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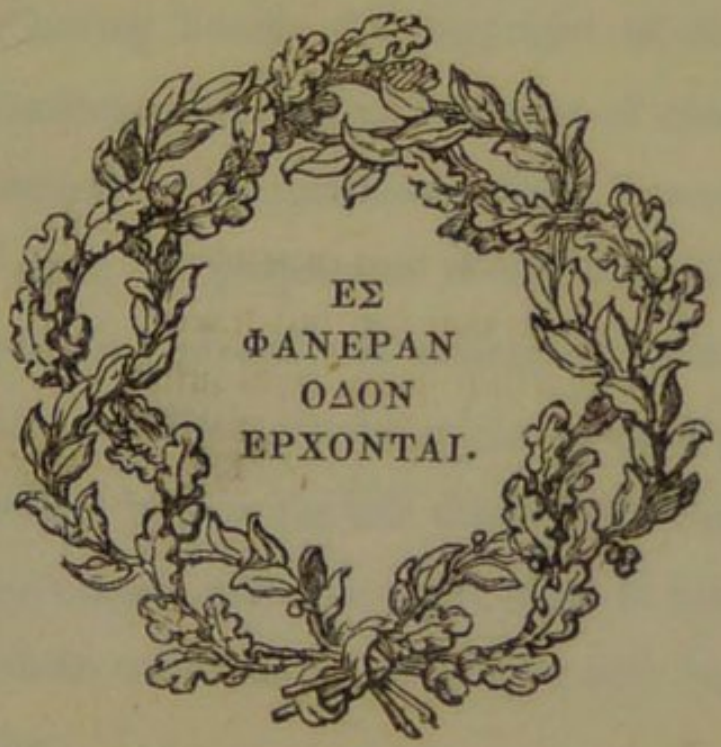
ENGLISH PRIZE POEMS.



OXFORD, D. A. TALBOYS.

MDCCCXXVIII.

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OXFORD, JAN. 14, 1828.

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THE

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

Ἐπίστασθε γὰρ δήπου ὅτι οὔτε πλῆθός ἐστιν, οὔτε ἰσχὺς ἡ ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ τὰς νίκας ποιοῦσα· ἀλλ' ὁπότεροι ἂν σὺν τοῖς θεοῖς ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἐῤῥωμενέστεροι ἴωσιν ἐπὶ τοὺς πολεμίους.
—Xenoph. Cyri Exped. lib. iii.

FAREWELL, ye Naiads, who your tresses lave
Where Isis rolls her unpolluted wave:
Far off to regions unexplor'd I fly,
To savage nations and a frozen sky;
Where the Laurentian stream his copious stores
In whitening torrents to th' Atlantic pours;
Where never echo his steep banks along
Heard the sweet accents of a Muse's song;
But shouts of barb'rous dissonance resound,
And blood of warriors bathes the reeking ground.
Long time the bashful Muse, content to stray
Where list'ning swains approv'd her simple lay,
By art untutor'd, and unknown to fame,
Had learnt to warble only Delia's name;

Nor from her silent caves and grottos led
Had dar'd the crimson fields of war to tread:
New ardors now her throbbing breast invade;
For themes untried she quits the chequer'd shade;
Fierce transport bears her o'er th' embattled plain,
And softer pleasures call her back in vain.
So, from the toils of martial service freed,
Through flow'ry meadows roves the warrior steed;
Now plunges in the river's crystal tide,
To slake his thirst, or cool his glowing side;
Now on soft herbage rolls in wanton play,
And lengthens out with ease th' inglorious day:
But when the trumpet's piercing clangor sounds,
He leaps indignant o'er opposing mounds,
Untasted leaves the gusting rill behind,
And flies to fame impetuous as the wind.

Where on a cliff QUEBEC's high tow'rs arise,
Braving with warlike shew the neighb'ring skies,
WOLFE all the various arts of combat tried,
And pour'd his thunders on its rocky side:
But though unshaken stand the solid walls,
While ceaseless the resounding tempest falls,
Victorious hopes his dauntless breast inspire,
Nor danger can appal, nor labour tire;
Armies from him receive the gen'rous rage,
And with new strength increasing toils engage;

Where through the ranks he turns his glowing eyes,
Again th' expiring flames of battle rise.
Ere the still evening's dusky shades prevail'd,
Far up the stream the crowded vessels sail'd;
There the bold Chief unfolds his mighty plan,
And martial fury spreads from man to man;
Till on her sable pinions night descends,
And round the bands her friendly veil extends:
Then, swiftly borne by the retreating tide,
Unseen and silent o'er the waves they glide;
And winding cautious near the hostile shore,
Its treach'rous shoals and op'ning creeks explore;
Till safely the appointed strand they reach,
And spring tumultuous on the slipp'ry beach.
Where rising hills the western tow'rs inclose,
And weak of fabric the low bulwark rose;
Where France had trusted no advent'rous foe
Could gain the mountain lab'ring from below;
Planting his feet against its steepy side,
Foremost press'd Valour on with daring stride;
Sage Conduct, Resolution void of fear,
And Perseverance clos'd th' unshaken rear.
Arduous they climb; and where the dubious way
Perplex'd with brakes and twisting branches lay,
Through pathless wilds and unfrequented shades
Eager though slow advance the bold brigades;

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With ceaseless toil its craggy side ascend,
And their thick phalanx o'er the plain extend.
Soon from th' Atlantic rose the golden day,
Dispell'd the gloom, and roll'd the mists away;
To rising winds the red-cross banners stream,
And the bright arms of thronging cohorts gleam.
The sons of Gaul, with horror in their eye,
Through scatter'd fogs the sudden lustre spy;
These from their posts in wild confusion start;
These haste the fatal tidings to impart;
The savage bands awake their deathful yell,
And the loud shout with hideous discord swell.
Yet, ere the legions to close combat ran,
Some chosen warriors press'd before the van;
Where treach'rous shrubs protect the secret stand,
In dreadful ambush lurk th' insidious band;
No vulgar deaths attend their fatal aim,
But warrior chiefs, the fav'rite sons of fame.
WOLFE in the front of danger led the way,
And with stern pleasure view'd the close array:
On him their eyes the latent warriors bend,
And leaden deaths in hissing show'rs descend;
His manly arm receives the grisly wound,
And the red current streams upon the ground:
Yet from his troops the prudent Chief conceal'd
The gushing tide, and strode along the field.

At length the battle, front to front oppos'd,
In deeds of death and furious onset clos'd:
Now echoing peals of mortal thunder roar,
And pitchy volumes cloud the combat o'er;
Now bursting flames the waste of war display,
And for a while recall the gleam of day.
So when thick flashes of the northern light
With streamy sparkles gild the face of night,
Sudden the blazing coruscations fly,
Rise the bright hills, and meet th' astonish'd eye;
Sudden the momentary prospects fade,
And earth lies buried in surrounding shade.

Meantime fair Vict'ry o'er the crimson plains
Hov'ring, her scale in equal poise sustains.
Soon as to Albion's sons the goddess flew,
The Gauls retire, the victor troops pursue;
In black despair recoils the fainting band,
Sunk is each heart, and weaken'd ev'ry hand.
But while the British Chief his troops led on
To pluck those laurels which their arms had won,
Some winged fate his mighty bosom tore,
And low to earth the gallant Warrior bore.
His friends with pity mark his parting breath,
And pause suspended from the work of death.
No more the vanquish'd in their scatter'd rear
His well-known voice, inspiring terrors, hear:

Elate with joy, the bleeding Chief they view,
And the long labours of the day renew.
Now their defeated hopes the Britons mourn,
And from their grasp the wreath of conquest torn;
Till through the breaking squadrons Townshend flies,
Revenge and fury sparkling in his eyes;
Fierce over slaughter'd heroes tow'rs along,
Collects the war, and fires the yielding throng.

Meanwhile their Chief his sad associates laid
Beneath the covert of a neighb'ring shade;
Thence, as the sanguine torrent ebb'd away,
He strove the scene of tumult to survey;
Rous'd by the martial thunder of the field,
By fits his dim expiring eyes unseal'd;
Then, sick'ning at the piercing blaze of light,
Turn'd from the ranks of war his aching sight:
Yet, fondly anxious for his country's fame,
Long as the vital spirit feeds its flame,
Oft he requires of each attending friend
O'er the wide plain their careful view to send,
And mark if Gaul the conquering bands repell'd,
Or yet their flight the broken legions held.
" Sweet peace be thine," replied the warrior train,
" In this sad hour, and soften ev'ry pain;
" For lo! thy Townshend at his people's head
" Urges the rout, and conquers in thy stead,

" Resistless bids the tide of slaughter flow,
" Scatters their ranks, and lays their heroes low."
To whom the Chief; " I die, since this is giv'n,
" Content, and ask no other boon of Heav'n."
He could no more; th' unfinish'd accents hung
In sounds imperfect on his falt'ring tongue;
His mighty spirit fled, and mix'd with wind;
Yet virtue left a conscious smile behind.

Nor longer now the bloody slaughter rag'd
With distant thunders: man with man engag'd:
Those who from Caledonian hills descend,
Where tow'ring cliffs their rugged arms extend,
(Stern sons of havoc, practis'd to obey
The various calls of ev'ry dreadful day;
Now in close order and collected might
To wait the tumult of advancing fight;
Now fearless the divided lines expand,
Ravage at large, and mingle hand to hand!)
With piercing cries the hostile files invade,
And shake aloft in air the massy blade:
Where'er their falchions heap the slaughter round,
Crowds roll'd on crowds bestrew the loaded ground;
While rushing to the front with equal speed,
Their brave companions of the war succeed.

With desp'rate anguish torn and glowing shame,
That ill successes blast his ancient fame,

Moncalm, in vain exerting ev'ry art,
Performs a leader's and a warrior's part:
But now no more his keen reproach controuls
The coward terrors that unman their souls:
No sense of glory fires the vet'ran's breast,
With horror chill'd, and heav'n-bred awe deprest.
As, where his squadrons urg'd their course along,
Raging he travers'd the disorder'd throng,
Some British falchion sped the deathful wound,
And hew'd th' indignant chieftain to the ground;
Wedg'd in the rout the gasping hero lay,
And with faint murmur sigh'd his soul away.

To swifter flight the Gallic legions yield,
And trembling quit the long contested field;
Part hasten to the stream whose waves contain
Th' extensive limits of the fatal plain;
Part to the bulwarks, from whose lofty height
Their friends desponding view th' unequal fight.

Soon as the morrow's sun with genial ray
To the bleak climate gave returning day,
The victor's mercy Gallia's sons implore,
And trust the fickle chance of war no more;
Their ample gates unfold; along the strand
In silent sorrow moves the vanquish'd band;
While, flush'd with triumph, and of conquest vain,
Pours tow'rd the captive walls the British train.

Thus from their toil the glorious heroes rest,
And peaceful rapture swells in ev'ry breast;
Save that as oft the glowing tale they tell
Of such as bravely fought, or greatly fell,
WOLFE's early fate their pensive mind employs,
And manly sorrows check their rising joys.

Illustrious shade! if artless hands like mine
Could for an hero's urn the chaplet twine,
The Muse for thee should cull each op'ning bloom,
And with unfading garlands deck thy tomb:
For oh! what youth, whose rev'rent feet are led
To those sad mansions of the mighty dead,
Where martial trophies in rich sculpture show
The sacred ashes that repose below,
But, kindling at the view, for glory burns,
As on thy name his sparkling eyes he turns?
Ages to come shall thy great story hear,
And pay the pious tribute of a tear;
Thy wondrous deeds shall vet'ran sires recite,
Thy prudence in debate, thy toils in fight;
And ev'ry warrior to the tale reply,
"Be mine like him to conquer, and to die."

Middleton Howard,

1768. *Wadham College.*

THE

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

Εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης. Hom.

. . . . Who fights his Country's battle,
Does in his bosom feel a golden omen
Of victory.

Ye souls illustrious, who in days of yore
With peerless might the British target bore;
Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed war;
Who dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppose
To Chalybéan steel and Roman foes:
And ye of later age, though not less fame,
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont, by hardiest sport,
To claim the fairest guerdon of the court;
Say, holy Shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll through your faithful sons in nobler flood,
Than late, when George bade gird on ev'ry thigh
The myrtle-braided sword of Liberty[1]?

[1] Vide Ἁρμοδίου μέλος.

Say, when the high-born Druid's magic strain
Rous'd, on old Mona's top, a female train
To madness, and with more than mortal rage
Bade them, like furies, in the fight engage;
Frantic when each unbound her bristling hair,
And shook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild despair;
Or when, in Cressy's plain, the sable might
Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy Shades, did patriotic heat
In your big hearts with quicker transport beat
Than in your sons, when forth like storms they pour'd,
In Freedom's cause, the fury of the sword;
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With Hawke who conquer'd, or with Wolfe who bled?
  Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame:
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though Fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade:
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans sung,
No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue:
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curse of widows, and the orphan's tear,
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his head:
Alive detested, and accurst when dead.

Indignant of his deeds, the Muse who sings
Th' undaunted truth, and scorns to flatter kings,
Shall shew the Monster in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.

Not so the patriot Chief, who dar'd withstand
The base invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end;
Rul'd, but to serve her; fought, but to defend;
" Her voice in council, and in war her sword;
" Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd;"
Who, firmly virtuous, and severely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not save!
On worth like his the Muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph or defeat;
Crowns with true glory, and with spotless fame,
And honours PAOLI's more than Frederick's name.

Here let the Muse withdraw the blood-stain'd veil,
And shew the boldest sons of public zeal:
Lo! SYDNEY, bending o'er the block! his mien,
His voice, his hand, unshaken, clear, serene:
Yet no diffuse harangue, declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd;
No specious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die;
But sternly silent down he bow'd, and prov'd
A calm, firm martyr to the cause he lov'd.

Unconquer'd Patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to restore;
Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And seal'd, by death, the lesson that he taught.

Dear is the tie, that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love, that prompts the grateful youth
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to sooth:
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife;
Dear all the charities of social life:
Nor wants firm friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind:
But not th' endearing springs that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love;
Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all in friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,
Are half so dear, so potent to controul
The gen'rous workings of the patriot soul,
As in that holy voice, that cancels all
These ties, that bids him for his country fall.
At this high summons, with undaunted zeal
He bares his breast, invites th' impending steel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth Glory, though her port be bold,
Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,

Guide through the walks of death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war;
She ne'er disdains the gentle vale of Peace,
Or olive shades of philosophic ease,
More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the spoil of battles home.
  To read, with Newton's ken, the starry sky,
And God the same in all his orbs descry;
To lead forth merit from her humble shade,
Extend to rising Arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice structure of the gen'rous Law,
That holds the freeborn soul in willing awe;
To swell the sail of Trade, the barren plain
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious sigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;
These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love;
These are the deeds that public Virtue owns,
And, just to public virtue, Glory crowns.

Christopher Butson,

1771. *New College.*

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

OF

INOCULATION.

. . . . . Quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam Morbi deponere partem.

LONG had bewail'd Arabia's hapless swains
Their groves deserted, and uncultur'd plains:
Those happy plains where Nature ever gay
Proclaim'd the presence of perpetual May,
Where, in her choicest treasures bright array'd,
Luxuriant Nature ev'ry charm display'd,
With giant strides a ghastly Plague[1] o'erspread,
And breath'd destruction on each fated head;
His motley front uprear'd the deadly Pest,
And shook with savage pride his purpled crest:
The scorching sands of Afric gave him birth,
Thence sprang the Fiend, and scourg'd th' afflicted earth:

[1] Small pox.

Fiend fierce as this ne'er saw astonish'd time
Creep from old Nilus' monster-teeming slime;
Each vale now felt the deadly tyrant's force,
Nor tears nor vows could stop his destin'd course:
In vain was sung the mighty Prophet's name,
To Mecca's hallow'd walls the Monster came;
E'en in the sacred temple's inmost cell,
Check'd in mid pray'r, the pious pilgrim fell;
Nor could Medina's fabled tomb withstand
The baleful vengeance of his death-fraught hand.

Those balmy gales that whilom could dispense
A thousand odours to the ravish'd sense,
With fragrant coolness pleasing now no more,
Spread through the tainted sky their deadly store:
With anxious fear the fainting mother press'd
The smiling infant to her venom'd breast;
The smiling babe, unconscious of his fate,
Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat:
Oft as the swain beneath the citron shade
Pour'd his soft passion to the list'ning maid,
Infection's poison hung on ev'ry breath,
And each persuasive sigh was charg'd with death.

Blind Superstition with the Fiend conspir'd,
Increas'd his conquests, and his fury fir'd:
"My sons," she cried, "with patient boldness wait
"The fix'd predestin'd laws of rigid fate;

" Nor Heav'n's just vengeance to oppose presume,
" But each with silent rev'rence meet his doom."
Thus, drunk with conquest, larger still he grew,
And gather'd tenfold fury as he flew:
Arm'd with the shafts of fate, in ireful mood
He pass'd Euphrates' far-resounding flood;
From Schiraz' walls to snow-clad Taurus' height
Desponding Persia groan'd beneath his weight:
In vain to Heav'n her sacred flames ascend,
On with resistless fury rush'd the Fiend;
In vain was Mithraz call'd his wrath to 'suage,
The blazing God increas'd the Monster's rage.
As when his empire sultry Cancer gains
The scorching whirlwinds scour along the plains,
The stately tamarisk and graceful pine
Shrink from the blast, and all their charms resign,
The bright anana's gaudy bloom is fled,
The sick'ning orange bows her languid head;
So spread destruction at the Tyrant's nod,
And beauty's blossom wither'd where he trod:
The God of Love in silent anguish broke
His blunted arrows and his useless yoke;
Aside for grief he flung his loosen'd bow,
And trembling fled before th' impetuous foe.
Cloy'd with the luscious banquets of the East,
In Europe's climes he sought a nobler feast;

Here as he rested on the sea-girt shore,
To plan fresh conquests and new coasts explore,
From ocean's wave he saw Britannia rise;
Her beauteous lustre struck his ravish'd eyes:
Pleas'd with a smile he view'd those heav'nly spoils,
The last, best guerdon of his savage toils.—
He came—and rapine mark'd the Monster's way,
Sad was the scene, for beauty was the prey.
  Remorseless Tyrant! see that alter'd face,
Which beam'd erewhile with each celestial grace,
With gloomy frowns and furrow'd seams o'erspread,
And ev'ry smile and ev'ry charm is fled!
Those beauteous eyes, whose soul-dissolving fires
Rais'd in th' enraptur'd swain love's soft desires,
Now he beholds obscur'd in putrid night,
And turns with deep-felt horror from the sight.
  From bleak Plinlimmon's star-encircled brow
With grief Britannia view'd her country's woe;
Her sea-green robes she tore and faded crown,
And cast in rage her oaken sceptre down:
"Are these the blest and envied plains," she cried,
"Where Mirth and Pleasure ever young preside?
"Hush'd are those sounds that warbled through the grove
"The artless strains of Liberty and Love,
"Now chang'd to frantic notes of wild despair,
"Which fill with piercing shrieks th' affrighted air!

" Ah! luckless isle! to whom too-bounteous Heav'n
" Its sweetest stores and choicest boon has giv'n,
" Which, like the blushing vi'let's rich perfume,
" But tempt some ruffian hand to spoil their bloom."
Thus in soft strains complain'd the sorrowing queen,
And view'd with tear-swoln eyes the mournful scene;
When, pierc'd with grief at sad Britannia's woes,
Her country's guardian Montague[2] arose;
Pure patriot zeal her ev'ry thought inspir'd,
Glow'd on her cheek, and all her bosom fir'd.
She saw the Tyrant rage without controul,
While just revenge inflam'd her gen'rous soul;
Full well she knew, when beauty's charms decay'd,
Britannia's drooping laurels soon would fade:
Pierc'd with deep anguish at th' afflictive thought,
And whelm'd with shame, a heav'n-taught Nymph[3] she sought,
Whose potent arm, with wondrous pow'r endu'd,
Had oft on Turkey's plains the Fiend subdu'd.
Obedient to her pray'r the willing Maid
In pity came to sad Britannia's aid:
" Weep not," she cried; " 'tis mine with soothing balm
" The Fiend to soften, and his fury calm;
" See! where I fly the dreaded foe to meet,
" And lay the vanquished Tyrant at my feet:

[2] Lady M. Wortley Montague. [3] Inoculation.

" Soon shall his wings the bird of peace expand,
" And joys long lost shall bless the smiling land;
" Again shall Health and Mirth united rove,
" Again shall Beauty light the torch of Love."

She spake, and quickly through the yielding air
Swift as a meteor shot the lovely Fair;
Through the sad plains her friendly course she sped,
Then fraught with mighty pow'r her arm outspread,
And thrice she wav'd it o'er the Monster's head:
He felt its force; and, struck with sudden fear,
Feeble he halted in his fierce career,
With haggard eye the virgin form survey'd,
And in mid air his lifted sabre stay'd;
Weak and more weak the conscious Demon grew,
His tow'ring bulk contracted to the view.—
Thus as of old in Merlin's magic reign,
When mighty Paynims ravag'd ev'ry plain,
Haply subdu'd by some superior charm,
The pond'rous club forsook their weaken'd arm;
Through their chill'd veins a shiv'ring horror ran,
And the stern giant shrunk into the man.

" Henceforth, fall'n Tyrant!" cries the Nymph, " no more
" Hope that just Heav'n will thy lost pow'r restore;
" Let now no more thy touch profane defile
" The sacred beauties of Britannia's isle;

" By me protected shall they now deride
" Thy baffled fury and thy vanquish'd pride:
" Sacred to me, near Thames's level mead,
" A beauteous Temple[4] rears its rev'rend head;
" There meek Benevolence before the gate,
" And soft-ey'd Pity, lovely sisters, wait;
" With open arms the sacred virgins stand,
" To shield the victim from thy ruthless hand.
" Fly then, curs'd Exile! to some desert coast,
" There wail thine honours, and thine empire lost;
" For now, secur'd by ev'ry pow'r divine,
" Britannia mistress of the world shall shine,
" With joy and victory for ever crown'd,
" Alike for beauty, as for arms renown'd."

William Lipscomb,

1772. *Corpus Christi College.*

[4] Small pox hospital.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS.

SUBJECT.

ON THE STATE OF THE ABORIGINAL BRITONS PREVIOUS TO THE REFINEMENTS INTRODUCED BY THE ROMANS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Address to the first Navigators of the South Seas.—Wild state of the country—contrasted with Italy as improved by culture.—Aboriginal Britons considered as individuals—the Man—the Woman—considered as to their national character—Their domestic state—promiscuous concubinage—ignorance of other countries—Description of a day in time of peace, including the most striking circumstances of their domestic economy—Their wars—fondness for war—internal dissensions and their consequences—manner of fighting—behaviour after a defeat—treatment of captives after a victory.—Religion—the objects which give rise to natural religion.—Druid Grove—Magic rites, and human sacrifices—Bards—Doctrines—Transmigration and immortality of the soul, and its effects—Characteristics of liberty in the savage state of this island—its extinction in the early stages of our monarchy—its revival and influence in the present civilized state of manners, as producing public security, giving rise to public works, and calling forth the powers of the mind.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS.

. . . . Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
Durius. LUCRET.

. . . . . Quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit. HOR.

YE sons of Albion, who with venturous sails
In distant oceans caught Antarctic gales;
Dar'd with bold prow the boisterous main explore,
Where never keel had plow'd the wave before;
Saw stars unnam'd illumine other skies,
Which ne'er had shone on European eyes;
View'd on the coast the wondering savage stand,
Unclad, and fresh from his Creator's hand;
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,
Bore a rough semblance of primeval man:—
A form like this, illustrious souls, of yore
Your own Britannia's sea-girt island wore;
Ere Danish lances blush'd with Ælla's blood;
Or blue-ey'd Saxons sail'd on Medway's flood;

Or Dover's towering cliff from high descried
Cæsar's bold barks, which stemm'd a deep untried.
Through fleecy clouds the balmy spring-tide smil'd;
But all its sweets were wasted on a wild:
In vain mild Autumn shone with mellowing gleam;
No bending fruitage blush'd beneath its beam.
Rudely o'erspread with shadowy forests lay
Wide trackless wastes, that never saw the day:
Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,
Frown'd rough and shaggy with the tangled thorn:
Through joyless heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
Majestic rivers roll'd their useless floods:
Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,
Dreading the latent bog and green morass:
While, like a blasting mildew, wide were spread
Blue thickening mists in stagnant marshes bred.
O'er scenes thus wild adventurous Cæsar stray'd,
And joyless view'd the conquests he had made;
And bless'd Italia's happier plains and skies,
Through purest air where yellow olives rise;
From elm to elm where stretching tendrils twine,
Bending with clusters of the purple vine:
While, spread o'er sunny hill and verdant wood,
Stray the white flocks which drink Clitumnus' flood.
Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam.

Bare were his limbs, and strung with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature cast in giant-mould.
O'er his broad brawny shoulders loosely flung
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,
Massy, and purpled deep with human gore:
His scarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
Fantastic horror-striking figures frown'd,
Which, monster-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.
His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart
A direful image of his ruthless heart;
Where war and human bloodshed brooding lie,
Like thunders lowering in a gloomy sky.

But you, illustrious Fair Ones[1], wont to brave
Helvellin's storms, and sport in Darwent's wave,
To your high worth submiss the savage stood,
As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.
He made no rubied lip nor sparkling eye
The shrine and god of his idolatry;

[1] Inesse enim sanctum quid et providum fœminis putant. Tac. de moribus Germ. "Απαντες γὰρ τῆς δεισιδαιμονίας ἀρχηγοὺς οἴονται τὰς γυναῖκας. Strabo, lib. xii. What is said of the ancient German women is applied by Mr. Mason, and our early historians, to our countrywomen of earlier ages. The important offices which they filled in the government, so unusual in the savage state, fully justify this application.

But, proudly bending to a just controul,
Bow'd in obeisance to the female soul;
And deem'd some effluence of th' Omniscient mind
In woman's beauteous image lay enshrin'd;
With inspiration on her bosom hung,
And flow'd in heav'nly wisdom from her tongue.
Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown she wore;
At freedom's call the gory falchion bore;
Rul'd the triumphant car; and rank'd in fame
Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.

No tender virgin heard th' impassion'd youth
Breathe his warm vows, and swear eternal truth:
No sire, encircled by a blooming race,
View'd his own features in his infant's face:
The savage knew not wedlock's chaster rite[2];
The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light;
As passion fir'd, the lawless pair were bless'd;
And babes unfather'd hung upon the breast.

Such was the race, who drank the light of day,
When lost in western waves Britannia lay.
Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
Nor thought that ocean roll'd round other shores.

[2] Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes.
Si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum HABENTUR liberi, a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ sunt. Cæsar de Bello Gallico.

Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their skies,
Mid the wide world of waters set and rise,
They vainly deem'd the twinkling orbs of light
For them alone illum'd the vault of night;
For them alone the golden lamp of day
Held its bright progress through the heav'n's high way.
When the chill breeze of morning overhead
Wav'd the dark boughs, that roof'd his sylvan bed,
Up the light Briton sprung—to chase the deer
Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.
Languid at noon his fainting limbs he cast
On the warm bank, and sought his coarse repast:
With acorns, shaken from the neighbouring oak,
Or sapless bark[3], that from the trunk he broke,
His meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
Drank the hoarse wave that down the rough rocks fell.
At eve, retracing slow his morning road,
With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.
No city rose with spires and turrets crown'd;
No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd:
But plain and simple, in the shadowy wood,
The shapeless, rude-constructed hamlets stood:
O'er the deep trench an earthy mound arose,
To guard the sylvan town from beasts and foes:

[3] Dio Nicæus says, that the Britons in the woods would live upon roots or bark of trees.

The crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn shade
With cheerful blaze illum'd the darksome glade.
Ofttimes beneath the sheltering oak was spread
With leaves and spoils of beasts the rustic bed:
In open sky he rests his head, and sees
The stars that twinkle through the waving trees.
On his bare breast the chilling dews descend;
His yellow locks the midnight tempests rend;
Around, the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
And shakes the lonely forest with his howls;
Yet health and toil weigh down the sense, and steep
His wearied aching limbs in balmy sleep;
Till the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,
And slowly gains upon the mid-wood shades.

But ah! unwelcome rose the peaceful morn
On Albion's sons, for war and glory born.

Lo! how Britannia's woods and hills resound
With martial yells, and blaze with arms around!
War is their sport: at day-spring forth they go,
With spear and shield, and find or make a foe;
Join the wild fight; and with the setting sun
Bear home their plunder; and the war is done.
'Twixt bordering tribes eternal discord reign'd;
Not foreign foes these native feuds restrain'd:
Else, nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,
And, reft of freedom, nobly wooing death,

Had Albion's warlike states united pour'd
The godlike vengeance of the patriot sword;
Julius[4] had steer'd with daring helm in vain
To isles embosom'd in th' Atlantic main;
Nor Rome's imperial eagle, borne on high,
Had spread her pinions in our northern sky.

Furious as mountain-beasts, the tribes engage,
With yells, and clanging arms[5], and frantic rage.
Rapid the Briton hurls the bolts of war,
Mounted, like Fate, upon his scythed car!
Resistless scours the plain, and bursts the files,
As mad Tornadoes sweep the Indian isles;
The scythes and hooks with mangled limbs hung round,
Yet quick, and writhing ghastly with the wound:
Adown the madding wheels in torrents pour
Th' empurpled smoking streams of human gore:
While high in air the sighs and shrieks and groans
Ascend, one direful peal of mortal moans.
Pale, panic-struck, and fix'd as in a trance,
The Romans stood, and dropp'd the useless lance:
And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd
Beyond the confines of the mortal world;

[4] Vide Tacitus.

[5] Their arms are a shield and short spear, in the lower end whereof is a piece of brass, like an apple, that by shaking it they may terrify the enemy. Camden's Britannia, taken from Dio Nicæus, out of Xiphilin's Epitome.

And more than men, horrific in their might,
Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.
Thus fought Britannia's sons;—but when o'erthrown,
More keen and fierce the flame of freedom shone.
Ye woods, whose cold and lengthen'd tracts of shade
Rose on the day when sun and stars were made;
Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow
Tumble your flood, and shake the vale below;
Majestic Skiddaw, round whose trackless steep
Mid the bright sunshine darksome tempests sweep:
To you the patriot fled; his native land
He spurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand;
In you to roam at large; to lay his head
On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed;
Hid in the aguish fen[6] whole days to rest,
The numbing waters gather round his breast;
To see Despondence cloud each rising morn,
And dark Despair hang o'er the years unborn:
Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,
And drain the luscious dregs of liberty;
Outcast of nature, fainting, wasted, wan,
To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.

[6] Many ancient writers assert, that the Britons in their retreat would hide themselves in the bogs up to their chins in water. Dio Nicæus, etc.

But[7] when with conquest crown'd, he taught his foes,
What free-born man on free-born man bestows.
He, in the pride and insolence of war,
Ne'er bound th' indignant captive to his car;
Nor with ignoble toils or servile chains
Debas'd the blood that swells the hero's veins;
Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold
The soul that animates the human mould:
But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown;
Disdain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan;
Gave him to die; and by the generous blow
Restor'd that freedom he had lost below.
For simple nature taught his soul to rise
To nobler powers, and realms beyond the skies.
Though to his view th' Almighty voice had ne'er
Stay'd the proud sun amid his bright career;
Pour'd from the flinty rock the crystal stream;
Or shed on sightless eyes the gladsome beam;
Bad the deep waters of the main divide,
And ope an highway through the pathless tide;
Or stiffen'd corses, cold and pale in death,
Blush with new life, and heave again with breath!
Yet gazing round him he beheld the God
Hold in all nature's works his dread abode:

[7] For the train of thought through this paragraph, the author is indebted to a speech of Caractacus in Mr. Mason's tragedy.

He saw him beaming in the silver moon,
Effulgent burning in the blaze of noon,
On the dark bosom of the storm reclin'd,
Speaking in thunder, riding on the wind,
And, mid the earthquake's awful riot hurl'd,
Shaking the deep foundations of the world.

Hence Superstition sprung in elder time,
Wild as the soil, and gloomy as the clime.

Midst rocks and wastes the Grove tremendous rose:
O'er the rude altars hung in dread repose
A twilight pale; like the dim sickly noon,
When the mid-sun retires behind the moon.
From sounding caverns rush'd the darksome flood;
Each antique trunk was stain'd with human blood.
'Twas sung, that birds in terror fled the shade[8];
That lightnings harmless round the branches play'd;
And, in the hour of fate, the Central Oak
Shook with the spirit of the God, and spoke.
The Roman check'd a while his conquering band,
And dropp'd th' imperial eagle from his hand;
And seem'd, while shuddering borne through Mona's wood,
To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.

What direful rites these gloomy haunts disgrace,
Bane of the mind, and shame of man's high race!

[8] Vide Lucan's description of a Druid's Grove, b. iii.

'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,
The mystic figures, and the muttering band,
Held o'er all nature's works as pow'rful sway,
As the great Lord and Maker of the day.
Rocks, by infernal spells and magic prayer,
Shook from their base, and trembled high in air:
The blasted stars their fading light withdrew;
The labouring moon shed down a baleful dew;
Spirits of hell aerial dances led;
And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.
Imperial Man, creation's lord and pride,
To crown the sacrificial horrors, died;
That Hesus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,
Might flesh their swords, and glut their scythes with blood;
And Taranis, amidst his tempests, smile,
And roll innocuous thunders o'er their isle.
By rites thus dread the Druid Priests impress'd
A sacred horror on the savage breast.
Hail, heav'n-born Seers, whose magic fingers strung
The Cambrian lyre; who Locrine's triumphs sung
To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,
Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves;
Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,
High on the grey rocks wav'd the hanging wood.

Ye, wandering frequent by romantic streams,
With harps, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams[9],
Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghost,
Whose cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coast.
Ye sung the courses of the wandering moon;
The sun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon;
The stars unerring in their glittering spheres;
The sure procession of the circling years;
And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,
And hold celestial synods in the sky.
When hostile nations met with barbarous clang,
And the wild heath with yelling squadrons rang;
When beams of light from serried lances stream'd,
And vivid flashes o'er the high heav'ns gleam'd;
Fir'd by your magic songs, the Briton pour'd
A tenfold fury; dar'd th' uplifted sword;
Envied the shades of chiefs in battle slain;
And burn'd to join them on th' ethereal plain.
For warrior-souls, ye sung, would deathless bloom,
When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb;
From the pale stiff'ning corses wing their flight,
And rise in kindred mould to life and light;

[9] For the image in this line the author is indebted to Mr. Mason's Caractacus.

Again in arms fill the dire yell of war;
Again to havoc drive the scythed car;
Till earth and air and seas should sink in flame,
The fiery deluge melting nature's frame:
When, amidst blazing orbs, the warrior-soul,
Borne through the milky way and starry pole,
Would painless tenant through eternal years
Mansions of purest bliss in brighter spheres:
In martial sports engage its kindred shades,
Tame the wild steeds, and brandish gleaming blades:
Or on the clouds reclin'd with breast on fire,
List the heroic strains of Cadwall's lyre;
In Mador's verse renew its mortal toils;
And shine through Hoel's songs in hostile spoils.

In Albion's ancient days, midst northern snows,
Hardy and bold, immortal FREEDOM rose.
She roam'd the sounding margin of the deep,
Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy steep:
A bloody wolf-skin o'er her back was spread;
An axe she bore; and wild weeds grac'd her head[10].
On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd, she watch'd on high
The tempest-driven clouds, that cross'd the sky;

[10] Vide Chatterton's Ode to Freedom.

Or caught with listening ear the sounding gale,
When the dread war-song shook the distant dale.
At battle's close she roam'd th' ensanguin'd plain,
And gaz'd the threatening aspects of the slain.
Now from ignoble sloth she rarely rose,
For savage Freedom sinks to mute repose;
Now to wild joys, and the bowl's madd'ning powers,
Gave up the torpid sense and listless hours;
Now joyful saw the naked sword display'd,
Though brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.
By tyrants sunk she rose more proudly great,
As ocean swells indignant in the strait;
And, borne in chains from Cambria's mountains bleak [11],
Rais'd virtue's generous blush on Cæsar's cheek.

But ah! full many a dark and stormy year
She dropp'd o'er Albion's isle the patriot tear.
Retir'd to mountains, from the craggy dell
She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell:
Sad to her view the baron's castle frown'd
Bold from the steep, and aw'd the plains around:
She sorrowing heard the papal thunders roll,
And mourn'd th' ignoble bondage of the soul:

[11] Vide Tacitus's account of Caractacus at the throne of Claudius.

She blush'd, O Cromwell, blush'd at Charles's doom;
And wept, misguided Sidney, o'er thy tomb.
  But now reviv'd, she boasts a purer cause,
Refin'd by science, form'd by generous laws;
High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,
Nor sounds her clarion, but at honour's call:
Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,
Exalting worth, and beaming safety round:
With secret joy and conscious pride admires
The patriot spirit, which herself inspires;
Sees barren wastes with unknown fruitage bloom;
Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom;
Sees Science rove through academic bowers;
And peopled cities lift their spiry towers:
Trade swells her sails, wherever ocean rolls,
Glows at the line, and freezes at the poles:
While through unwater'd plains and wondering meads
Waves not its own th' obedient river leads.
  But chief the godlike Mind, which bears impress'd
Its Maker's glorious image full confess'd;
Noblest of works created; more divine
Than all the starry worlds that nightly shine;
Form'd to live on, unconscious of decay,
When the wide universe shall melt away:

The Mind, which, hid in savage breasts of yore,
Lay, like Golconda's gems, an useless ore,
Now greatly dares sublimest aims to scan;
Enriches science, and ennobles man;
Unveils the semblance which its God bestow'd,
And draws more near the fount from whence it flow'd.

George Richards, B. A.

1791. *Oriel College.*

PALESTINE.

SYNOPSIS.

Lamentation over the miseries of Palestine—The guardian angels of the land invoked—Subject proposed—Present appearance of the country, with its present inhabitants geographically described, beginning from the north—The Druses, from their situation and importance, first noticed—Contrast between the inhabitants of mountain and plain—Saracens and Bedouins (Nebaioth and Kedar)—Modern Jews—their degraded state of banishment—Appeal to the Almighty in their behalf, founded upon his miraculous interpositions of old—Their former greatness—David—Solomon—His splendour—Popular superstitions respecting him—Improved state of the arts among the Jews—Their Temple—Firmness of the Jews under misfortunes—derived principally from their hopes of the Messiah—His advent—miracles—crucifixion—Consequent punishment of the Jews, in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and total desolation of the country—Scenes of Christ's sufferings, however, continued to be venerated—Pilgrimages—Holy Sepulchre—Empress Helena—Crusades—Nations which embarked in them described—English heroism—Edward the First—Richard Cœur de Lion—Palestine still the scene of British valour—Acre—Conclusion.

PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing[1] beneath the ivy shade.

[1] Alluding to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. *κνώσσων ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ.*

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven[2],
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep[3]!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings[4] swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse[5] ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

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

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

[4] See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

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

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate[6];
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer[7] on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's[8] tide;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's[8] rill;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays[9];

[6] Matth. xxiv. 38. [7] Moses.

[8] Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

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

Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses[10] hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon[11] to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold[12];

[10] The untameable spirit, feodal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated emir Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a small volume on their history: Paris, 1763. 12mo.

[11] The Turkish sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane. Sir W. Jones's first Disc. to the Asiatic Society.

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

Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows[13]:
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.
Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent[14], clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam:

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

[14] Hagar.

My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes:
See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains[15] shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine[16]!
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye[17]
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed;
And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice[18].
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,

[15] The watering places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

[16] See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. ed. Vales.

[17] "Thine eye shall not spare them."

[18] A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source[19];
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine[20]!
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?

O feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:

[19] Psalm cxiv. [20] See Psalm lxxx. 8—14.

Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light:
Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite[21]:
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height:
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd:)
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power, eternal, infinite?—
Awe-struck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire[22].
Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
—Triumphant race! and did your power decay?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?
No;—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;

[21] Josh. x. [22] Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master[23] of the ivory throne;
In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose:
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
—And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd[24];
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew;
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful sigil and the starry spell;
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might: for, who could these oppose?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose[25].

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

[24] The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

[25] Palmyra ("Tadmor in the Desert") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the ro-

Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon[26] rests reclin'd;
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel[27]!

For thee his ivory load Behemoth[28] bore,
And far Sofala[29] teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.

mance of Vathek, and the various Travels into the east, more particularly Chardin's, in which, after a minute and interesting description of the majestic ruins of Estakhar, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, an account follows of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. ed. Amst. 1735, 4to. Vide also Sale's Koran; D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. (art. Soliman Ben Daoud); and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, passim.

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

[27] Numbers xxiv. 5.

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

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

When Tiber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;
Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate[30].
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung[31];
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God[32].
Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud[33].
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;—

[30] Psalm xxiv. 7.

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

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

[33] Psalm cxxiv. 4.

Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return:
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul!
Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes:—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;

The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.
  Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide the dreadful sacrifice!
  Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep[34]!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah rag'd, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.

[34] Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore[35].
Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

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

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
The Stoic tyrant's philosophic pride[36];
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;

[35] Joseph. vi. p. 1275. ed. Huds.

[36] I know not how Titus has acquired his fame for humanity; but the cruelties of the brutal Domitian, or the frantic Caligula, are surely more excusable than the barbarities which this man,

Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.
Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.
Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

with the smile of benignity on his countenance, and the cant of philosophy on his tongue, exercised against a valiant people who dared to vindicate their liberty.

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine[37].
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine[38].
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen[39];
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's[40] sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian[40] bow:
From the moist regions of the western star
The wandering hermit[41] wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came:

[37] The Temple of the Sepulchre.

[38] See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

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

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

[41] Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must, however, recollect, that, had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried

E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids[42] assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's[43] stream.
  The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.
  Not such the numbers nor the host so dread
By northern Brenn[44], or Scythian Timur[44] led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!

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

[42] See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe, liv. i.

[43] Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the sea of Galilee in the old romances. [44] Brennus, and Tamerlane.

There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance[45],
Form the long line[46], and shake the cornel lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade!
Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's[47] armies led!
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;

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

[46] The line, (combat à la haye,) according to sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (herse) was of the English. The English at Créçi were drawn up thirty deep.

[47] All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi sagittari, ed hanno
Gente con lor ch' è più vicina al polo.
Questi dall' alte selve irsuti manda
La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda.

Tasso, Gerusal. Lib. I. 44.

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

Lords of the biting axe[48] and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

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

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

O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescu'd tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.
Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restor'd,
Nor built in murder,—planted by the sword.
Yet, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away[49].
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring[50],
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;

[49] Psalm ii. 3. cvii. 16.

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

Courts the bright vision of descending power[51],
Tells every gate, and measures every tower[52];
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.
And who is He? the vast, the awful form[53],
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!
Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there[54];
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light[55];
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?

[51] That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God. Rev. xxi. 10.

[52] Ezekiel xl. [53] Rev. x. [54] Rev. xx.

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

On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again[56].
Hark! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;—
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
"Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

Reginald Heber,

1803 *Brasen-nose College.*

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

A RECOMMENDATION

OF THE STUDY OF THE

REMAINS OF ANCIENT GRECIAN AND ROMAN

ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING.

THOUGH oft in Britain's isle the breathing bust
To fame consign the patriot-hero's dust,
And conquerors wak'd to mimic life again
In imag'd triumph thunder o'er the main;
Though speaks each mould by Flaxman's genius wrought,
The glow of fancy, or the stretch of thought;
And grace obeys fair Damer's soft controul
Through many a varied lineament of soul;
Yet, oh! unlike each nobler Grecian form,
With strength majestic or with beauty warm,
Where all her mingling charms Expression pour'd,
Admir'd by Valour, or by Love ador'd!
  Lo! where retiring Venus shuns the eye,
And beauty vies with bashful majesty!
There mortal charms in loveliest union shine,
And all the Goddess crowns the bright design.

Thou, too, half hid beneath thy dripping veil
Of many a moisten'd tress, Urania, hail!
To thee that dubious mien the sculptor gave,
Fearing the shore, though shrinking from the wave.
Or see, where, graceful bending o'er his bow,
The quiver'd God's exulting features glow,
As, trusting to his arm's unerring might,
His look pursues the distant arrow's flight.
But shut, oh! shut the eye, where mid yon fold
Of crested snakes Laocoon writhes enroll'd,
And drinks with tortur'd ear his children's cries,
Imbittering death's convulsive agonies!

Rise, slumbering Genius, and with throbbing heart
Adore these trophies of unrivall'd art;
Till each fine grace that gifted Masters knew
In fairy vision floating o'er thy view,
Perfection crown once more the living stone,
And Britain claim a Phidias of her own.

Not such the hopes that bless th' enthusiast's dream,
While sad it wanders o'er each faded gleam,
That dimly shews to Painting's Muse was given
The sevenfold radiance of refulgent heaven,
When Genius stole the colours of the sun,
And pour'd them o'er the wreath that Valour won!

Then turn the eye, where, spurning time's controul,
Art stamps on stone the triumphs of the soul:

With trembling awe survey each hallow'd fane
Ennobling Greece mid Desolation's reign;
Each pillar'd portico and swelling dome,
Proud o'er the prostrate majesty of Rome!
While o'er the scene each mould'ring temple throws,
Sacred to Genius, undisturb'd repose;
Through twilight's doubtful gloom his eye shall trace
The column's height enwreath'd with clust'ring grace;
The light-arch'd roof, the portal stretching wide,
Triumphal monuments in armed pride;
Till bold conceptions bursting on his heart,
His skill shall grasp the inmost soul of art;
And Fame's green isle her cloud-capt towers display,
Where grace and grandeur rule with equal sway.

John Wilson,

1806 *Magdalen College.*

N. B. This composition was originally restricted to fifty lines: a few relative to painting have since been added.

MOSES,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

CONDUCTING THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

FROM EGYPT TO THE PROMISED LAND.

Oh for that spirit which on Moses' lyre
Pour'd from the fount of light celestial fire,
Or which, 'mid Sion's courts, in later day,
Rais'd to sublime the Monarch-Prophet's lay!
For high the theme these numbers would rehearse,
High as e'er blest the happier Sons of Verse!
A nation fetter'd, from a tyrant land
Snatch'd by an arm outstretch'd, and mighty hand,
Through pathless wilds by signs and wonders led,
While swept twice twenty summers o'er its head,
And taught at length to rear its infant throne
In distant lands and regions not its own.
And ask of days that were from elder time,
Ask of yon orb which visits every clime,
If e'er they heard, since first they roll'd along,
A theme so worthy of an Angel's song!

Great was the shout from glad Arabia's shore,
"Sunk is Nile's warrior pride to rise no more!"
Sublime the triumph swells: to him, the Lord,
The God of Battles, wakes each tuneful chord:
Their full applause the deep-mouth'd clarions raise,
And virgin timbrels join their softer praise:
From thousand altars holy perfumes rise,
And myriads bow in one vast sacrifice.

Are these the tribes which late by Sihor's[1] tide
Wept o'er their wrongs, and loud for vengeance cried?
For them Hope beam'd not; but a night profound,
An endless night, seem'd gath'ring fast around;
Yet did the Day-spring rise, the captive's groan
Went not unheeded to his Father's throne;
He heard the mother's shriek, in anguish wild,
Ask from the tyrant's hand her murder'd child[2];
He saw the toiling slave, th' inhuman lord,
And the keen tortures of the knotted cord.
Thrice-favour'd race! Jehovah's parent eye
Mark'd ev'ry tear, and number'd ev'ry sigh!
And though full many a dreary age had shed
Slav'ry's worst woes upon th' unshelter'd head,

[1] Another name for the Nile.

[2] Alluding to Pharaoh's edict for the destruction of all the male children.

Though dark and long the night, yet morn could bring
Joy in its eye, and healing on its wing.

And lo! he comes, the Seer, whom Greece would claim
Her Guardian Pow'r by many a fabled name[3];
Meekest of men, by God's own voice decreed
His chosen flock, with shepherd care, to lead:
For this was Mercy's arm outstretch'd to save
His infant promise from an early grave,
When Nile's tam'd billow kiss'd his rushy bed,
And the green snake play'd harmless o'er his head:
For this, when Science taught his wond'ring view
To read the stars, and look all nature through;
When Wealth and Honour led his youth along,
And Pleasure woo'd him with her Siren song;
For this (as warm'd he felt his spirit rise,
And kindling claim its high-born destinies,)
For this he spurn'd them all; and now his hand
Sheds pale dismay on Egypt's trembling land,
And waves exulting the triumphant rod,
Israel's release, and symbol of his God.

'Tis past—that hour of death! the eye of light
On its own tow'rs[4] looks down, in glory bright:
Yet ne'er on host so vast its golden beam,
Waking, hath shone, as now, with mighty stream

[3] Huet has given a list of the different deities supposed to be the same with Moses.

[4] Heliopolis.

Of mingled man and herd, from Goshen's land
Pours frequent forth, a more than locust band.
They go; but all is silent as the tomb—
For look! where, column'd high in massy gloom,
Deep as the darkness of the coming storm,
Moves slow before the host a giant-form;
And see, as all the twilight landscape fades,
A pale and dubious light the mass pervades,
And, as the night rolls on, the wondrous frame
Pours a broad glare, and brightens into flame:
'Tis not the beacon-fire, which wakes from far
The wand'ring sons of rapine and of war;
'Tis not of night's fair lamp the silv'ry beam,
Nor the quick darting meteor's angry gleam;
No! 'tis the pillar'd cloud, "the torch of Heav'n,"
Pledge of the present God, by mercy giv'n;
The sacred boon, by Providence supplied,
By day to cover, and by night to guide.
And He the great, th' eternal Lord, whose might
All being owns, who spake, and there was light,
Who gave the sun the tow'r of day to keep,
And the pale moon to watch o'er nature's sleep,
He, present still, shall aid, shall safety yield,
Thy lamp by night, by day thy guide and shield.
Not such their trust, when by the Red Sea flood,
Trembling and faint, th' affrighted myriads stood;

When War foam'd fierce behind, and from the wave
Despair dark frowning yell'd, " Behold thy grave :"
When, spurr'd to insult rude, th' impatient crowd
Chid the meek man of God, and murmur'd loud :
" Was it for this, that Nile's obedient flood
" Roll'd, at thy word, a sea of death and blood ?
" For this, to life did every sand-grain spring,
" And Famine lurk beneath the insect's wing ?
" Was it for this, the sun forgat to rise,
" And midnight darkness veil'd the noonday skies ?
" Or when, high-borne upon the sweeping blast,
" Th' avenging Spirit of Destruction pass'd,
" And dealt, with viewless arm, that mortal blow,
" Which laid the blooming hopes of Egypt low ;
" Was it for this, the frowning Seraph staid
" The fiery vengeance of his deathful blade ;
" Bent on the hallow'd blood his alter'd eye,
" Own'd mercy's pledge, and pass'd innocuous by ;
" And spar'd us, but to glut the savage sword,
" Or groan once more beneath a tyrant lord ?"
Peace, impious doubts ! rebellious murmurs, hence !
Mark the rais'd wand, and trust Omnipotence !—
'Tis done ! obedient to the high decree
Wave parts from wave, and sea rolls back from sea;
Till, sudden check'd as by the wintry hand
Of the stern North, the solid waters stand.

The pillar'd flames, while gathering darkness falls,
Shed passing radiance on the crystal walls;
And now those caves, where dwelt primeval Night,
Drink the warm spirit of the orient light;
Swift through th' abyss the pure effulgence flies,
And earth's foundations burst on human eyes.

But see! where Egypt comes! with steed and car,
And thousands, panting for the spoils of war;
Bold waves her plume, and proud her banners gleam,
As now they bask'd in Vict'ry's golden beam;
The war-trump speaks; madd'ning she spurns the shores,
And through the yawning surges headlong pours.

But where is Egypt now? Where all her might,
Her steeds, her cars, her thousands arm'd for fight?
Where is the banner'd pride that wav'd so high?
And where the trump that told of victory?
All, all are past; the chain'd and fetter'd deep,
Loos'd from its bonds, at one tremendous sweep
Whelm'd all their hopes, and not a wreck is seen,
To tell to future times that they had been.—
And thou, infatuate Prince, of stubborn mould,
Aw'd by no terrors, by no pow'r controll'd!
Hast thou too felt that arm thy soul defied?
How is thy glory fall'n! how chang'd thy pride!
For Hope had fondly deem'd thy death-cold clay
Should mock Corruption's worm, nor know decay;

But ne'er thy scatter'd bones shall now be hid
In the dark bed of thy proud pyramid:
But thou, vain boaster, and thy meanest slave,
Alike must glut the monsters of the wave.
  And now, perchance, Redeem'd of Heav'n, for you
Hope paints new lands, in fancy's fairest hue;
Of scenes perchance she tells, more heav'nly blest
Than Tempe's vale, or Leuce's fabled rest,
Where vernal flowers 'mid Autumn's fruitage blow,
Where milky streams and honied waters flow:
Ah, trust her not! Yet stay, fond Flatt'rer, stay,
For long and sad shall be the wand'rer's way,
And scarce an eye, that now so brightly beams,
Shall feast on Carmel's palms, or Siloa's streams.
Then once again thy fairy vision give,
Pour warmer tints, bid fresher colours live:
It must not be; before the tempest fly
Hope's rainbow hues, and darkness shrouds the sky.
  What now avail their days with wonders blest,
Th' unwasting sandal and unchanging vest?
What boots it now, that Morn's ambrosial dews,
Uncloying sweets, angelic food diffuse?
That balmy Eve, upon her dusky wings,
A feather'd cloud, a heav'n-sent banquet brings?
For, faint and feeble, on Rephidim's plain,
Lies, like a scatter'd fold, the sinking train;

While the flush'd cheek and panting breast proclaim
That fierce within them burns the thirsty flame.
Around in vain they cast th' imploring eye,—
'Tis all one waste of sand, one blaze of sky!
Oh, how their souls for Marah's waters yearn,
And ask the bitter draught they late could spurn!
But past are Marah's streams, and far away
O'er Elim's wells the verdant palm-trees play:
No more their hearts are cheer'd by Freedom's smile,
But many a warm sigh speeds to where the Nile
Rolls its cool waves through bow'r or fertile plain,
And life seems lovely, though it wear a chain.

But must they die? Will He, their Guardian Pow'r,
Forsake them in affliction's darkest hour?
No! He their prayer hath heard; at His command,
The mighty leader lifts the sov'reign wand;
Astonish'd Horeb feels, at ev'ry pore,
Strange waters gush, and springs unknown before;
Swift o'er the sands the new-born currents glide,
And breezes freshen round the rolling tide.
In sudden terror fix'd, and mute amaze,
Doubting a while, th' exhausted myriads gaze;
Then bursts their rapture forth; and young and old,
Crowd over crowd, like gathering surges, roll'd,
Press to the stream, and send to Heav'n a cry
Of high-rais'd joy, of grateful ecstasy.

And did thy sons, with more than filial care,
Their Father's love in holiest mem'ry bear?
And did no foul revolt, no deep-dy'd crime,
Stain the fair record of succeeding time?
Ah, witness Thou, whose zeal indignant trod
Prone in the dust the people's idol-god!
Ah, witness Thou, that oft, in folly proud,
Ungrateful Judah spurn'd the faith he vow'd;
Transgress'd the law by matchless wisdom plann'd,
And dar'd the wrath of Heav'n's avenging hand.

Not such your promise, false, apostate race,
When pale ye bow'd at Sinai's trembling base;
Shrunk from the trumpet's blast, and shook with fear,
As more than mortal accents met your ear.
Why didst thou tremble, Sinai? Why were spread
Clouds and thick darkness round thy mystic head?
Why like a furnace glow'd thy groaning womb,
And shot red volumes through th' investing gloom?
Let him declare, who in that dread abode,
Tremendous thought! held converse with his God!

And sure no mortal voice was that, whose sound
Hush'd the big thunders pealing full around;
No mortal voice was that, whose mighty din
Shook the firm frame, and mov'd the soul within:
No, from yon cloud eternal accents brake,
And He, the God of gods, Jehovah, spake;

Earth, seas, and skies confess'd th' almighty word
Which gave them birth; which must again be heard,
When, like a vapour, they shall melt away—
Oh glorious morn! Oh great, terrific day!
Such as hath never been, since first, when Time
Through hymning orbs began his march sublime;
Nor shall be more, till, wrapt in billowy fire,
Worlds headlong rush, and Nature's self expire.

Yet though by God's own voice the Law was giv'n,
Grav'd by His hand, in characters of heav'n;
Tho' Mercy smil'd, tho' threat'ning Vengeance frown'd,
Jacob's false sons Jehovah's pow'r disown'd;
Yet still His eye watch'd o'er them, still He spread
His guardian pinions o'er His people's head,
Still bore them on, till, in triumphal pride,
Their sacred banner wav'd o'er Jordan's tide.

And he, their priest, their prophet, and their chief,
Source of their bliss, and solace of their grief,
Oh must not he through Jordan's refluent wave
Still lead the host, his arm so oft could save?
Must not those hands, which, heav'nward rais'd, made wreck
Of the proud hopes of stubborn Amalek;
Which bow'd pale Bashan's thousands in the fight,
And crush'd th' aspiring crest of Sihon's might,
Must not those hands, with vengeance not their own,
Tear haughty Canaan from his guilty throne?

No, Meribah forbids; yet Mercy's pray'r
Smooths the dark frown which Justice seem'd to wear.
From Pisgah's hallow'd height the Seer surveys
Scenes yet to be, and deeds of future days;
Sees, unassail'd, the firm and solid wall
Bow to the clanging war-trump's sev'nfold call;
Views federate monarchs, trembling and dismay'd,
Bend to the conquering might of Joshua's blade;
And kindling marks, in triumph's happiest hour,
Jehovah's banner float from Salem's tow'r.
But, gift diviner far! his raptur'd eyes
See the true Prophet, the Messiah rise,
View heav'n reveal'd, and, as from scenes too bright
Retiring, shrink into the shades of night.
Where, boast of Israel, is thy secret tomb[5]?
Did Earth receive thee to her parent womb?
Did Seraph-hands prepare the viewless pyre?
Or didst thou mount unchang'd on wings of fire?
For many a tear o'er thee did Israel shed,
And mourn'd thy spirit, as thy cold corse, dead;
Nor causeless mourn'd, for ne'er their thoughts could rise
To deathless life, to worlds beyond the skies:
O it was dark with them; to their weak sight
The future all was wrapt in deepest night;

[5] Deut. xxxiv. 6. But no man knoweth of his tomb to this day.

Or trembling Hope the distant scene display'd
Dim as the morn's grey dawn, or ev'ning's shade.
But on our view, bright beaming from afar,
Breaks the blest ray of Bethlehem's Morning Star,
While purg'd from ev'ry film, Faith's angel eye
Mocks time's thin veil, and scans eternity.
For Christ, our holier Passover, is slain,
Lamb without spot, and pure from ev'ry stain,
Pledge of that love, whose might resistless broke
Sin's fiercer reign, and Satan's heavier yoke!
And He is present still—He still shall bless
The thorny path of life's rough wilderness.
He still bids springs of living water rise,
And heav'nly food, with ceaseless care, supplies.
And when by Death's cold stream we trembling stand,
The stream which bars us from our Promis'd Land,
His voice shall calm our fears, His hand shall guide
Our fainting footsteps through that fiercer tide,
And land us safely on our Canaan's shore,
Where toil, and tears, and death are known no more.

Matthew Rolleston,

1807. *University College.*

MAHOMET.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed—Mahomet's triumphant return to Mecca—apostrophe to the Caaba—legends connected with it—the Prophet's feelings on reviewing the cave of Hera—the poem now reverts to the first idea and developement of his imposture, of which that cave had been the scene—obstacles to his early success—his courage under them—his flight from Mecca, and concealment in the cave of Thor—return to his present situation—he resolves to propagate his religion by the sword—his address to his soldiers, including a description of the Mahometan paradise and hell—its effect upon them—the conquest of Arabia—Mahomet, tired of war, resigns himself to pleasure—the loveliness of marriage superior to the delights of the haram.—Mahomet's death—does not check the progress of his religion—the fall of Byzantium—the arms and doctrines of the Moslems overrun Palestine—Africa—India—Conclusion.

MAHOMET.

Of him, th' Impostor, who, in Mecca's fane,
Rear'd the dark throne of Falsehood's impious reign;
Bade vanquish'd Faith confess his prophet-nod,
And bathed in blood the altars of his God;
Of him my song would tell: nor ye the theme,
Nymphs of Castalia! scorn, by your fair stream
Though yet unheard; for not more vast his sway,
Who to Hydaspes urg'd his victor way;
From West to East his rapid thunders hurl'd,
And, still unsated, ask'd another world.
  Hush'd is the war; the torn and trampled slain
Tell that the fight was fierce on Beder's plain[1];
While Faith's dark banner, as a gorgeous pall,
In awful triumph waves from Mecca's wall.
And see! where, rais'd above Medina's bands,
High on the fane th' Impostor-Prophet stands;
The sword of conquest slumbers in his sheath,
And twice two hundred idols blaze beneath.

[1] The scene of Mahomet's first great battle.

No more, with burnish'd casque and beamy lance,
In stern array Mohammed's hosts advance;
In the mean Ibrahm[2] clad, with head and feet
All bare, and naked to the blist'ring heat,
Like lions tam'd, sedate in conscious pride,
The warrior pilgrims swell the gath'ring tide;
And, mid the loud-sung praise, or whisper'd vow,
In lowliest guise, before the temple bow.

Illustrious Fane! from age to age ador'd
By despot chieftain, and by robber horde;
Pole-star of pray'r! to thee, at early dawn,
Noon-tide, and eve, Faith's ardent eye is drawn,
And from each clime, where zeal for Islam burns,
Alike to thee, its hallow'd centre, turns;
To thee Arabia's loveliest gems belong,
Her sev'n-string'd harp[3], her fairest flowers of song.
And sacred is thy dome; for legends feign,
Cloud-like, from heav'n it sank on Mecca's plain;
And here, 'tis fabled, Hagar's outcast child
Found peace and safety from the thirsty wild,
Drank of thy well[4], by Mercy's angel led,
And pillow'd on thy stone[5] his wearied head.

[2] The Ibrahm is the dress of the pilgrims.
[3] Alluding to the seven Arabian poems suspended in the Caaba.
[4] The sacred well, Zemzem.
[5] A large black stone, usually styled, "the stone of Abraham."

Here too Mohammed first, by pow'r, by rage
Unaw'd, dar'd ope the Koran's mystic page;
And now, illustrious Fane, with heart elate,
As bends once more the Prophet at thy gate,
Medina's lord, high thoughts, though ill repress'd,
Yet mocking utt'rance, burn within his breast.
But when by Eve's pale planet Hera's cell[6],
Dear, cherish'd scene, where pensive musings dwell,
Lone he revisits, o'er his glowing soul
Far livelier joys, far keener transports roll;
Fond Mem'ry's touch recalls each faded hue,
And all the past comes rushing on his view.
For, in that cell, by that pale planet's light,
Oft had he watch'd, in youth, the sleepless night,
And there would sit in solemn thought, and brood
O'er his first woes, his orphan[7] solitude;
Would scan his high descent, his princely race,
And the long line from sainted Ishmael trace.
Then, how his soul would swell, his bosom beat,
How flush his dark cheek with unwonted heat,
As Fancy, with ambition's phrensy warm'd,
Shapes dimly grand, and shadowy phantoms form'd!

[6] A cavern at a small distance from Mecca, to which the youthful enthusiast nightly retired.

[7] Mahomet was left an orphan at a very early age.

A new-born faith, a Prophet's glorious name,
Conquest, and kingly pow'r, and deathless fame
Obscurely mingled, like a fev'rish dream,
Or twilight landscape—but the sober beam
Of rising Reason chas'd each wild'ring shade,
And Fancy shrank from what herself had made.
  But still the star of eve, as darkness fell,
Saw the lone man in Hera's secret cell:
Still, with new fires, ambition's phrensy burn'd,
Still fancy's shadowy scene more strong return'd,
And still th' Enthusiast drank, with greedier gaze,
The dawning glories of succeeding days,
And well-nigh deem'd some sacred impulse giv'n,
Some angel-vision from according Heav'n.
Shapes, dim of late, by hope's broad beam illum'd,
A fuller form, a bolder tint assum'd;
Till the vast whole in bright succession mov'd,
And Reason doubted, wonder'd, and approv'd.
  But few the fruits that crown'd his early toil,
For rude the clime, and stubborn was the soil.
Blind bigot Zeal, with Pride of jealous mind,
And ancient Faith in hostile league combin'd;
Vain then was Anger's threat, and Flatt'ry's strain,
And soft Persuasion's honied breath were vain.
  Yet burn'd unquench'd the fever of his soul,
And Hope still spurr'd him to the glitt'ring goal.

Not, though (thus proud his vaunt[8]) the solar blaze
Should pour around him all its countless rays;
Not, though, to check his glory's high career,
The full-orb'd Moon should quit her starry sphere;
Not, o'er his head should crashing thunders peal,
And yawning Hell his last abyss reveal,
Back would he shrink, but still right onward bear,
And draw new fire, new fury from despair.

Not such his boast, when, through th' involving shade,
Trembling, he fled before the Koreish blade;
Not such, when, sad in Thor's[9] dark cave reclin'd,
He caught the moanings of the midnight wind;
While Terror heard, in ev'ry passing breath,
The keen pursuer's step, the sound of death.

Exile of Mecca! in that fearful hour,
Who was thy shield, thy bulwark, and thy tow'r?
Say, was it he, that seraph son of fire[10],
Who wont thy lonely musings to inspire;
Who bore thee through the night-air's drear expanse[11],
On wing more rapid than a shot-star's glance;

[8] If they should place the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left, they should not divert me from my course. Gibbon's Roman Empire, vol. ix. p. 285.

[9] Three days and three nights Mahomet lay concealed in this cavern after his flight from Mecca.

[10] Gabriel, with whom the Impostor pretended to hold frequent converse.

[11] This alludes to his famous night-journey to heaven.

Op'd to thy feet heaven gate, and to thine eye
Bar'd the full blaze of cloudless Deity?
No—it was He, at whose divine command,
Famine and plague afflict the guilty land;
Whose awful will th' unconscious winds perform,
Who wings the lightning, and appoints the storm;
His heav'nly counsels, too sublime for man,
His secret mind decreed thy lengthen'd span:
He bade the dove her saving labours ply[12],
To stay th' intruding foot, the searching eye;
He hung with insect web the rock-stone rude,
To tell that all within was solitude;
Unseen, He snatch'd thee from th' unequal strife[13],
And gave thee back to liberty and life.

'Tis thus, while Conquest waves his crimson wing,
And prostrate Mecca hails her Prophet-King,
As, oft through Hera's mountain-cave he strays,
Comes o'er his breast the thought of other days;
And it is sweet, mid vict'ry's smiles, to muse
On peril past, and fortune's changeful hues,
Sweet, as to weary mariner the roar
Of winds and waves, that he shall tempt no more.

[12] We are told, that, when Mahomet was concealed in the cave of Thor, his pursuers were induced to retire by the sight of a pigeon's nest and spider's web, whence they concluded the place was solitary and inviolate.

[13] He was overtaken by the Koreishites, but escaped.

For now is peril past, and toil and dread,
Like the thin cloud at summer dawn, are fled;
And with them mercy vanish'd; the rude sound
Of triumph's joy her parting accents drown'd;
Imposture casts th' unneeded veil away,
And bares his front, unblushing, to the day;
No flatt'ry now is his, no honied breath,
Nought but the stern award, "Belief or Death."

Gay shines the morn, and light the sunbeams glance
From mail, and crested helm, and quiv'ring lance;
Loud clangs the trump; with shout and martial state
The answ'ring legions pour through Mecca's gate;
Part borne aloft on neighing steed, and part
On foot slow-pacing; but the same full heart
Seems each to urge, as each, with conscious might,
Grasps the sheath'd blade, and, eager, pants for fight.
And see, where tow'rs the Prophet-Chief on high,
Strength nerves his arm, Defiance lights his eye!
With kindling soul he views the length'ning train,
And holds, in pride of thought, unbounded reign;
Then, as the glowing scenes his breast inspire,
Lifts his tall spear, and pours the word of fire.

"Soldiers of God! whose manly hearts beat high,
"With valorous zeal, and ardent piety;
"Who burn your Prophet's name abroad to spread,
"And deal Heav'n's vengeance on th' unfaithful head;

" Soldiers of God, with dauntless souls advance,
" Smile at the sabre, and defy the lance!
" 'Tis yours, if, seam'd with many a hallow'd scar,
" Stern Azrael[14] snatch you from the grasp of war,
" O'er Sirat's bridge[15], with lightning-speed, to fly,
" And spring at once to seven-fold ecstasy.
" Yes, it is yours mid argent fields to stray,
" Space without bound, and everlasting day;
" Gardens as Eden fair, where Love shall strew
" Fresh flow'rs, fresh sweets, that Eden never knew;
" For Beauty, blooming in eternal charms,
" Wooes warrior Valour to her virgin arms:
" And, crown'd with thornless roses, young Desire
" Feeds Rapture's flame with never-dying fire.
" There, while your vermeil wounds[16] atone each crime,
" And add new grace to manhood's goodly prime,
" There, through green meads unwearied shall ye rove,
" Breathe the still freshness of the twilight grove,
" Or by some streamlet's palmy marge recline,
" And drain, uncheck'd, rich juices of the vine[17],

[14] Azrael is the angel of death.

[15] A bridge which, according to the Mahometan faith, all disembodied spirits must pass in their way either to Paradise or Hell: the former shall traverse it with " lightning-speed."

[16] Their wounds shall be as resplendent as vermilion. Gibbon.

[17] Alluding to their present restriction from the use of wine.

" Till o'er each sense delicious languor creep,
" More soft, more soothing, than the dews of sleep.
" Such is your lot, if Honour build your tomb;
" Not so, if coward Baseness seal your doom.
" What, mid yon barren wilds, tho' whirlwinds bring
" Thirst and despair upon their sanded wing[18];
" Yet heav'nly are those wilds to vaults, where pain
" And scorpion torments hold eternal reign.
" There, wrapt in fires that ask no feeding oil,
" With fiercest heat your madd'ning brain shall boil,
" Till, parch'd and black, your flesh, by flames embrac'd,
" Shrivel, like palm-leaves on the desert waste.
" Nor think, one drop from rank and stagnant pool,
" One smallest drop, your burning tongues shall cool;
" Worlds should not buy it; but one sulph'rous wave,
" Unfathom'd flood, your writhing limbs shall lave[19].
" Then on to fight, and Allah nerve your hands!
" And lo! e'en now, methinks, angelic[20] bands
" Hang o'er our foes, and, from the car of flame,
" Launch the red bolt, the forked lightnings aim.

[18] The soldiers complained of the heat of the desert: 'Hell is much hotter,' replied the indignant Prophet. Gibb. vol. ix. 319.

[19] All the preceding images, both of pleasure and pain, are accurately copied from the Koran.

[20] It is fabled, that at the battle of Beder three thousand angels supported the troops of Mahomet, and that many of these heavenly warriors constantly accompanied his army.

" Nor shrink! for know, to each th' Eternal Mind,
" Excluding chance, his death-day hath assign'd;
" Peace could not shield from its predestin'd pow'r,
" War's thousand perils cannot haste its hour—
" Then on to fight! and be the battle-word,
" Woe to the Proud, the Koran or the Sword!"

Swift as th' electric shock, the fervour runs
From rank to rank, and burns through Mecca's sons.
Hope leads the van; while press upon the rear
Dishonour foul, and hell-foreboding Fear:
Instant each blade leaps willing from its sheath,
And on they rush to conquest or to death.

Weep, lost Arabia, land of sadness, weep!
Rude o'er thy head the storms of battle sweep.
Oft have thy deserts heard the angry roar
Of midnight tiger, all athirst for gore;
Oft have they seen the Simoom's purple blast
Shed plague, and death, and ruin as it past;
Yet not the Simoom's blast, nor beast of night,
Rag'd half so fierce as Mecca's fiends of fight.
Dreadful they came; and, as the torrent flood
Rolls down its stream huge rock and ancient wood,
Till all, save where some scatter'd stems remain,
Lies one wide wat'ry scene, one liquid plain;
So, through thy land, each tribe and wand'ring horde
Sank trembling down before Mohammed's sword,

And to the Koran's sterner rule resign'd
The charter'd birthright of a free-born mind;
Save that some nobler few, content to roam,
Their wealth the jav'lin, and the waste their home,
Dar'd live, though poor yet proud, though exil'd free,
Or die, the martyr-sons of Liberty.

But, sated now with blood, and bow'd with spoils,
Shrinks Mecca's Lord from war's severer toils;
And, while his hell-hounds track the deadly scent,
Sleeps in the rosy shade of Pleasure's tent.
As round him Beauty's varied blossoms rise,
On vagrant wing, from flow'r to flow'r he flies,
And drinks, as chance or guiltier choice impels,
Unhallow'd waters from an hundred wells.

Slave of thy lawless will's imperious reign!
Oh! hadst thou known to burst th' ignoble chain;
Hadst known to quench the flame of wild desire,
And light at Hymen's torch love's chaster fire—
Affection's smile had cheer'd thy parting gloom,
And widow'd Virtue sorrow'd o'er thy tomb!

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above!
To draw new raptures from another's joy;
To share each grief, and half its sting destroy;
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd;

To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refin'd;
Passion, to life's last evening-hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm—
Lives there, but would, for blessings so divine,
The crowded Haram's sullen joys resign!

But still, Mohammed, rove; still bid thy soul
Drain the foul dregs of pleasure's madd'ning bowl;
Still swell thy pow'r, with pride still feed thy heart—
Yet know, thy pow'r, thy pride shall soon depart!
For not the Haram's joys, not pleasure's draught,
Though to its dregs the madd'ning bowl be quaff'd;
Not all th' ideal Prophet's high renown,
The victor's laurel, and the monarch's crown,
Can the slow venom[21] check, whose mortal force
Hath through thy veins, for four long years, its course
Wound unperceiv'd, and gradual, in its way,
Pal'd thy cheek's bloom, and dimm'd thine eye-ball's day.

Medina, thou whose guardian arm outspread
First gave its safety to thy Prophet's head!
Again, fond city, ope thy shelt'ring breast,
Again receive him to thy seat of rest!
But not, as then, prepar'd his brow to gem
With purple pomp, and kingly diadem,

[21] Mahomet died by slow poison, administered to him four years previous to his decease.

But his frail dust to shroud; for now his sun
Is set in death's cold shade, his race is run;
And O! may Darkness, deep as ancient night,
Close o'er his name, and veil it from the sight!
Vain, fruitless wish! no mighty voice hath said,
"Here, Sea of ruin, shall thy waves be stay'd;"
But still they roll resistless; on the tide
Ensanguin'd Zeal and gaunt Ambition ride.
Byzantium sinks o'erwhelm'd, and fades away
The last faint beam of Latium's brighter day,
While Rome's[22] proud Eagle, he whose pinions wav'd
O'er Libya's strand, and Thule's tempest brav'd,
With flagging wing, and crest to earth bow'd low,
Indignant dies beneath a Moslem's blow.
Alas for Palestine! her palmy vale,
Her grove of nard that scented ev'ry gale,
Her corn-lands thick with sheaves, her crystal rills,
Her flocks that feed upon a thousand hills,
Her Faith—than flocks, and groves, and vales more dear—
All own the triumphs of Medina's spear.
For Afric weep! her rich and radiant store,
From Ophir rifled, gem and golden ore;

[22] Alluding to the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, and the subsequent conquest of that city by the votaries of Mahomet.

Her ravag'd lands, that erst so beauteous smil'd,
From Nile's fair bank to Niger's margin wild;
Her sons, immers'd in slav'ry's darkest night,
All tell the ruffian Moslem's conqu'ring might.
  But oh! if yet the tide of song may flow
In sadder stream, and murmur deeper woe;
If yet one tear be warm in Pity's urn—
That tear, that song, to wasted India turn!
For she was happy once; her citron groves
Sigh'd to the whispers of the purest loves;
Her proud Pagodas, in the First of time,
Saw Science born, and wondrous Lore sublime;
Lovely, she slept in Cashmere's fairy bow'rs,
Or sat enthron'd on Delhi's strength of tow'rs.
How chang'd the scene! pale Hymen's altar falls;
Th' impure Seraglio rears its prison-walls;
Steals o'er the soul the Koran's chilling gloom,
And Science westward bends her parting plume.
  But time speeds on; and though th' Impostor's pow'r
Fiercely hath rag'd its dark and dreadful hour;
Though rude o'er Afric's sands the whirlwind pass'd,
And Asia rock'd beneath the rolling blast—
Yet Hope, soft-smiling, lifts her Seraph form,
And points to sun-bright days, beyond the storm!
  Hail, sun-bright days!—more fair, than was, of old,
Saturnian age, by fabling Fancy told—

Hail, sun-bright days! bring on your radiant train,
Peace, Mercy, Love, resume your halcyon reign;
Bid ancient Lore, and classic Taste refin'd,
Raise the low thought, and harmonize the mind;
While heav'n-born Truth, (though dimm'd, forbid to fade,)
With beam more strong from Error's transient shade,
Breaks forth unclouded, and on Mecca's night
Pours the full flood of everlasting light.

Matthew Rolleston,

1808. *University College.*

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

HARK! through the desert wilds, what awful voice
Swells on the gale, and bids the world rejoice?
What Prophet form, in holy raptures led,
The gray mists hov'ring o'er his sacred head,
Prepares on earth Messiah's destin'd way,
And hastes, the mighty Messenger of Day?
  Lo! echoing skies resound his gladsome strain,
" Messiah comes! ye rugged paths be plain;
" The Shiloh comes! ye tow'ring cedars bend,
" Swell forth, ye valleys, and, ye rocks, descend;
" The wither'd branch let balmy fruits adorn,
" And clust'ring roses 'twine the leafless thorn;
" Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell—
" The God of Peace redeems his Israel."
  How beauteous are the feet of those who bear
Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair!
Far from the mountain's top, they lovelier seem
Than moonlight dews, or morning's rosy beam;
Sweeter the voice than spell or hymning sphere,
And list'ning Angels hush their harps to hear.

Rous'd at the solemn call, from all her shores
Her eager tribes, behold, Judæa pours!
Though scarce the Morn asserts her bashful sway,
And doubtful darkness still contends with day,
I see them rush, like rolling surges driv'n,
Or night-clouds riding o'er the glooms of heav'n.
There waves the white robe through the dusky glade,
Here passing helms gleam dreadful through the shade,
Faint o'er the cliffs the fading torch-light plays,
And dying watchfires fling their sullen blaze;
Fly the scar'd panthers from their pierc'd retreats,
While Salem wond'ring mourns her desert streets.

Why crowd ye cities forth? some reed to find,
Some vain reed trembling to the careless wind?
Or throng ye here to view, with doating eye,
Some chieftain stand in purple pageantry?
Such dwell in kingly domes—no silken form
Wooes the stern cliff, and braves the mountain storm:
What rush ye then to seek? some Prophet-Seer?
One mightier than the Prophets find ye here—
The loftiest bard that wak'd the sacred lyre,
To him in rapture pour'd his lips of fire;
Attun'd to him the voice of Sion fell—
Thy name, Elias[1], clos'd the mystic shell.

[1] The advent of St. John under the name of Elijah, the last circumstance foretold in ancient prophecy, is here alluded to.

Alas! how dark a flood of woes and crimes,
Since that dread hour, has whelm'd the fateful times!
How oft has Israel's Ark, by tempests toss'd,
Sent forth her raven's wing, and found no coast!
Now fairer scenes her kindling eye discerns,
With hope's green branch the welcome Dove returns,
And, gladly soaring past the prospect drear,
Hails the bright Star[2] that tells the Day-spring near.

Yes! surely born to more than mortal pow'r,
Glory hath mark'd him from his earliest hour:
Offspring of age, on wings of radiance borne,
A warning Angel told his natal morn;
Hail'd by prophetic matrons to the earth,
The speechless spake, to bless him at his birth.
Sweet was the strain, when first with fond surprise
The hoary parent kiss'd his infant eyes,
From his rapt lips the spell of silence broke,
And Inspiration thrill'd him as he spoke.

Such was his birth! nor less august appears
The wondrous fate that led his rising years:
For lo! sequester'd from the haunts of men,
Deep to the stillness of some shaggy glen,
Where vice and folly faded from his view,
The lonely youth, impell'd by Heav'n, withdrew—

[2] St. John is called "the Morning Star to the Sun of Righteousness."

There, near some brook, that dash'd in murmurs by,
The rock his pillow, and his roof the sky,
Clad in such savage robes as deserts yield,
His food the wild sweets of the flow'ry field,
Grave, pensive, bold, majestic, undefil'd,
To holy manhood dwelt Devotion's child;
Descending Angels bless'd his rude abode,
He drank th' inspiring flame, he felt the rushing God.
  Oft ere the dawn had ting'd the tallest steep,
And man and nature still were hush'd in sleep,
High o'er yon ridge, in darkness, would he stray,
To muse and wonder till returning day.
Watch-tow'r sublime! There, as the morning bright
Swell'd from dim chaos into life and light,
Threw its broad beams o'er waste and misty wood,
While rock and fortress, lake and glist'ning flood,
Burst in full blaze of splendour to the skies—
To loftiest thoughts his kindling soul would rise;
Till, proudly soaring past this world of man,
The mortal sunk, and Heav'n itself began.
—So rapt he stood, that oft revolving night
Found him, unconscious, on the mountain's height;
In vain the Tempest, round his 'fenceless head,
Flung all its fires, its wildest torrents shed;
The shelt'ring robber saw his clouded form,
And fled—to shun the Genius of the Storm.

Past are those hours! Along the silent dews
His lonely walk no more the Sage pursues;
With gesture wild, rude garb, and speaking eye,
An air of strange and dreadful majesty,
See! forth he comes, his holy office giv'n,
Herald of Christ, high Harbinger of Heav'n.
Hark! how the rocks his warning voice resound,
And Jordan's caverns tell the strain around;
While poor and rich, the soldier and the sage,
The bloom of youth, and hoary locks of age,
In gath'ring crowds, Messiah's name adore;
And rush, all trembling, to the sacred shore;
Bend with pale rev'rence 'neath the sprinkled wave,
Their crimes confess, and hail the pow'r to save.

How chang'd the scene! Are these the realms of dread,
Which wand'ring footsteps scarcely dar'd to tread?
Where midnight lions roam'd the thickets rude,
And all was wild and frightful solitude!
Now, lone no more, where'er it winds along,
The lucid stream reflects a list'ning throng;
True to the life, their grouping shadows glide,
And ev'ry passion paints the breathing tide.
See! young Amazement starting, as if light,
Just glanc'd from heav'n, had caught his dazzled sight,
While Faith's full eyes their tranquil homage raise,
And ev'ry feature fixes into praise.

There kindling Hope with ardent look appears,
Here soften'd Sorrow smiling through her tears,
While timid Shame, as if herself address'd,
Blushes to hear, and sinks behind the rest.

But yet, not all unfeign'd Devotion brings
To drink of life at Jordan's hallow'd springs;
Haggard and pale, their limbs all torn and bare,
Not such yon Essens from their caves repair;
A gloomy race, attempting heav'n in vain,
By wanton griefs and voluntary pain:
Their sullen breasts no gleam of sunshine cheers,
Blaspheming Mercy by eternal tears.

And base the joy yon Sadducees can know,
Sense all their bliss, and pain their only woe:
Worms of a day, and fetter'd to the dust,
They own no future dread, no heav'nly trust,
But vacant come the passing scene to scan,
And steal his bright preeminence from man.

Far other those, by solemn mien confest,
Broad scrolls of Scripture blazon'd o'er the breast,
Who throng around the Seer, with fiendlike joy,
List'ning to mock, and tempting to destroy—
Saints in the crowd, a heav'n-ward look they wear,
But Mammon mingles with their purest pray'r;
Theirs the proud hope to sway Religion's rod,
Zealots of form, yet traitors to their God.

"And is it ye," th' indignant Prophet cries,
Bright lambent terrors streaming from his eyes,
"O race of vipers, ye! who timely come,
"To fly the thunders of impending doom?—
"Repent, repent: now think no more to plead
"Your sacred race, and Abraham's chosen seed.
"Behold, He comes! in pow'r and judgment, forth,
"Who looks with equal eye on all the earth,
"Whose piercing glance can read the soul within,
"And wind the darkest labyrinths of sin:
"He comes! see! stooping from the realms of day,
"The Lamb of God, to wash your crimes away.
"I lave with water; but his hands inspire
"The Holy Spirit, and baptize with fire."
The sage hath ceas'd—and mark, how pale to hear
Mute Expectation stands, and Awe, and Fear!
Guilt starts confess'd, and looks, with hopeless eye,
To view descend some vengeful deity.
But who is He, majestic, mournful, mild,
Bright as a god, yet lowly as a child,
Who meekly comes the sacred rite to crave,
And add fresh pureness to the crystal wave?
Well may'st thou tremble, Baptist; well thy cheek,
Now flush'd, now pale, thy lab'ring soul bespeak!
'Tis He, the Christ, by ev'ry Bard foretold!
Hear him, ye nations, and, ye Heav'ns, behold!

" The Virgin born to bruise the Serpent's head,
" The Paschal Lamb to patient slaughter led,
" The King of Kings to crush the gates of Hell,
" Messiah, Shiloh, Jah, Emmanuel"—
See! o'er his head, soft sinking from above,
With hov'ring radiance hangs the mystic Dove:
Dread from the cloud Jehovah's voice is known,
" This is my Son, my own, my well-lov'd Son."
Baptist rejoice! thy gifted eyes have seen
The brightest hour of man, since time hath been.
By thee anointed for the ghostly fight,
Heav'n's Warrior-Son assum'd his arms of light,
Stern marches forth his deadly Foe to find,
And wage th' immortal battle of mankind.
And thou, oh saint of floods! whose wave hath roll'd,
Pregnant with wonder, from the days of old;
Scene of the hero's deeds, and prophet's song,
Still, Jordan, flow, exulting sweep along.
Bright as the morn from ocean's wavy bed,
From thee Messiah rais'd his spotless head,
Call'd all his glories forth, and pass'd sublime,
To pour his light o'er ev'ry darkling clime.
'Tis done, and, vanish'd, like an airy dream,
The list'ning crowds from Jordan's hallow'd stream,
Primeval Solitude her reign resumes,
And Silence saddens o'er the slumb'ring glooms—

And, Prophet, where art thou? I hear no more
Thy footsteps rustle on the reedy shore,
Nor view thee sit upon the moonlight stone,
Like the pale spirit of the wilds, alone.
Alas! far other scenes await him now;
Far heavier cares oppress his weary brow:
Mid Salem's court he stands, in virtue's pride,
And guilty Grandeur dwindles at his side.
Yet, Jordan, oft shall Mem'ry's eye renew
Thy willow'd banks, and hills of distant blue:
There, if the wastes no kingly pomp display,
No festive pleasures crown the jocund day,
Yet Pride, and Avarice, and guilty Fear,
Ambition wild, and dark Revenge are here,
Passions and Appetites, a fiercer train
Than e'er rush'd howling o'er the desert plain.
Still shrinks he not—in conscious virtue bold,
No dangers daunt him, and no toils withhold.
Where yon proud dome the sons of riot calls,
And Salem's nobles crowd the gorgeous halls;
Where ev'ry charm that wealth and arts supply,
In bright profusion meet the wond'ring eye;
See, stern, unmov'd, in native grandeur great,
The Prophet tow'rs, and breathes the words of fate.
Yes, as he boldly brands each dark offence,
Truth all his arms, his shield but innocence;

See Herod, mid his guards enthron'd on high,
In pride of pow'r, in regal panoply,
Shrinks 'neath the Hermit's gaze, by conscience stung,
A paler Ahab from a bolder tongue.

Oh Salem! mid the storms that round thee roll,
Frequent and loud, to warn thy slumb'ring soul;
Dash'd from thy hand when Judah's sceptre falls,
And the stern stranger rules thy captive walls;
When now, more thrilling than the trumpet's blast,
Elias stands, the mightiest and the last
Of all the sons of prophecy, to tell
That fate comes rushing on thee, Israel;
Say, canst thou still the wing of Mercy spurn,
Hearing be deaf, and seeing not discern;
Sunk as thou art, and stain'd with holy blood,
Still would'st thou madly swell thy guilt's dark flood?

Yet, Baptist, go exulting to thy doom—
Though Rage condemn thee to the dungeon's gloom;
Yon dreary vault where morn can never break,
Nor ev'ning zephyr fan thy fever'd cheek,
Nor Friendship's voice, in sorrow doubly dear,
Pour its fond music in thy lonely ear—
Yet thine are joys the tyrant never knew;
Hope's fairest flow'rs thy rugged couch shall strew;
Thy nights in blissful visions glide away,
And holy musings steal its length from day.

For thee, O king, to drown corroding care,
Command the feast, and bid the dance be there;
Still mid thy blazing halls, in trappings proud,
Affect the god, and awe the flatt'ring crowd.
Yet though the lute and shell and horn prolong
The burst of melody, and swell the song;
Though witching beauty tries each wily art,
And wooes and wins and rules thy pow'rless heart;
What though to heav'n thy guilty revels swell,
Far brighter raptures cheer the captive's cell—
Glad is the tale consenting tongues record:
" Messiah reigns, high deeds proclaim the Lord.
" The deaf can hear, the blind receive their sight,
" And wither'd Palsy springs with new delight;
" On Pain's pale cheek reviving roses bloom,
" And shrouded Death starts wond'ring from the tomb."
Enrapt'ring thought! what now demands him more?
His task is done, his holy cares are o'er!
Messiah reigns, believ'd, confess'd, ador'd,
And earth's remotest climes shall own his word.
Then, tyrant, yield, thy fatal vow fulfil;
Rush, fell enchantress, glut thy vengeful will;
Exhaust th' inventive cruelty of hate,
And learn how Virtue triumphs o'er its fate.
Backward he looks with self-approving eye,
Before him smiles bright Immortality:

Forgiving, fearless, calm, he yields his breath,
And mounts to glory on the wings of death.

Yes, if, in triumph through the realms of air,
His form unchang'd no wheels of lightning bear;
Not less august his martyr'd soul shall rise
Again, Messiah's herald, to the skies.
Whence, oh, if, stooping from thy starry sphere,
Thou deign'st one future thought in pity here,
Pleas'd shalt thou view thy holy rite confess'd,
Thy name rever'd, where glows the human breast,
Thy Master's reign to age nor clime confin'd,
The world his temple, and his race mankind.

C. H. Johnson,

1809 *Brasenose College.*

THE STATUE

OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

WILL then no pitying sword its succour lend
The Gladiator's mortal throes to end,
To free the unconquer'd mind, whose generous pow'r
Triumphs o'er nature in her saddest hour?
  Bow'd low, and full of death, his head declines;
Yet o'er his brow indignant Valour shines,
Still glares his closing eye[1] with angry light,
Now glares, now darkens with approaching night.
  Think not with terror heaves[2] that sinewy breast,—
'Tis vengeance visible, and pain suppress't;
Calm in despair[3], in agony sedate,
His proud soul wrestles[4] with o'ermastering fate;

[1] Dans lequel (Glad. expirant) on pouvoit voir tout ce qui lui restoit encore de vie: in quo possit intelligi quantum restet animæ. Vid. Winkelmann, vol. ii. p. 241.

[2] Il ne craint point la mort, il craindroit de faire une grimace ou de pousser un lâche soupir. Encyc. Franç.

[3] Cet homme, qui vient de recevoir le coup mortel, veille à sa contenance. Ibid.

[4] Il ne veut pas s'abandonner à sa douleur ni à sa défaillance. Ibid.

That pang the conflict ends—he falls not yet[5],
Seems every nerve for one last effort set,
At once by death, death's lingering pow'r to brave—
He will not sink, but plunge into the grave,
Exhaust his mighty heart in one last sigh,
And rally life's whole energy—to die!

Unfear'd is now that cord[6], which oft ensnar'd
The baffled rival whom his falchion spar'd;
Those clarions[7] mute, which on the murd'rous stage
Rous'd him to deeds of more than martial rage;
Once pois'd by peerless might, once dear to fame,
The shield which could not guard, supports his frame;
His fix'd eye dwells upon the faithless blade[8],
As if in silent agony he pray'd,
" Oh might I yet, by one avenging blow,
" Not shun my fate, but share it with my foe!"

[5] On sent dans celui-ci que, malgré la force qui lui reste après le coup dont il est atteint, il n'a plus qu'un moment à vivre, et l'on regarde long tems dans l'attente de le voir tomber en expirant. Ib.

[6] For a proof that the figure represented by this statue was meant to be that of a Laquearius, see note to Winkelmann, vol. ii. p. 243. See also l'abbé Bracci, in his Dissertation " sopra un clipeo votivo," præf. p. 7.

[7] Bottari, qui veut dans sa déscription du Cabinet Clementin, vol. iii. 137. que cette figure représente un Gladiateur, dit que l'on faisoit usage du cor dans ces jeux ; mais on l'employoit seulement pour donner le signal de l'attaque. Vid. Winkelmann and Bottari.

[8] On voit près de lui une épée brisée. Tom. iii. p. 61. des Annales du Musée, etc. par C. P. Landon.

Vain hope!—the streams of life-blood fast descend[9];
That giant-arm's upbearing strength must bend;
Yet shall he scorn, procumbent, to betray
One dastard sign of anguish or dismay,
With one weak plaint to shame his parting breath,
In pangs sublime, magnificent in death!

But *his* were deeds unchronicled; *his* tomb
No patriot wreaths adorn; to cheer his doom,
No soothing thoughts arise of duties done,
Of trophied conquests for his country won;
And he, whose sculptur'd form gave deathless fame
To Ctesilas[10]—he dies without a name!

Haply to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride
The hero-slave or hireling-champion died,
When Rome, degenerate Rome, for barbarous shows,
Barter'd her virtue, glory, and repose,
Sold all that freemen prize as great and good,
For pomps of death, and theatres of blood!

George Robert Chinnery,

1810. *Christ Church.*

[9] Tandis que le sang coule de sa plaie. Montf. tom. vi. p. 267.

[10] He is supposed by Pliny and Winkelmann to be the sculptor.

N. B. In pointing out the principal beauties and leading features of this statue, Montfaucon, Winkelmann, and the author of the article "Gladiateur Expirant" in the French Encyclopedia, have been followed.

PARTHENON.

. . . . . Qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquiæ. PHÆD.

As in some drooping form and time-worn face
Oft lingers yet the shade of youthful grace;
So, Parthenon, thy beauty still appears
Amid the wreck of thy forgotten years.
Though rude barbarian mosques profane thy site,
And cells unveil'd now mingle with the light;
Though but one lonely pillar lives to tell
Where a long range of shapely columns fell;
And half suspended now, thy ruin nods
O'er mouldering fragments of its prostrate gods;
Yet still Oblivion seems to toil in vain,
For what she razes Fancy rears again.
Nor rears thee, Parthenon, of meaner mould,
Than when, from Cecrops' cliff, would gleam of old
Thy lustre o'er the rocky plain; or burst
Through morning mists by orient suns disperst,
"And, flashing on the glassy wave afar,
"Would startle, at his oar, the mariner."

How glows the frontispiece! in sumptuous stone
An awful Jove his offspring seems to own:
With gaze majestic on the stranger bent,
The heav'nly conclave nod their dread assent:
High on her car she stands, the virgin queen,
In peaceful garb array'd and peaceful mien:
Light bound her steeds, unconscious of the rein,
While bloodless transport throbs in ev'ry vein.
Neptune behind, in Parian stone, the earth
Strikes; and behold a war-horse spring to birth.
Next Pallas gives the word: from stony roots
The branch of Peace in budding marble shoots.

Eight fluted columns, rank'd in even file,
In front and rear, adorn the shadowy pile:
The channel'd triglyph, and its dropping base,
Bespeak the new-born temple's Dorian race:
There might you see a dread-inspiring sight,
The Lapithæ and Centaurs wreath'd in fight:
Those wield their giant limbs; these grasp their foe
With sinewy arms, which branch from beasts below.
Far sloping pillars range along each side,
And stretch a portico sublime and wide:
Six, at each front, retiring from the eye,
Shun its observance, but to tempt it nigh.
In slow procession move around the frieze
Virgins, and Youths, and guardian Deities.

" Some stately ride, some march to measur'd sound,
" Whilst youthful champions walk their chariots round.
" Here victims pace their voluntary way,
" And bards proclaim Minerva's festal day."
Such Fancy paints thee, Parthenon, and pours
Meridian splendor on thy waning hours.
As oft the sun, on some tall mountain's brow
Crown'd with the wreath that winter wove, as now
It melts in silent lapse, will fling his ray,
And lend its lustre, while it wastes away.

Richard Burdon,

1811. *Oriel College.*

N. B. The lines marked with inverted commas were not recited.

THE

BELVIDERE APOLLO.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav'nly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.
Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire;

Note. The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confin'd
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian[1]! with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright conclave of Heav'n's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man.
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than rev'rence gaz'd the Maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;

[1] Agasias of Ephesus.

To cherish grief, her last her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguil'd,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smil'd:
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she wan'd, and cold and senseless grown,
Clos'd her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gaz'd, then feebly smil'd, and died.

Henry Hart Milman,

1812. *Brasenose College.*

Note. The foregoing fact is related in the work of Mons. Pinel sur l'Insanité.

THE PANTHEON.

PALACE of Heav'n! of every God the fane!
Where rapt Devotion holds her silent reign!
At once each bosom feels thy strong controul,
Thy grandeur awes, thy beauty wins the soul.
Thee, Gothic rage and warrior pride rever'd,
The spoiler trembled, and the victor fear'd;
Each in thy dome his nation's God ador'd,
Here rais'd the suppliant hand, and dropp'd the sword.
  Proud, o'er the wreck of empire swells the dome,
As, o'er the prostrate world, victorious Rome.
Sublime the scene—yet softer feelings rise,
Where Martyrs sleep, and parted Genius lies:
Ye radiant beams, the sacred spot illume,
And sport in mingled tints o'er Raphael's tomb[1].
  In full proportion stands the solid fane,
Fair as sublime, majestically plain:
Mark the bold porch, on stately columns borne,
Whose lofty brows light leafy wreaths adorn:

[1] Raphael lies buried in the Pantheon.

Now stretch the view, (the brazen gates expand,)
Pillars around and light pilasters stand:
How teem the niches with celestial life,
Where Art exults, and Nature yields the strife!
Soft o'er the pavement blends each varied hue;
Light springs the dome, and circling fills the view.
Lo! Fancy, kindling at the sight, descries
A mimic world, an emblem of the skies[2].
Heaven's image here the Persian might adore,
Wont on some mountain's brow his vows to pour,
Who deems his God no narrow fanes can own,
The world his temple, highest Heaven his throne.
Here once in marble frown'd th' avenging Jove,
Here stood the synod of the realms above;
Bright Heroes there, enshrin'd amongst the Gods;
Last the dread powers that rul'd the dark abodes.
Vain phantoms!—chas'd by truth's all-piercing ray,
Ye fled, like spectres from the face of day:
Now through the vaulted roof Hosannas rise,
And lift the soul in rapture to the skies.
Thus shall the world, as holy bards foretel,
To one true God the general chorus swell:
And when at last yon orbs their course have run,
When earth shall melt, and darkness shroud the sun,

[2] Dion supposes, that the round form of the Pantheon was designed to represent the world.

Its crystal gates Heaven's temple shall display,
And light's sole Fountain scatter endless day,
Oh! lead my steps, firm Hope, that ne'er canst tire,
Ev'n to that temple's gate, and there expire,
As through the desert led the Prophet guide,
Just look'd, just saw the promis'd land, and died:
There white-rob'd Saints before the throne shall fall,
One heavenly Dome, one vast Pantheon all.

Francis Hawkins,

1813 *St. John's College.*

NIOBE.

Still o'er yon rock-built towers the heavenly foe
Hovers in gloom, and bends the fatal bow;
Still, as the arrows urge their vengeful speed,
Thy princes, Thebes, thy sons, Amphion, bleed.
Low lie the honours of that boasted race,
Youth's manly bloom and beauty's virgin grace,
And the last victim now, in wild despair,
Flies to her mother's breast—to perish there.
Closely she clings, her throbbing heart beats high,
And fear looks eager from her youthful eye.
  Undaunted Art! and could thy magic power
Recall the terrors of that dreadful hour,
Bid the cold stone with life and passion glow,
Pant with affright, and heave with silent woe?
Yes, at thy touch the rugged mass grew warm,
And softening shrunk and melted into form,
O'er ev'ry feature spread the mimic pain,
And the pale parent liv'd and mourn'd again.
  Earnest to save, but pow'rless to defend,
Still o'er her child the princess seem'd to bend,

As if she wish'd, ere yet the shaft had flown,
That tender frame might mingle with her own,
Till death no more his shuddering prey could trace,
So lost and buried in the firm embrace.
Stately her form, as when the wond'ring throng
Stood awed and breathless as she mov'd along,
When, maddening in her pride and headlong ire,
Her fair cheek glowing with delirious fire,
Scorn in each glance that spoke her haughty mind,
Her long, loose tresses waving on the wind,
Sublime in impious majesty she came
To brave Heaven's power, and mock Latona's name.
  But quench'd in sorrow now that frenzy dies,
Sadly they plead, those full, imploring eyes;
E'en such a look some captive wretch would throw,
Who ask'd, yet hop'd not mercy from his foe;
Where pride, though vanquish'd, lives, and strong desire
That lingers still, if hope itself expire.
Fix'd and unchanging with her latest breath,
Those lines of anguish shall congeal in death,
When, charg'd with two-fold fate, the same bright dart
Has pierc'd the child, and burst the mother's heart.
With deep and stifling agony oppprest,
The pulse of life seems pausing in her breast,
Set is her eye, that speaks its latest prayer,
Her soul, her being, seem suspended there;

No sound, no sign shall mark her dying pains,
No deadening chill creep sluggish through her veins,
Her mightier fate shall bear no faint delay,
But, lightning-like, at once be seen and slay.

John Leycester Adolphus,

1814. *St. John's College*

TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

Amid the wrecks of age, o'er wasted lands,
Fix'd as his fame, the Hero's Temple stands:
Though many a pile, wide mould'ring on the plain,
Mark the dread scene of Desolation's reign;
Though desert fields, and rifted towers declare
The shocks of nature, or the waste of war;
Yet rear'd in monarch state that fane appears,
Proud o'er the lapse of twice ten hundred years,
And seems to live an emblem to the brave,
How Time reveres the Patriot Hero's grave.

Above the pride of Art, and boldly plain,
In simplest grandeur stands the Dorian fane;
High on the strength of six fair pillars borne,
The stately front o'erlooks the gate of morn,
While Time's warm tints, with mellow lustre thrown,
In dusky gold imbrown the channel'd stone.
Fix'd on th' unrivall'd deeds Alcides wrought,
Here Mycon's soul the flame of glory caught,
Till breathing sculpture, spread through every part,
Had vanquish'd Nature, and exhausted Art.

What though the sullen tempests, as they pass,
With envious wounds invade the perfect mass!
'Tis but the scar that veterans joy to shew,
The pledge of conquest o'er a stubborn foe.
  Far-stretch'd on either side, a shapely file
Of fluted columns lift th' incumbent pile;
Where once, rich-blazon'd on the bossy stone
In sculptur'd pomp the spoils of battle shone;
In friendship's cause there Theseus sped the blow
That plung'd in death the Centaur-fiend below;
But these are sunk in dust; or, dimly seen,
Yet strive to image what the past hath been;
As oft at eve remains a blushing ray,
That parting tells how glorious was the day.
  More inward still, half hid in twilight shade
Of cloister'd wall, are stranger scenes display'd:
Chaf'd at the wrongs that threat his country's doom,
The Hero Spirit rushes from the tomb;
Rous'd to new rage beneath his champion eye,
Each Grecian claims the gen'rous right—to die:
While gods in awful gaze exult to see
The proud Invader fall'n, the Patriot free.
  Such the fair pile, where, shrin'd in holy cell,
The slumb'ring ashes of the mighty dwell,
Where Tweddell, youthful shade, to classic rest
Sinks, like a wearied child, on Science' breast,

And in the sacred scenes he lov'd to roam,
Finds the last honours of a kindred home,
While Muses, mourning whom they could not save,
Still guard his fame; for Athens is his grave.

Samuel Richards,

1815. *Oriel College.*

THE

HORSES OF LYSIPPUS.

If e'er, my soul, o'er Pindar's living lyre
Thy fancy hung, and caught the poet's fire;
If e'er, enraptur'd o'er each glowing song,
She sees the victor steeds, and hears them bound along;
Mount up, my soul, and with excursive eye,
Behold where Venice proudly courts the sky;
Behold where, beauteous 'mid the wreck of years,
Each matchless courser warm with life appears.
With many a pause, majestically slow,
Proudly they tread the sacred arch below[1];
Pleas'd, in each limb the artist's skill we see
Boldly correct, and temperately free:
Here—the arch'd neck, and gentle heaving side,
Mantles with grace, and swells with generous pride;
There—chastening Art her softer touch applies,
And strength reveal'd, with mix'd concealment vies.

[1] They are placed over the gate of St. Mark's church in Venice.

Though every vein with temperate current flows,
Though every muscle rests in calm repose;
Yet theirs the force to whirl the warrior's car
Triumphant, 'midst th' embattled ranks of war;
Or o'er Olympia's glowing course to fly,
Borne on the winged speed of victory!

Such are the forms, that once, in bold relief,
Enhanc'd the glories of some conquering chief,
Doom'd, on the high ensculptur'd arch, to bear
The laurell'd victor and triumphal car.
Methinks I see, with haughty mien, above,
In trophied state, the son of Libyan Jove;
From conquer'd earth to heaven his looks aspire,
And the proud coursers share their master's fire!

What changes witness'd, and what wanderings past,
Ye rest in peace, immortal steeds! at last.
Ye mark'd from her Tarpeian eyrie's height,
The bird of empire wing her upward flight;
Ye mark'd her, drooping on the Pontic shore,
Sink 'midst Byzantium's towers to rise no more!
Ye saw the new-born star of Learning rise
In life and gladness, o'er Hesperia's skies:
From Venice torn, ye saw its withering breath
O'er Gallia's plains shed pestilence and death!

But see! triumphant Justice sheaths the sword—
The spoiler vanquish'd, and the spoil restor'd!

See Venice, smiling 'midst her tears, receives
The gift which Valour gain'd—which Virtue gives;
With pleasing transports, each fam'd steed surveys,
Which grac'd her brightest—cheers her gloomiest days.
Thus, when her palaces in dust decay—
When e'en her Titian's colours melt away—
Their matchless beauty shall her walls adorn,
And bear Lysippus' fame through ages yet unborn!

Alexander Macdonnell,

1816. *Christ Church.*

THE

FARNESE HERCULES.

STILL as the calm, yet awful as the storm—
When black'ning clouds the summer sky deform—
What more than mortal frame, or human face,
Stands like the remnant of a mightier race?
  See! rear'd to life, with sinews that deride
The pangs he suffer'd, and the death he died;
Conscious of giant strength, as when he trod
The Gods' lost empire, more himself than God—
Alcides breathes—though mild, awakens still
Wonder's mute gaze, or Fear's tumultuous thrill;
And proud that conquest leaves no foe to yield,
Leans on the club he knew so well to wield!
Loose o'er its top the Nemean skin he threw,
And bar'd his ample bosom to the view:
Clasps his firm hand, in careless cold disdain,
The fruit by sleepless monsters watch'd in vain:
Yet secret triumph o'er his brow has cast
That prize the loveliest, as that toil the last!

" Away, ye lighter thoughts! ye dreams, away,
Where beardless youth, and sparkling beauty play,"
The master[1] cried; and taught the stone to live
With nobler charms, than youth and beauty give!
Warm'd at his touch, Herculean limbs arose
In full sublimity of deep repose:
No airy elegance, that fancy sees
Float in the dance, or tremble in the breeze;
No shapeless mass of rude colossal plan;
No Athos[2] labour'd to the form of man;
But true proportions of resistless might;
Heroic mien, and lineaments, and height:
The brow that looks security—the soul
That speaks from limbs of adamant controul.
Still o'er her son fond Virtue beams confest[3],
And strength embodied swells the manly chest.
Yet heave those veins in sculptur'd life alone?
Those muscles motionless? that form a stone?
Gaze, where no curls the spreading shoulders deck,
But closely twine, and shew the brawny neck:
Gaze, till the rapt imagination deem
The fabled labours were not all a dream;

[1] Glycon of Athens.

[2] It was proposed to Alexander the Great, that mount Athos should be cut into a statue of himself.

[3] Alluding to the choice of Hercules.

But that strong arm o'er earth and hell prevail'd,
And quell'd the Titans when all heaven had fail'd;
Back to their base uprooted mountains hurl'd,
Bade nature tremble, and sustain'd the world!
Such, deathless offspring of that elder time,
When Greece was bright in genius as in clime;
Since seen from earth in second life to start[4],
The mighty model for Italian art:
Such hast thou stood, 'mid war and change unrent,
Firm as the front of Alpine battlement;
Mellow'd by age—yet not by age o'ercome,
The boast of Athens, and the pride of Rome.

James Shergold Boone,

1817. *Christ Church.*

[4] This statue was dug from the earth after having been buried for many years.

THE COLISEUM.

Record of empire past, of splendour fled,
Colossal emblem of the mighty dead!
How deeply solemn at this midnight hour
To view thy relics of departed pow'r!
And mark, 'mid skies serene, the moon's pale beam
Through rents of ruin cast its tranquil gleam;
While Rome's dread Genius walks the hallow'd ground,
And breathes the soul of inspiration round.
Here rifted arches, nodding to their fall,
In triple circuit lift the pillar'd wall:
Though spoil'd by rapine of their binding brass,
Self-pois'd they hang—an uncemented mass[1]:
Here ruin'd piles their rugged front display—
Commingling strife of grandeur and decay!—
Huge corridors, where sculpture breathes no more,
But rank weeds cluster on the mould'ring floor—

[1] Tous les trous que l'on voit ont été faits dans le bas âge, pour exstraire les crampons de bronze, qui liaient les pierres ensemble. V. Vasi Marien Romain.

Deep cavern'd vaults, where tuneless night-birds dwell,
Or lurks the bandit—in the lion's cell.

No more slow-widening with proportion'd size,
Tier above tier, those circling seats arise;
Whence erst, 'mid shouting throngs, imperial pride
Look'd down unpitying—while her children died—
What time the white-rob'd vestal's stern command
Bade hero ruffians lift the hireling hand:—
Proud wreck of guilty majesty, declare
Where now thy pomp? thy crowding myriads where?
All—all is past, and o'er the crumbling stone
Still Desolation rears her giant throne.

Yet nor barbaric sword, nor bigot rage,
Nor the slow canker of corroding age,
But thine own Romans marr'd the grand design,—
Hew'd princely fabrics from thy plunder'd mine[2];
With felon hand defac'd thy form sublime,
And tam'd that boast, which dar'd the waste of time.
Nor yet had spar'd thee—but her wand of peace
Religion wav'd, and bade the ravage cease;
Bade the meek Cross its guardian influence shed,
And rear'd her altars, where her champions bled[3].

[2] The Farnese and other palaces were built from the Coliseum. V. Eustace.

[3] Many Christian martyrs were devoured by wild beasts on the arena.

Yes—awful Pile, declare to latest time
How join'd the reign of glory and of crime;
Still with that rugged form, that front severe,
Tell lost Italia what her fathers were.
Awe-struck I scan thy massive bulk, and see
Majestic Rome's epitome in thee;
Her daring grandeur, cast in mountain mould—
Her pond'rous wreck, that speaks the great of old;
For thou, like her, canst mock oblivion's sway,
Proud in thy fall,—triumphant in decay!

Thomas Holden Ormerod,

1818. *New College.*

THE

IPHIGENIA OF TIMANTHES.

While the rapt world with ceaseless wonder views
The rescu'd works of sculpture's Attic muse,
Those forms by fabling bards on Ida seen,
The heavenly Archer, and the Paphian Queen;
Why breathe no more the glowing tints, that erst
By every grace on nature's bosom nurst,
To the charm'd eye with soft enchantment threw
Empassion'd life o'er all Timanthes drew,
And bade in colour's magic radiance rise,
Aulis, thy scene of virgin sacrifice?
There, in one group, distinguish'd, yet combin'd,
Grief, pity, terror—all that shakes the mind
The mighty master pour'd; and o'er the piece
In weeping silence hung enraptur'd Greece!
  Yet oft will fancy every touch renew,
Bright as the rainbow, and as fleeting too:
For mark at Dian's fane, where powerless, pale,
Not glittering now in Hymen's roseate veil,

Not with light step, that shows the careless breast,
Nor youth's gay cheek in smiles unclouded drest,
But—all her fate's worst, darkest hues reveal'd,
Without one hope to cheer, one friend to shield,
In speechless gaze Iphigenia stands,
And clasps at death's dread shrine her pleading hands:
Yet on that cheek, bedew'd with beauty's tear,
Still heroine firmness strives with female fear,
And her last glance of life a ray shall throw
Of pitying pardon on a father's woe.

See all around the sad contagion spread—
Survey the pensive form, the drooping head—
Now e'en Ulysses feels, with mingling force,
Compassion barb the stings of vain remorse—
Though check'd by patriot pride, and bigot zeal,
Unbidden drops o'er softening Calchas steal;
In Ajax, sterner sorrow heaves the breast,
And swells the lip with anger ill represt.
But most that sunken cheek, and tear-dimm'd eye,
Sad Menelaus, speak thy kindred tie—
Speak the fond wish without the power to save,
Unless a parent spare the life he gave.
'Tis vain—no aid offended heaven allows,
The fillet binds the human victim's brows—
Edg'd is the murderous steel, and crown'd the shrine,
Death only waits the monarch's fateful sign!

Cythnian, enough! thy art has rack'd the breast,
Drain'd every grief, each passion's change exprest—
In mercy stay thy harrowing touch—nor trace
Weak nature's strife in Agamemnon's face—
Yon close-drawn robes' convulsive folds declare....
....Away—a father's heart is bursting there.

Henry John Urquhart,

1819. *New College.*

THE

TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.

STILL o'er Cayster's stream (as dimly play
On Samos' hills the fading fires of day)
The cold moon gleams;—yet no glad sound is there,
The strains of sacrifice, the pomp of prayer:
As when, beneath Diana's silver light,
Her pale-eyed virgins hymn'd the lamp of night;
As when, all arm'd, beneath the beechen shade,
Join'd the wild dance each Amazonian maid[1],
While Echo woke the Sardian groves among,
And Berecynthos trembled at their song[2].

'Mid the deep slumber of that lonely plain
Dawn'd the first glories of th' Ephesian fane;
—No wealthier floor the Pythian priestess trod,
Her breast deep-lab'ring with th' inspiring God[3].—

[1] Σοὶ καὶ Ἀμαζονίδες, πολέμου ἐπιθυμήτειραι,
ἔν κοτε παῤῥαλίῃ Ἐφέσου βρέτας ἱδρύσαντο
φηγῷ ὑπὸ πρέμνῳ·—περὶ πρύλιν ὠρχήσαντο.

[2] . . . . . ἔδραμε δ' ἠχὼ
Σάρδιας, ἔς τε νομὸν Βερεκύνθιον. Callim. εἰς Ἄρτ.

[3] . . . . . τοῦ δ' οὔτι θεώτερον ὄψεται ἠὼς,
οὔδ' ἀφνειότερον· ῥέα κεν Πυθῶνα παρέλθοι. Ibid.

Yet,—at that shrine though thrill'd with holy fear
Stern victors shrunk, and dropt th' uplifted spear[4]—
Nor awe restrain'd, nor Cynthia's fatal frown,
Unhallow'd zeal, and avarice of renown,
Or quench'd the fires ambition rais'd, to claim
The guilty splendour of a deathless name[5].

Slow sinks the smould'ring pile; and o'er it brood
Primeval gloom and darkling solitude;
Yet not the less, triumphant o'er her foes,
And pure from flame, Diana's Temple rose,
Firm on its never-shaken basis stood[6],
Secure of fate, and awed th' indignant flood[6].
Lo! on Ionia's polish'd pillars borne,
Its bold front hails the rosy realms of morn!
Majestic monuments of lordly fame,
Each the frail record of a regal name,
Who now shall trace where Scopas' chisel taught
The conscious stone to waken into thought;
Or where, instinct with life, the tints grew warm
Beneath Apelles' touch, and melted into form[7]?

[4] This was the only temple spared by Xerxes. Solin. c. 43. It was spared also by Crœsus. Herod. 1.

[5] Alluding to Erostratus.

[6] The situation of the second temple was chosen as secure from earthquakes. An immense mass of building was raised to prevent the inundation of the marshes. Petit. de Amagon.

[7] Alluding to Apelles' picture of Alexander.

Works of the mighty dead! before ye bow'd
Through many an age the banners of the proud,
Till burst from high th' eternal light of day;
—Before it groves and altars fade away,
At once Apollo's vocal caves are still,
And faint the echoes of Dodona's hill:
Then shook, Diana, thy proud form of gold[8],
Pale grew thy fires, and every altar cold,
And, as th' Apostle rais'd his voice divine[9],
The Prophet-seer fled trembling from thy shrine.
Spoil'd by the Despot[10], by the Savage fir'd[10],
Thy Temple tott'ring as its rites expir'd,
E'en now thy columns hear, in lands unknown[11],
The Moslem hymn, and worship not thine own;
While o'er thy plains, incumbent, Silence throws
Its deep majestic gloom and terrible repose.

W. Ewart,

1820. Christ Church.

[8] The statue of Diana is said, by Xenophon, to have been of gold. Anab. 5.

[9] St. Paul at Ephesus. [10] Justinian and the Goths.

[11] Several of the columns now support the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. See Gibbon, vol. i. p. 432.

PÆSTUM.

Mid the deep silence of the pathless wild,
Where kindlier Nature once profusely smil'd,
Th' eternal Temples stand—untold their age,
Untrac'd their annals in historic page;
All that around them stood, now far away—
Single in ruin, mighty in decay,
Between the mountains and the azure main,
They claim the empire of the lonely plain.
In solemn beauty, through the clear blue light,
The Doric columns rear their massive height,
Emblems of strength untam'd: yet conqu'ring Time
Has mellow'd half the sternness of their prime,

The Temples of Pæstum owe more of the interest they possess to their situation than their history. They stand in the midst of a plain, once famous for its opulence and fertility, now scarcely inhabited, and visited by the destructive influence of the Mal'aria. Almost every trace of the city which surrounded them is gone, but the three temples have remained nearly entire and unhurt through the course of between two and three thousand years.

The largest of the number is said to have been sacred to Neptune, the tutelary deity of ancient Posidonia; and it has been conjectured, that one of the others was used as a court of justice.

And bade the lichen, mid their ruins grown,
Imbrown with darker tints the vivid stone.
Each channel'd pillar of the fane appears
Unspoil'd, yet soften'd, by consuming years;
So calmly awful, so serenely fair,
The gazer's heart still mutely worships there.

Not always thus—when beam'd beneath the day,
No fairer scene than Pæstum's lovely bay;
When her light soil bore plants of ev'ry hue,
And twice each year her storied roses blew:
While Bards her blooming honours lov'd to sing,
And Tuscan zephyrs fann'd th' eternal spring.

Proud in her port the Tyrian moor'd his fleet,
And Wealth and Commerce fill'd the peopled street;
While here the rescued mariner ador'd
The sea's dread sov'reign, Posidonia's lord,
With votive tablets deck'd yon hallow'd walls,
Or sued for justice in her crowded halls.
There stood on high the white-rob'd Flamen—there
The opening portal pour'd the choral prayer,
While to th' o'erarching heav'n swell'd full the sound,
And incense blaz'd, and myriads knelt around.

'Tis past—the echoes of the plain are mute,
E'en to the herdsman's voice, or shepherd's flute;
The toils of art, the charms of nature fail,
And Death triumphant rides the tainted gale.

From the lone spot the trembling peasants haste;
A wild, the garden; and the town, a waste.
But They are still the same—alike they mock
Th' invader's menace, and the tempest's shock;
Such, ere the world had bow'd at Cæsar's throne,
Ere yet proud Rome's all conqu'ring name was known,
They stood—and fleeting centuries in vain
Have pour'd their fury o'er th' enduring fane;
Such, long shall stand; proud relics of a clime,
Where man was glorious, and his works sublime;
While in the progress of their long decay,
Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away.

G. Howard,

1821. *Christ Church.*

PALMYRA.

O'ER the hush'd plain where sullen horror broods,
And darkest frown the Syrian solitudes,
Where Morn's soft steps no balmy fragrance leave,
And parch'd and dewless is the couch of Eve,
Thy form, pale City of the waste, appears
Like some faint vision of departed years.
In mazy cluster still, a giant train,
Thy sculptur'd fabrics whiten on the plain;
Still stretch thy column'd vistas far away
The shadow'd dimness of their long array.
  But where the stirring crowd, the voice of strife,
The glow of action, and the thrill of life?
Hear! the loud crash of yon huge fragment's fall,
The pealing answer of each desert hall,
The nightbird shrieking from her secret cell,
And hollow winds the tale of ruin tell.
  See fondly ling'ring Mithras' parting rays
Gild the proud tow'rs once vocal with his praise;
But the cold altars clasping weeds entwine,
And Moslems worship at the godless shrine.

Yet here slow-pausing Memory loves to pour
Her magic influence o'er this pensive hour;
And oft as yon recesses deep prolong
The echoed sweetness of the Arab's song,
Recalls that scene when wisdom's sceptred Child[1]
First broke the stillness of the lonely wild.
From air, from ocean, from earth's utmost clime
The summon'd Genii heard the mutter'd rhyme,
The tasking spell their airy hands obey'd,
And Tadmor glitter'd in the palmy shade.
Lo! to her feet the tide of ages brings
The wealth of nations, and the pomp of kings,
And far her warrior queen from Parthia's plain
To the dark Æthiop spreads her ample reign.
Vain boast; e'en she who Immæ's[2] field along
Waked fiercer frenzy in the patriot throng,
And sternly beauteous, like the meteor's light,
Shot through the tempest of Emesa's fight—
While trembling captives round the victor wait,
Hang on his eye, and catch the word of fate—
Zenobia's self must quail beneath his nod,
A kneeling suppliant to the mimic god.

[1] "All these mighty things," say the Arabs, "Solyman Ebn Doud [Solomon, son of David,] did by the assistance of spirits." See Wood's Account of the Ruins of Palmyra.

[2] See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. xi.

But one there stood amid that abject throng,
In truth triumphant and in virtue strong;
Beam'd on his brow the soul which undismay'd
Smil'd at the rod, and scorn'd the uplifted blade.
O'er thee, Palmyra, darkest seem'd to low'r
The boding terrors of that fatal hour;
Far from thy glades indignant Freedom fled,
And Hope too wither'd as Longinus bled.

Ambrose Barber,

1822. *Wadham College.*

STONEHENGE.

Wrapt in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb,
Where cold oblivion holds her dusky reign,
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.
Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
Corinthian beauty, or Ionian grace:
No pillar'd lines with sculptur'd foliage crown'd,
No fluted remnants deck the hallow'd ground;
Firm, as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
Whence the pois'd fragment tottering seems to throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below.
Here oft, when Evening sheds her twilight ray,
And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale,
How, at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance;

While on each whisp'ring breeze that murmurs by,
His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.

Rise from thy haunt, dread Genius of the clime,
Rise, magic spirit of forgotten time!
'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on Tradition's page:
See! at thy call, from Fable's varied store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour:
Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke, and scorns th' oppressor's chain;
Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell[1],
Waves the dark wand, and chaunts the thrilling spell.
Hark! 'tis the Bardic lyre, whose harrowing strain
Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain;
Lo! 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line
In lowliest homage bends before the shrine.
He comes—the priest—amid the sullen blaze
His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays;
Dim gleam the torches through the circling night,
Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light;
O'er the black scene of death, each conscious star,
In lurid glory, rolls its silent car.

[1] On this spot it is said that the British nobles were slaughtered by Hengist.

'Tis gone! e'en now the mystic horrors fade
From Sarum's loneliness, and Mona's glade;
Hush'd is each note of Taliesin's [2] lyre,
Sheath'd the fell blade, and quench'd the fatal fire.
On wings of light Hope's angel form appears,
Smiles on the past, and points to happier years:
Points, with uplifted hand, and raptur'd eye,
To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky;
And views, at length, the Sun of Judah pour
One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore.

Thomas Stokes Salmon,

1823. *Brasenose College.*

[2] Taliesin, president of the bards, flourished in the sixth century.

THE

ARCH OF TITUS.

Lives there no trophy of the hero's fame,
No proud memorial to record his name,
Whose vengeful sword o'er Israel's fated land
Stamp'd iron bondage with a conqueror's hand?
Beneath yon sacred hill's imperial mound[1],
With ruin'd shrines and fallen columns crown'd,
Where Rome's dread Genius guards each mouldering stone,
The cradle of her empire, and her throne;
Titus, thy Arch proclaims the peaceful sway
Of taste, ennobling triumph's proudest day;
Survives, the Forum's grandeur to recall,
And weep deserted o'er its country's fall.
Though dimm'd the outline now, not time o'erthrows
Th' unrivall'd grace which in each fragment glows;
And Genius, beaming through each ruin'd part,
Displays the glories of immortal Art.

[1] The Arch is situated at the foot of the Palatine hill.

With mingling beauties crown'd[2], the columns tower,
Ionia's graceful curve, and Corinth's flower;
And tapering as they rise aloft in air,
The sculptur'd frieze and votive tablet bear.
From o'er each column Fame[3] exulting springs,
Seems stretch'd for flight, and waves her golden wings:
Yet linger not! within the circling space
The storied walls more radiant beauties grace[4];
In warlike pomp the triumph's rich array
Leaps from the living marble into day.
High on his car the victor borne along
Hears with exulting heart th' applauding throng;
With sparkling eye surveys the sacred spoil,
And feels one hour o'erpay long years of toil.
Lo! Judah's swarthy sons before the car,
The wither'd remnant of disease and war!
Rebellious passions light their faded cheek,
And all the bitter pangs they dare not speak:
And shall these trophies, from His temple torn,
The living God, some idol shrine adorn?

[2] The building is of the Composite order, and one of the most ancient and beautiful specimens.

[3] The two winged figures, apparently representing Fame.

[4] The triumphal procession of Titus is sculptured on the walls in the interior.

Shall we, shall Aaron's sons no more rejoice,
Nor breathe yon trump with Conquest's silver voice[5],
From Salem's holy mountain heard afar
In days of festal gladness and of war?
Is then the seven-branch lustre sunk in night,
Which shed o'er Israel's fate mysterious light?
Or shall its golden lamps with heathen flame
Gleam as in scorn to point at Sion's shame?
Yes, it is quench'd! till Judah's captive maid
Wake from her woes beneath the palm-tree shade,
Recall her wandering sons, abjure her pride,
And bless th' Anointed King she crucified!
Th' unfading crown of David's glory claim,
Yon Arch o'erthrown, and Rome itself a name.

John Thomas Hope,

1824. *Christ Church.*

[5] Among the sacred ornaments are still to be seen the golden candlestick, the silver trumpets, etc. Vid. Numb. x. 8, 9, 10.

THE

TEMPLE OF VESTA.

THE dark pine waves on Tibur's classic steep,
From rock to rock the headlong waters leap,
Tossing their foam on high, till leaf, and flower,
Glitter, like emeralds, in the sparkling shower:
Lovely—but lovelier from the charms that glow
Where Latium spreads her purple vales below;
The olive, smiling on the sunny hill,
The golden orchard[1], and the ductile rill[2],
"The spring clear-bubbling in its rocky font,
"The moss-grown cave, the Naiad's fabled haunt[3],"
And, far as eye can strain, yon shadowy dome,
The glory of the earth, Eternal Rome.

[1] Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Hor.

[2] "The ductile rill."—The admirers of poetical description will remember with pleasure the charming picture which Virgil gives of the irrigation of lands in Italy:

Et cum exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,
Ecce, supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
Elicit; illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.
Virg. Georg. lib. i. 107.

[3] These two lines were added after the decision of the prize.

This, this was Vesta's seat—sublime, alone,
The mountain crag uprear'd her virgin throne
In all the majesty of goddess might,
Fann'd by pure gales, and bathed in cloudless light:
Hers was the dash of Anio's sacred tide,
The flame, from heaven's ethereal fount supplied,
And the young forms that trod the marble shrine,
For earth too fair, for mortal too divine.

And lo! where still ten circling columns rise
High o'er the arching spray's prismatic dyes[4],
Touch'd, but not marr'd—as Time had paused to spare
The wreaths that bloom in lingering beauty there—
E'en where each prostrate wreck might seem to mourn
Her rifted shaft, her lov'd acanthus torn,
Nature's wild flowers in silent sorrow wave
Their votive sweets o'er Art's neglected grave.

But ye, who sleep the calm and dreamless sleep,
Where joy forgets to smile, and woe to weep,
For you, blest Maids, a long and last repose
Has still'd each pulse that throbs, each vein that glows;
For oft, too oft, the white and spotless vest
Conceal'd a bleeding heart, an aching breast,

[4] "Prismatic dyes."—"The iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrent: it is exactly like a rainbow, come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it: this effect lasts till noon." Byron's Manfred.

Hope, that with cold Despair held feeble strife,
And love that parted but with parting life:
Still would the cheek with human passion burn,
Still would the heart to fond remembrance turn,
Vow all itself to heaven, but vow in vain,
Sigh for its thoughts, yet sigh to think again.

And thou, Immortal Bard, whose sweetest lays
Were hymn'd in rapture to thy Tibur's praise,
What, though no more the listening vales prolong
The playful echoes[5] of thy Sabine song,
Weep not her olive groves' deserted shade,
Her princely halls[6], in silent ruin laid,
Her altars mouldering on a nameless hill—
There all is beauty, all is glory still;
Flowers—yet more bright than Roman Maiden wreath'd;
Prayers—yet more pure than Virgin Priestess breath'd;
A fane—more noble than the Vestal trod—
The Christian's temple, to the Christian's God[7].

Richard Clarke Sewell,

1825. *Magdalen College.*

[5] "The playful echoes."—Jocosa montis imago. Hor.

[6] "Her princely halls."—Tibur was the favourite retreat not only of Horace and Virgil, but of Mæcenas, and in after ages of the emperor Adrian.

[7] The church of St. Giorgio adjoins the temple of Vesta.

TRAJAN'S PILLAR.

Amid these wrecks of age how sweet to stray,
As steals pale twilight o'er the blush of day;
And see, along those evening-tinted walls,
Where the tall shadow lengthens as it falls,
Still spar'd by time, yon storied shaft appears,
Grey with the triumphs of a thousand years;
There, in the conscious majesty of might,
The Father-Monarch[1] stood in cloudless light,
And from his dwelling in the deep-blue sky
Beheld the vanquish'd world beneath him lie.
Mark, round its sides, as swells the sculptur'd strife,
Each warrior-image starting into life;
The serried phalanx, and the light-arm'd band,
Their eagles glittering on a foreign strand;
Here white-rob'd priests in long procession lead
The victims destin'd to their Gods to bleed;
Disdaining slavery, there, the Dacian foe[2]
Seeks death and freedom in the dagger's blow;

[1] An appellation of which Trajan was deservedly proud.
[2] Decebalus, king of the Daci.

And tow'ring in the midst, yon kingly form,
Whose out-stretch'd arm directs the battle-storm—
Fix'd his firm step, and high unalter'd mien,
Stern as war's God, yet awfully serene;
Where'er he moves, destruction marks the way,
Nor walls, nor woods, nor waves[3], his hosts can stay:
Wild as some wintry torrent's echoing roar
Rolls the dark war on Ister's fated shore;
Affrighted Dacia flies, nor now avail
Her tempest-footed steeds, and linked mail;
Still press the victors on—with sudden dread,
Lo! Danube, starting from his sedge-girt bed,
Wond'ring, beholds the crowds that throng his flood,
And stain his angry streams with native blood.

Such were thy sons, O Rome!—thy matchless pow'r,
In the full blaze of thy meridian hour;
But where are now thy conquests and thy pride,
Thy steel-clad hosts that swell'd war's sweeping tide?—
On those free rocks where gleam'd the patriot blade,
The ruffian bandit plies his desperate trade.

Yet 'mid thy setting, still some parting ray
Tells of the brightness of thy former day,—

[3] The Roman soldiers, on the reliefs, are represented using the battering ram, cutting down and clearing woods that intercepted their march, and throwing wooden bridges across the rivers.

Immortal Roman ! each time-hallow'd place
Bids pausing memory all thy acts retrace,—
Though now, thy form by bigot rage o'erthrown,
Yon pillar bears an image not its own[4];
Thy trophies gather'd from the well-fought field,
That fill recording Victory's pictur'd shield[5],
While virtue awes, while valour has its praise,
Shall still command each rising hero's gaze,
Bid his young spirit catch th' inspiring flame,
And soar to deeds that rival Trajan's fame.

William Walter Tireman,

1826. *Wadham College.*

[4] The pillar of Trajan is now surmounted by a statue of St. Peter, erected in 1587, by pope Sixtus the fifth.

[5] Victory is personified on the column, surrounded by trophies, inscribing the exploits of Trajan on a shield.

POMPEII.

How fair the scene! the sunny smiles of day
Flash o'er the wave in glad Sorrento's bay;
Far, far along mild Sarno's glancing stream,
The fruits and flowers of golden Summer beam,
And cheer, with brightening hues, the lonely gloom,
That shrouds yon silent City of the Tomb!
Yes, sad Pompeii! Time's deep shadows fall
On every ruin'd arch and broken wall!
But Nature smiles as in thy happiest hour,
And decks thy lowly rest with many a flower.
Around, above, in blended beauty shine
The graceful poplar and the clasping vine;
Still the young violet[1], in her chalice blue,
Bears to the lip of Morn her votive dew;
Still the green laurel springs to life the while,
Beneath her own Apollo's golden smile;
And o'er thy fallen glories beams on high
The Beauty of the Heavens—Italia's sky!

[1] The violets of this district are proverbial for their abundance and beauty.

How fair the scene! even now to Fancy's gaze
Return the shadowy forms of other days:
Those halls, of old with mirth and music rife,
Those echoing streets that teem'd with joyous life,
The stately towers that rose along the plain,
And the light barks that swept yon silvery main.
And see! they meet beneath the chestnut shades,
Pompeii's joyous sons and graceful maids,
Weave the light dance—the rosy chaplet twine,
Or snatch the cluster from the weary vine;
Nor think that Death can haunt so fair a scene,
The Heaven's deep blue, the Earth's unsullied green.

Devoted City! could not aught avail
When the dark omen[2] told thy fearful tale?
The giant phantom dimly seen to glide,
And the loud voice[3] that shook the mountain-side,
With warning tones that bade thy children roam,
To seek in happier climes a calmer home?

[2] Dio Cassius, lxvi. relates, that, previously to the destruction of the city, figures of gigantic size were seen hovering in the air, and that a voice like the sound of a trumpet was often heard. Probably the imagination of the inhabitants invested with human figure the vapours that preceded the eruption.

[3] Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes
Ingens; et simulacra modis pallentia miris
Visa sub obscurum noctis. Virg. Georg. i. 476.

In vain! they will not break the fatal rest
That woos them to the mountain's treacherous breast:
Fond memory blends with every mossy stone
Some early joy, some tale of pleasure flown;
And they must die where those around will weep,
And sleep for ever where their fathers sleep.
Yes! they must die: behold! yon gathering gloom
Brings on the fearful silence of the tomb;
Along Campania's sky yon murky cloud
Spreads its dark form—a City's funeral shroud.

How brightly rose Pompeii's latest day[4]!
The Sun, unclouded, held his golden way,—
Vineyards, in Autumn's purple glories drest,
Slept in soft beauty on the mountain's breast;
The gale that wanton'd round his crested brow,
Shook living fragrance from the blossom'd bough;
And many a laughing mead and silvery stream
Drank the deep lustre of the noonday beam:
Then echoing Music rang, and Mirth grew loud
In the glad voices of the festal crowd;
The opening Theatre's[5] wide gates invite,
The choral dance is there, the solemn rite—

[4] Pompeii was destroyed on the twenty-third of August, A. D. 79. See Plinii Epist. l. vi. 16. 20; Dio Cassius, lxvi. It remained undiscovered during fifteen centuries.

[5] Eustace, and other modern writers, have thought it improba-

There breathes th' immortal Muse her spell around,
And swelling thousands flood the fated ground.
See! where arise before th' enraptur'd throng,
The fabled scenes, the shadowy forms of Song!
Gods, that with Heroes leave their starry bowers,
Their fragrant hair entwin'd with radiant flowers,
Haunt the dim grove, beside the fountain dwell—
Strike the deep lyre, or sound the wreathed shell—
With forms of heavenly mould; but hearts that glow
With human passion, melt with human woe!
Breathless they gaze, while white-rob'd priests advance,
And graceful virgins lead the sacred dance;
They listen, mute, while mingling tones prolong
The lofty accent, and the pealing song,
Echo th' unbending Titan's haughty groan,
Or in the Colchian's woes forget their own[6]!
Why feels each throbbing heart that shuddering chill?
The Music falters, and the Dance is still—

ble that the inhabitants of Pompeii could have assembled to enjoy the amusement of the theatre after the shocks of the earthquake and other symptoms of danger which preceded the eruption; but as their theatrical representations partook of the nature of religious solemnities, there does not seem sufficient reason to disregard the positive assertion of Dio Cassius to the contrary.

[6] Ivory tickets of admission were found in the vicinity of one of the theatres, inscribed on one side with the name of a play of Æschylus, and on the other with a representation of the theatre itself. One or two of these are preserved in the Studio at Naples.

" Is it pale Twilight stealing o'er the plain?
" Or starless Eve, that holds unwonted reign?
Hark to the thrilling answer! who shall tell
When thick and fast th' unsparing tempest fell,
And stern Vesuvius pour'd along the vale
His molten cataracts, and his burning hail:—
Oh! who shall paint, in that o'erwhelming hour,
Death's varying forms, and Horror's withering power?
Earthquake! wild Earthquake! rends that heaving plain,
Cleaves the firm rock, and swells the beetling main:
Here, yawns the ready grave, and, raging, leap
Earth's secret fountains from their troubled sleep;
There, from the quivering mountain bursts on high
The pillar'd flame, that wars along the sky!
On, on they press, and maddening seek in vain
Some soothing refuge from the fiery rain;—
Their home? it can but yield a living tomb,
Round the lov'd hearth is brooding deepest gloom;
Yon sea? its angry surges scorching rave,
And Deathfires gleam upon the ruddy wave:
Oh! for one breath of that reviving gale,
That swept at dewy morn along the vale!
For one sad glance of their beloved sky,
To soothe, though vain, their parting agony!
Yon mother bows in vain her shuddering form,
Her babe to shield from that relentless storm:

Cold are those limbs her clasping arms constrain,
Even the soft shelter of her breast is vain!
Gaze on that form! 'tis Beauty's softest maid,
The rose's rival in her native shade;—
For her had Pleasure rear'd her fairest bowers,
And Song and Dance had sped the laughing hours:
See! o'er her brow the kindling ashes glow,
And the red shower o'erwhelms her breast of snow;
She seeks that lov'd one—never false till then;—
She calls on him—who answers not again:
Loose o'er her bosom flames her golden hair,
And every thrilling accent breathes despair!
Even the stern priest, who saw with raptur'd view,
The deathless forms of Heaven's ethereal blue,
Who drank, with glowing ear, the mystic tone,
That cloth'd his lips with wonders not their own,
Beheld th' immortal marble frown in vain,
And fires triumphant grasp the sacred fane,
Forsook at last the unavailing shrine,
And curs'd his faithless gods—no more divine!

Morn came in beauty still—and shone as fair,
Though cold the hearts that hail'd its radiance there,
And Evening, crown'd with many a starry gem,
Sent down her softest smile—though not for them!
Where gleam'd afar Pompeii's graceful towers,
Where hill and vale were cloth'd with vintage-bowers,

O'er a dark waste the smouldering ashes spread,
A pall above the dying and the dead.
  Still the dim City slept in safest shade,
Though the wild waves another Queen obey'd,
And sad Italia, on her angry shore,
Beheld the North its ruthless myriads pour;
And Nature scatter'd all her treasures round,
And grac'd with fairest hues the blighted ground.
There oft, at glowing noon, the village maid
Sought the deep shelter of the vineyard shade;
Beheld the olive bud—the wild-flower wave,
Nor knew her step was on a People's grave!
But see! once more beneath the smiles of day,
The dreary mist of ages melts away!
Again Pompeii, 'mid the brightening gloom,
Comes forth in beauty from her lonely tomb.
Lovely in ruin—graceful in decay,
The silent City rears her walls of grey:
The clasping ivy hangs her faithful shade,
As if to hide the wreck that Time had made;
The shatter'd column on the lonely ground,
Is glittering still, with fresh acanthus crown'd;
And where her Parian rival moulders near,
The drooping lily pours her softest tear!
How sadly sweet with pensive step to roam
Amid the ruin'd wall, the tottering dome!

The path just worn by human feet is here;
Their echoes almost reach the listening ear:
The marble hall with rich Mosaic drest;
The portal wide that woos the lingering guest:
Altars, with fresh and living chaplets crown'd,
From those wild flowers that spring fantastic round,
Th' unfinish'd painting, and the pallet nigh,
Whose added hues must fairer charms supply:
These mingle here, until th' unconscious feet
Roam on, intent some gathering crowd to meet;
And cheated Fancy, in her dreary mood,
Will half forget that all is solitude!
  Yes, all is solitude! fear not to tread
Through gates unwatch'd the City of the Dead,
Explore with pausing step th' unpeopled path,
View the proud hall—survey the stately bath,
Where swelling roofs their noblest shelter raise;
Enter! no voice shall check th' intruder's gaze!
See! the dread legion's peaceful home is here,
The signs of martial life are scatter'd near.
Yon helm, unclasp'd to ease some Warrior's brow,
The sword his weary arm resign'd but now,
Th' unfinish'd sentence trac'd along the wall,
Broke by the hoarse Centurion's starting call:
Hark! did their sounding tramp reecho round?
Or breath'd the hollow gale that fancied sound?

Behold! where 'mid yon fane, so long divine,
Sad Isis mourns her desolated shrine!
Will none the mellow reed's soft music breathe?
Or twine from yonder flowers the victim's wreath?
None to yon altar lead with suppliant strain
The milk-white[7] monarch of the herd again?
All, all is mute! save sadly answering nigh
The nightbird's shriek, the shrill cicala's cry.
Yet may you trace along the furrow'd street,
The chariot's track—the print of frequent feet;
The gate unclos'd, as if by recent hand;
The hearth, where yet the guardian Lares stand;
Still on the wall the words[8] of welcome shine,
And ready vases[9] proffer joyous wine:
But where the hum of men? the sounds of life?
The Temple's pageant, and the Forum's strife?
The forms and voices, such as should belong
To that bright clime, the land of Love and Song?
How sadly echoing to the stranger's tread,
These walls respond, like voices from the dead!

[7] Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima. Virg. Georg. ii. 146.

[8] On many of the walls the word Salve is carved over the door.

[9] The amphoræ which contained wine still remain, and the marble slabs are marked with cups and glasses. Eustace.

And sadder traces—darker scenes are there,
Tales of the Tomb, and records of Despair;
In Death's chill grasp unconscious arms enfold
The fatal burthen of their cherish'd gold[10];
Here, wasted relics, as in mockery, dwell
Beside some treasure lov'd in life too well;
There, faithful hearts have moulder'd side by side,
And hands are clasp'd that Death could not divide!
None, none shall tell that hour of fearful strife,
When Death must share the consciousness of Life;
When sullen Famine, slow Despair consume
The living tenants of the massive tomb;
Long could they hear above th' incumbent plain,
The music of the breeze awake again,
The wave's deep echo on the distant shore,
And murmuring streams, that they should see no more!
Away! dread scene! and o'er the harrowing view
Let Night's dim shadows fling their darkest hue!
But there, if still beneath some nameless stone,
By waving weeds and ivy-wreaths o'ergrown,
Lurk the grey spoils of Poet or of Sage,
Tully's deep lore, or Livy's pictur'd page;
If sweet Menander, where his relics fade,
Mourn the dark refuge of Oblivion's shade;

[10] At the door of the court of one of the houses skeletons were found, one with a key, another with a purse. Eustace.

Oh! may their treasures burst the darkling mine!
Glow in the living voice, the breathing line!
Their vestal fire our midnight lamp illume,
And kindle Learning's torch from sad Pompeii's tomb!

Robert Stephen Hawker,

1827. *Magdalen Hall.*