hearts untold.

God was upon Thee in a thousand forms
Of terror and of Beauty, stern and fair,
Upgathered in the majesty of storms,
Or floating in the film of summer air;
Thus wert thou made ideal everywhere;
From Thee the odorous plumes of Love were spread,
Delight and plenty through all lands to bear,—
From Thee the never-erring bolt was sped
To curb the impious hand or blast the perjured head.

How many a boy, in his full noon of faith,
  Leaning against the Parthenon, half-blind
With inner light, and holding in his breath,
  Awed by the image of his own high mind,
  Has seen the Goddess there so proudly shrined,
Leave for awhile her loved especial home,
  And pass, though wingless, on the northward wind,
On to thy height, beneath the eternal dome,
Where Heaven's grand councils wait, 'till Wisdom's
    self shall come.

Ours is another world, and godless now
  Thy ample crown *; 'tis well,—yes,—be it so,
But I can weep this moment, when thy brow
  Light-covered with fresh hoar of autumn snow,
  Shines in white light and chillness, which bestow
New grace of reverend loveliness, as seen
  With the long mass of gloomy hills below:
Blest be our open faith! too grand, I ween,
To grudge these votive tears to Beauty that has been.

Sept. 24.

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* And not even Grecian; the old archbishop at Larisa askt indignantly, "whether the home of the Grecian Gods was to be excluded from regenerate Greece?" Unfortunately it is so,—though on sound political grounds.

Tempe's Thal,——das elysiche Thal,
Wo des Stromgotts urne längs
Gruner Au'n, Goldfluthen giesst.

GRAF V. PLATEN.

Je crois que le nom de ce fleuve (Galesus) a fait sa fortune chez les poètes, qui ne se piquent pas d'exactitude, et pour un nom harmonieux donneraient bien d'autres soufflets a la verité. Il est probable que Blanduse doit aux mêmes titres sa celebrité, et sans le temoignage de Tite Live, je serais tenté de croire que le grand mérite de Tempe fut d'enricher les vers de syllables sonores.

P. L. COURIER. LETTRES.

THE vale of Tempe is cleft in the range of consecrated hills which branches from the great Pindus-chain to the Saronic gulf, and divides Ossa from Olympus, a circumstance of no mean significance in the process of its poetical reputation. A Turkish village, bearing the common name of "Baba," (or "Fort,") neatly constructed, and a phenomenon of cleanliness (for these countries) enjoys the shade of the thronging platans that enrich the banks of the Peneus, in the moment of its transition from the arid plain to a mountain-course. It is, however, near a mile from this before Tempe really begins, before the traveller feels the real meaning of that long familiar name. The scenery, till then, is much like many similar situations in our own lakes; Sir W. Gell particularises Rydal vale, but our north wants the rich-fruited and richer-flowering pomegranates, which here bestow a separate beauty on the late or early year. Of the valley itself, the most striking, because, perhaps, most unexpected, character is its narrowness; it is, in fact, a glen of the most limited dimensions. The Peneus, never exceeding the common breadth

of a mountain-river, and the horse-path, often worked out of the side and projections of the Ossa ridge, fill up the whole space, with the exception of a strip of some few feet between them, from which spring the glorious platans, whose boughs uniting with those on the other side of the stream lead it on under one continual bower; around their roots are pomegranate and mastic, and thick grass, with bubbling springs of a still deeper verdant tinge than the rest of the water. This exquisite peculiarity has had the strange effect of forcing Pliny himself into poetical perception and expression; *intus suâ luce viridante adlabitur* Peneus, viridis calculo, amœnus circa ripas gramine * ; and, in truth, it were hard for the veriest itinerarian to pass heedlessly by the reflection of the foliage in the quiet-paced river, the green in the green, the bright in the bright, or rather the one green light that seems to be thrown over both the objects with hardly varying intensity, and both equally clear. The cliff, on the Olympus side is a majestic wall, jutting out at regular intervals, as if in folds, but almost evenly precipitous: the other side, on the contrary, is a line of rugged crags,

* Unless the phrase be a quotation, or plagiarism, from some other describer, a common occurrence in the later Greek and Latin writers, especially in the former. I have heard a great scholar assert, that a small volume might be made of the passages which Plutarch has thus appropriated, and every one who knows Pausanias, will have detected many sentences, which could never have come from the dry mechanical head of the old antiquarian. With him, however, I think they are generally citations from some well-known author, or repetitions of something that he has heard said at the place he is writing about, as in his quiet irony on the origin and reign of Pelasgus, and the history of Lycosura, "the first city the sun ever beheld!"

peakt or table-topt, preserving occasional foundations and one or two turrets of the series of Roman fortresses, and well planted to their summits. There is no sign of habitation the whole length of the defile, but one solitary guard house towards the Macedonian end, and I think it was at this point that the resemblance of the general character of the whole place, to that of Saxon Switzerland, prominently struck me, but I should like to have this notion confirmed by some other observer, as these parallels are of necessity very uncertain; so much depends on the accidental relations under which nature shows itself, the weather, the season, the very hour. In all these, I may consider myself to have here been fortunate; I descended upon Tempe, about half way through it, after a wild heathy walk of two or three miles from the fine commercial Greek village of Amvalachia, (which stands high upon and is closely embraced within two ridges of Ossa,) by a scrambling path near the remains of what Gell designates as the "Condilus" of Livy. My first view from the height was of a long straight fissure in the mountain-range, the bottom of which was so thick with trees that the river was hardly seen till the expansion of the hills, where a space of flat open ground began, which lay between them and the sea. The high ground of Macedon, beyond the gulf, lay in the tenderest Claude light, yet I believe that, both now and afterwards when I walkt below, my first feelings had something of disappointment about them. *Now* I felt it rather a singular scene than any thing else, and much more singular must it have been in the old time, before the large secretion of alluvial soil, which places the mouth of the river many miles from the end of the ravine. "When Xerxes

beheld," says Herodotus*, "the mouth of the Peneus, he was seized with great admiration;" so even now I admired, but it was not admiration alone one wanted here; one expected entrancing rapture, and every other impression was impertinent. Afterwards too, as I strolled along the cool banks, or rested on the redundant verdure, or gazed into the emerald mirror, or returning towards Baba, beheld the round low sun looking burningly straight down the vale, glorifying the trees and the water and the rocks, I was still disappointed. Pleasantness and calm loveliness were all over it,—it was as delightful as freshness, and brightness, and stillness could make it; but still that was not *all* one wanted here. I had seen as much to love, as much to remember in many other vales, perhaps more, and this was *the* vale, the archetype of all vales; —I had lost an imagination, and I had gained no compensating memory. The admission of this impression of disappointment naturally led to the consideration of the causes of the eminence of this place in poetical geography. On this point two circumstances must not be overlookt; first, that the use of it, as a proverb of surpassing beauty, is exclusively Roman; and, secondly that the mention of, and allusions to it, in Roman writers, are still more vague and indefinite than proverbial expressions are wont to be; with the exception of Horace, who may have past through Tempe on his way to, or in return from, the disaster of Philippi, few of them could have had any personal knowledge of the scene which they were undeservedly exalting above all the familiar charms of their own glorious Italy, and attiring with the

* vii. 128.

gauds of their wilful fancies. The description of Livy * may seem more close; but its whole tenor has so little in common not only with the enchanted imagination of the poets, but with the simplest features of the reality, that it is difficult to conceive under what circumstances of season and weather this region of placid fairness and traditionary peace could excite in the historian no other impressions than those applicable to the Via Mala of the Splugen, or the Pass of Killicrankie,—the terror of giddy precipices, and the tumult of a raving torrent. If, therefore, there were nothing but the testimony of Livy to stand in the way of that ingenious suspicion of the great French scholar, which I have prefixed to this note, we must attribute a most unjust, and to Latin poetry somewhat derogatory, influence† to the mechanical accident of name; but though this cause had indisputably its weight, may we not rather believe the secret of the fame and fascination of Tempe to lie in its geographical position, and above all in its mythological vicinity? The traveller, who had toiled for three or four days over the sullen monotony of the plain of Thessaly, was likely to be exaggeratedly sensible of the beauty and interest into which his path suddenly transported him, and he bore away a remembrance commensurate

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* Rupes utrimque ita abscissæ sunt, ut despici vix sine vertigine quadam simul oculorum animique possit,—terret et sonitus et altitudo per mediam vallem fluentis Penei amnis.—xliv.

† To this syllabic construction, it owes at any rate its position in the work, which initiates the noble youth of England into classical taste and melody, the Etonian rhapsody of "Propria quæ maribus." To be just, however, even here, the definition of "Tempe" in the translation, as "a pleasant vale in Thessaly," is accurately correct; and if our imaginations are limited by it, we shall find them correspond with the reality.

with the joy he had received; but what must have been his state of feeling, his heart how highly toned, his spirit how eager a recipient of sweet and lovely impressions, and not only his, but that of those who heard him tell of what he had seen, and of those who transmitted the report to other lands and other generations, when he knew that this was "the Elysian valley," that the gods were on one side, and the godlike giants on the other, that the legend of the Titanic war, the battle of the powers of the Universe, took its date perhaps from that very convulsion of nature which caused this remarkable disruption of the mountains, that here those blessed beings, forms of Love and Truth, gentle and sublime, ("not yet dead, but in old marbles ever beautiful,") who were dear to him as his own thoughts, held their divine diversions; poised in air, or laughingly descending, walking proudly within this gallery of proud trees, or sheltered within this jewelled tide from the mid-day passion of the Sun their brother, while from that throne of rock lookt down the Father and the King, an immense shadow in the midst of his own light, with a thoughtful delight and solemn smiles *.

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* This combination of poetical feelings is expressed with all artist-truth in the Mantuan frescoes of Giulio Romano; that foreground of shivered rocks and tight-wedged limbs, those impersonations of the immensity of power crushed by Omnipotence, defying though despairing, (one of which especially, the ancient Titan whose hands are folded across his eyes, he who has once seen will have dreamt of often,) but every cavity and fissure opening to distant scenes of rustic peace or celestial delight, whose repose or quiet occupation knows nothing of the rack of nature and war of being that is going on without them.

We are in Tempe, Peneus glides below,—
That is Olympus,—we are wondering
Where, in old history, Xerxes the great King,
Wondered. How strangely pleasant this to know!
We may have gazed on scenes of grander flow,
And on rocks cast in shapes more marvellous,
Now this delicious calm entices us,
These platan shades, to let the dull world go.
A poet's mistress is a hallowed thing,
And all the beauties of his verse become
Her own;—so be it with the poet's vale:
Listen those emerald waters murmuring,
Behold the cliffs, that wall the gods' old home,
And float into the Past with softly swelling sail.

In the burying-grounds at Larisa many Greek inscriptions are to be found,—few, I should imagine, of any great antiquity, or any particular interest. One of much sweetness and untanslatable simplicity was pointed out to me by a "λογιώτατος," or literary man, who is engaged in an extensive work on the antiquities of Thessaly, to be printed at Venice.

Ειλαρία και Ωφελίμα ἅι φιλάδελφοι, ἐνθάδε κέιμεθα, . . . ταῦτα ὅυτως ἔχει.

HILARÍA AND OPHELÍMA, TWO LOVING SISTERS, HERE WE LIE.
SO IT IS!

The mystery of the communion between man and the natural world is deep indeed, but its laws and workings are visible and clear. Nature is no bold obtrusive power, seeking to be loved and admired, whether man will or not; she is modest as a maiden in her conscious dignity, and knowing how precious and wonder-worthy she really is, she waits to be enquired after and wooed by humble piety and unweariable love. And as with individuals so it is with nations. It is to the stranger and wanderer that the marvels of Switzerland are a delight and a passion; it is by strangers alone that Mont Blanc has been worthily hymned. Millions have been born and died under his eye, and in the presence of other more precious scenes, unpenetrated by one thought of his grandeur and their glory. But the souls of those whose childhood gazed on the dome of Olympus and the sharp wedge of Ossa were tuned in another mode; they so harmonised their whole being as to be ever in the finest accord with nature, and she repaid their devotion with lavish gratitude: for when an absolute sympathy is once established between Nature and a people, she is no longer to them a coy and exacting mistress, but rather ministers to them with a conjugal care and fidelity; she even accommodates herself to their capricious fancy, masking herself in different guises, as suits their will, and answering in whatever tone she is addressed. Thus in the country of a poetical nation the same scene may have traditions attached to it of almost opposite characters, varying even from the awful to the humorous; and thus also, what is far more frequent, and applies closely to Thessaly, it is not necessary that there should be any figure or furniture of external beauty, for the locality to be invested with great and graceful imaginations. There are not on earth more rich shows of mountain and valley,

lake and waterfall, barren of poetical association, than there are brutish plains and thriftless dales, blossoming with sweetest fancies, refreshening with grandest memories, fit for the balm and bay of our daily world. Not far otherwise can have run the thoughts of any one who has found a treasury of delightful associations in this, to the outer eye, unimpressive district: the very dull equality of the plain reminds him of the grotesque and fearful race of beings, the combination of Man and the noblest of animals, who had their open home in this clear expanse, and became a part of every legend of the land; the blunt ridge of Pelion is instantly adorned by the memory of that elegant design of Chiron and Achilles, which the sepulchre of Pompeii has preserved to our times. What is there in that flat and ignoble town to ponder over and enjoy? It is one of the Larisæ, one of those many cities who bore that most antient name, the name of the daughter of Pelasgus himself, and derived from the super-human defences with which they were encircled*. This is the one which, in Roman verse, was "*olim* Larisa potens†;" now, by a sort of practical mockery, there rests not a semblance of wall or turret about it; it is rather a straggling village than a city; barbarians hold and have held it for ages; it is still a Larisa.

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* I much prefer the connnexion of the name with "λὰος," to its commoner derivation from "λα-ῥέω." It is natural enough that Strabo should have adopted the latter, and imagined the impetuosity of the streams that ran by the cities, to corroborate it; nothing can be more calm and measured than the flow of the Peneus near the city.

† Lucan vi. 355.

The affairs of the Romans in Thessaly are a sort of middle age, standing between you and the divine and heroic times, blinding your perceptions, and hurting your poetical feelings. Livy, do all he can, becomes an intrusive and prosaic tale-teller. What is the vulgar grasping ambition of Rome to us, when the shadow of Olympus is on our foreheads?—What can the fact that one Cassius Longinus rendered Tempe defensible in a certain year*, have in common with "those sylvan bays and harbours, in which the imagination watches while the soul reposes,—those recesses in which the gods partook of the weaknesses of mortals, and mortals the enjoyments of the gods†?" But still it must be conceded, that there are scenes where later history takes something of the coloring of heroic poetry, or rather there is an indefinite charm in the presence of a locality, which links together the grandeurs of most distant ages,—which rolls up time as a garment or a cloud, and casts an equal glory on the stars of our imagination, neutralising their relative distances by one vivid light.

Pompey and Achilles! The dominion of the world lost and won on the same spot of earth that witnessed the generation of the demigod of the Iliad ‡! A mysterious hand brings within

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* "Cassius Longinus Tempe munivit," the inscription on the rock towards the Macedonian end of the glen.

† Landor. "Imag. Conv., vol. i. Landor and the Abbé Delille."

‡ "Φθιάς δὲ τῆσδε καὶ πόλεως Φαρσαλίας
Σύγχορτα ναίω πεδί,' ἵν ἡ θαλασσία
Πηλεῖ ξυνώκει χωρὶς ἀνθρώπων Θέτις."—Eur. And. 16.

Both from this passage and from Homer, Phthia seems to have been the district and Pharsalia the city. A Greek told us that Pharsala was a "Περίφημος τόπος," because an "ἄξιος ἄνθρωπος" of the name of Achilles

the compass of the same thought, the fable that opens to the long-drawn vista of Grecian splendors, and the story that closes the series of Roman glories;—here the free course of Grecian poetry begins,—here the lesser Roman stream was dammed up for ever; the source perhaps of the one was far above, and below a turbid rivulet may have lagged along, bearing the Roman name; but there is a mist on the brightness of the one, and even the other was lost a little beyond at Philippi. It is from a slight ascent that the traveller from Larisa first obtains a view of Pharsalia, the plain before him gradually declining to the long and majestic belt of hills which concludes it. At their foot rises what was the Acropolis, and the modern town is spread unevenly below; the broad dry bed of the Enipeus alone broke the monotonous color of the plain, when we checkt our mules to gaze at leisure. After the full play of the composite feeling I have alluded to, an equally obvious thought of a lower order forced its way.—How came it to pass that all those struggles which involved the destiny of the Roman empire took place, not in or near the centre and heart, but in these remote and alien provinces? To what idea is this important fact to give strength and meaning?—Is it simply that so entire

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was born there, the great hero in the war caused by the abduction of the wife of a king of Larisa by a Trojan prince. Thus, in process of tradition, the principal characters in a story collect all the subordinate facts round themselves. Achilles was of Thessaly, therefore Helen necessarily became a Thessalian queen.

Pharsala, to judge from its vestiges, must have been of great strength and dimensions; long lines of wall remain, both of the Acropolis and of the city; the blocks are fine, smooth on one side, quite horizontal and tight-fitted, but not regular.

was the Roman's conviction of the authority of his name over the world, that, when once without the walls, the farthest district to which his arms and enterprise had penetrated was as absolutely Roman ground as Tivoli itself, and as fit an arena for the decision of Roman fates; or may we not also consider it as a token of the character, both of the cause and of those who were engaged in it,—of the absence of homely yet comprehensive feelings, of the patriotism which attaches itself to places and habitual things, and sacrifices itself for what it believes to be their well-being with a high faith that embellishes and justifies civil wars, and the substitution of the selfish ambition, the passions, and the lusts of the partisan? I do not believe that any imaginable issue to these contests could have arrested the fall of the Roman people,—the precipitating force was in themselves.

The gulf of Volo (Pelasgicus Sinus) has received the merited homage of every tourist in northern Greece. As seen from some miles inland, and even from some parts of its own shore, it is so weather-fended and mountain-bound, that it becomes difficult to imagine it as a part of the open Ægean,—the many-islanded Ægean,—to believe that the waters at your feet are of the sea, over which Delos wandered, and which now contains it within "her glassy cestus." Not only the form of Pelion is decidedly improved by a close approach, but the villages which climb above half-way up its sides would beautify the least attractive surface. Sir William Gell is eloquent of their charms, which principally consist in each house being separate, and rising with

its own cypresses and platans about it, in an irregular succession. The Turkish town has nothing remarkable but its long low fortress, which is not unpicturesque. Here too, as elsewhere, the first and oldest association is the intensest and brightest,—every thing is full of the Argonauts; the pure light of the tradition is refracted in its different colors on almost all the many cities that have lived and perisht on this hilly shore; it was doubtless an object of eager rivalry, from which of them went forth the parent ship,—the aboriginal sea-conqueror,—the ocean-opener! A peasant askt us whether it were not true that "hence set out the first ship that ever sailed;" and he did not ask it in doubt; the tone was rather of one who knew himself possest of a great truth, and wisht to learn whether we, the far-comers, who had read of these things and places in distant countries, and had journeyed here, as it were, to make a personal acquaintance with them, knew it also. How I envied that man!—how he must have loved that bay! He must have walked that shore ever as a king: he might be descended from one of those very heroes who went out on that limitless plain and bade the world follow them;—every ripple for him has the voice of a myriad years,—every breath that comes cooling along those waters is laden with the freshness of primæval time!

It is a privilege of great price to walk
With that old sorcerer Fable, hand in hand,
Adown the shadowy vale of History:
There is no other wand potent as his,
Out of that scene of gloomy pilgrimage,
Where prostrate splendors and unsated graves

Are ever rained upon by human tears,
To make a Paradise of noblest art,
A gallery of bright thoughts, serene ideas,
Pictorial graces, everlasting tints,
To the heart's eye delicious,—pure delight
Of Beauty and calm Joy alternating
With exercise of those high attributes,
Which make the will of man indomitable,—
Justice, and enterprise, and patriot-love.
  That peasant's simple question to my thoughts
  Became a mystic thread,—a golden clue;
  For when I drew it towards me, all the veil
  Of the deep past shrunk up, and light profuse
  Fell round me from time-clouded memories;
  The full-noon day, it seemed to me, went back,
  And past into the pearly grey of morn,
  From which, in outline dim, slowly came forth
  Pelion,—his lower steeps (now populous
  With village voices) desolate and bare;
  And the now naked range of loftier rock,
  Thick-vested with a mantle of warm pine.
  Along the shore, the turreted serail,
  And bright-adorned kiosks, and low bazaar,
  Into a city strange, of antient form,
  But to my spirit's sight faintly defined,
  Was changed;—yet I could palpably discern

A crowd that stood before a portico,
And a thin smoke that from the midst arose,
As of a sacrifice; and close beside,
The waters rested in inviolate calm.
Upon their edge, yet clinging to the sand,
There was a shape, of òther frame and kind
Than I had ever seen the wave embrace;
A burden of full-armèd men it bore,
And from its centre the aspiring stem
Of a straight oak, Dodona's holy growth,
Upsprung, with leafy coronal unshorn.
The joy of prosperous omens on the land
Awoke the silence of that solemn dawn;
And as it ceast, a clear and manly voice
Out of the shape responded musical,
And thus its meaning sunk into my soul:—
"Not with the rapid foot and panting breast,
With which, be Pelion's dark-haired front
And mountain-thickets far away
Our witnesses, the eager heart was wont
To lead us to the boar's absconded rest
Unwearied, while before us lay
The hope of an illustrious prey,—
Nor, by the impulse of Pheræan * steeds,

* Vide Iliad ii. 763, for the excellence of the horses of the hero, the

Bearing the warrior and the car
Into the central depths of war,
While he, thus wingèd, hardly heeds
The presence of opposing spears,
More than the north wind fears
The grove whose mass he can crush down like reeds;
Not thus the work is to be done,
Which this fleet-passing hour will see begun.
For these are means, whose excellence can lead
To victory in the practist chase
Or common usage of heroic arms:—
Our thought is now to do a hardier deed;
Sublimer energy our spirit warms
Than bard has ever sung in Grecian halls;—
Where to succeed, will place
Our name 'mid nations' festivals,
And where to fail itself will be
A glory for eternity.
Over a wider and more dreary plain,
Than curious mortals know,
Trackless and markless as fresh-fallen snow,—
An awful space, on which the stain

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eponymus of the house which gave its name to the place. Pheræ, now Velestino, is near the Bœbèan marsh (ii. 711), a few miles to the N.W. of Volo. Pagasæ was its port. There are walls and the site of a temple on the hill above it.

Of human foot has never lain,—
Uncrost by cheerful bird,—
Where never sound is heard,
But the unpausing din,
Half laughter and half groan,
Of the Divinity that stirs within,
And answers all the winds that blow
In thunder-tone;—
Over this mystic plain,—
The earth-enclosing Ocean-plain,
We are about to go.
And let no holy fear restrain
The hearts, that know no fear beside;
For, not in impious disdain
Of the eternal rules, that bind
The destinies of human kind
Within sage limits, and wild pride,
But with the free obedience
Of a most perfect reverence,
Dare we the untamèd billow to bestride.
For had it been in truth the imperial will
Of Mother Nature, when her plastic hand
Did the vast depths with buoyant liquid fill,
To plant a barrier betwixt land and land,
And keep each portion separate,
Encircled by a special fate;

How could the Gods, the everwise,
Have urged us to our enterprise
With favoring voices and protecting eyes?
How could our rude sea-chariot be
Made instinct with applauding Deity?
A just and noble aim,
The Gods with love regard,—
But the self-glorious, the bold
Who honor not the laws of old,
A jealous justice will reward,
With woe and bitter shame;
We have not forgot
The miserable lot
Of Tantalus, ambrosia-fed,
Tantalus, whose kingly head
Deep in deepest Hades lies,
Eminent in agonies;
Even where our journey leads,
In that Eastern distance, bound
To an ice-peak, ever bleeds
He of the unclosed heart-wound,
The unsubdued and godlike one,
Who robbed the treasury of the sun;
But *he* such warnings little heeds,
Whose soul is fixt upon an honest end,—
Him *must* the Gods befriend.

And is it not a virtuous aim,
Even to the earth's extremest shore,
By means no mortal force essayed before,
To bear the glory of the Grecian name?
To spoil the spoiler, wash away the stain
Of foully-slaughtered parentage, restore
To Greece the precious gift of yore,
Kind Gods to Helle and her brother gave,
Though Destiny restrained the power to save.
Thus hasting to a sacred war,
With Pœan and delighted song,
We feel our feet upon the Car,
Which the broad-wingèd Winds shall bear along;
No strength of ours their turbulence restrains,
No will of ours their vagrant course commands,
But ye who love us, fear not, for the reins
Are in almighty and benignant hands.—
And if the blindly-falling brand
Of Fate, that neither spares the wise nor brave,
Far from his loved paternal land,
Should lay some Hero under the dark wave;
Yet let him not be deeply mourned,
As dead inglorious, or cast out unurned:
For the fond-pitying Nymphs below,
Will cover him with golden sand,
And sing above him songs of woe,
Sweeter than we can understand;

The grace of song shall breathe upon his name,
And his Elysian bliss be endless as his fame."
There was a moment's pause, and then, methought,
The exuberant shout, that to the warriors' strain
Had made tumultuous prelude, came again,
But with still loftier passion; to the cause
I gave a quick attention, and beheld
Above the low Magnesian promontory,
A small and solitary floccid cloud
Lowly suspended, by the clear round sun*
(Which seemed to halt behind it as he rose)
Gorgeously glorified; to this all eyes
Were turned, and every voice a homage paid:
"The Fleece, the Golden Fleece, *our* Golden
    Fleece,"
Rose in a storm of sound, and instantly,
Though with no visible wind or ruffled tide,
But as impregnate with propelling power,
The shape, no more dependent on the sand,
Into the open waters past, serene.
Then as the Vision fainted, self-disperst
In the full-flaring light, a melody,
Whose sense I could not justly apprehend,
But that it was of blessing and delight,

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* The sun itself was supposed to have its bed in Colchis. Mimnermus apud Athen.

Emitted from the oracular central tree,
Caught up my heart, and bore it swift along
With that strange shape, into mysterious depths
Of placid darkness and undreaming sleep.

At the time that the Macedonian kings contemplated the establishment of their chief port and arsenal on this coast, it is not unlikely that most of the more antient towns and villages, which lined it, were falling into decay; the concentration, therefore, of their populations into one point, by Demetrius Poliorcetes, was not only politic, but necessary for the welfare of the province. The value which the Romans attacht to the possession of this city is a plain evidence of its successful establishment and military as well as commercial importance; and when we consider the comparative lateness of its existence, it would seem a strange exception to the rules of antiquarian probabilities, that its exact position should be as uncertain, as that of Aphetœ, Pagasœ, or Iolcos, names coæval with the dimmest infancy of Greece, and lispt in almost inarticulate voices. Yet such has been the judgment of the most distinguisht travellers, whose researches in this district have been given to the public. Now, in asserting that the site of Demetrias is accurately determinate, I can only avoid the reproach of insolent contradiction by devoting a few lines to a topographical accuracy, forein to, and perhaps above, the general tenor of these random pages. My learned companions had no hesitation in fixing Demetrias on the hill of Gonitza, which rises directly from the sea, about one mile and a half from Volo, where preceding writers have placed Iolcos. The vestiges are precisely those which one would, à priori, sup-

pose to remain of a populous and mercantile town of the latter days of Greece. A large cave on the shore with steps leading to a subterranean passage, now blockt up, but probably communicating with the city above,—walls strong, of fine masonry and great length, but with no very antient peculiarities,—an immense cistern cut in the rock of the citadel, and in the city an under-ground aqueduct of most perfect construction, above two feet broad and above seven high,—extensive sepulchres, hewn in the rock, one above another, like steps, these are surely not the natural traces of a town which never had any reputation for magnitude, and which, in Strabo's time, " κατεσκάπται ἔκ παλαίου. Again, there is no single example of any very old Greek town, whose remains come down quite to the shore; and Strabo particularizes Iolcos as lying above (ὑπερκέιται) Demetrius; but every thing must fall before the simple testimony, that this part of the coast is still called by the peasantry Demetriatha, that the church on the hill is dedicated to St. Demetrias, and that the Greeks hold a feast here on his day. The river of Lyconeia, which flows near, will answer to the " Anavron." It is only fair to allow that the range of wall which runs up from the sea to the mountains a little way on the other side of Volo, (with tumuli formed by ruins of turrets), indicative of the commonly received Demetrias, is immense, and totally disproportionate to any historical account we have of the dimensions of any other city; but no theory can be founded on this ignorance, while there is so much certainty on the other side.

Inscriptions in the living rock make always a serious impression on me; however dull, or trivial, or fragmentary their import

may be, I always hold them to be written for eternity. They may be only the vain scratches of an insect's hand, but the tablet is the great rolling world; they are the literal "sermons in stones;" they are a breath of intelligence sent up out of the brute mass, not indeed, so awful as letters on flowers, or the outline of faces and artificial shapes in geological formations, but, yet, I ever fancy that the words or letters wrote themselves, rather than were placed there by any human handywork. No doubt the rarity of the object, in Europe, at least, has much to do with the vigor of the effect; in India, where whole cliff-sides are laid out in monstrous carvings of gods, and men, and beasts, and bristle with arrow-headed chronicles, and grottos go far within, pillared and statued out of their own unsevered stone, the very elaborateness of the workmanship must diminish this feeling of the miraculous; the mechanic is to be there traced as easily as in the mason's yard; but not so where a chance inscription or device suddenly arrests your notice in these less remote countries. A little further from Volo than the long line of wall, I have just mentioned, on a lightly-shelving rock, at whose extremity runs the southward road, are many such worn and broken "*γϱαμμάτα*;" the only one of many I saw (and a diligent search would probably elicit many more) which offered any thing intelligible, was the bare word "ΕΠΙΔΟΣΙΣ," in two lines of letters, near a foot high; it is almost on the path, and can hardly escape the most careless eye. What this isolated word could pretend to mean, this simple "assignment" of property or something else, is beyond my conjecture: from the forms of the letters, neither this nor any of the others appeared to be of any very distant date.

IN GREECE PROPER.

From a Letter.

Our senses are so subject to the authority of the common meanings of words and phrases, that, I would venture to say, nine out of ten travellers have been strangely surprised to find the *Pass* of Thermopylæ nothing more than a magnificent line of mountain-coast, a broad extent of reedy morass, and a dull and shallow sea. But this very feeling may often serve as a protection against any impression of disappointment; when the reality is so different from the imagination, there can be no comparison of the respective merits. After all, every one must feel that the scene is as sublimely adapted to the historical recollection as he could ever have desired. The range of Æta, (worthy of being the step by which Hercules rose from common earth to heaven), whose severest and loftiest outline stretches directly over the memorable ground, descends to the marsh and sea in deep folds and majestic sinuosities; the heights are all oak, plane, and mastic, but many spaces of verdant pasture and corn land swell out of the lower thicket. Of the nature and the perils of the marsh, we ourselves had unpleasant experience, for the information, that a formidable troop of robbers were prowling about immediately to the south of Zeitoun, inclined us to attempt to disembark on one of the tongues of solid land, into which process of time has converted part of the swamp, but these we soon found totally unapproachable by any thing in the shape of a boat, for at least a hundred yards; there was nothing,

therefore, left but to wade for it, which, with some time and care, was happily accomplished; but, even after this, an error in our path took us far into the morass, where we long floundered on, in the midst of gigantic reeds, in the hope of a successful exit; fortunately, however, our fears at the probability of sharing the fate of the many proud Persians forced us to retrace our perilous steps, and get to the sure road again, but I have at least gained from this adventure a full zest for another topic of ancient history, I shall always feel an almost personal interest in the misfortunes of Marius. You will easily perceive from the character of the locality, that the narrowness, or broadness, of the Pass, must depend on the relation between the marsh and the mountain-side; where the uplands are gradual and unbroken by sudden rocks, the passage must be comparatively easy, even for large masses of men, and practicable by cavalry, when the bushes are cleared away; where, on the contrary, the cliffs are projecting and precipitous, the path is not only in many places not above the "one-carriage" breadth of Herodotus, but often only exists, at all, by the artificial assistance of a bank or bridge. This must have been the case just as much in the time of Herodotus as now, and, indeed, it appears to me that the changes in the face of the country are much less considerable than Dodwell and others have represented; the marsh may have extended itself farther into the sea, and some parts of it have been consolidated into cultivated land, but the part which immediately bounds the Pass, and is exposed to the continual flow of the hot-springs, and affected by the course of the Sperchius, (which runs for some miles before it meets the sea, almost in a parallel line to the mountain ridge) cannot be materially altered in any of its features. You would suppose,

therefore, that with the minute description of Herodotus in your hand, the topography would be distinctly elucidated, at least distinctly enough, for the full enjoyment of all feelings of association, but, so far from this, the difficulties are sufficiently great, not only to harass the mere scholar of facts and distances, but almost to disturb the classically poetical observer. For when you find the "Polyandrium," the tomb of the Spartans, the pivot, as it were, on which all the body of associations is to turn, placed by Clarke, Gell, and others, at the distance of an hour and a half's hard walking from the hot-springs themselves, which give name and character to the scene, the clear unity of the whole place is destroyed; Thermopylæ is one thing, and the site of the great combat another; but, although all authorities place apparently insuperable objections in the way of this arrangement, you hardly feel yourself at liberty to refuse yourself peremptorily to it, without substituting some one more reasonable and certain. There is, certainly, in that part of the Pass, a sort of large tumulus, with a small one upon it, both of them probably artificial, and some indefinite remains of a tholus, or altar, or something of the kind, though nothing clearly sepulchral, (the red-brescia pedestal of which Clarke speaks exists no longer) but I will mention some of the most evident reasons against this being the sacred mound. Strabo speaks of the Polyandrium being near the temple of Ceres, where the Amphictyons sat, and we know, also, that the Amphictyons had the especial care of the "στῆλαι" raised upon it; now this temple was in, or close to, the village of Anthele, which (for the Amphictyons were said to sit ἐν πύλαις) was at no distance from the hot-springs, but on the other (northern) side, and, probably, some way up the hill. Again, the monument was, or was supposed to be, on the spot

where the Spartans, when driven back within the wall of their encampment, "sat down," waiting for death; the position of this wall seems pretty clearly decided, by the knowledge that it was built by the Phocians, at the time they artificially increased the spreading of water from the hot-springs, to serve as an impediment to the encroachments of their northern neighbours, the Thessalians; it is hardly probable that they would have placed this species of fosse, or broad dyke, *on the inside* of the wall, and it, therefore, must have been to the south of the springs, but not far from them, at least nothing like the distance at which I have mentioned that travellers have placed the tumulus; and it is certainly *my* impression from the passage in Herodotus, that the Spartans "sat down" immediately after they had past the wall. The first of these arguments would seem to establish the position of the Polyandrium on the north of the Thermæ, and the other as certainly to the south, but they are equally valid against the existence of any considerable intermediate distance, on whatever side it stood; I should then have no objection to place it on any of the many knolls which rise on each side of the Thermæ, and, perhaps, the one, where it was originally placed by Monsieur Foucherot, is liable to the fewest objections: the pass here is the very narrowest, indeed it is only practicable by a dam on which the path runs; this would be the "στέινον" from which the Spartans issued to make their last chivalrous struggle in the broader part, near Anthele, (c. 200,) on the other side the springs, and into which they were forced back by mere weight of myriads, after the fourth attack. Leonidas was probably killed on the other side, but the whole of this part is so overgrown with impenetrable bushes and trees, that it must be visited in winter to form any thing more than

the rudest conjecture as to the nature of the ground. In this disposition the artificial elevation, the vulgarly received tumulus, might, with much probability, be taken for the site of Alpenæ, the village "ἐν ἀγχοτάτῳ," where the Greek army had their supply of provisions. This discussion might be almost indefinitely prolonged, for Herodotus gives us his chrorographical information, so detachedly, so much in the manner of a person who is writing on a subject on which he has not a perfectly clear idea himself, and is continually taking it up and amplifying upon it to make it as little obscure as he can to his readers, and is also guilty of so culpably vague a use of the most important terms of the description, that I cannot believe that he wrote from actual observation. I do not know whether it will be any relief from these troublesome questions to say something of my own peculiar feelings, as these scenes evoked them. I past a wakeful and thoughtful night, anchored some little way from shore; the stagnation of the shallows around was only disturbed by large wild geese, which sailed majestically about in the moonlight, almost under the vessel's side, and I fancied their wailing had a strange meaning in it. My first excitement, when fairly on the hallowed ground, was very intense; I had on my tongue those fine lines of that exalted lyrist, (of whom modern Italy is not worthy,) the young Leopardi; we have read them together:—

> "Ecco i' mi prostro,
> O benedetti, al suolo
> E bacio questi sassi e queste zalle
> Che fien lodate e chiare eternamente
> Da l' uno a l' altro polo.
> Deh! foss' io pur con voi qui sotto, e molle
> Fosse del sangue mio quest' alma terra!"

And I still yearned deeply for that—

> " One precious, tender-hearted scroll
> Of pure Simonides,"

which recorded in Greek verse the fullness and glory of the impression of these deeds, fresh as they fell on the mind of the nation; but a few moments' solitary walk produced a total change of thought; whether it were the grand dimensions of the natural objects around me that influenced my mental perception, or whether I then for the first time beheld that tract of history from a just moral point of view, I cannot tell; but I felt at once, as if in the presence of that place, all passion, even of admiration, were unseemly. The whole tale took for me a graver and more awful tone of colour, than was reconcileable with the vividness of lyric song; I felt that if the victory of Marathon was an Homeric rhapsody, the victory of Thermopylæ was an Æschylean tragedy, and my wish then was, that here too, as well as at Salamis, the shame of the Persians had found such an artist to record it,—I mourned that there had been no Lacedemonian to frame in words the poetry his countrymen had acted. The scenes of the eventful drama unfolded themselves before me, one by one; on the wings of Fate and Duty it ever rested, and by their harmonious action moved onward to the end;—there was the utterance of the oracle, decreeing that Sparta or her king must fall, and the triumphant obedience of Leonidas; from that moment he was, to all base and earthly purposes, no living man; he bade his wife " marry some other virtuous man, and bring up children in honor;" and he and they who associated themselves eagerly in his sacrifice, celebrated their own funeral games with sumptuous pride; there

was the humiliation of number and force before moral greatness, in the wondering terror of the herald who gazed on the handful of Spartans, calmly combing their long hair and engaged in sportful exercises, in the very face of the army of nations; there was the free dismissal, as it were, on the steps of the altar, of all who did not feel themselves bound by a law in their hearts, to remain and die; there was the last onset, the last leonine bound,—they might certainly have resisted longer and perhaps might have made more havoc among the enemy by remaining within the narrowest part of the pass, and fighting for every inch of ground, but this very act of waiting and resisting would have had something in it discordant with the perfect free-will of the whole action,—they went to *meet* fate to the very last; they went out, "as making a sortie for the purpose of death;" and, to consummate the immolation, when the few, who still struggled to preserve the venerated form of what was their king from the sacrilege of vile and hostile bands, were crushed back into the close strait of their own encampment, there was the solemn resting, the "sitting down" of this scanty band on the rising ground, waiting, in the strength of their weakness, till that tale of divine humanity should be altogether finisht. And how simply majestic were the monuments erected above them, how appropriate the Lion of Leonidas, how pure, how sacred the epitaphs!—they had done what they ought to do, they had obeyed,—that was all. I would fain hope that there is some token of a true conception of this spirit in the following lines, in whose conclusion, I must premise, I feigned to myself, that you were the companion of my pilgrimage, and sympathising with all my emotions.

Stranger! go tell the Spartans—we obeyed
All that they told us*,
and below are laid.
Their laws and customs†.

No parleying with themselves, no pausing thought
Of worse or better consequence, was there,
Their business was to do what Spartans ought,
Sparta's chaste honor was their only care.

First in the outlet of that narrowest pass,
Between the tall straight cliffs and sullen tide,
Before his Faithful, stood Leonidas,—
The Few who could not bear to leave his side.

Never the hope of such a precious meed,
Upon his most ambitious dreams had shone,
Through Him, the Gods for Sparta had decreed
More fame than Athens earned at Marathon.

And more than this, he knew in that proud hour,
How high a price his single Life could claim,
That in its sacrifice, there lay the power,
Alone to save his father-land from shame,

* According to Herodotus. † According to Strabo.

Yet was he loth to meet that sacred fate,
  As he there stood, crampt in by rocks and sea,
He would *confront* the Persian myriad's weight,
  And die an unbound Victim, fighting free.

One more fair field,—one last unshackled blow
  Strong with concentrate vengeance, this was all
That still remained, to fill to overflow
  The measure of the glory of his fall.

How He, and They who followed him in love,
  Went forth and perisht, is a tale to tell,
Such as Old Bards to Epic music wove,
  And so felt he who wrote their Chronicle.

* * * * *
* * * * *

The symbol Lion, that once stood in stone
  Over the Lion-hearted, is no more;
Where sat the Last, on their sepulchral throne,
  Is now a thing of antiquarian lore.

Nor mourn for this,—all other truth is vain,
  But this, to know at heart, that They are there,
There in the giant cliffs, and perilous plain,
  Paths, fountains, forest, ocean, every where.

Now let all Thought be Memory, calmly wait,
Till clear defined, before thy Spirit's eyes,
Heroic Dignity, impersonate
In awful phantoms, silently arise.

Between the Men who noble deeds have done,
And every Poet to the end of time,
There is a brotherly communion,
One Father-God has made them both sublime :

And thus, to Thee, there can be nothing dead
Of great things past, they live in thine own will,
Thou givest them form,—they on thy favored head,
Virtues of earth, and Heavenly Love distill.

The gorgeous strip of earth, which has undergone so many vicissitudes of appellation, and has at last settled into the barbarism of "Negropont," is now resuming its station as the most valuable agricultural district of Greece, after centuries of total neglect and obscurity. The Turkish inhabitants were more rude and ferocious than in any part of Roumelia and the Morea, and the native peasantry in consequence more barbarous and degraded. But under every disadvantage of cultivation, the island has preserved its fame of fertility; the produce in grain is never less than fifteen, and, where any pains are taken, seventeen to the unit; there is no better wine in Greece than

from the vines that clothe the "πολυσταφυλὸν Ἱστίαιαν" of Homer to the sea's brim; the crops of tobacco and cotton are most flourishing; the exportation of honey is very large, though of a less valuable sort, as the bees feed more on fir-juice than thyme; there is, however, one mountain near Carystus, productive of a certain plant which imparts a strong rose flavor to the honey of the neighbourhood, and obtains for it a high price. Thus, in the poverty and difficulties of the rejuvenescence of the Greek nation, this territory is as important as when it was "every thing to the Athenians;" a large portion consisting of twenty-seven tchiflicks, or farms, has reverted from the Ottoman to the Greek government, and the rest has found eager purchasers, not only in Greeks who have any capital to invest, but in the Frank merchants of Syra, and other forein speculators. The principal obstacle to the improvement and extension of the agriculture is the thinness of the population, which in the whole island does not exceed 20,000; laborers as well as oxen must be imported on a large scale, and the profits will indisputably be immense. A most accurate map of it has been taken by Captain Copeland, who spent many months in the survey, but I do not know whether it is yet publisht.

To the antiquary, Negropont opens an interesting field of investigation; it is all virgin ground; its great cities are untraced, its temples overlaid with earth and thicket which no rude excavator has disturbed. At Oreum, there is every prospect of a rich harvest in inscriptions, and it may be in works of art, for it was an Athenian colony, occupied after the compulsory transportation of the native Istiæans to Macedonia by Pericles; the new-comers must surely have brought with them some proofs of that zenith of art which their mother-land

then enjoyed. The remnants of edifices are numerous and widely scattered, but none of any apparent external merit. Of ancient Chalcis there are no other remains than some few blocks and fragments built into the walls of the Venetian castle, but the neighbouring site of Eretria offers much to inquire into; it is a fine plain and port, with an acropolis behind of no great elevation. The whole of the plain is covered with foundations, mostly in square forms, as of towers, none more than a stone high; so that by clearing away the mastic coppice, which is spread over a large part, and careful search, the whole plan of the city may be followed out. As being also Athenian, successful excavations may be hoped for; the people, who in their colonies raised the temples of Girgenti, must have had something great at home,—and indeed Livy positively mentions that "the Romans found here more works of art than they had ever done in a city of the same size;" but they could not take all away, there must still be gleanings of their rapine. This tract of ground has been lately purchased by M. Malamaki, the Danish consul at Syra, the companion and interpreter of Dr. Clarke; he is fond of antiquities, as he said, "as far as they are useful," and will thus readily facilitate those researches which will give delight to the antiquary, and perhaps profit to himself.

It would be ingratitude or blindness to have spoken of Eubœa, and to pass on silent of the miracles of her natural beauty. Whether the path led along some shrubby plain, accompanied by a placid river,—or up a scale of hills through a gallery of foliage of all form and shade, dark-haired firs, ruby-berried arbutus, huge platans of tender green gleaming above the black prinare, and a hundred other combinations of color,—or along

the very high back of the central mountain-range, on which the traveller rides as on a gigantic steed whose feet are in the clear waters on either side, and beyond which he takes in the Locrian hills and the dim Ægean isles with a delighted eye,—or down into a wide deep basin, lined to the lips with delicious verdure, out of which you think that, when once within, you could never wish to ascend again, or,—but where is this catalogue of the expressions of Nature's sweetest countenance to end? Words may fail, but memory will recall the new and special loveliness which every step of this journey brought along with it. Other scenes are confused and intermingled in my recollection, but the infinite charms of this fortunate island are there clear and separate for ever. The very narrow limits within which they are confined has its advantage; to be so little in space, and so much in beauty! It was in mid-autumn I was there; and the tints, in the forcible phrase of my companion, "were rather of flowers than of trees;" they and the things of which they were a part and ornament have been to my "inward eye" a source of as precious wealth, as ever to Wordsworth his golden daffodils.

It is worth remarking, that the shepherds are by far the best local guides to the remains of antiquity in all parts of Greece; for not only does their serious and solitary employment render them more reflective, and lead them to remark and search for the scattered memorials of other times, but they invariably have chosen the sites and foundations of old edifices for their stations of repose. The seats are ready for them there, and the position

is generally a lofty one, from whence they can survey at their ease the movements of their flock; thus, in the areas of ruined temples, one or more trees of considerable size invariably grow, planted by the pastoral prudence, which would hide its place of rest from the fierceness of the noon-day sun.

I rode along the great port or bay of Aulis in the still dimness of an autumnal morning, repeating to myself the lines near the opening of the play:—

> "There is no voice of bird or sea,
> The silence of the motions of the air
> Is over all the strait," &c.

which is all pretty enough, but the subject was quite above the reach of Euripides. In the concluding scenes there is perhaps some real pathos, though not at all of the kind which the distinctive peculiarities of the story require. Indeed I can hardly regard the sacrifice of Iphigenia in this simple and prominent view, imprest as I am with its importance as a clue to the right understanding of the spirit of Grecian mythology. There are few forms in which the religious idea has embodied itself, of which human sacrifices have not systematically or incidentally made a part, shadows doubtless of the great immolation then unaccomplisht, cast on the mirror of previous time, errors born of truth, and leading up to truth. The application then of this notion to the gentle and beauteous spirit of Greek imagination must, it would seem, produce some discordant impression; on the contrary, it was brought into

perfect harmony with the whole. A sacrifice of prisoners of war, of shipwreckt strangers, of children, was to the Greeks barbarous and impious; *they* immolated humanity only, because humanity was the most perfect recipient and exponent of beauty of form, because, if they would offer to the gods what was most worthy of them, most god-like, they could offer nothing but Beauty, and a beautiful woman was the most beautiful. It was showing that their love of beauty was a practical thing. What was the war of Troy itself, but an expression that Greece was ready to suffer anything, to attempt anything, for the recovery of her who was, or was deemed, the most beautiful,—that this loss was a shame to be expiated, even by the destruction of her goodliest youth, and the long and perilous absence of her princes? It was not the oath they had sworn that bound them to this enterprise, for that was evidently only intended as a defence against one another and never contemplated the possibility of the abduction of Helen by a barbarian. When, therefore, some great sacrifice was to be demanded of the nation by the oracle to obtain the full concurrence of divine favour, Iphigenia, herself beautiful, was chosen. Before this, when the Athenians and Theseus refused to give up to Eurystheus the younger children of Hercules, and came to arms for the first time with the Peloponnesians, Macaria, their eldest sister, had immolated herself on the plain of Marathon, and Athens was victorious; and not more unwillingly, would I believe, did Iphigenia accomplish her great destiny, for, in truth, no writer has ever implied that her sacrifice was a compulsory one; the artifices of Agamemnon were against the resistance of Clytemnestra. As I meditated these things, I found myself improvising,—

The gods, who with untrembling poise
Mete out the sum of human bliss,
Never ordained a sacrifice
More righteously than this.
The honor of the Grecian arms,
And Helen's error to redeem,
What other price more just could seem?
Beauty for beauty, duly paid;—
The gods gave Helen to the Grecian arms,
And took unto themselves the Argive maid.

The precise site of old Aulis may be a bone of contention with precise antiquaries for ever. The words Aulis and Euripus are used so vaguely by geographers, poets, and historians, that I defy even German acuteness to reconcile the various statements satisfactorily. The only thing that seems pretty certain is, that the small port of the city was a recess of the larger, and not separate from it. Each hill on the shore has perhaps its Paleocastrum, the most extensive, consisting of wall, cistern, towers, &c. being on Megalovouno, the central height on the side opposite Eubœa; but I found on the top of the most considerable of three conical rocky eminences close to the strait, further south, the perfect wall of an acropolis of much more antient construction,—indeed the rudest I ever met with; it was formed of large blocks, fragments of the rock which lay in the line of the wall, fixt together by uncut fragments of inferior size, and the remaining interstices filled up mostly with small horizontally-cut pieces; it was not, however, of a large

city. It is probable that this coast was thickly planted with towns, both from the convenience of the situation, and the manner in which the numerous names run on in the Homeric catalogue; and Aulis itself may have undergone many changes of form and position between Homer and Strabo.

It is hard to imagine broken country so ugly as for many miles about "Tanagra;" there is something in the meagre low wood, scattered tree by tree, as on very poor park-land, over the low hills, which has an undignified melancholy, a stupid air of cultivation about it, to which desolation itself would be a great relief. This important Bœotian city was discovered not long ago by Mr. Cockerell, by an inscription on a neighboring church; whether the memory of Bœotian dullness was strong upon me I know not, but I certainly seemed to see the whole district through so thick a medium, that I never felt myself so little in Greece, not even with all Turkish incongruities about me, as I did during my incursion into the country of Corinna.

The aspect of the town and temples of Rhamnus must have been one of the most enchanting that Fancy can form out of Art and Nature. The buildings covered the sides and summit of an out-jutting rock, not much elevated above the sea; and we may infer from the huge gateway and walls, that the place was strong and noble. Above it rises with a steep acclivity the lofty line of coast, on whose highest ridge the temples were throned. All between the edifices is rich with Nature's profusion. On one side, down a steep and serpentine ravine, a full

stream finds its way to the sea, flowing by the hill of the city. The temples, whose whiteness dazzles even in their decaying remnants, must have come out with a lustrous glory, from the thick green about them, and the blue behind. They are two, within one large and solid peribolus; the earlier of Nemesis, built after Marathon, the other much later and of finer workmanship. In the former stood the statue of Phidias, the offering of the perfection of Athenian art to the Power who had avenged Athens so well. Pausanias, when on this subject, mentions casually, that no one thought of representing Nemesis as a winged Goddess, before the inhabitants of Smyrna, who gave as their reason for this impersonation, "the near connection of Vengeance and Love."

A maid, whose beauty was laid desolate
  By many tears, outbreathed her tale of woe,
In that dread fane, with words of such deep hate,
  As they who deeply love alone can know.

"Shall Love be free to speed his impious way,
  Withering young hearts, that cannot but be true,
Unveiling beauty only to betray,
  And Vengeance *not* be winged to pursue?

"Seem not at once so stern and calmly still,
  Up, great Protectress! seize him while he flies,
None, none but thou, can match his demon skill,
  And every hour another victim dies."

A priest half-hid confest the truth and power,
 That lay within the maiden's casual prayer,
And the sage Goddess willed, that from that hour,
 Her earthly shape those two wide vans should bear.

The atmosphere of Greece has none of the transparency of that of Italy; it is rather dense than otherwise, but with a mellowing, not a darkening density, as in the tints of mother-of-pearl; all things look as if seen through a veil of blue gossamer. When the sea is in the landskip, the same tint seems to be on it, the sky, and every thing between them. The full-breasted hills of Eubœa and its attendant islands looked so exquisite under these circumstances, particularly when contrasted with the heavy mass of Parnes on the opposite side of the strait, that I was obliged to figure to myself Cephalus reposing on the latter, enjoying the morning, and calling on the breeze, to impregnate the Attic boundary with its just share of poetical feeling.

Colonel Leake, in his "Demi of Attica," has given to the plain of Marathon his entire classical knowledge and unerring observation. Nothing remains to be said of the topography, and of the historical recollections little new. The Epic and *heroic* character of the resistance to the Persians is felt well enough to render the spirit of this sonnet clear: the day of our visit was cloudy and solemn:—

I could believe that under such a sky,
Thus grave, thus streakt with thunderlight, of yore,
The small Athenian troop rushed onward, more
As Bacchanals, than men about to die.
How weak that massive motley enemy
Seemed to those hearts, full-fed on that high lore,
Which, for their use, in his melodious store,
Old Homer had laid up immortally.
Thus Marathon was Troy,—thus here again,
They were at issue with the barbarous East,
And favoring Gods spoke out, and walkt the plain;
And every man was an anointed priest
Of Nemesis, empowerèd to chastise
The rampant insolence that would not be made wise.

The battle itself seems to have been little more than one desperate charge, in which the ill-ordered Orientals were thrown into confusion, as much by the novelty as the enthusiasm of their opponents, and the marshy nature of the ground completed the defeat the panic had begun; but in any case it is difficult to imagine how the slain on the part of the Greeks were not more than two hundred. Never, perhaps, was so momentous an event accomplisht at so light a loss; never did the history of the world turn on so small a hinge. If the Greeks had been defeated, if the charm of their innate superiority over the barbarians had been at once broken, if the invaders had been encouraged by success in proportion as they increast in number, if Greece had been smothered in her cradle, if her liberties and her glories, and the

historians who recorded those liberties, and the poets who rose from those glories, and the philosophers who, in that free and exciting atmosphere, built a home of thought for all times and all nations, had never been! what then? Alas for the soul of our world! But the strength which workt this great deed, was not a product of momentary impulse, not a mere flash of patriotic vigor; it was a simple and natural consequence of the moral education of the Athenian people, and the immediate agent the Homeric poems; it has been beautifully said that, as Homer was "to the Greeks a representative of nature herself, the universal knowledge ascribed to him was nothing more than an acknowledgment, that nature developt under the form of poetry contained all truth upon any subject." This was exactly the Athenian feeling; Homer was the representative of *their* nature, of what they believed the highest possible form of it. Not only were these poems in their mouths and hearts as the songs they loved and reverenced, but they had assumed, by the wise industry of Solon * and the Pisistratidæ, a fixed and substantial form. Homer had become a legislator, a court of general appeal on all

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* "Solon formed distinctive regulations in his laws, from which, it seems probable, that the several rhapsodies were recited, not as before, without method, but in their natural order, by several rhapsodists, who relieved each other at intervals,—this prepared for the undertaking of Pisistratus."—HEEREN.

In these recitations, the repetition of similar phrases, the recurrence of epithets, and announcement of different personages in monotonous language, would be nothing more than a sweep of the hand over the same notes, giving a pause to the air, a sort of preluding chord. The effect of this will be best understood by any one who has heard the chanting of the Epistles, during the Holy Week, at Rome, where the dramatic announcement of the characters is made in the same notes always repeated, by a separate voice, who, however, only narrates, and takes no part in the dialogue.

subjects of literature and religion, the Bible of the people; to them, the heroes of the Trojan war were no romantic and legendary personages, but objects of national pride and national emulation; to be as they were was only to be worthy of their fathers. Had they not attackt the Barbarian in his very home? had they not gone out and wasted the east, and establisht their own colonies in the land of which they had spoiled the native possessors? and now that he was the aggressor, should not the vengeance be terrible? And not only to them, but to the after-world, was it not a peculiar blessing, that this struggle and success were so illustrated as to form the natural continuation of the Homeric records; that as the Grecian heart had been informed and nourisht to this high spirit by those poems, so the metred prose of Herodotus became the aliment of their future independence and exaltation, through large spaces of time; and that, as the verses of the one were then recited in their theatres, so the tale of the Persian war of the other was (as Athenæus relates) declaimed many centuries after to the promiscuous audience of Alexandria. The transition from verse, the infancy of all style, to the more artificial though simpler form of poetical prose, is delightfully effected in the historical portion of "the Muses;" but of Marathon we have, also, supplementary traditions, illustrations, as it were, of the grand picture. Herodotus only writes, that Epizelius fighting was blinded by a vision; but we have, in Pausanias, the pendant story, that a man appeared in the thick fray, of rustic form and dress, and hewed down many Persians with a plough-share, and then vanisht, and whom an oracle commanded to be worshipped as the hero Echetlœus; this was evidently the vision that blinded the beholder. Again, the old antiquarian tells, that around the

tombs of the slain, still in his own late age, there was a tumult of horses prancing and men combating all night long, which to listen for with a wilful curiosity brought evil fate, but not so when perceived by a casual hearer. Thus was Marathon, for ages, a field of holy fable, thus the growths of patriot ardor were fresh upon it even to declining time, thus the maturity of Athenian splendor was linkt to the first vibrations of its infant energies, and Aristophanes regards the 'Μαραθωνομάχοι, with the same feeling of pride and respect with which Nestor looks back on the friends of his youth, "who are far different from what men are now-a-days."

Athens.

My Dear—

You may think it a bold confession of literary incapacity, but, with this great date at the head of my letter, I hardly know what to write to you. You have Leake's Athens on your table, so that the man who could tell you more than you already know of Athens as it is, must have a large multiple of my powers of knowledge and observation. I can only fill this sheet with what Athens is to me, and, perhaps, this is no more and no other than it has been to hundreds before, so that, even within this limit, I can give you nothing new. I had prepared myself for some difficulty, and even pain, in compressing the notions and feelings which Athens brings along with it, within very narrow bounds of space, but the smallness of objects and distances was far more striking than I ever anticipated. You may say, that not only being conscious of the utter insignificance of Greece on the map of the world, but having had practical

conviction of its real dimensions, during a journey of many weeks, my present surprise was terribly inconsequent; very true, but, in the act of travelling, space is so entirely measured by time, that a monotonous day's journey on horseback, at the foot's pace which the accompaniment of your baggage seldom permits you to quit, though it take in only five and twenty miles of ground, is to all purposes of reflection and impression, perhaps, longer than the same lapse of hours in the Edinburgh mail. The case is very different when you are remaining at a place, when you see the space as it is. Again, from the broken method in which we form our first ideas of classical antiquity, arbitrary associations are for ever intruding; the moment I felt Athens in my sight, I was back to Rome, and making comparisons; the triple world of the Capitol, the Vatican, and the Piazza di Spagna, its antient and modern breadths, its motley confusion of vanished greatnesses, its riot of memories, contrasted themselves with the confined and simple scene before me, the one Acropolis and easily reckoned ruins, which were not ruins, when referred to the scarred and roofless walls of the petty dwellings that mouldered round them. Soon my mind went quietly back, with no alien recollections to disturb and impede its way, to rest upon the beloved past; deeply it rejoiced that Greece had no middle age, no deserved records of its dukedoms and despotates; that this place especially had, ever since its own real life, been as unknown to the world as Pompeii itself, the one as much a discovery of latter times as the other. Then I remembered that exclamation of Jean Paul, "How much more has the little peaceful Athens done for the world, than the raging giant Rome," and the contraction of the space and objects astonisht me no more. I felt that it was this very concentration which endowed the

states and cities of Greece with their intensity of vigor, and, by enabling every thing to tell, gave a personal and domestic energy to patriotic virtue; a man's country was the scene his eyes took in, his glory the approval of his present countrymen; the Parthenon looks close down on the Areopagus, the goddess of Wisdom on her servants; a few steps further, you are standing on the rock-throne of the Pnyx, a loud voice from whence would go far over the city; it was the abode of one people with one mind, one moral household.

With the exception of some tawdry consulates, and other French-built houses, and a very mean bazaar, the desolation of the modern town is complete; out of this confusion the old remains come up like the nascent glories of a new and wonderful but unfinisht city. There is a remark of Sir J. Reynoldses that "the Gothic architecture, though not so antient as the Grecian, is more so to our imagination;" on which Hazlitt has well commented, that "the perfection of art does not look like the infancy of things;" it would perhaps be more correct to say, that all great works of art, having their portion in that which is eternal, have nothing to do with our common notions of youth and age; that the connection of Gothic architecture and superior antiquity rests entirely on the feelings which that form of art principally affects, being those which we generally apply to advanced life, reverence and sublimity; while, on the contrary, Grecian art appeals to that class of sensations to which the religion and mind of Greece were chiefly dedicated, clear-defined beauty and the simplest impulses of delight; I think the contrast between the abiding glory of art and the vulgar ruin around would have been just the same had Gothic cathedrals been here in the place of Grecian temples.

But the effect of the objects as parts of Athens is doubtless the most vivid when the monuments present themselves as much alone as possible. I hardly know which I prefer, the view of the Acropolis and its appendages from the Cœle, or that which includes the Temple of Jupiter just out of the south gate, on the other side of the Ilyssus. From the former, (a ravine below the hill of the Museum,) every thing is of the most sacred gravity, not a tree or sign of animal life is visible, even the Turkish fortifications and the Roman theatre of Herodes Atticus are so placed as to seem in harmony with the rest; Hymettus and Pentelicus are the setting; the first somewhat dully shaped and bare of all herbage but the thyme, whose dark violet beautifully shades off to the light grey of the marble-bearing mount beyond; Anthesmus rises nearer with its sharp sandstone peak. The other prospect is wider and livelier; the citadel does not frown so closely, and the magnificent relics of Roman state-religion, columns still grander than the one found in the Temple of Peace at Rome, give splendor to the foreground; the hills in the back are only sufficiently high to inclose the picture with grace.

As to the emotions excited by individual edifices, I fear I must own that, at first sight, this Corinthian temple of the Olympian Jove was more to me than any other; I was fully aware of my error; I knew that these remains were not and could not be Greek; that, however such sumptuous forms might be in keeping with a religion of show and politics, the Greeks could never have departed from that sacred dignity of the less fanciful orders which became their active and earnest faith, in a dedication to the monarch of the Gods, though not unwilling to apply the most elaborate concinnities of ornamental

architecture to buildings of public and social pomp, and even to the chapels of more familiar deities and heroic shrines, as in the florid Ionic of the small temple of Erectheus on the Acropolis; but this very discord of association had something enchanting about it; the pillars are so perfect, they are as if they had been built up there to stand alone, and had never formed part of a perisht colonnade and now dismembered whole; while the Doric columns of the Parthenon springing from the foundation, simple and baseless as trees, lose much of their majesty by the interruption of the range and the havoc of surrounding fragments; perhaps too the very nature of the severer systems of architecture will hardly permit the free flow of immediate enjoyment, the first feeling has too much awe in it. The home of the Mother of Athens is indeed a fearful ruin; every impression, of which sublimity is the chief component, ought to have something of entireness, but here there is so much that is separate, and fallen, and falling, that admiration is checkt by mourning; one can scarcely judge what the effect will be when the layers of stone, which have been thrown down for the sake of the lead which attacht them together, are again erected into columns and the miserable mosque in the middle swept away; but the injuries are irremediable which the scannellations of the western front and parts of the sides have suffered from the balls and shells of the besiegers during the last tumultuous years. The smaller temples of Erectheus and Minerva Pandrosia have incurred much damage from a less noble cause, the petty pillages of strangers and travellers. English midshipmen are accused of being the most formidable depredators in that way; they come actually armed with chisels for the purpose, and have seriously spoilt the exquisite friezes

and capitals of the smaller columns. There is a story of a note from one of these juvenile Alarics being pickt up near the Piræus, to this effect:—"Dear James,—I have lost the ear that I took away from one of those stone women on the top of the hill; Smith has got the other: so, as I don't like his having a prize which I have lost, will you have the goodness, as you are going there to-morrow, to chip me off the nose neatly and let me have it before we sail. Yours ever." One consequence of this mistimed classical zeal is that the Caryatides of the temple of Pandrosia are nearly featureless. Now that Athens is once more Greek, let us hope that these things will be put a stop to. Much may also be done in the judicious management of these ruins; the earth, which, during the siege, was heapt on the roof of the Erectheion by the captain of the citadel to protect his family, whom he had housed within it, from the cannon of the enemy, and which proving too heavy fell in upon them, is to be cleared away, and a beautifully-sculptured gate, which has thus been well preserved, brought to light. The Propyleion too will re-assume its old magnificence when the walls built up between the pillars are removed, and the double range is brought clearly forth. A very slight repair will make the Theseion all it was in the days of Pericles; the only grave injury is where a Turk blew up part of one of the corners to get at the honey a swarm of wild bees had made there; it has been used for some time as the burial place for strangers; there Tweddale lies without a stone; the one over another young Englishman of the name of Watson, who died at Patras, bears this pathetic inscription, "Si miserandus in morte,—saltem in sepulcro felix."

I should have thought that the wall between the light rich

pillars of the small monument of Lysicrates ought to be thrown down; but it appears that they are only fluted half way round, so that the interspaces were originally filled up as at present. It is in truth a rich jewel of architecture, and the effect of a whole street lined with such ornaments, must have been most superb; but as it stands in its present loneliness, its beauties are not sufficiently significant to overcome the mean and vile objects with which it is surrounded, and give themselves to our free admiration. I hope the wall of the Acropolis will not be touched; its confusion of materials, from the triglyphs and fragments of columns of the first Parthenon which the Persians destroyed, and which were then placed there, to stand as ever-speaking witnesses before the eyes of the Athenian people, to the last Turkish repairs of the damage done in the late struggle, when the Greeks once more made that sacred rock their own, has an incalculable interest; every stone is a song.

The great question that at present agitates the antiquaries here is the painting of the Temples; the colored patterns between the columns of the Theseion are still very distinct, and one very curious and graceful fragment of design has been found in the Parthenon. Some artists have gone so far as to assert that the flutings of the columns themselves were colored; this is very astounding to all our notions of beauty, and I cannot believe it to be an authorised supposition; but after all it would not be so shocking to our artistic feelings, as the painting and adventitious ornaments of the most noted marble statues, of which there can be no doubt: had the antients some principles of the harmony of colours of which we know nothing? I conceive that one cannot speak decisively on the subject, till some painted statue be dis-

covered; I have heard that two such were lately dug up at Rome; but they were washt immediately, and all the tints lost before they were placed in the Vatican.

* * * * * *

In imagination there is only highth and depth, darkness and noonlight; but reality lies in a mean medium, and the earth is in twilight; hence the incongruity between things ideal and things seen. It is the function of poetry and the poet to apply the imagination afresh to the reality when known, and to elevate it without changing its nature. This is the most difficult when we have formed no definite notion of a locality, when there is nothing sensible to connect the old idea with the new perception; but where the objects have been frequently seen in drawings and accurately examined in description, like those before me now, the two feelings at once and readily coincide; and if any thing be lost in greatness, it is amply compensated by vividness and consciousness of truth. Of Athens, as it was in my idea, and Athens as I beheld it, the Athens I shall take away will be a happy and natural product.

It would be difficult to add any thing to the obloquy with which the spoliation of the Parthenon, by Lord Elgin, has been met all over the world; it would, perhaps, be equally difficult to say any thing in its vindication,—there was doubtlessly deceit, injustice, and, I fear, very low avarice, in the transaction, and with justice is the indignation of the inhabitants of Athens deep

and enduring*; yet they would do well to remember, that it is to this very act, that they and the world are indebted for the preservation of these treasures to the present time. The Turkish balls, which have so grievously shattered the flutings of the portico of the Temple, must have irremediably injured the great range of statues above it, although the sculptures abstracted from between the triglyphs on the sides might not have suffered so severely. It would indeed be highly honorable to the English nation, if they should consummate the good work, of which they have been the unconscious instruments, by the restoration to the Greeks of these, their proudest ancestral trophies, as soon as a settled state of affairs ensures to them due care and reverence. Unless things turn out strangely for the worse, Greece, in the lapse of a few years, will be no longer the remote corner of Europe, living a merely historic life in the memories of other nations, and visited by rare and adventurous travellers, but as common a resort of the wise and the frivolous, of the votaries of intellectual improvement and curious pleasure, as Rome or Parthenope. Under these circumstances†, to retain in the chambers of a museum those archetypes of art, to which

* Signor Lusieri, the active agent in this business, died by the breaking of a blood-vessel. The feeling of the people ran so high against him, that he thought it necessary to barricade his house at night, particularly as he lived quite alone. The day of his death, the neighbourhood, surprised at his non-appearance, forced the door, and found him extended on the floor, his blood about him, and a huge black cat seated on his breast, which the people to this day believe to have been the avenging spirit, the punisher of his crimes, or else the form assumed by his own black soul; according to this latter notion, the animal was instantly killed.

† It is however *only* under these circumstances that the restitution

we have not even the plausible title of conquest, would be a petty and selfish nationality. If they cannot again adorn the front of their antient home, let them at any rate display their wonders under a native heaven, be surrounded with the forms and associations of their native nature, and let the words spoken round them be in their native tongue. The poet, whom Germany may own as her mightiest, now that her monarch has gone away, has exprest in noble language the painful incongruity of which every artist must be conscious, when he beholds the beautiful relics of classic inspiration crampt up and ill-arranged in the collections of the north. These verses, though exclusively applied to Italian antiquities, fall so exactly into my train of thought, that I subjoin this inadequate translation.

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could be demanded; till peace and permanent institutions incline the Greek nation to the enjoyment and observation of art, the marbles could not be better than where they are. Splendid indeed may be the anticipations of what, with care and zealous labor, the tombs of Grecian antiquity may be made to give up. The statues of the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, which were thrown down with, and buried in, the rubbish of the eastern wall by the explosion during the assault of Morosini, in 1687, must be still there, and, it may be, not considerably damaged. Signor Pettachi, to whose intelligence the government has intrusted the antiquities of Athens, has discovered, and concealed from the barbarian occupants, many important specimens in his daily walks on the acropolis, and which will now see the sun. The profusion of antient relics in Athens itself may be judged from the fact, that in the modern town, before it was destroyed, there was hardly a house which had not over the door some bas-relief or other sculpture, found in digging the foundations. The accumulation of earth and rubbish seems to be immense: during my stay at Athens, a temple with thirty-six columns was discovered near the Theseion, in making a deep drain.

Free! let us free,—throw open the doors, lay open the presses,
Here in the dark and the dust is it seemly for *us* to be dwelling?
What we, and where we have been, oh! remember, and give us your pity.
Once, this rare old vase was the pride of the gardens of Egypt,
And Cleopatra herself bade her courtiers fill it with myrtle:—
This so daintily carved,—this duplicate layer of onyx,
On thy finger, Antinous, rested, a jewel unvalued—
Thine, thou beautiful boy, too soon sped away to thy heaven.
I, God Hermes, stood in the hall of Cæsar Augustus,—
Breath of the odorous south from crowns of bay was shed o'er me;
And have *ye* piled us together, and ranged us in cruel confusion,
Each one pressing his fellow, and each of us shading his brother,—
None in a fitting abode, in the life-giving play of the sunshine?
Wearying even the eyes of gaping and vain "cognoscenti,"

Here in disorder we lie, like desolate bones in a
charnel,
Waking in those that can feel, deep sense of sorrowful
yearning
For the magnificent days, when, as all but alive, we
were honored.—
Ye too,—cull ye no roses, no fresh-blowing braids, to
be wreathèd
Round the Etrurian vase, and brow of the bust of
white marble?
Ye too,—have ye no temples, no pleachèd arcades in
your gardens,
Where ye can take us, and plant us, all near the
unperishing heavens,
After our own sweet wont, to the joy of the pious
beholder*?

The bitterest part perhaps of the whole Elgin affair was the insulting compensation attempted to be offered; it was in the shape of a huge town-clock, to contain which the inhabitants themselves were put to the expense of an ungainly wooden tower. Does the inscription, recording so pompously the gift of Lord Elgin, owe its existence to the fine irony of the citizens, or the

* Graf von Platen. Gedichte.

blind vanity of the donor? I have often thought how like the situation of all the world, now-a-days, is to that of these Athenians; they are losing all things of beauty and grandeur that they possess, and receiving in return some worthless intellectual clock-work.

The poor city, however, did not even retain its utilitarian advantage; in the early part of the Revolution, the soldiers, taking the brass for gold, pulled the clock to pieces, each having a wheel or two for his share.

From a Letter.

After the gloom and desolation of Salamis, which looks as sad as if humanity had never been glorified there, the appearance of Ægina is pleasant and lively; but the fair low hills are so cruelly cut up by terraces to their very tops, that the eastern part of the island is in Nature very much what Isola Bella is in Art. As, notwithstanding the clearly exprest opinion of Stackelberg, Müller, and other unquestioned authorities, the famous temple there still continues to be designated in many travels, geographies, &c., as of Jupiter Panhellenius, a synopsis of the arguments that establish the true designation, principally as stated by Mustoxidi in the literary journal, "the Æginæa," (No. 5, July 15th, 1831) may not be unacceptable to you. Spon and Wheler, in 1657, seem to have been the first persons to call it by that name, and this solely upon the evidence of Pausanias, and of the inscription "Διὶ Πανελληνίῳ," which they found on the Antis in large letters of the best style. Now Pausanias relates that it was built by Æacus, in gratitude to the gods for relief from an afflicting

drought; and no one can pretend that the fine-proportioned and highly-decorated edifice, whose ruins we now admire, can have any thing in common with so remote a date. The only possible supposition is, that the old building was at some period destroyed, and this one erected in its place. But Pausanias does not apply to it the common term of "ναὸς," as to temples in general, and especially to the temples of Apollo, Diana, and Bacchus, in this very island, but the peculiar appellation of "Hieron." Pindar also designates it "βωμὸν πατέρος Ελλανίου," and Arnobius (Lib. vi, contra Gentes), also using the word "Hieron," says "εὶναι το πρῶτον, τὸ ὁποῖον παρὰ τῶν θνητῶν ἀνηγέρθη." The Hieron seems to mean any temenos or peribolus devoted to a god, and may or may not include the "ναὸν," but Pausanias can hardly have used it here without an especial purpose. He also mentions that it stood on Mount Oros, the highest eminence in the island; and we are aware "that when the Athenians saw clouds upon the Hieron of the Panhellenic Jove, they knew that rain was coming;" it was, too, a necessary condition of the notion of such a dedication, that it should command a panoramic view. The few huge blocks of cut stone, that still remain there, though insufficient to determine the nature of the building, are very much what might be expected of the relics of the rude and antient Hieron, but the position of the great ruins is as inapplicable to this destination as their construction; for they crown a cultivated hill, which rises in the interspace between two others of greater elevation, which totally exclude the view in both directions, leaving open only the prospect between them on either side. Pausanias again tells us that the temple of Aphaia was on the road to the Hieron; and, accordingly, we found considerable vestiges some little way up Mount Oros, at Agios Asomatos, beyond the village of Pachy-

rachi; they consist of an outer and inner wall, the former of very large irregular stones, two immense cisterns lined with cut stone, and large fragments of columns, one of which has upon it a curious inscription, while on the way to the later temple no ruins are discoverable. As to the inscription on the Antis, it is very clear that it can be of no very antient date; for the old Æginetans, as Dorians, would have written "Ζανὶ Πανελλανίῳ," or "'Ελλάνιῳ," for it does not appear that the epithet Panhellenion existed before the time of Hadrian, the Hieron being commonly called "κοίνον τῶν Ελληνῶν." In the excavations which have been sedulously made, no representation of Jupiter has been found, but a colossal statue of Minerva stood over the centre of the portico, and to her there is every reason to believe the temple was dedicated. Though wanting something of the accomplisht beauty of the days of Pericles, there is still enough about the style to identify it with Athenian art, and perhaps with the time when the island was depopulated by the Athenians, who establisht their own householders and farmers in it, dividing the land by lot. (Thuc. ii. Diod xii. Strab. viii. Plut. in Pericles.) It seems to have been completely Atticised, even as far as to the transference of names of places*; the consecration, therefore, of a temple to Minerva, on a beautiful site, looking straight to and seen clear from Athens, and forming, as it were, the third extremity of a triangle with those of the Parthenon and Sunium, was a most natural occurrence. In this case, the inscription to Jupiter would have been added about the time of Hadrian, (it may be to compensate for the ruin of the Hieron on the higher mountain, which, from the use of the past tense by Pausanias,

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* The port to the north of the town is called Marathon.

" ἄλλο τὸ ὄϱος ἀξίολογον ἐιχεν ὀυδέν," was, probably, destroyed before his time) according to the same idea as that on another temple, " Ἥϱας κάι Δίος Πανελληνίου," which was of that date (A. 43). There is no more to wonder at in the omission of the description of this temple by Pausanias than of those of Ceres Thesmophoros, and of Hercules; he came to Ægina from Epidaurus and past over to Trœzen, without, perhaps, ever visiting the spot.

GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Could we, though but for an hour, burst through those
gates adamantine,
Which, as the children of men pass onward in swift
generation,
Time's dark cavern along, are heavily closing behind
them!
Could we but breathe the delight of the time when,
fresh in his boyhood,
Out of his own exuberant life, man gave unto nature,
And new senses awoke, through every nerve of creation!

Waves of the old Ægean!—I listen your musical ebbing;
Smile to my eye, as you will, with smiles clear-crystal
as ever,
Bind, in your silvery net, fair capes and emboweréd
islands,

But ye can bear no more on your breast that vision of
glory,
When in the cool moon-dew went forth the imperial
revel,
Dolphins and pearl-shell cars, of the Queen and the
People of Ocean;
Whose sweet-undulant murmur the homeless mariner
hearkened,
Over the undulant sapphire, and trembled in glad
adoration.

How were ye voiced, ye Stars,—how cheerily Castor
and Pollux
Spoke to the quivering seaman, amid the outpouring
of tempest:
With what a firm-set gaze on the belt triple-gemmed
of Orion
Lookt the serene Greek child, as he thought of the
suffering giant,
Panting with sightless orbs for the dawn's miraculous
healing;
With what a sigh did he pass from the six proud
deified sisters,
On to the fate of the fallen, and mourned for the love
that dethroned her;
Not by elaborate charts did he read that book of the
Heavens,

For to his heart's fine ear it was taught by a heavenly master.

Now from her window perchance may the maiden of desolate Hellas,
When with the woes of her love and her land her spirit is heavy,
Yearn to the white-bright moon, which over the curvèd horizon,
Climbing the air still flusht with the flames of the opposite sunset *,
Seems with affectionate eye to regard her, and weep to her weeping;
But it is now not as when, having pined for Endymion's kindness,
She with the mourners of love held personal sympathy ever,
When in the sky's void chasms a wanderer, she to the pilgrim,
Over the world's sick plain, was a dear companion in sorrow.

Down through the blue-grey thyme, which roofs their courses with odour,

* The contemporaneity of a transparent moonlight, with the roseate ether and gold and orange tracts of sunset, is one of the most impressive phenomena of these regions.

Rivulets, gentle as words from the lips of Beauty, are flowing;
Still in the dusky ravine, they deepen and freshen their waters,—
Still in the thick-archt coves, they slumber and dimple delighted,
Catching the full-swelled fig, and the deep-stained arbutus ruby,—
Still to the sea's sand-brim, by royally gay oleanders,
And oriental array of reeds, they are ever attended;
But they are all dumb forms, unimpregnate with vital emotion,
Now from the pure fount-head, no Nymph, her bosom expanding,
Dazzles the way-worn wretch with a smile of bland benediction,
Giving the welcomed draught mysterious virtue and savour;—
Now no curious hind in the noon-tide's magical ardor *,
Peeps through the blossomy trellice, that over the pool's dark crystal
Guards the immaculate forms of the awful Olympian bathers;

* On the mystical power of noon in the appearance of supernatural beings, vide Theocritus i. 15; Lucan iii. 422; Philostratus, Heroic. i, art. 4; Porphyrius de Antro Nymph. c. xxvi. and xxvii.

Now at the wide stream-mouth never one, one amorous
Triton
Breathes to the surge and the tall marsh-blooms
euphonious passion.

These high temples around, the religiöus shade of the
olive
Falls on the grass close-wove ;—in the redolent valley
beneath us,
Stems of the loftiest platan their crowns large-leavèd
are spreading,
And the most motley of herds is adorning the calm of
their umbrage ;—
Yet ye are gone, ye are vanisht for ever, ye guardian
Beings!
Who in the time-gnarled trunks, broad branches, and
summer enchantment
Held an essentiäl life, and a power, as over your
members,—
Soothing the rage of the storm by your piteous moans
of entreaty,
Staying the impious axe in the paralysed hand of the
woodman.
Daphne, tremulous nymph, has fled the benignant
asylum
Which, in the shape of the laurel, she found from the
heat of Apollo ;—

Wan Narcissus has languisht away from the
languishing flower ;—
Hyacinth dwells no more in his brilliant abode, and
the stranger
Reads the memorial signs he has left, with a stolid
amazement.

Thou art become, oh Echo! a voice, an inanimate
image ;
Where is the palest of maids, dark-tresst, dark-
wreathèd with ivy,
Who with her lips half-opened, and gazes of beautiful
wonder,
Quickly repeated the words that burst on her lonely
recesses,
In a sad love-lorn voice, too deep-distracted to
answer?

What must have been thy nature, oh Greece! when
marvellous-lovely
As it now is, it is only the tomb of an antient
existence?

The following little Poem, from the German of Werner, is in his usual style of fantastic illustration. The application to the connection of Art and Faith in the Grecian mind, is the excuse for its insertion here:—

ART. For what is the longing that heaves in thy breast?
Oh! tell me.

FAITH. The Hyacinth flower.

ART. But the Phosphor-stone, with a lovely light,
Comes through the darkness redly bright,—
The May-night's glorious dower.

FAITH. What is it that blesses thy bosom with peace?
Oh! tell me.

ART. The Phosphor-stone.

FAITH. But the wingèd child of the air and dew,
The Hyacinth, breathes in the Day's young hue,
And makes the glory her own.

ART. Art Thou my longing,—thou Phosphor-stone?
Is it *Thou?*

FAITH. I am passing away.

ART. Then I and my bloom must go with Thee,
For where Thou beamest—my flower must be,
Alone I cannot stay.

FAITH. Art Thou my peace,—thou Hyacinth-plant?
Is it *Thou?*

ART. I thine,—thou mine.

FAITH. Then I, and my glow, must go with Thee,
When I shine from above below Thou must be,
Thy odour for my moonshine.

ART and FAITH. What Faith beholds does Art inform?
Yes! in the morning's eternal void;—
Her life is to love, her day-work to blow,
But when knowledge is ripe, away she must go,
For *here* the Love-dream can never abide.

PELASGIAN AND CYCLOPEAN WALLS.

YE cliffs of masonry, enormous piles,
Which no rude censure of familiar Time
Nor record of our puny race defiles,
In dateless mystery ye stand sublime,
Memorials of an age of which we see
Only what it has left to us in Ye.

Whether ye rest upon some bosky knoll,
Your feet by antient myrtles beautified,
Or seem, like fabled dragons, to unroll
Your swarthy grandeurs down a bleak hill-side,
Still on your savage features is a spell
That makes ye half divine, ineffable.

With joy, upon your heights I stand alone,
As on a precipice, or lie within
Your shadows wide, or leap from stone to stone,
Pointing my steps with careful discipline,
And think of those grand limbs whose nerve could bear
Those masses to their places in mid-air;

Of Anakim, and Titans, and of days
Saturnian, when the spirit of man was knit
So close to Nature, that his best essays
At Art were but in all to follow it,
In *all*,—dimension, dignity, degree,
And thus these mighty things were made to be.

Much as has been written on this subject in late years*, I do not remember to have met with any very simple and accurate description of all the peculiarities of the structure denominated Cyclopean. From an inspection of Tiryns and the other two or three specimens, existent in Greece, I deduced the following remarks, by attending to which any gentleman may surround his

* It is strange, however, that more attention has not been paid to the light which geology throws on the classification of these constructions. The Abbe Fea has laid down, that you find no polygons, except in calcareous districts, with a few exceptions of tufo. Travertine never takes a polygonal form; and Italian or Theban granite cannot be cut any way but square.

park with a wall of the very fabric, which has immortalized the mason-people of earliest Greece. Take stones of four sizes,—the first as large *as possible*,—the second as large as can be procured in considerable quantities, so as to form the principal part of the wall; the third and fourth or lower sizes (the λιθιά of Pausanias) down almost to pebbles, as may be most convenient. Let the sides of the first and second sizes be rudely rounded off, so as to give the generality a quadrilateral form; some, but few, may be pentagonal. They must be *very* nearly of the same highth and ranged in horizontal layers, the upper stones either lying upon the lower, or their angles touching, or an upper stone falling naturally into an angle made by the sides of two stones in the layer below. The first size should not enter the first or even second range, but be reserved for the upper, though not for the highest ones; for in these the first size should totally disappear, and the second be often replaced by the third and fourth. As long as the large stones lie in tolerably straight order, it is only necessary to fill up the cavities, which, as the edges never fit together, are very frequent, by tightly wedging in the smaller sizes, but where, by the angles of the upper layer falling into the apertures of the lower, the upper loses some of its regularity, and a space is left between two large stones, then a narrow stone, of the same highth as the large, is closely interposed, and the disorder not continued into the still higher layers. Thus the chief method of the construction is the clear division of one layer from another, as far as the polygonal shape of the stones permits; and I should imagine that every cavity in one layer ought to be compactly filled up by a stone of proper size, before the other one is begun. The smaller sizes seem to be all left in their natural form, never cut. Sometimes a continual series of smaller

stones, placed perpendicularly one above another, extends from the top to the bottom of the wall, with little order, but I should rather consider this a sort of reparation than as part of the original structure. The perfection of the masonry must consist in the skilful adaptation of the smaller sides to the interstices of the large, and the firmness of their setting. It is this which, combined with the immensity of the masses employed*, promises to the fortifications of Tiryns, an endurance into unfathomable Time, when the Temples of Greece are dust, and the Mausoleums of Egypt, themselves, entombed in sand.

WRITTEN AT MYCENÆ.

I SAW a weird procession glide along
The vestibule † before the Lion s gate‡;
A man of godlike limb and warrior state,
Who never lookt behind him, led the throng;

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* The masses of pudding-stone, which form the foundation of the old Argine Heræum which was destroyed by fire, are, perhaps, still larger. These most interesting remains, discovered a few years ago by Colonel Gordon, deserve all research. The plan of the lower and later temple can be traced with difficulty, but the trouble of an excavation would be well repaid.

† *πρόπυλα τάδε.* Elect. 1391.

‡ This piece of Archaic sculpture is indeed delightfully spirited; I think the Lions could not have had their heads as Clarke describes; they must have been thrown more back, like the Lions rampant in our heraldic bearings. How strange it is that the ruins of Mycenæ, extensive and certain as they are, should have been so late an object of interest, that Spon and Wheler should have never heard of them, and Chandler *forgot* to go and see them.

Next a pale girl, singing sweet sorrow, met
My eyes, who ever pointed to a fleck
Of ingrained crimson on her marble neck;
Her a fierce woman, armed with knife and net,
Close followed, whom a youth pursued with smile,
Once mild, now bitter-mad, himself the while
Pursued by three foul shapes, gory and grey:
Dread family! . . . I saw another day
The phantom of that youth, sitting alone,
Quiet, thought-bound, a stone upon a stone.

At the time that we were at Mycenæ, the neighbouring village of Kravata had just been sackt and burnt by the palikar chief Griva, and about fifteen families of the inhabitants had, in consequence, taken refuge from the advancing winter, in the so called Treasury of Atreus. The internal effect was doubly improved; the groups round the wall, parted from each other by the poor remains of their poverty, their sacks of maize and straw-beds, showed, by their apparent diminutiveness, the full grandeur of the edifice, the ample range of the circle, the hugeness of the very stones against which they and their chattels were leaning; and when the day was closing in and out of the centre of every cluster, the red flames flared up against the dead-black dome, the size of the materials and of the whole was magnified by the dimness, the masses of stone grew more monstrous as they rose, and one thought, that by the mysterious powers of Darkness alone, this awful cavern could have been called into existence.

CORINTH.

ON LEAVING GREECE.

I stood upon that great Acropolis,
The turret-gate of Nature's citadel,
Where once again, from slavery's thick abyss
Strangely delivered, Grecian warriors dwell.
I watcht the bosom of Parnassus swell,
I traced Eleusis, Athens, Salamis,
And that rude fane* below, which lives to tell
Where reigned the City of luxurious bliss.
Within the maze of great Antiquity
My spirit wandered tremblingly along;—
As one who with rapt ears to a wild song
Hearkens some while,—then knows not, whether he
Has comprehended all its melody,
So in that parting hour was it with Greece and me.

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* It is very curious that some awkward ill-proportioned ruins should be the only memorials of that Corinth, whose exquisite refinement in all that could charm and embellish life was a proverb with the world, and who extended her existence so far into the later domains of Roman time. It may be that there was some sanctity attacht to this temple, from its very age and ungainliness, which preserved it amid the annihilation of other more sumptuous and polisht edifices.

ON A GROTTO AND WARM SPRING

AT THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF LEPANTO.

Within this grot did Amphitrite,
  Willing a beauteous shore to bless,
Expose the full unshaded light
  Of all her ocean-queenliness.

Into the rock the vital glow
  Past out from her translucid form,
And thus the springs, that hither flow
  Are made for ever summer-warm.

Alas! the name of her who wrought
  This work, and all her glorious train,
Have faded far from common thought
  And never will be there again.

But Thou,—who in these tempered waves
  Delightest thy dust-fevered brow,—
For Thee the past has no such graves,
  Where Poets worshipt, worship Thou.

It seems to be generally supposed in the Western world, that the Book of the Greek Revolution is closed, and that of the Greek Nation begun. Greek affairs are no longer objects of romantic curiosity and peculiar excitement, but are included in the common politics of the South; the notions and theories of the day are unreservedly applied to the social state of this people, and their future destinies fluently prognosticated by taking the national character as it displayed itself in the great days of old, and supposing, that having at last attained the means of free action, it will be developed anew in all its pristine energy. To these calculations it might be well to suggest the inquiry, in what manner the Revolution has affected the establishment of those moral foundations from which all nationality must commence its growth, and whether it is probable that the genius of antient Greece will rise and sprout and bear fruit as of yore, in the very different soil and temperature of the modern world? The Greeks under the Ottoman rule were divided into two populations, the inhabitants of the plain and of the mountains, so distinct in character and habits of life, that a common language was all that made them one people. Of the former, the peasantry, a mixt race of Albanian and Greek, dragged on an existence of utter helotry, living only to live and toil; the upper class, insolent and servile, had no other aim than to wring from the serfs enough at once to satisfy the rapacity of their masters, and to gratify their own sensuality,—as inapt to all intellectual purposes as their conquerors, and equally incapable of that energy of action and dignity of repose, which are so wonderfully blent in the Mahommedan character. But the occupants of the mountain-sides, small elevated valleys, and hill-bound plains, were of another order: if a nation only existed in its moral strength and essen-

tial vigor of life, then these were the only Greeks, and Greece was never conquered. It is the unpausing resistance of these men to the whole series of invaders, Byzantine and French and Catalan and Venetian and Turk, which has made the whole history of Southern Greece one mazy melodrama of guerilla war. Under this aspect, the assignment of any date, as the commencement of the Revolution, is altogether imaginary ; every skirmish, every act of rapine, every voluntary endurance of these robber-patriots has been a step leading up to the present independence; theirs was the real Hetaria, the one effective bond. All that Greece has done for herself has been done by this means, others have only suffered ; whenever the peasantry were brought into action in any thing like an open battle, defeat and loss were the inevitable consequence: whenever the people of the towns were aroused by the high example of the klephtic warriors to share their perils and their glory, they were soon compelled to abandon their homes to the flame and pillage of the infidel, and identify themselves with the wild habits of the mountaineers. But as

> "To those who in most evil days are born
> All better days will be a grief and scorn,"—

as the virtue of one age may be the curse of another, so this very race, to whom, in co-operation with the benevolence of Christian Europe, Greece owes her present existence among nations, has become, now that their mission is accomplisht, the bane of her political peace, and paramount obstacle to her national happiness. It is not to be thought of that those men, whose sweat and blood have set the land in freedom and security, should contentedly lie down and starve and pass away, now that there are no longer robbers to rob from, and spoilers to spoil again ; if by

the work of which they have been the instruments, they have not only deprived themselves of those ready means of subsistence which both they and their fathers used, but also of that fierce and active occupation, which was the very essence of their life, it is not to be expected that they should allow the passive mass of the nation to enjoy at full leisure the produce of that harvest, and advance in peace and joy on the road they had hewn out with so much toil, while they are laid aside as a useless mechanism, their boasted freedom stigmatised licentiousness, their proud resistance to authority irreclaimable barbarism*. No wonder, then, that the liberators of the people have become its oppressors, that the names which were sainted and blest have become synonyms of cruelty and rapine, that the peasant burying his scanty store of corn to hide it from the armed and famished Palikar, should talk of the reign of Turkish power as "the good old times," or rather it would be an exception to the universal method of Revolution if these things were otherwise; she is a child who diligently supports those that engender her, and leaves them forlorn and desolate when she is gone by. And it does not appear that any thing which human policy can design for Greece can for a certain time materially affect this evil. Something may be done by completely severing the captains from their respective bands of followers, something by incorporation with forein troops and the consequent discipline and restraint; but it is as improbable that any adventitious government should have the means of supporting so immense an army,

* I remember asking a Palikar what constitution he would be contented with? "This constitution (ἄυτο τό σύνταγμα)," he said, as he threw his musket up into the air and caught it again.

as would be necessary for the inclusion of the whole body of Palikàri, as that it should have at its command a force sufficiently numerous and strong to garrison the whole country and protect it against their lawlessness and depredations. Until then this generation be extinct, and carry along with it its wild instincts and savage virtues, the atmosphere in which Grecian politics are to work must be turbulent and dark, to be made calm and clear by Time and the author of Time alone.

The materials out of which the national civilization is to be constructed are a class who may be justly styled a creation of the successful Revolution. During the Turkish sway, some few young Greeks were in the habit of being sent to the Italian universities to gain some knowledge of medicine, which ensured them competency and respect on their return. It is from this small root that this now important body has arisen. As soon as open hostilities effectually detacht them from Oriental modes of life and feeling, and European sympathy was earnestly lookt to as their best hope of salvation, not only Italy but Germany and France, especially the former, received a large importation of Greek students, thirsting for every kind of European intelligence, eager to attach themselves to European thoughts and habits, and Europe to the cause of their suffering country. It is these men, the greater part very young, who, having now witnesst the happy issue of that arduous struggle, are become not only the leading order in Greek society, but, to all moral intents, the present Greek nation, which thus is placed in such total contrast to antient Greece as to render any inference from the one to the other a manifest absurdity. The classic Greeks had two plain characteristics; the one which Shaftesbury has so well exprest, where he says that " the nation was evidently original

in Art, and with them every noble study and science was (as the great master says of certain kinds of poetry) 'self-formed,' wrought out of Nature and drawn from the necessary operation and course of things working, as it were, of their own accord and proper inclination;" the other, the preservation of fresh and simple youthfulness in their national character during their full intellectual and political maturity, even as, in their impersonations of divinities, the most perfect roundness and bloom of form were consistent with the conditions of matronly expansion and the dignity of venerable age*. Now, on the contrary, nothing they have learnt, nothing that they have to learn, is their own; nothing is the fair natural product of time and circumstance; they have stept at once into the possession of much manly knowledge and the expectation of much more: their intellect, like the statue of Pygmalion, has known no sense of youth, and has, therefore, none to retain; they are pensioners of the culture which the rest of Europe has learnt by long labor and the friction of ages; they have to think with others' thoughts, almost to feel with others' feelings.

I cannot think that the perception of beauty, the element of their old life, is entirely extinguisht; indeed the language itself seems to belie such a notion, for the Beautiful is the vernacular phrase for the Good; but Art is all to begin again. Even the curious and mannered paintings that adorn the churches are beyond the skill of the local artists, and come, wherever they are new, from Constantinople. Their only music

* The form of the Niobe is at once matronly and virginal, as probably that of the Olympian Jove was awfully reverend and youthfully vigorous.

(except the religious chanting) consists of a drawling, screaming succession of tones, which Lord Byron, with his usual appropriateness of expression, terms, "the light Greek *carolling* by." That they will acquire these things, and that rapidly, there can be no doubt; the great danger will be, lest the acquirement become that mere bald and spiritless imitation which is unfortunately the character of all their present literature. Cleverness, much cleverness, have they shewn, but I could not instance any one work which is nationally original. Perhaps the strongest claim to this eminence would be put in by the brothers Soutzo; but the excellent satires of the younger, and the impassioned declamatory verses of the other, would look just as well in French or English as in Romaic. In the same way both sexes are so readily assuming the tasteless dress of modern Europe, even to the probable abandonment of their own noble costume.

If there is any one circumstance to which the degradation of modern Greece may be attributed more than another, it is its separation from the Roman communion. If this unhappy schism had not occurred, Greece would, as far as we can calculate, have shared in the glories and struggles of Christian Europe, have been great in the Crusades, the subject, not the slave, of Venice, and, at any rate, would not have been permitted to fall into the hard hands of the infidel, not only undefended, but almost unregretted, by the ruling powers of the civilized world. Nor is the evil over now; the supreme authorities to whom the protection of Greece is confided are Catholics, and as long as she is under the tutelage of the better part of Europe, Catholic they are likely to remain, even if the present government be unable to maintain their ground, and any other be substituted. This discrepancy of religion, though

very small to the eyes of Protestant speculation, is quite broad enough to prevent a perfect identification of feeling between the mass of the Grecian people and their rulers, and inclines them to Russian fraternisation even more than the bribes of those shameless intriguers. Indeed, it would be dangerous to assert that, with this starting-point of sympathy, and an immense machinery of lawful and lawless means, Russia may not ultimately succeed in making this mother-country of the moral grandeur of the world the tool and agent of her base physical aggrandizement*, a fearful consummation to the long-drawn tragedy of revolution; the only hope is the existence of a clear-seeing spirit in the influential class, who are, for the most part, pupils of western Europe, by which they can discern, that, into into whatever errors of action or omission the government of the moment may fall, however the expectations of the ambitious and the hopes of the sanguine may be disappointed, Germany and Germans are the fittest authority to which Greece can be subject†. Not only will the learned enthusiasm with which

* There is a cold wickedness in the designs and policy of that bad clever man, the President Capo d'Istrias, which takes one back to the worst Italian times. It appears that his general scheme was to let Roumelia crumble to pieces in confusion and misery, to establish his stupid brother, Augustine, as President or Governor of the Morea, under the control of Russia, and to retire himself to the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, with the dignity and influence his talents had deserved.

† I would not have it imagined that I depreciated the efforts of the French in the Morea. With toil, and peril, and expense, they kept the country together in most turbulent times, and left it with no other reward than the consciousness of having done good service. But yet I should have been loth to trust the development of Greek character to French hyper-civilisation. The ingredients are too incongruous to coalesce to any thing good, they must effervesce.

German scholars abandon themselves to classic literature, the sanctity which they attach to every locality, so that they consider the pettiest accuracy in its details important to historic truth, and their close familiarity with all the intellectual and political features of antiquity, induce the modern Greeks to look with filial veneration to their former selves, to learn to respect and aspire to that nationality which, when "strongly exprest, is the power of a nation." But there is a sobriety in German statesmanship, a wise cautiousness even in those who are most imprest with the value of liberal institutions, which seems to point them out as guides to the tottering steps of an infant people. In this great work of bringing into contact and sympathy the two states of Greek existence, some are found co-operating from whom less extended views of education might perhaps be expected. I would particularly instance the American episcopal missionaries, under whose hands a great part of the population of Athens is growing up. It was very delightful to visit their infant and female schools, where they are laying the small but solid foundation-stones of moral and intellectual culture, and then to come among the rising youth, employed in the study of their own ancient wisdom,—to hear Athenian boys reading Plato, out of a book printed at Athens, where, so short a time before, the harsh and alien sounds of oriental rule alone had resounded, and the drunken dervish reeled.

* * * *

When the young Mavromikàli * was led out on the platform

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* Never was any one act so imperatively necessary to raise a perishing people, as the removal of Capo d'Istrias. The new Harmodias is said on all sides to have been a most magnanimous being; a certain gracefulness

of the fortress above Nauplia to die by the hands of an enraged faction, for a deed where assassination was not only a higher mode of justice, but the only mode the circumstances permitted, and gazed with a joyous exulting love on the city, and the mountains, and the sea,—he is described to me as having knelt down in the attitude in which Solomon is often represented as blessing the temple, his body bent forward as in yearning to the objects, his eyes uplifted as in rapturous prayer, and his arms extended as conferring the benediction, which he was receiving from heaven the power to confer; after some moments of silent contemplation, he uttered in a voice most loud, and clear, and musical, these three words,—"'Αρμονία, 'Ειρήνη, 'Αγάπη,—Harmony, Peace, Love." The last word was shortened by the musketry.

May Greece not be deaf to the prayer of the last and purest of her martyrs!

> Oh! ye, on whom the anxious earth
> Has gazed intent for many a day,
> Beware ye, now the strife is won,
> Now the first passionate deed is done,
> For fateful phantoms will come forth
> To dazzle and betray.

---

of disposition and taste for the amenities of social life had procured him some disesteem among his wild warrior relatives, but many of them as have fallen in the cause, no one has carried with him such a weight of glory. He was eloquently defended by a young English lawyer of the name of Masson (now Procureur du Roi), worthy of the office in head and in heart.

True Liberty can never fear
To bear and own the golden chain,
With which eternal laws repress
The life-corrupted heart's excess,
Subject at once and volunteer,
In Truth's immortal train.

She loves on Wisdom's arm to stand
As a bird upon a falconer's,
Who calls his hoodless pupils in
With a stern and steadfast discipline,
Obedient to no other hand,
No other voice than hers.

As, in the legend which our childhood loved,
The destined prince was guided to the bed,
Where, many a silent year, the charmèd maid
Lay still, as though she were not; nor could wake,
Till the first touch of his appointed hand
With the deep fountains of her subtle being
Made sympathy, and in her virgin bosom
The pulse of breath, that so long had beat on
Its regular measure, trembled and grew fast,
And the long fringes parted on her eyes,—

And she to her old world of light and sense
Was born again; so the Invisible Power,
Whose awful presence is upon our earth
Above all dominations, came at last
To Greece, and laid the magic of his hand
Upon her sleep, and she obedient rose.
She rose, but not as that enchanted ladie,
To whose unsullied beauty sleep had been
But as a veil, to guard off impure Time
From breathing on it, and had left no trace
Of its existence, but the long gold hair,
That, like a vestment, folded round her form;
Nor, even as they, who on this vulgar orb
Rise from their night's brief slumbers, hale and fresh,
With all the toil of yesterday behind them;—
No, nations sleep not thus,—their sleep and rest
Has more of death about it,—in its hours
Silent corruption works, and slow decay;
And when some special grace bids them awake,
Half-blinded, with worn hearts, and sense confused,
They rush in fury from their couch of shame,
Proclaim themselves new-born, and free, and young,
Nothing of youth about them, but its passions,
Its vigorous lusts, and recklessness of ends.—
Oh! wouldst thou, from thy hot delirious dream,
Look out upon the calm of long-past time,

Thine own bright natural youth, willing to learn;
Would only Greece remember what she was,
And then what made her so;—would she remember
That distant History records a time,
Though in the splendor of the after-light
Nearly obliterate, when she was as bare
Of every element of social being,
Of every use of moral energies,
Of all that can transform humanity
From the wild warrior-savage, instinct-led,
Into the thinking, acting, citizen,
As now, or more so; but her infant soul,
Soon from that rude and miserable state,
Into a youth of healthy-springing thoughts,
Gay simple fancies, aspirations high,
Expanded under tutelary care
Of two wise nurses, delegates of God,
The Love of Beauty and Self-sacrifice:
And when, in the full time, came slowly on
Life's manly mood, and consciousness mature,
She, the fair faith and natural impulses
That waited on her morning, taking up
Into the accomplisht glory of her noon,
Never forgot, through all the growth of wealth,
And martial action, and scholastic pride,
Her first affections,—and possest at once,

A mind informed by sage experience,
And a heart fresh as it had come from heaven.
What, though the curse of this unresting world,
The influence that will let no greatness be,
Merged in the blackness of barbaric night,
This model of the perfect equipoise,
And just appliance of all human powers ;
Yet still for Ye, born of a second dawn,
The children of another germ of life,
It has a voice of loud authority;
By the same laws it bids you train your minds,
To the same tutelage submit your hearts,
And, to the sum of wisdom there laid up,
Adding the priceless gems of Christian truth,
Be owners of a treasury of such wealth,
As all the spirit of nations has not known.

TO ——.

Hast thou not read the wild but all-true story,
  Of the brave Pilgrim and his Georgian bride,
Pietro* and Maäni, who in glory
  And cloudless joy went wandering side by side?

Now by the Turcoman's ferocious hordes,
  Guarded, and tended with religious care,
Now proudly feasted at the imperial boards,
  Of Isfahan and Shiras, peerless pair!

What was to them the peril and the toil,
  The shifting troubles of that novel way,
They were together, and no power could soil
  The pure love-calm that at their spirits lay:—

Till envious Death forbade the further sight,
  Of that rare interchange of bliss and pain,
And nations lost a wonder and delight,
  Which never might refresh their souls again.

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* Pietro della Valle, il Pellegrino, commenced his strange wanderings, in 1614. The chivalry of his character, his singular marriage, and the novelty of the world he opens to Europe in all truth and simplicity, make these rare volumes most enjoyable reading. The best edition I have met with is in four thick neat volumes, 12mo. Venice. 1667.

But though thus late, why should'st not Thou and I,
Before our lives' short seasons downward tend,
Renew that long-extinguisht memory,
My falcon-eyed, my falcon-hearted friend.

It is a high vocation, to go out,
Upon the dædal Earth, and watch the sun
Rise above unknown hills, and wide about
Strange plains, extend our sight's dominion.

Through scenes, which to the habitants of each
Are worlds distinct, as if they planets were,
And ever-varying moods of garb and speech,
To pass light-winged, and free as birds of air :—

To live whole years in some short span of days,—
To feel new wisdom falling, like a dew,
Upon our passive temples, and the maze
Of life unravel with a ready clue!

When close before us spreads some famous land,
How well we think! how faithfully we know!
Imagination lays her regal hand
On Memory's shoulder, and she dare not go :—

For then the Soul can best its ear apply,
  Piercing our daily path's discordant sound,
To that low-paced long-echoing melody,
  To which the Earth, in its pure prime, went round.

Such generous ends will surely energise
  Thy flower-frail form, till it becomes so strong,
That in dark ways, and under sternest skies,
  Serene and fearless thou wilt move along;

And Nature's shapes, and each historic place,
  Fresh earnest of their inner life will find,
Taking the mould of thy supernal grace,
  And lucid with the light of thy clear mind.

TO THE SAME.

Belovèd, close this weary-wandering book,
  Let us forget it ever held a line,
Let me repose upon thy loving look,
  For I am thine again,—nothing but Thine.

For sights half-seen, and thoughts half-followed out,
  And feeble memories, how can I repine?
Having one bliss, on which I dare not doubt,—
  For I am thine again,—nothing but Thine.

Or if my Spirit has learnt some things aright,
  Nor toiled in vain within the Past's rich mine,
It is, that it may take a nobler flight,
  And worthier to be thine,—nothing but Thine.

Thy presence is the homestead of my heart,
  My own true country, my familiar shrine,
I know no other world than what thou art,
  Since I am thine again,—nothing but Thine.

THE END.

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