

MODERN GREECE.

A Poem.

O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excelled,
Crowned with the laurel of assenting Time.

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MODERN GREECE.

I.

OH! who hath trod thy consecrated clime,
Fair land of Phidias! theme of lofty strains!
And traced each scene, that, midst the wrecks of time,
The print of Glory's parting step retains;
Nor for awhile, in high-wrought dreams, forgot,
Musing on years gone by in brightness there,
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his lot,
The hues his fate hath worn, or yet may wear;
As when from mountain-heights, his ardent eye
Of sea and heaven hath track'd the blue infinity?

II.

Is there who views with cold unaltered mien,
His frozen heart with proud indifference fraught,
Each sacred haunt, each unforgotten scene,
Where Freedom triumph'd, or where Wisdom taught?
Souls that too deeply feel, oh, envy not
The sullen calm your fate hath never known:
Through the dull twilight of that wint'ry lot
Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's sunbeam shone,
Nor those high thoughts, that, hailing Glory's trace,
Glow with the generous flames of every age and race.

III.

But blest the wanderer, whose enthusiast mind
Each muse of ancient days hath deep imbued
With lofty lore; and all his thoughts refined
In the calm school of silent solitude;
Pour'd on his ear, midst groves and glens retired,
The mighty strains of each illustrious clime,
All that hath lived, while empires have expired,
To float for ever on the winds of Time;
And on his soul indelibly portray'd
Fair visionary forms, to fill each classic shade.

IV.

Is not his mind, to meaner thoughts unknown,
A sanctuary of beauty and of light?
There he may dwell, in regions all his own,
A world of dreams, where all is pure and bright.
For him the scenes of old renown possess
Romantic charms, all veil'd from other eyes;
There every form of nature's loveliness
Wakes in his breast a thousand sympathies;
As music's voice, in some lone mountain-dell,
From rocks and caves around calls forth each echo's swell.

V.

For him Italia's brilliant skies illumine
The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's combat-plains,
And the wild-rose yet lives to breathe and bloom,
Round Doric Pæstum's solitary fanes.¹
But most, fair Greece! on thy majestic shore,
He feels the fervors of his spirit rise;
Thou birth-place of the Muse! whose voice, of yore,
Breathed in thy groves immortal harmonies;
And lingers still around the well-known coast,
Murmuring a wild farewell to fame and freedom lost.

VI.

By seas, that flow in brightness as they lave
 Thy rocks, th' enthusiast, rapt in thought, may stray,
 While roves his eye o'er that deserted wave,
 Once the proud scene of battle's dread array.
 —O ye blue waters! ye, of old that bore
 The free, the conquering, hymn'd by choral strains,
 How sleep ye now around the silent shore,
 The lonely realm of ruins and of chains!
 How are the mighty vanish'd in their pride!
 E'en as their barks have left no traces on your tide.

VII.

Hush'd are the Pæans whose exulting tone
 Swell'd o'er that tide—the sons of battle sleep—
 The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice, alone
 Blend with the plaintive murmur of the deep.
 Yet when those waves have caught the splendid hues
 Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,
 Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse
 With all their purple mellowness of light,
 Oh! who could view the scene, so calmly fair,
 Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty, were there?

VIII.

Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,
'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh ;
Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,
Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky ;
—Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,
Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,
And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery spread
In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile ;
And mantling woodbine veils the withered tree,—
And thus it is, fair land, forsaken Greece ! with thee.

IX.

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,
That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,
The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm :—
And thou art desolate—thy morn hath past
So dazzling in the splendour of its way,
That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair.

X.

For thee, lost land ! the hero's blood hath flowed,
The high in soul have brightly lived and died ;
For thee the light of soaring genius glowed
O'er the fair arts it form'd and glorified.
Thine were the minds, whose energies sublime
So distanced ages in their lightning-race,
The task they left the sons of later time
Was but to follow their illumined trace.
—Now, bow'd to earth, thy children, to be free,
Must break each link that binds their filial hearts to thee.

XI.

Lo ! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,
Her own bright East, thy son, Morea ! flies,³
To seek repose midst rich, romantic vales,
Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid skies.
There shall he rest ?—Alas ! his hopes in vain
Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,
Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,
Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm ;
And the sad wanderer finds but lawless foes,
Where patriarchs reign'd of old, in pastoral repose.

XII.

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's groves,
Or Tigris rolls his genii-haunted wave,
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,
Wears but two forms—the tyrant and the slave!
There the fierce Arab leads his daring horde,
Where sweeps the sand-storm o'er the burning wild,
There stern Oppression waves the wasting sword,
O'er plains that smile, as ancient Eden smiled;
And the vale's bosom, and the desert's gloom,
Yield to the injured there no shelter save the tomb.

XIII.

But thou, fair world! whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave,
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms,
The lost descendant of the immortal brave?
Amidst the wild magnificence of shades
That o'er thy floods their twilight-grandeur cast,
In the green depth of thine untrodden glades,
Shall he not rear his bower of peace at last?
Yes! thou hast many a lone, majestic scene,
Shrined in primæval woods, where despot ne'er hath been.

XIV.

There, by some lake, whose blue expansive breast
Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest
In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams ;
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,
Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his sylvan home :
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's feet.

XV.

The forests are around him in their pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty waves ;
And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide, °
That images the fairy worlds it laves,
And stillness, and luxuriance—o'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,
And from those green arcades a thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's temple
moans.

XVI.

And there, no traces left by brighter days,
For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
Some grassy mound perchance may meet his gaze,
The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
There man not yet hath marked the boundless plain
With marble records of his fame and power ;
The forest is his everlasting fane,
The palm his monument, the rock his tower.
Th' eternal torrent, and the giant tree,
Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free.

XVII.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there
In sunshine dwell?—Ah! when was exile blest?
When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or summer-air,
Chase from his soul the fever of unrest?
—There is a heart-sick weariness of mood,
That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,
And shrines itself in mental solitude,
An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,
That coldly smiles midst pleasure's brightest ray,
As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of day.

XVIII.

Such grief is theirs, who, fixed on foreign shore,
Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,
As pines the seaman, midst the ocean's roar,
For the green earth, with all its woods and vales.
Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells with thee,
Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as thou art:
Though thought and step in western wilds be free,
Yet thine are still the day-dreams of his heart;
The deserts spread between, the billows foam,
Thou, distant and in chains, art yet his spirit's home.

XIX.

In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,
Or the green fire-fly sparkles through the brakes,
Or summer-winds waft odours from the pine,
As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,
Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,
Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,
Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light;
On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,
Or, at that placid hour, how calm th' Egean deep!

XX.

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine?
(The all of thine no tyrant could destroy !)
E'en to the stranger's roving eye they shine,
Soft as a vision of remembered joy.
And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,
To laughing climes, where all is splendour still ;
And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,
As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

XXI.

Realm of sad beauty ! thou art as a shrine
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,
And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave
Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,
Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save
The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil ;
And there is language in thy lightest gale,
That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their
tale.

XXII.

And he, whose heart is weary of the strife
Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze
Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,
Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,
Must turn to thee, whose every valley teems
With proud remembrances that cannot die.
Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,
Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by ;
And midst thy laurel shades the wanderer hears
The sound of mighty names, the hymns of vanish'd years.

XXIII.

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,
By Faun and Orcad loved in ages past,
Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way
Through the cleft heights, in antique grandeur vast.
Romantic Tempe! thou art yet the same—
Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time: ⁶
Years, that have changed thy river's classic name, ⁷
Have left thee still in savage pomp sublime ;
And from thine Alpine clefts, and marble caves,
In living lustre still break forth the fountain-waves.

XXIV.

Beneath thy mountain battlements and towers,
Where the rich arbuté's coral berries glow, °
Or midst th' exuberance of thy forest bowers,
Casting deep shadows o'er the current's flow,
Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess,
As rock and stream some glancing light have caught,
And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms impress
His soul with deep sublimity of thought ;
And linger oft, recalling many a tale,
That breeze, and wave, and wood, seem whispering through
thy dale.

XXV.

He, thought-entranced, may wander where of old
From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour rose,
And trembling nations heard their doom foretold,
By the dread spirit throned midst rocks and snows.
Though its rich fanes be blended with the dust,
And silence now the hallow'd haunt possess,
Still is the scene of ancient rites august,
Magnificent in mountain loneliness ;
Still Inspiration hovers o'er the ground,
Where Greece her councils held, ° her Pythian victors
crown'd.

XXVI.

Or let his steps the rude grey cliffs explore
 Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan blood,
 When by the waves that break on Cæta's shore,
 The few, the fearless, the devoted, stood !
 Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's plain,
 Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead, ¹⁰
 Or lone Plateæa's ruins yet remain,
 To mark the battle-field of ages fled ;
 Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred power,
 Though Fiction's gods have fled from fountain, grot, and
 bower.

XXVII.

Oh ! still unblamed may fancy fondly deem
 That, lingering yet, benignant genii dwell,
 Where mortal worth has hallow'd grove or stream,
 To sway the heart with some ennobling spell ;
 For mightiest minds have felt their blest control,
 In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,
 And these are dreams that lend a voice and soul,
 And a high power, to Nature's majesty !
 And who can rove o'er Grecian shores, nor feel,
 Soft o'er his inmost heart, their secret magic steal ?

XXVIII.

Yet many a sad reality is there,
That fancy's bright illusions cannot veil.
Pure laughs the light, and balmy breathes the air,
But Slavery's mien will tell its bitter tale;
And there not Peace, but Desolation, throws
Delusive quiet o'er full many a scene,
Deep as the brooding torpor of repose
That follows where the earthquake's track hath been;
Or solemn calm, on Ocean's breast that lies,
When sinks the storm, and death has hush'd the seaman's
cries.

XXIX.

Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit, hurl'd
By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,
Doomed to resign the homage of a world,
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest tear?
Oh! hast thou watch'd the awful wreck of mind,
That weareth still a glory in decay?
Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind—
Thought, science, genius, to the storm a prey,
And o'er the blasted tree, the withered ground,
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and darkly flourish round?

XXX.

So may'st thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck thought,
On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime :
Such there the ruin Time and Fate have wrought,
So changed the bright, the splendid, the sublime !
There the proud monuments of Valour's name,
The mighty works Ambition piled on high,
The rich remains by Art bequeath'd to Fame—
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and symmetry,
Blend in decay ; while all that yet is fair
Seems only spared to tell how much hath perish'd there !

XXXI.

There, while around lie mingling in the dust,
The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'ergrown,
The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone ;
Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,
Still matchless monuments of other years,
O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,
Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears ;
As on some captive city's ruin'd wall
The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its fall.

XXXII.

Still, where that column of the mosque aspires,
 Landmark of slavery, towering o'er the waste,
 There Science droops, the Muses hush their lyres,
 And o'er the blooms of fancy and of taste
 Spreads the chill blight—as in that orient isle,
 Where the dark upas taints the gale around, "
 Within its precincts not a flower may smile,
 Nor dew nor sunshine fertilize the ground ;
 Nor wild birds' music float on zephyr's breath,
 But all is silence round, and solitude, and death.

XXXIII.

Far other influence pour'd the Crescent's light,
 O'er conquer'd realms, in ages past away ;
 Full and alone it beam'd, intensely bright,
 While distant climes in midnight darkness lay.
 Then rose th' Alhambra, with its founts and shades,
 Fair marble halls, alcoves, and orange bowers :
 Its sculptured lions, ¹⁸ richly wrought arcades,
 Aërial pillars, and enchanted towers ;
 Light, splendid, wild, as some Arabian tale
 Would picture fairy domes, that fleet before the gale.

XXXIV.

Then foster'd genius lent each Caliph's throne
Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er attain ;
And stars unnumber'd o'er the orient shone,
Bright as that Pleiād, sphered in Mecca's fane. ¹⁹
*From Bagdat's palaces the choral strains
Rose and re-echoed to the desert's bound,
And Science, wooed on Egypt's burning plains,
Rear'd her majestic head with glory crown'd ;
And the wild Muses breathed romantic lore,
From Syria's palmy groves to Andalusia's shore.

XXXV.

Those years have past in radiance—they have past,
As sinks the day-star in the tropic main ;
His parting beams no soft reflection cast,
They burn—are quench'd—and deepest shadows reign.
And Fame and Science have not left a trace,
In the vast regions of the Moslem's power,—
Regions, to intellect a desert space,
A wild without a fountain or a flower,
Where towers oppression midst the deepening glooms,
As dark and lone ascends the cypress midst the tombs.

XXXVI.

Alas for thee, fair Greece! when Asia pour'd
 Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's wall,
 When Europe sheathed, in apathy, her sword,
 And heard unmoved the fated city's call,
 No bold crusaders ranged their serried line
 Of spears and banners round a falling throne;
 And thou, O last and noblest Constantine! ¹⁴
 Didst meet the storm unshrinking and alone.
 Oh! blest to die in freedom, though in vain,
 Thine empire's proud exchange the grave, and not the chain.

XXXVII.

Hush'd is Byzantium—'tis the dead of night—
 The closing night of that imperial race! ¹⁵
 And all is vigil—but the eye of light
 Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to trace:
 There is a murmuring stillness on the train,
 Thronging the midnight streets, at morn to die;
 And to the cross, in fair Sophia's fane,
 For the last time is raised Devotion's eye;
 And, in his heart while faith's bright visions rise,
 There kneels the high-soul'd prince, the summon'd of the
 skies.

XXXVIII.

Day breaks in light and glory—'tis the hour
 Of conflict and of fate—the war-note calls—
 Despair hath lent a stern, delirious power
 To the brave few that guard the rampart walls.
 Far over Marmora's waves th' artillery's peal
 Proclaims an empire's doom in every note ;
 Tambour and trumpet swell the clash of steel,
 Round spire and dome the clouds of battle float ;
 From camp and wave rush on the crescent's host,
 And the Seven Towers¹⁶ are scaled, and all is won and lost.

XXXIX.

Then, Greece! the tempest rose, that burst on thee,
 Land of the bard, the warrior, and the sage!
 Oh! where were then thy sons, the great, the free,
 Whose deeds are guiding-stars from age to age?
 Though firm thy battlements of crags and snows,
 And bright the memory of thy days of pride,
 In mountain might though Corinth's fortress rose,
 On, unresisted, roll'd th' invading tide!
 Oh! vain the rock, the rampart, and the tower,
 If Freedom guard them not with Mind's unconquer'd
 power.

. XL.

Where were th' avengers then, whose viewless might
 Preserved inviolate their awful fane, ¹⁷
 When through the steep defiles, to Delphi's height,
 In martial splendour pour'd the Persian's train?
 Then did those mighty and mysterious Powers,
 Arm'd with the elements, to vengeance wake,
 Call the dread storms to darken round their towers,
 Hurl down the rocks, and bid the thunders break;
 Till far around, with deep and fearful clang,
 Sounds of unearthly war through wild Parnassus rang.

. XLI.

Where was the spirit of the victor-throng,
 Whose tombs are glorious by Scamander's tide,
 Whose names are bright in everlasting song,
 The lords of war, the praised, the deified?
 Where he, the hero of a thousand lays,
 Who from the dead at Marathon arose ¹⁸
 All-arm'd; and beaming on th' Athenians' gaze,
 A battle-meteor, guided to their foes?
 Or they whose forms, to Alaric's awe-struck eye, ¹⁹
 Hovering o'er Athens, blazed, in airy panoply?

XLII.

Ye slept, oh heroes! chief ones of the earth! ²⁰
High demi-gods of ancient days! ye slept,
There lived no spark of your ascendant worth,
When o'er your land the victor Moslem swept;
No patriot then the sons of freedom led,
In mountain-pass devotedly to die;
The martyr-spirit of resolve was fled,
And the high soul's unconquer'd buoyancy;
And by your graves, and on your battle-plaints,
Warriors! your children knelt, to wear the stranger's chains.

XLIII.

Now have your trophies vanish'd, and your homes
Are moulder'd from the earth, while scarce remain
E'en the faint traces of the ancient tombs
That mark where sleep the slayers or the slain.
Your deeds are with the days of glory flown,
The lyres are hush'd that swell'd your fame afar,
The halls that echoed to their sounds are gone,
Perish'd the conquering weapons of your war; ²¹
And if a mossy stone your names retain,
'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye died in vain.

XLIV.

Yet, where some lone sepulchral relic stands,
That with those names tradition hallows yet,
Oft shall the wandering son of other lands
Linger in solemn thought and hush'd regret.
And still have legends mark'd the lonely spot
Where low the dust of Agamemnon lies;
And shades of kings and leaders unforgot,
Hovering around, to fancy's vision rise.
Souls of the heroes! seek your rest again,
Nor mark how changed the realms that saw your glory's reign.

XLV.

Lo, where th' Albanian spreads his despot sway
O'er Thessaly's rich vales and glowing plains,
Whose sons in sullen abjectness obey,
Nor lift the hand indignant at its chains:
Oh! doth the land that gave Achilles birth,
And many a chief of old illustrious line,
Yield not one spirit of unconquer'd worth,
To kindle those that now in bondage pine?
No! on its mountain-air is slavery's breath,
And terror chills the hearts whose utter'd plaints were death

XLVI.

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom, rested there,
How rich in charms were that romantic clime,
With streams, and woods, and pastoral valleys fair,
And walled with mountains, haughtily sublime.
Heights, that might well be deem'd the Muses' reign,
Since, claiming proud alliance with the skies,
They lose in loftier spheres their wild domain.
Meet home for those retired divinities
That love, where nought of earth may e'er intrude,
Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely sanctitude.

XLVII.

There, in rude grandeur, daringly ascends
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad height ;
He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,
Frowning o'er vales, in woodland verdure bright.
Wild and august in consecrated pride,
There through the deep-blue heaven Olympus towers,
Girdled with mists, light-floating as to hide
The rock-built palace of immortal powers ;
Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,
Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of snows.

XLVIII.

Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem
The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot would roam ;
She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-stream,
And make the rocky fastnesses her home.
And in the rushing of the mountain-flood,
In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,
There is a voice of stern sublimity,
That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude.

XLIX.

But from those hills the radiance of her smile
Hath vanish'd long, her step hath fled afar ;
O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused awhile, ^{as}
Kindling the watch-fires of the mountain-war ;
And brightly glow'd her ardent spirit there,
Still brightest midst privation : o'er distress
It cast romantic splendour, and despair
But fann'd that beacon of the wilderness ;
And rude ravine, and precipice, and dell,
Sent their deep echoes forth, her rallying voice to swell.

L.

Dark children of the hills ! 'twas then ye wrought
Deeds of fierce daring, rudely, sternly grand ;
As midst your craggy citadels ye fought,
And woman mingled with your warrior-band.
Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood ^{as}
High o'er the river's darkly-rolling wave,
And hurl'd, in dread delirium, to the flood,
Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a slave.
For all was lost—all, save the power to die
The wild indignant death of savage liberty.

LI.

Now is that strife a tale of vanish'd days,
With mightier things forgotten soon to lie ;
Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty lays,
Deeds less adventurous, energies less high.
And the dread struggle's fearful memory still
O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect throws ;
Sheds darker shadows o'er the frowning hill,
More solemn quiet o'er the glen's repose ;
Lends to the rustling pines a deeper moan,
And the hoarse river's voice a murmur not its own.

LII.

For stillness now—the stillness of the dead,
Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and awful scene,
And man's forsaken homes, in ruin spread,
Tell where the storming of the cliffs hath been.
And there, o'er wastes magnificently rude,
What race may rove, unconscious of the chain?
Those realms have now no desert unsubdued,
Where Freedom's banner may be rear'd again:
Sunk are the ancient dwellings of her fame,
The children of her sons inherit but their name.

LIII.

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments and fanes!
In scatter'd fragments o'er the vale they lie;
Of all they were not e'en enough remains
To lend their fall a mournful majesty.⁴⁴
Birth-place of those whose names we first revered
In song and story—temple of the free!
Oh thou, the stern, the haughty, and the fear'd,
Are such thy relics, and can this be thee?
Thou shouldst have left a giant-wreck behind,
And e'en in ruin claim'd the wonder of mankind.

LIV.

For thine were spirits cast in other mould
Than all beside—and proved by ruder test ;
They stood alone—the proud, the firm, the bold,
With the same seal indelibly imprest.
Theirs were no bright varieties of mind,
One image stamp'd the rough, colossal race,
In rugged grandeur frowning o'er mankind,
Stern, and disdainful of each milder grace.
As to the sky some mighty rock may tower,
Whose front can brave the storm, but will not rear the flower.

LV.

Such were thy sons—their life a battle day!
Their youth one lesson how for thee to die !
Closed is that task, and they have past away
Like softer beings train'd to aims less high.
Yet bright on earth *their* fame who proudly fell,
True to their shields, the champions of thy cause,
Whose funeral column bade the stranger tell
How died the brave, obedient to thy laws ! “
O lofty mother of heroic worth,
How couldst thou live to bring a meaner offspring forth ?

LVI.

Hadst thou but perish'd with the free, nor known
A second race, when Glory's noon went by,
Then had thy name in single brightness shone
A watch-word on the helm of liberty !
Thou shouldst have past with all thy light of fame,
And proudly sunk in ruins, not in chains.
But slowly set thy star midst clouds of shame,
And tyrants rose amidst thy falling fanes ;
And thou, surrounded by thy warriors' graves,
Hast drain'd the bitter cup once mingled for thy slaves.

LVII.

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are flown
Freedom's bright noon, and Slavery's twilight cloud ;
And in thy fall, as in thy pride, alone,
Deep solitude is round thee, as a shroud.
Home of Leonidas ! thy halls are low,
From their cold altars have thy Lares fled,
O'er thee unmark'd the sun-beams fade or glow,
And wild flowers wave, unbent by human tread ;
And midst thy silence, as the grave's profound,
A voice, a step would seem as some unearthly sound.

LVIII.

Taygetus still lifts his awful brow,
High o'er the mouldering city of the dead,
Sternly sublime ; while o'er his robe of snow
Heaven's floating tints their warm suffusions spread.
And yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain,
While whispering there, his own wild graceful reeds
Rise as of old, when hail'd by classic strain ;
There the rose laurels still in beauty wave, ^{as}
And a frail shrub survives to bloom o'er Sparta's grave.

LIX.

Oh ! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,
While nations perish, still renews its race,
And o'er the fallen records of his power
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.
The laurel shoots when those have past away
Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free ;
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be ;
Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,
And all that round us blooms, is blooming o'er the dead.

LX.

And still the olive spreads its foliage round
 Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers,
 Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries crown'd,
 Deem'd a meet offering for celestial powers.
 The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore ; ²⁷
 They waved around th' Olympic victor's head ;
 And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,
 Its leaves the Spartan's honour'd bier o'erspread :
 Those rites have vanish'd—but o'er vale and hill
 Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallow'd still. ²⁸

LXI.

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis ! where thy fane
 Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and high ?
 The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,
 The long procession's awful pageantry ?
 Quench'd is the torch of Ceres ²⁹— all around
 Decay hath spread the stillness of her reign,
 There never more shall choral hymns resound,
 O'er the hush'd earth and solitary main ;
 Whose wave from Salamis deserted flows,
 To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

LXII.

And oh! ye secret and terrific powers,
Dark oracles! in depth of groves that dwelt,
How are they sunk, the altars of your bowers,
Where superstition trembled as she knelt!
Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones! that made
The elements your voice, the wind and wave;
Spirits! whose influence darken'd many a shade,
Mysterious visitants of fount and cave!
How long your power the awe-struck nations sway'd,
How long earth dreamt of you, and shudderingly obey'd!

LXIII.

And say, what marvel, in those early days,
While yet the light of heaven-born truth was not;
If man around him cast a fearful gaze,
Peopling with shadowy powers each dell and grot?
Awful is nature in her savage forms,
Her solemn voice commanding in its might,
And mystery then was in the rush of storms,
The gloom of woods, the majesty of night;
And mortals heard fate's language in the blast,
And rear'd your forest-shrines, ye phantoms of the past!

LXIV.

Then through the foliage not a breeze might sigh
But with prophetic sound—a waving tree,
A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,
A bird's wild flight, reveal'd the things to be.
All spoke of unseen natures, and convey'd
Their inspiration; still they hovered round,
Hallow'd the temple, whisper'd through the shade,
Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound;
Of them the fount, the forest, murmur'd still,
Their voice was in the stream, their footstep on the hill.

LXV.

Now is the train of Superstition flown,
Unearthly Beings walk on earth no more;
The deep wind swells with no portentous tone,
The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore.
Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's cave,
There dwell no shadows, but of crag and steep;
Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave,^{so}
That murmurs nigh, those powers of terror sleep.
Oh! that such dreams alone had fled that clime,
But Greece is changed in all that could be changed by time!

LXVI.

Her skies are those whence many a mighty bard
 Caught inspiration, glorious as their beams ;
 Her hills the same that heroes died to guard,
 Her vales, that foster'd art's divinest dreams !
 But that bright spirit o'er the land that shone,
 And all around pervading influence pour'd,
 That lent the harp of Eschylus its tone,
 And proudly hallow'd Lacedæmon's sword,
 And guided Phidias o'er the yielding stone,
 With them its ardours lived—with them its light is flown.

LXVII.

Thebes, Corinth, Argos !—ye, renown'd of old,
 Where are your chiefs of high romantic name ?
 How soon the tale of ages may be told !
 A page, a verse, records the fall of fame,
 The work of centuries—we gaze on you,
 Oh cities ! once the glorious and the free,
 The lofty tales that charm'd our youth renew,
 And wondering ask, if these their scenes could be ?
 Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,
 And find the mosque alone—a record of their doom !

LXVIII.

How oft hath war his host of spoilers pour'd,
Fair Elis! o'er thy consecrated vales?³¹
There have the sunbeams glanced on spear and sword,
And banners floated on the balmy gales.
Once didst thou smile, secure in sanctitude,
As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy seas;
On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,
And pastoral sounds alone were on thy breeze.
Forsaken home of peace! that spell is broke,
Thou too hast heard the storm, and bow'd beneath the yoke.

LXIX.

And through Arcadia's wild and lone retreats
Far other sounds have echoed than the strain
Of faun and dryad, from their woodland seats,
Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain-swain!
There, tho' at times Alpheus yet surveys,
On his green banks renew'd, the classic dance,
And nymph-like forms, and wild melodious lays,
Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance;
Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion dwell,
'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain, cave, and dell.

LXX.

But thou, fair Attica! whose rocky bound
 All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,
 Thou little sphere, whose soul-illuminated round
 Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind;
 Who, as the summit of some Alpine height
 Glows earliest, latest, with the blush of day,
 Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,
 And smile the longest in its lingering ray; ²⁸
 Oh! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem
 The past awhile restored, the present but a dream.

LXXI.

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—
 Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more!
 Hark, hymns of triumph swell on every gale!
 Lo, bright processions move along thy shore!
 Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,
 Lovely in chaste simplicity arise;
 And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,
 Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies;
 And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,
 In their calm beauty smile, around the sun-bright scene.

LXXII.

Again renew'd by thought's creative spells,
In all her pomp thy city, Theseus! towers:
Within, around, the light of glory dwells
On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.
There marble fanes in finish'd grace ascend,
The pencil's world of life and beauty glows;
Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,
Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes;
And groves of platane wave, in verdant pride,
The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide.

LXXIII.

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,
Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand,³³
On summer seas, that undulating lave
Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand;
That pictured scene of airy colonnades,
Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,
Enchanted groves, and temples, and arcades,
Gleaming and floating on the ocean's breast;
Athens! thus fair the dream of thee appears,
As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud of years.

LXXIV.

Still be that cloud withdrawn—oh ! mark on high,
Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,
That fane, august in perfect symmetry,
The purest model of Athenian taste.
Fair Parthenon ! thy Doric pillars rise
In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue ;
And art o'er all thy light proportions throws
The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

LXXV.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,
And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow
Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, unfold
Each latent grace, developing in light,
Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,
Each tint that passes, tremulously bright ;
And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,
While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams.

LXXVI.

But oh! what words the vision may pourtray
The form of sanctitude that guards thy shrine?
There stands thy goddess, robed in war's array,
Supremely glorious, awfully divine!
With spear and helm she stands, and flowing vest,
And sculptured ægis, to perfection wrought,
And on each heavenly lineament imprest,
Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought;
The pure intelligence, the chaste repose,—
All that a poet's dream around Minerva throws.

LXXVII.

Bright age of Pericles! let fancy still
Through time's deep shadows all thy splendor trace,
And in each work of art's consummate skill
Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race.
That spirit, roused by every proud reward
That hope could picture, glory could bestow,
Foster'd by all the sculptor and the bard
Could give of immortality below.
Thus were thy heroes form'd, and o'er their name
Thus did thy genius shed imperishable fame.

LXXVIII.

Mark in the thronged Ceramicus, the train
 Of mourners weeping o'er the martyred brave :
 Proud be the tears devoted to the slain,
 Holy the amaranth strew'd upon their grave !⁵⁴
 And hark—unrival'd eloquence proclaims
 Their deeds, their trophies, with triumphant voice !
 Hark—Pericles records their honour'd names !⁵⁵
 Sons of the fallen, in their lot rejoice :
 What hath life brighter than so bright a doom ?
 What power hath fate to soil the garlands of the tomb ?

LXXIX.

Praise to the valiant dead ! for them doth art
 Exhaust her skill, their triumphs bodying forth ;
 Theirs are enshrined names, and every heart
 Shall bear the blazon'd impress of their worth.
 Bright on the dreams of youth their fame shall rise,
 Their fields of fight shall epic song record,
 And when the voice of battle rends the skies,
 Their name shall be their country's rallying word !
 While fane and column rise august to tell
 How Athens honours those for her who proudly fell.

LXXX.

City of Theseus! bursting on the mind,
Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory fled!
Thus guarded by the mighty of mankind,
Thus hallow'd by the memory of the dead:
Alone in beauty and renown—a scene
Whose tints are drawn from freedom's loveliest ray.
'Tis but a vision now—yet thou hast been
More than the brightest vision might pourtray;
And every stone, with but a vestige fraught
Of thee, hath latent power to wake some lofty thought.

LXXXI.

Fall'n are thy fabrics, that so oft have rung
To choral melodies, and tragic lore;
Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,
The song that hail'd Harmodius peals no more.
Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,
Thy stately shrines are mouldering on their hill,
Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's hand,
The magic voice of eloquence is still;
Minerva's veil is rent⁹—her image gone,
Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's tomb o'erthrown.

LXXXII.

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains
Wondering we view, and silently revere,
As traces left on earth's forsaken plains
By vanish'd beings of a nobler sphere !
Not all the old magnificence of Rome,
All that dominion there hath left to time,
Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,
Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,
Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit steal,
As aught by thee imprest with beauty's plastic seal.

LXXXIII.

Though still the empress of the sun-burnt waste,
Palmyra rises, desolately grand—
Though with rich gold³⁷ and massy sculpture graced,
Commanding still, Persepolis may stand
In haughty solitude—though sacred Nile
The first-born temples of the world surveys,
And many an awful and stupendous pile
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet displays ;
City of Pericles ! oh, who like thee
Can teach how fair the works of mortal hand may be ?

LXXXIV.

Thou led'st the way to that illumined sphere
 Where sovereign beauty dwells; and thence didst bear,
 Oh, still triumphant in that high career!
 Bright archetypes of all the grand and fair.
 And still to thee th' enlightened mind hath flown,
 As to her country;—thou hast been to earth
 A cynosure;—and, e'en from victory's throne,
 Imperial Rome gave homage to thy worth;
 And nations rising to their fame afar,
 Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their star.

LXXXV.

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest
 The gaze of ages! Glory to the free!
 For they, they only, could have thus imprest
 Their mighty image on the years to be!
 Empires and cities in oblivion lie,
 Grandeur may vanish, conquest be forgot:—
 To leave on earth renown that cannot die,
 Of high-soul'd genius is th' unrivall'd lot.
 Honour to thee, O Athens! thou hast shewn
 What mortals may attain, and seized the palm alone.

LXXXVI.

Oh ! live there those who view with scornful eyes
All that attests the brightness of thy prime ?
Yes ; they who dwell beneath thy lovely skies,
And breathe th' inspiring ether of thy clime !
Their path is o'er the mightiest of the dead,
Their homes are midst the works of noblest arts ;
Yet all around their gaze, beneath their tread,
Not one proud thrill of loftier thought imparts.
Such are the conquerors of Minerva's land,
Where Genius first reveal'd the triumphs of his hand !

LXXXVII.

For them in vain the glowing light may smile
O'er the pale marble, colouring's warmth to shed,
And in chaste beauty many a sculptured pile
Still o'er the dust of heroes lift its head.
No patriot feeling binds them to the soil,
Whose tombs and shrines their fathers have not rear'd,
Their glance is cold indifference, and their toil
But to destroy what ages have revered,
As if exulting sternly to erase
Whate'er might prove *that* land had nurs'd a nobler race.

LXXXVIII.

And who may grieve that, rescued from their hands,
Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,
Thy relics, Athens! borne to other lands,
Claim homage still to thee from every heart?
Though now no more th' exploring stranger's sight,
Fix'd in deep reverence on Minerva's fane,
Shall hail, beneath their native heaven of light,
All that remain'd of forms adored in vain;
A few short years—and, vanish'd from the scene,
To blend with classic dust their proudest lot had been.

LXXXIX.

Fair Parthenon! yet still must fancy weep
For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.
Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep
In all their beauty still—and thine is gone!
Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,
And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.
The dust is round thee of the race that rear'd
Thy walls; and thou—their fate must soon be thine!
But when shall earth again exult to see
Visions divine like theirs renew'd in aught like thee?

XC.

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale
 Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moan'd
 That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
 Of the bright synod once above them throned.
 Mourn, graceful ruin ! on thy sacred hill,
 Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared :
 Yet art thou honour'd in each fragment still,
 That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared ;
 Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's fury borne,
 Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn.

XCI.

Yes ; in those fragments, though by time defaced,
 And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains
 All that may charm th' enlighten'd eye of taste,
 On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns.
 As vital fragrance breathes from every part
 Of the crush'd myrtle, or the bruised rose,
 E'en thus th' essential energy of art,
 There in each wreck imperishably glows !³⁸
 The soul of Athens lives in every line,
 Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine.

XCII.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful train,
 The holy festival's triumphal throng,
 In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
 With many a sacred symbol move along.
 There every shade of bright existence trace,
 The fire of youth, the dignity of age;
 The matron's calm austerity of grace,
 The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;
 The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud mien,
 Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the scene.

XCIII.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form,³⁹
 Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows;
 There e'en the steed, with bold expression warm,⁴⁰
 Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.
 One mighty mind hath harmonized the whole ;,,
 Those varied groups the same bright impress bear ;
 One beam and essence of exalting soul
 Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair ;
 And well that pageant of the glorious dead
 Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled.

XCIV.

O conquering Genius! that couldst thus detain
 The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
 Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,
 Arrest warm life in all its energies,
 And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
 Might wake ambition's envy, and create
 Powers half divine: while nations are forgot,
 A thought, a dream of thine hath vanquish'd fate!
 And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth,
 The realms that hail them now scarce claim'd a name
 on earth.

XCV.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
 But once beheld, and never to return?
 No—we may hail again thy bright career,
 Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn!
 Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
 A stamp of Heaven, that ne'er hath been renew'd—
 A light inherent—let not man despair:
 Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued;
 For still is nature fair, and thought divine,
 And art hath won a world in models pure as 'hine."

XCVI.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and defaced—
Yet there the germ of future glory lies !
Their virtual grandeur could not be erased,
It clothes them still, though veil'd from common eyes.
They once were gods and heroes⁴²—and beheld
As the blest guardians of their native scene;
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have swell'd
With awe that own'd their sovereignty of mien.
—Ages have vanish'd since those hearts were cold,
And still those shattered forms retain their godlike mould.

XCVII.

Midst their bright kindred, from their marble throne,
They have look'd down on thousand storms of time ;
Surviving power, and fame, and freedom flown,
They still remain'd, still tranquilly sublime !
Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave marr'd.
Th' Olympian groups have sunk, and are forgot ;
Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens guard—
—But these were destined to a nobler lot !
And they have borne, to light another land,
The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously expand.

XCVIII.

Phidias! supreme in thought! what hand but thine,
 In human works thus blending earth and heaven,
 O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace divine,
 To mortal form immortal grandeur given?
 What soul but thine, infusing all its power,
 In these last monuments of matchless days,
 Could, from their ruins, bid young Genius tower,
 And Hope aspire to more exalted praise?
 And guide deep Thought to that secluded height,
 Where Excellence is throned, in purity of light.

XCIX.

And who can tell how pure, how bright a flame,
 Caught from these models, may illumine the west?
 What British Angelo may rise to fame,⁴³
 On the free isle what beams of art may rest?
 Deem not, O England! that by climes confined,
 Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray;⁴⁴
 Deem not th' eternal energies of mind
 Sway'd by that sun whose doom is but decay!
 Shall thought be foster'd but by skies serene?
 No! thou hast power to be what Athens e'er hath been.

C.

But thine are treasures oft unprized, unknown,
And cold neglect hath blighted many a mind,
O'er whose young ardors, had thy smile but shone,
Their soaring flight had left a world behind !
And many a gifted hand, that might have wrought
To Grecian excellence the breathing stone,
Or each pure grace of Raphael's pencil caught,
Leaving no record of its power, is gone !
While thou hast fondly sought, on distant coast,
Gems far less rich than those, thus precious, and thus lost.

CI.

Yet rise, O Land in all but Art alone,
Bid the sole wreath that is not thine be won !
Fame dwells around thee—Genius is thine own ;
Call his rich blooms to life—be Thou their Sun !
So, should dark ages o'er thy glory sweep,
Should *thine* e'er be as now are Grecian plains,
Nations unborn shall track thine own blue deep,
To hail thy shore, to worship thy remains ;
Thy mighty monuments with reverence trace,
And cry, " This ancient soil hath nurs'd a glorious race !"

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 3, line 14.

Round Doric Pæstum's solitary fanes.

"The Pæstan rose, from its peculiar fragrance and the singularity of blowing twice a year, is often mentioned by the classic poets. The wild rose, which now shoots up among the ruins, is of the small single damask kind, with a very high perfume; as a farmer assured me on the spot, it flowers both in spring and autumn."—Swinburne's *Travels in the two Sicilies*.

Note 2, page 4, line 12.

Swelled o'er that tide—the sons of battle sleep.

In the naval engagements of the Greeks, "it was usual for the soldiers before the fight to sing a pæan, or hymn, to Mars, and after the fight another to Apollo."—See Potter's *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 155.

Note 3, page 6, line 12.

Her own bright East, thy son, Morea! flies.

The emigration of the natives of the Morea to different parts of Asia is thus mentioned by Chateaubriand in his "*Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem*"—"Parvenu au dernier degré du malheur, le Moraïte s'arrache de son pays, et va chercher en Asie un sort

'moins rigoureux. Vain espoir! il retrouve des cadis et des pachas jusques dans les sables de Jourdain et dans les deserts de Palmyre.'

Note 4, page 7, line 13.

Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms.

In the same work, Chateaubriand also relates his having met with several Greek emigrants who had established themselves in the woods of Florida.

Note 5, page 8, line 13.

And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide.

"La grace est toujours unie à la magnificence dans les scènes de la nature: et tandis que le courant du milieu entraîne vers la mer les cadavres des pins et des chênes, on voit sur les deux courant latéraux, remontes, le long des rivages des îles flottantes de Pistia & de Nénuphar, dont les roses jaunes s'élèvent comme de petits papillons."—Description of the banks of the Mississippi, Chateaubriand's "Atala."

Note 6, page 12, line 16.

Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time.

"Looking generally at the narrowness and abruptness of this mountain-channel (Tempe) and contrasting it with the course of the Peneus, through the plains of Thessaly, the imagination instantly recurs to the tradition that these plains were once covered with water, for which some convulsion of nature had subsequently opened this narrow passage. The term *vale*, in our language, is usually employed to describe scenery in which the predominant features are breadth, beauty, and repose. The reader has already perceived that the term is wholly inapplicable to the scenery at this spot, and that the phrase *vale*

of Tempe is one that depends on poetic fiction.——
 The real character of Tempe, though it perhaps be less beautiful, yet possesses more of magnificence than is implied in the epithet given to it.——To those who have visited St. Vincent's rocks, below Bristol, I cannot convey a more sufficient idea of Tempe, than by saying that its scenery resembles, though on a much larger scale, that of the former place. The Peneus, indeed, as it flows through the valley, is not greatly wider than the Avon; and the channel between the cliffs is equally contracted in its dimensions; but these cliffs themselves are much loftier and more precipitous, and project their vast masses of rock with still more extraordinary abruptness over the hollow beneath."—Holland's Travels in Albania, &c.

Note 7, page 12, line 17.

• *Years, that have changed thy river's classic name.*

The modern name of the Peneus is Salympria.

Note 8, page 13, line 2.

Where the rich arbutus's coral berries glow.

“Towards the lower part of Tempe, these cliffs are peaked in a very singular manner, and form projecting angles on the vast perpendicular faces of rock which they present towards the chasm; where the surface renders it possible, the summits and ledges of the rocks are for the most part covered with small wood, chiefly oak, with the arbutus and other shrubs. On the banks of the river, wherever there is a small interval between the water and the cliffs, it is covered by the rich and widely spreading foliage of the plane, the oak, and other forest trees, which in these situations have attained a remarkable size, and in various places extend their shadow far over the channel of the stream.”——“The rocks on each side the vale of

Tempe are evidently the same ; what may be called, I believe, a coarse blueish grey marble, with veins and portions of the rock, in which the marble is of finer quality."—Holland's Travels in Albania, &c.

Note 9, page 13, line 20.

Where Greece her councils held, her Pythian victors crowned.

The Amphictyonic council was convened in spring and autumn at Delphi or Thermopylæ, and presided at the Pythian games, which were celebrated at Delphi every fifth year.

Note 10, page 14, line 6.

Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead.

" This spot (the field of Mantinea) on which so many brave men were laid to rest, is now covered with rosemary and laurels."—Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea.

Note 11, page 17, line 6.

Where the dark upas taints the gale around.

For the accounts of the upas or poison-tree of Java, now generally believed to be fabulous, or greatly exaggerated, see the notes to Darwin's Botanic Garden.

Note 12, page 17, line 17.

Its sculptured lions, richly wrought arcades.

" The court most to be admired of the Alhambra is that called the court of the Lions ; it is ornamented with sixty elegant pillars of an architecture which bears not the least resemblance to any of the known orders, and might be called the Arabian order.——But its principal ornament, and that from which it took its name, is an alabaster cup six feet in diameter, supported by twelve lions, which is said to have been made in

imitation of the Brazen Sea of Solomon's temple."—Bourgoanne's Travels in Spain.

Note 13, page 18, line 4.

Bright as that Pleiad, sphered in Mecca's fane.

"Sept des plus fameux parmi les anciens poètes Arabiques, sont designés par les écrivains orientaux sous le nom de *Pleiade Arabique*, et leurs ouvrages étaient suspendus autour de la Caaba, ou Mosquée de la Mecque."—Sismondi Litterature du Midi.

Note 14, page 19, line 7.

And thou, O last and noblest Constantine!

"The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c. vol. xii. p. 226.

Note 15, page 19, line 12.

The closing night of that imperial race!

See the description of the night previous to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II.—Gibbon, vol. xii. p. 225.

Note 16, page 20, line 10.

And the Seven Towers are scaled, and all is won and lost.

"This building (the Castle of the Seven Towers) is mentioned as early as the sixth century of the Christian æra, as a spot which contributed to the defence of Constantinople, and it was the principal bulwark of the town on the coast of the Propontis, in the last periods of the empire."—Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea.

Note 17, page 21, line 2,

Preserved inviolate their awful fame.

See the account from Herodotus of the supernatural defence of Delphi.—Mitford's Greece, vol. i. page 396, 7.

Note 18, page 21, line 16.

Who from the dead at Marathon arose.

“In succeeding ages the Athenians honoured Theseus as a demi-god, induced to it as well by other reasons, as because, when they were fighting the Medes at Marathon, a considerable part of the army thought they saw the apparition of Theseus completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the Barbarians.”—Langhorne's Plutarch, life of Theseus.

Note 19, page 21, line 19.

Or they whose farms, to Alaric's awe-struck eye.

“From Thermopylæ to Sparta, the leader of the Goths (Alaric) pursued his victorious march without encountering any mortal antagonist, but one of the advocates of expiring paganism has confidently asserted, that the walls of Athens were guarded by the goddess Minerva, with her formidable ægis, and by the angry phantom of Achilles, and that the conqueror was dismayed by the presence of the hostile deities of Greece.”—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c. vol. v. page 183.

Note 20, page 22, line 1.

Ye slept, oh heroes! chief ones of the earth.

“Even all the *chief ones of the earth.*”—Isaiah, 14th chapter.

Note 21, page 22, line 18.

Perished the conquering weapons of your war.

“How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”—Samuel, 2d book, 1st chap.

Note 22, page 25, line 13.

O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused awhile.

For several interesting particulars relative to the Suliote warfare with Ali Pasha, see Holland's Travels in Albania.

Note 23, page 26, line 5.

Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood.

"It is related as an authentic story, that a group of Suliote women assembled on one of the precipices adjoining the modern seraglio, and threw their infants into the chasm below, that they might not become the slaves of the enemy."—Holland's Travels, &c.

Note 24, page 27, line 14.

To lend their fall a mournful majesty.

The ruins of Sparta, near the modern town of Mistra, are very inconsiderable, and only sufficient to mark the site of the ancient city. The scenery around them is described by travellers as very striking.

Note 25, page 28, line 18.

How died the brave, obedient to thy laws.

The inscription composed by Simonides for the Spartan monument in the pass of Thermopylæ has been thus translated—
"Stranger, go tell the Lacedæmonians that we have obeyed their laws, and that we lie here."

Note 26, page 30, line 9.

There the rose laurels still in beauty wave.

"In the Eurotas I observed abundance of those famous reeds which were known in the earliest ages, and all the rivers and

marshes of Greece are replete with rose-laurels, while the springs and rivulets are covered with lilies, tuberoses, hyacinths, and narcissus orientalis."—Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea.

Note 27, page 31, line 5.

The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore.

It was usual for suppliants to carry an olive-branch bound with wool.

Note 28, page 31, line 10,

Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallowed still.

The olive, according to Pouqueville, is still regarded with veneration by the people of the Morea.

Note 29, page 31, line 15.

Quenched is the torch of Ceres—all around.

It was customary at Eleusis, on the fifth day of the festival, for men and women to run about with torches in their hands, and also to dedicate torches to Ceres, and to contend who should present the largest. This was done in memory of the journey of Ceres in search of Proserpine, during which she was lighted by a torch kindled in the flames of Etna.—Potter's Antiquities of Greece, vol. i. p. 392.

Note 30, page 33, line 17.

Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave.

The Fountains of Oblivion and Memory, with the Hercynian fountain, are still to be seen amongst the rocks near Livadia, though the situation of the cave of Trophonius in their vicinity cannot be exactly ascertained.—See Holland's Travels.

Note 31, page 35, line 2.

Fair Elis, o'er thy consecrated vales.

Elis was anciently a sacred territory, its inhabitants being considered as consecrated to the service of Jupiter. All armies marching through it delivered up their weapons, and received them again when they had passed its boundary.

Note 32, page 36, line 8.

And smile the longest in its lingering ray.

"We are assured by Thucydides that Attica was the province of Greece in which population first became settled, and where the earliest progress was made toward civilization."—Mitford's Greece, vol. i. p. 35.

Note 33, page 37, line 12.

Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand.

Fata Morgana. This remarkable aerial phenomenon, which is thought by the lower order of Sicilians to be the work of a fairy, is thus described by father Angelucci, whose account is quoted by Swinburne.

"On the 15th August, 1643, I was surprised, as I stood at my window, with a most wonderful spectacle: the sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains, while the waters near our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared like one clear polished mirror. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro scuro, a string of several thousands of pilasters, all equal in height, distance, and degrees of light and shade. In a moment they bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed at the top, and above it rose innumerable castles, all perfectly alike; these again changed into

towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees."—Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Sicilies*.

Note 34, page 40, line 4.

Holy the amaranth strewed upon their grave.

All sorts of purple and white flowers were supposed by the Greeks to be acceptable to the dead, and used in adorning tombs; as amaranth, with which the Thessalians decorated the tomb of Achilles.—Potter's *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 232.

Note 35, page 40, line 7.

Hark! Pericles records their honoured names.

Pericles, on his return to Athens after the reduction of Samos, celebrated in a splendid manner the obsequies of his countrymen who fell in that war, and pronounced, himself, the funeral oration usual on such occasions. This gained him great applause; and when he came down from the rostrum, the women paid their respects to him, and presented him with crowns and chaplets, like a champion just returned victorious from the lists.—Langhorne's *Plutarch*, life of Pericles.

Note 36, page 41, line 19.

Minerva's veil is rent—her image gone.

The peplus, which is supposed to have been suspended as an awning over the statue of Minerva, in the Parthenon, was a principal ornament of the Panathenaic festival; it was embroidered with various colours, representing the battle of the Gods and Titans, and the exploits of Athenian heroes. When the festival was celebrated, the peplus was brought from the Acropolis, and suspended as a sail to the vessel, which on that

day was conducted through the Ceramicus and principal streets of Athens, till it had made the circuit of the Acropolis. The peplus was then carried to the Parthenon, and consecrated to Minerva.—See Chandler's Travels, Stuart's Athens, &c.

Note 37, page 42, line 13.

Though with rich gold and massy sculpture graced.

The gilding amidst the ruins of Persepolis is still, according to Winckelmann, in high preservation.

Note 38, page 46, line 18.

There in each wreck imperishably glows.

“In the most broken fragment the same great principle of life can be proved to exist, as in the most perfect figure,” is one of the observations of Mr. Haydon on the Elgin Marbles.

Note 39, page 47, line 11.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form.

“Every thing here breathes life, with a veracity, with an exquisite knowledge of art, but without the least ostentation or parade of it, which is concealed by consummate and masterly skill.”—Canova's Letter to the Earl of Elgin.

Note 40, page 47, line 13.

There e'en the steed, with bold expression warm.

Mr. West, after expressing his admiration of the horse's head in Lord Elgin's collection of Athenian sculpture, thus proceeds: “We feel the same when we view the young equestrian Athenians, and in observing them we are insensibly carried on with the impression, that they and their horses actually existed, as we see them, at the instant when they were converted into marble.”—West's Second Letter to Lord Elgin.

Note 41, page 48, line 20.

And art hath won a world in models pure as thine.

Mr. Flaxman thinks that sculpture has very greatly improved within these last twenty years, and that his opinion is not singular, because works of such prime importance as the Elgin marbles could not remain in any country without a consequent improvement of the public taste, and the talents of the artist.—See the Evidence given in reply to interrogatories from the Committee on the Elgin Marbles.

Note 42, page 49, line 5.

They once were gods and heroes—and beheld.

The Theseus and Ilissus, which are considered by Sir T. Lawrence, Mr. Westmacott, and other distinguished artists, to be of a higher class than the Apollo Belvedere; “because there is in them an union of very grand form, with a more true and natural expression of the effect of action upon the human frame, than there is in the Apollo, or any of the other more celebrated statues.”—See the Evidence, &c.

Note 43, page 50, line 13.

What British Angelo may rise to fame.

“Let us suppose a young man at this time in London, endowed with powers such as enabled Michael Angelo to advance the arts, as he did, by the aid of one mutilated specimen of Grecian excellence in sculpture; to what an eminence might not such a genius carry art, by the opportunity of studying those sculptures in the aggregate, which adorned the temple of Minerva at Athens?”—West’s Second Letter to Lord Elgin.

Note 44, page 50, line 16.

Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray.

In allusion to the theories of Du Bos, Wincklemann, Montesquien, &c. with regard to the inherent obstacles in the climate of England to the progress of genius and the arts.—See Hoare's *Epochs of the Arts*, page 84, 5.

THE END.

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