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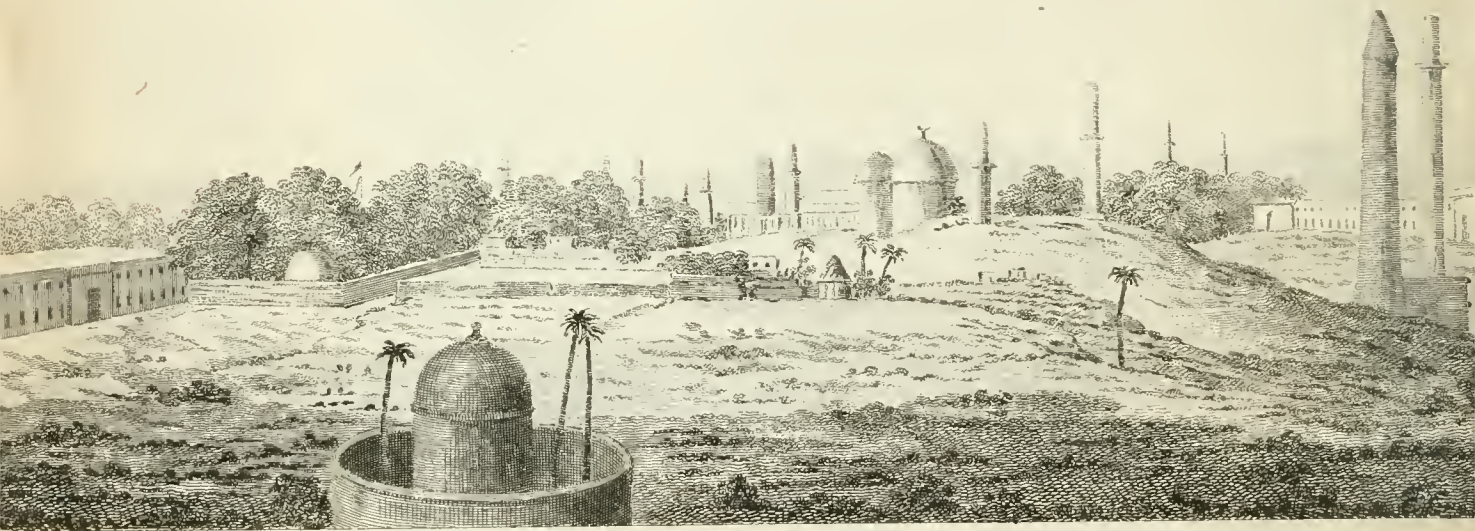


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*View of the Eastern Aspect of the CITY of BAGDAD, taken from an isolated Bastion within the Walls.*



*State's hidden Volcanic offers to mine Eyes  
The favourit Spot where Sigris' pride shall rise.  
Here shall thy taste the Sculptor's Chisel guide,  
And wit and learning blend their living tide.*

*"Than Eden's bowers thy laurels greener twist  
And heavenly Hecaris be excell'd by thine."*

*He said. Almanzor bows to the command,  
And Bagdad's terrils awe the subject Land.*

# OCCASIONAL EPISTLES.

WRITTEN DURING A

JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO BUSRAH,

IN THE GULF OF PERSIA,

IN THE YEARS 1780 AND 1781.

---

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

---

BY EYLES IRWIN, Esq.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.





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E P I S T L E I.

FROM VENICE.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Subject proposed.—Author's address to his friend.—Venice  
—review of her former greatness, compared to her  
present insignificancy—her affinity with Rome.—Rivalship  
of the Roman prowess and moderation.—Eminent men—  
Morosini—Arrizzo—Marc Antonio Bragadino—Palma.  
—League of Cambray.—Policy of the senate.—Transition  
to the probable state of Venice some ages hence.—Gaiety  
of the Venetians.—Elegant style of buildings.—Palladio—  
Sansovin.—Museum of Farsetti.—Conclusion.*



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E P I S T L E I.

FROM VENICE.

---

THE Rhine and Danube pass'd, the Alps o'ercome,  
Venice survey'd—and yet the Traveller dumb!  
Not light the labor, to a vacant mind,  
To fill the sketch which ADDISON design'd:  
Nor will success more justify the aim, 5  
Tho' friendship lean on some establish'd name.

Yet, while poetic scenes my song invite,  
To thee, my HAYLEY, I presume to write;  
HAYLEY, whose genius bold on Learning's shore  
Has touch'd, like COOK, where Bard ne'er touch'd before;  
Whose Muse, like Pallas from the Thunderer's brain, 11  
Issu'd adult, the fairest of the train.

To thee I write, whose numbers have portray'd  
 The art first try'd by Corinth's tender maid ;  
 From scenes where Titian his soft graces caught, 15  
 Where Romney studied, and where Paulo taught.

Late as I stray'd, the healthful breeze to take,  
 Where proud Ca' Dona overhangs the lake,  
 From whose clear bosom circling islets rise,  
 Whose glittering steeples mingle with the skies ; 20  
 Beyond whose banks extends the fruitful ground,  
 Which Brenta waters, and the Alps surround ;  
 Wrapt in the scenes that open'd to my view,  
 To happier times my busy fancy flew ;  
 And as the contrast to contempt I gave, 25  
 Methought a voice low murmur'd from the wave.

“ Venice ! at once thy Genius' pride and shame !  
 “ Degenerate semblance of thy antient fame !  
 “ Where now contend those rivals in the race ?  
 “ Have Arts or Arms priority of place ? 30  
 “ The only vestige of their golden reign  
 “ An useless arsenal or mould'ring fanc ;  
 “ Where Titian's tints, Palladian domes decay,  
 “ To time consign'd by sad neglect a prey.

“ Nor

“ Nor more thy Natives rise in my esteem ;                    35  
 “ Peculiar, as thy site, their manners seem.  
 “ Bred up to forms, essentials they despise,  
 “ And only mask’d, when aping to be wise.  
 “ Born of the wave whence amorous Venus came,  
 “ Thy daughters glow with the contagious flame ;            40  
 “ Assert the empire which their beauty gave,  
 “ And bind the lover an eternal slave.  
 “ Hence manly wisdom has abjur’d the state,  
 “ Vigor of thought, and freedom of debate :  
 “ Hence warlike cares to serious trifles yield,                45  
 “ And Venus drives thy Genius from the field :  
 “ Hence, tho’ Ambition waits to leap the mound,  
 “ In melting music each alarm is drown’d ;  
 “ And hostile rumors, that from Austria fly,  
 “ Strike, like the lute, thine ear, and, striking, die.”    50  
 The city’s Guardian spoke her humbled pride,  
 And ceasing, plung’d beneath the silent tide.  
 Touch’d at her plaint, I check’d each harsher thought,  
 And chang’d my tone as truth and pity taught.  
 “ Not that with jaundic’d, or with Gothic eye,            55  
 “ Thy worth o’erlooking, thy defects I spy ;

“ Not

- “ Not that, with thought profane, I slight the crown,  
 “ Which Neptune yielded to thy just renown.  
 “ No—beauteous empress of th’ Italic main !  
 “ Great was thy cause, and gallant were thy train.      60  
 “ Drawn here by Freedom from their native land,  
 “ Thine islands cherish’d Rome’s expiring band ;  
 “ Who, worthy of the fountain whence they sprung,  
 “ Oft on the rear of frightened Othman hung ;  
 “ Till of her turban’d tyrants ridding Greece,      65  
 “ Like Rome, they gave her liberty and peace.  
 “ Great as Æmilius, in that hallow’d hour  
 “ When wond’ring nations blest the victor’s pow’r ;  
 “ When Glory hail’d him at th’ Olympic game,  
 “ And rescu’d Freedom twin’d his wreath of fame.      70  
 “ These were the records of thine earlier days,  
 “ When Arts conspir’d to spread the hero’s praise :  
 “ When to his mem’ry sculptur’d trophies rose  
 “ To seal his triumphs o’er his country’s foes.  
 “ There Palma’s pencil for the laurel strives,      75  
 “ And Morosini in his art survives !  
 “ There Time beholds the Candian chief with joy,  
 “ The siege sustain which doubled that of Troy :  
 “ Beholds

- “ Beholds him, happier still in manhood’s pride,  
 “ Annex Morea to his country’s side. 80  
 “ Arrizzo, glorying in a cruel death,  
 “ In marble here again resigns his breath.  
 “ Suspended by false Mustapha on high,  
 “ Still brave Antonio may his fate defy :  
 “ What tho’ his body taint the wholesome gale, 85  
 “ Ne’er shall thy incense, Public Virtue ! fail.  
 “ Yet at his name the Turk aghast is thrown,  
 “ Nor dares to challenge Cyprus as his own.  
 “ Shades of renown ! and Patriots ever dear !  
 “ Whose wayward end awakes the foreign tear, 90  
 “ Permit a stranger, friendly to your shore,  
 “ T’assay the value of no common ore.  
 “ Long prov’d thy state a barrier to the Turk,  
 “ And foundest policy upheld the work.  
 “ Envy to calm, she trusted to intrigue, 95  
 “ And, artful, broke the force of Cambray’s league.  
 “ This Europe saw, and trembled for her date,  
 “ When priests and potentates conspir’d her fate.  
 “ But vain those fears—to Julius she apply’d,  
 “ And sapp’d the mischief by the Pontiff’s pride. 100  
 “ Tho’



“ Tho’ Venice now with faded splendor shine,  
 “ She shews, like Athens, beauteous in decline :  
 “ And ages hence, when crumbling to a waste,  
 “ Her ruins shall attract the eye of Taste.  
 “ Then, as the traveller roves in thoughtful mood, 105  
 “ Where Marco’s tower, or San Benèto stood,  
 “ Here (shall he cry) once throng’d the young and gay,  
 “ Here laugh’d and sung, and charm’d their cares away.  
 “ At masqs or play, unmask’d or mask’d the same,  
 “ Love all their motive ! pleasure all their aim ! 110  
 “ Yet, in this whirlpool found the Arts a place,  
 “ And temples rose, which antient Rome might grace,  
 “ Deck’d with the spoils of many a falling pile,  
 “ That erst o’erlook’d the Bosphorus or Nile :  
 “ Statues, that borrow’d life from Phydias’ hand, 115  
 “ And palaces, by chaste Palladio plann’d :  
 “ Models of taste ! which Attic palms might win,  
 “ And with Lyfippus class a Sanfovin.  
 “ Oft have the curious of a distant soil,  
 “ Deriv’d new lights from learn’d Farsetti’s toil : 120  
 “ Whose treasures, drawn from mines of classic earth,  
 “ Bespoke a spirit noble as his birth.





Warm'd by the theme, my spirits mount in flame,

And emulation wakens at the name :

145

An emulation which may Bards impel,

Which loves the merit it would fain excel ;

Which, if it miss, as now, its daring end,

Still joys to grace the triumph of a friend.

E P I S T L E II.

FROM LAODICEA.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Voyage from Venice to the coast of Syria—Adriatic Gulf—Coast of Apulia—Epirus—Isle of Corcyra—Coast of Arcadia—Corinth—Mount Parnassus—Cape Methone—Isle of Cytherea—Shores of Sparta—Crete.—Reflexions on the change in the Archipelago.—Islands of Milo—Nio—Paros—Naxos—Cos—Rhodes.—Unpleasing picture of the present state of Greece.—Cyprus—fatal revolution in the climate, soil, government, and population, of this island.—View of the Syrian coast—Mount Lebanon—Cities of Tyre—Scanderoon, Seleucia, Antioch, Laodicea.—Preference due to Britain from a comparison with these countries.—Conclusion.*

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# E P I S T L E II.

## FROM LAODICEA.

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ONCE more the lyre, my Muse, advent'rous sweep,  
Plac'd on the margin of the Syrian deep :  
What lands and seas we pass'd, the strains rehearse—  
Will HAYLEY hear, while Greece adorns the verse ?  
Down Adria's gulf our bark directs her course, 5  
Storm'd by the wave, and Eurus' wintry force.  
What time the antients us'd in port to stay,  
We steer where on our right Apulia lay ;  
And fam'd Epirus' adverse coast explore,  
Whence Pyrrhus thunder'd on the Roman shore. 10  
Thine isle, Corcyra ! next attracts our view,  
Where wise Ulysses met a warrior's due ;

Where

Where the tir'd chief a sweet afylum found,  
From toils and tempefts fnatch'd to friendly ground.

Onward our bark the northern breeze impell'd, 15  
Which by Arcadia's coast her voyage held :  
That op'ning gulf the narrow ifthmus laves,  
Where Corinth reign'd the fovereign of the waves.  
Parnaffus here his forked fummit fhow's ;  
In lieu of laurels bears eternal fnows. 20  
Alpheus now, without a fiction, glides,  
While not a fwan difports upon his tides.  
Emblems of change ! which Grecia's pride has croft,  
Her Freedom fetter'd, and her Genius loft.

The vernal airs befpeak a fofter clime, 25  
As we approach the themes of antient time.  
Fill'd with the thought, I feel my breaft expand,  
And anxious double bleak Methone's ftrand.  
The fhifting profpects ftill our hours beguile,  
And now we gaze on Cytherea's ifle. 30  
Birth-place of Venus and of Helen, hail !  
Thy praife to reach, what numbers may prevail ?—  
All hearts acknowledge Cytherea's fway,  
And Helen ftill inflames in Homer's lay.



Eastward from hence our prosperous course we steer, 35  
 And with the morn succeeding lands appear.  
 Black on our left the hilly regions lour,  
 Where Spartan virtue held the reins of pow'r :  
 Or where, in darker times, the fable grew  
 Of Hydras, Centaurs, which the hero slew. 40  
 In Lerna's fen, or Pholoe's savage height,  
 Worse monsters now the ravag'd land affright ;  
 Nor lives an Hercules, mankind to right !  
 Thence to the south I turn my searching eyes,  
 Where, eastward stretching, Crete's steep cliffs arise, 45  
 With Ida and her hundred cities crown'd,  
 But more for Minos and his laws renown'd :  
 Tho' these but on historic records stand,  
 And those, in ruins, still denote the land.  
 What isles, alternate, on th' horizon crowd— 50  
 Once seats of freedom, now to bondage bow'd !  
 O ! dire reverse of states and things below,  
 Nor arts, nor arms, exempt mankind from woe :  
 Their boasted knowledge but their fall contrives,  
 And fell despair their wither'd strength survives. 55  
 Thus sighs the Muse in passing Milo's coast,  
 And Nio, proud of Homer's urn to boast :

Serphos, on which the fabled scene is laid,  
 Whence Perseus rescu'd the devoted maid :  
 Paros, whose marble gave the isle to fame ; 60  
 And Naxos, whence the god of vintage came.  
 With fonder joy she views the Coan coast,  
 Where Med'cine's pride arose, and Painting's boast.  
 Hail, happy land ! of living fame secure,  
 While Genius is esteem'd and Arts endure. 65

Her northward course our vessel keeps no more,  
 But steers obliquely to the Rhodian shore,  
 Where the Colossus rear'd his tow'ring head,  
 And where his shatter'd frame the groaning earth o'erspread:  
 Like him the Turk, too large a realm embrac'd, 70  
 One foot on Asia, one on Europe plac'd,  
 Totters at Destiny's destructive call,  
 And strong convulsions indicate his fall.

Yet still fair Grecia bends beneath his yoke,  
 Her regions wasted, and her spirit broke : 75  
 Plenty and Industry forsake her plains,  
 And Want and Indolence debase her swains.  
 All ! all ! her former lustre worn away,  
 Save still that Beauty gilds her closing day.

Heavens !

Heavens ! at that name I lose my rising spleen, 80  
 Lo ! we approach the feat of Beauty's Queen.  
 This day from Rhodes we cleave the Halcyon sea,  
 Next, fallen Cyprus ! gives us fight of thee.  
 Was't not enough to mourn intestine jars,  
 Drought, famine, slavery, pestilence, and wars ! 85  
 Thy Paphos levell'd, and a waste thy soil,  
 That now thy daughters prove the tyrant's spoil ?  
 Hence population rolls a languid tide,  
 While Turkish walls her injur'd sources hide.  
 Bright Goddess ! thou, assert thy sex's cause, 90  
 And blast the rude contemner of thy laws :  
 By Beauty tended, let him own thy fires,  
 But chill with scorn his arrogant desires.  
 Soon to the Cyprian shore we bid adieu,  
 And Syria's region rises to our view. 95  
 Majestic Lebanon his head uprears,  
 White with the winter of a thousand years :  
 Tho' fall'n his pride, some cedars yet remain,  
 Protected still by David's sacred strain.

Line 9.—The gather'd winter of a thousand years. POPE.

D

Hence

Hence to the south I look, through fancy's eye, 100

Neglected, scorn'd!—where Tyre's proud relics lie.

Ah! hapless mistrefs of Phenicia's realms,

Thee time affails, and tyranny o'erwhelms.

Those walls, which turn'd young Ammon's conqu'ring  
sword,

Yield to each summons of an Arab horde! 105

That haven, where a navy rode in state,

Can scarcely shield the fisher from his fate!

Not so when Dido fled thy hostile strand,

To found a city in a kinder land.

Alas! we blindly reason's impulse try, 110

And Tyre and Carthage but in ruin vie!

Now northward bound, the bark her helm obeys—

A sudden calm her rapid progress stays.

Inactive held, we view the distant shore,

Which takes new forms and changes tints no more. 115

Stretch'd in a line, we pierce its utmost bound,

Where moist, unpeopled Scanderoon is found.

Warn'd by the wise, we shun the baleful foil,

While down the coast our eyes uplifted toil.

Stupendous ridge ! there fenc'd Seleucia lay, 120  
 Whence fam'd Orontes, issuing, floods the bay.  
 Remov'd behind, loft Antioch mourns her fate,  
 For thieves a nest, and avarice a bait.  
 No more the bowers along the bank we trace,  
 Which lent to Daphne her alluring grace. 125  
 Murm'ring her fall, Orontes seeks the vale,  
 And lofty Casius spreads the mournful tale.  
 Laodicea's arms our bark invite,  
 Goal of her toils, and limit of her flight :  
 Consenting Auster deigns her sails to court, 130  
 And gales propitious speed her to the port.  
     How flits, on waking, the Enthusiast's dream,  
 Who roams to realize his darling theme !  
 Deep-read in classic leaves, he flights the earth,  
 Which giving him, still gave not Philip birth : 135  
 'Till, undeceiv'd, things take their proper hue,  
 And Greece, he finds, affords a Morad too.  
 Descriptions soft, which caught his morning hours,  
 Arcadian dells, and Cytherean bow'rs,  
 Athenian fanes, and works immortal stil'd, 140  
 Present but ruin, and a painful wild.



Laodicea ! of a modern growth,  
 On whom the climate sheds the dews of sloth ;  
 Whose walls renown'd a worthless town infold,  
 As springs the weed where wav'd the ear of gold : 145  
 She yields him nought, his pleasing dream to save,  
 But some prone column or sepulchral cave :  
 'Till tir'd, the voyager his search gives o'er,  
 And, late chafis'd, prefers his native shore.

Fix'd in this maxim be my HAYLEY found, 150  
 To pay due homage to his native ground.  
 Abroad for subjects should the Druid rove,  
 Who draws the Muses to his haunted grove ?  
 Can fabled charms allure, who boasts a Fair,  
 The soul of grace and virtue's darling heir ? 155  
 Blest in his hopes, he views with pitying eye  
 The sweet delusions of a milder sky.

Nature herself submits to chasten'd taste,  
 And Eartham blooms, while Tempe lies a waste.  
 Mute are the lyres that charm'd th' Ægean main, 160  
 While Eartham's shades resound with freedom's strain.  
 O ! oft entreated, be that strain renew'd,  
 By fancy foster'd, and by praise pursu'd.



Since Britain glows with liberty divine,

To rival classic poesy be thine :

165

So shall thy portion of the spoils of Greece

Transcend the value of her golden fleece ;

As far as wit respect o'er wealth can claim,

Or Homer soars beyond Atrides' fame !



# E P I S T L E III.

From COORNA, on the Conflux of the TIGRIS and EUPHRATES.

---

يکي دشت يبي همه فسح وزر  
کزان شاد کردن دل زاد مرد  
— — — همه بيشده\*

FERDUSI.

## T R A N S L A T I O N.

“ Behold yon plain, with blended colors gay,  
Whose charms new rapture to the mind convey.  
There gardens, groves, and rivulets abound,  
And favor'd heroes consecrate the ground.  
The ground like velvet seems—the rising gale  
Flings from the stream its freshness o'er the vale.  
The stalk beneath the lily's beauty bends,  
The dew of fragrance on the shade descends.  
Among the flow'rs the pheasant graceful moves,  
And warbles Philomel from cypress groves.  
Ah! from the present to the latest year,  
May these fair banks like Paradise appear!”

## A R G U M E N T.

*Invocation.—Situation of Coorna.—Garden of Eden.—Address to Mr. Jones the Orientalist.—Picturesque appearance of the banks of the Euphrates.—Ruins on that river—Babylon—Anna—Circesium.—The emperor Julian.—Palmyra.—Zenobia and Longinus.—Cities of Damascus and Jerusalem.—Battle of Carrhæ.—Death and character of Crassus.—The Tigris.—Retreat of the ten thousand.—Xenophon.—Median wall.—Semiramis.—Cities of Seleucia and Ctesiphon.—Origin of Bagdad, and its decline under the Turks.—Persian authors—Pilpay—Hafez—Ferdusi.—Transition to Britain.—Address to Liberty.—Conclusion.*

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E P I S T L E III.

FROM COORNA,

On the Conflux of the TIGRIS and EUPHRATES:

---

YE Syrian mountains and Chaldean vales !  
Scenes of heroic wars and am'rous tales,  
Which caught my youth, and charm'd of late mine eye,  
What Muse remiss shall pass your beauties by ?  
Immortal Genii of Obolla's stream ! 5  
To HAYLEY bear a yet sublimer theme :  
With orient fancy deck the closing song,  
Rich as your banks to spread, and as your waters strong.  
Plac'd on the point where Coorna rears her pride,  
I mark the course of each descending tide. 10

E

Euphrates

Euphrates here his limpid current pours, 7  
 While turbid Tigris deluges his shores.  
 The space between, be antient legends true,  
 Where Adam first his blushing consort knew.  
 Ah feat divine! say why thy beauties fail? 15  
 Where the sweet change of thicket, hill, and dale;  
 Where the clear rills that fed thy flowery plain,  
 Where love and innocence announce their reign?  
 The sad reverse befits our parents' crime;  
 Chang'd is the face of nature, chang'd the clime: 20  
 The trav'ler's eye a naked champain tires,  
 Where pards and lions rage with ravenous fires:  
 T'arrest his course where skulks a faithless race,  
 Fell as the prowling savage of the chace:  
 As if the spot his lavish hand array'd, 25  
 The vengeance of an injur'd God display'd!  
 Ere to the stream my vent'rous sail I give,  
 By which the Greek and Roman triumphs live,  
 Let me his Muse invoke, whose varied tongue  
 Inspirits still what eastern poets sung. 30

Line 28. ' — — dum Cæsar ad altum  
 Fulminat Euphratem bello.'—

VIRG. Georg. lib. iv.



And while the nymphs of Isis thee detain,  
 While I, unequal, try thy vivid strain ;  
 Thou British Hafez ! prompt the magic reed,  
 Which hoar Euphrates to thy hand decreed.

What novel scenes the verdant banks betray, 35  
 With scatter'd flocks and tented nations gay !  
 Illusive fight ! which loses strait its charms ;  
 With pastoral cares ill suits the trade of arms.

What maiden's heart can trust the shepherd's smile,  
 Whose deeds are rapine, and whose words are guile ? 40  
 The Arab past—to learning what a field,  
 Illustrious Babylon ! thy ruins yield.

Devotion here with warmth sublimer glows,  
 Where captive Zion breath'd melodious woes.

His impotence Ambition may be taught, 45  
 To view what Ammon to his senses brought.  
 Of Glory's course, lo this the fatal goal !—  
 The victor, who could fortune's will control, }  
 Found ruin lurking in the festive bowl.

But chief this spot the Lover's fancy feeds, 50  
 Where still with Pyramus his Thisbe bleeds.

Blest be the chance that gave their passion birth,  
The error wept, that sunk them to the earth.

Now to the west the stream I upward trace,  
Where bord'ring culture cheers the desert space. 55

Lo Anna! bosom'd in her groves and isles,  
In spite of time and gath'ring ruin, smiles:  
While lost Circesium on her chalky height  
Scarce yields a vestige of her antient site.

These knew in later periods Julian's fame; 60

Ah, wherefore mark'd with an apostate's name?

These saw the hero pass in warlike pride,  
While hostile navies swell'd Euphrates' tide.

To conquest pass—but to return no more!

Him poesy, philosophy, deplore: 65

The scepter'd patriot, who distinctions wav'd,

Lord of himself, by Pagan rites enslav'd;

Whom all, but Christians, held their common friend,

Whose very errors had a virtuous end:

Than Philip's son with purer glory fir'd, 70

Expiring, to the Theban's praise aspir'd.

Lessons severe! which home the traveller brings,

To waken nations, and to humble kings.

If yet thine eye can bear conviction's ray,  
 See yonder scene its mouldering pomp display. 75  
 Monarch! whate'er thy power, whate'er thy name,  
 No feat superior can thy empire claim.

Palmyra! regent of the spacious wild,  
 Guardian of arts, and Freedom's younger child!  
 Whose throne august Zenobia long possesseth, 80  
 Divine Longinus! in thy counsels blest;  
 She, bow'd at length by Rome's respiring force,  
 The brightest trophy of Aurelian's course,  
 Still lifts her columns o'er the subject waste,  
 To chasten sculpture, and to perfect taste. 85

Ill-fated servant of the tuneful train!  
 This scene renews their sympathetic pain.  
 Mid yonder sheds, while Fancy points thy grave,  
 Immortal tears the hallow'd spot shall lave.

Far to the south th' irriguous plain retires, 90  
 Whence rich Damascus shoots her gilded spires.  
 Theme of the lover and the merchant's song,  
 Where Beauty sports, and Commerce lures the throng:  
 Her streets the wealth of Hind and Ormus view,  
 And daily caravans the waste renew. 95

Line 94.—“ Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.”

MILTON *Par. Lost*, b. ii. l. 2.

With weightier purpose, and less jocund train,  
 The pilgrim toils to reach yon votive fane:  
 Him faith confirms to bear the frequent curse,  
 Th' indignant blow, and taxes on his purse:  
 Taxes, which Turkish bigots term divine, 100  
 Who bar the Christian from his Saviour's shrine.  
 Such the sad end of pious Frenzy's boast,  
 When Europe's bigots bled on Asia's coast:  
 Far different then th' imperious Christian came,  
 Glowing with monkish zeal and promis'd fame; 105  
 With claims unjust he fann'd the raging fire,  
 While myriads in the mad crusade expire:  
 While scenes occur, to fiction that belong,  
 And best adorn the pomp of Tasso's song.  
 Spread every sail, be every oar apply'd, 110  
 To view the triumph of barbaric pride.  
 Lo! where unnumber'd nations croud the plain,  
 And fainting cohorts scarce the shock sustain.  
 Vers'd in those wiles which savage hands prepare,  
 The Parthian holds th' invader in the snare. 115  
 In vain the veteran lifts his guardian shield,  
 Rome's slaughter'd legions whiten Carrhæ's field.

And

And did no obsequies the brave await?  
 No column publish the Triumvir's fate?  
 Was History silent?—Did no partial rhimes 120  
 Belie his views, and varnish o'er his crimes?  
 A cause so venal yet demands a Muse,  
 And History paints him in his native hues.  
 Tradition says not how the robber dy'd,  
 Unknown th' avenging arm that crush'd his pride; 125  
 Yet justice found he, sacrilege to pay,  
 His corse, unhallow'd, sinks to dogs a prey.  
 To fate his avarice, the Barbarians pour  
 Down Crassus' throat rich streams of molten ore,  
 To quench a thirst, unquenchable before. 130 }  
 A scene like this indignant let us fly,  
 Whose savage horrors wound the human eye;  
 On Fancy's pinions speed across the waste,  
 And Tigris' soft delights-and wonders taste.  
 Our bark already with the current moves, 135  
 Here poplars bend, there breathe the citron-groves:  
 Aspiring cedars wave perpetual green,  
 And parti-color'd mosks adorn the scene.  
 How dead these pictures to the martial throng,  
 Up Tigris' banks who wound their march along; 140  
O'er



O'er wilds and mountains held their toilsome way,  
 By hofts assaulted, and the solar ray :  
 By thirst, by famine, by eternal snows—  
 Whom heaven and earth united to oppose.  
 Unconquer'd still, the Greeks each peril meet,           145  
 Regain their shores, and dignify retreat.  
 Trembling, the Muse their daring track surveys,  
 And scarce can Fancy tread the painful maze.  
 From red Cunaxa, stain'd with Cyrus' blood,  
 They hew a passage to the Euxine flood.           150  
 O'er factious bands see eloquence prevail !  
 Now treaties, and now prowess turn the scale.  
 Tho' in the work ten thousand Greeks combine,  
 Accomplish'd Xenophon ! the palm is thine :  
 The palm, which eloquence and valor give,           155  
 And in thy polish'd periods still shall live.

What tow'ring rocks the vessel's way impede,  
 And lift the stream above the bord'ring mead ?  
 Nor Nile nor Lawrence boasts a nobler fall,  
 Than Tigris borrows from the Median wall ;           160  
 Transcendent labor of th' Assyrian dame !  
 Bold as her mind, and lasting as her fame.



Seleucia hail!—where erst the Caliph's throne,  
 Fix'd by an Hermit's voice, unrivall'd shone :  
 Surpassing thee and Ctesiphon in power, 165  
 This Phenix sprung by mighty Nimrod's tower.  
 Magi of Mithra's fane! to you I bend—  
 Awhile the talismans of fable lend :  
 With topaz am'lets bind your Poet's arm,  
 That each compartment of the web may charm, 170  
 Where storied scenes are wrought by Fairy skill,  
 And Bagdad fashion'd by Almanfor's will.

On Tigris' banks as once the Caliph stray'd,  
 His great design by solitude to aid,  
 Where, proudly plac'd, might rise his royal seat, 175  
 Chance brought his footsteps to a fam'd retreat.  
 In times of yore—so says the Persian tale—  
 A Princess held the sceptre in the vale ;  
 Her flocks, the guiltless subjects of her reign,  
 Peace her dear wish, and happiness her gain. 180  
 Devotion's ray her tranquil bosom cheers ;  
 To Pagan Bagh a temple fair she rears ;  
 Where grateful vows arose from Tigris' wave,  
 Whose name a title to the valley gave.

With changing years had chang'd the temple's lot, 185  
The idol broken, and the maid forgot :  
Nor yet its zealous sectaries decline,  
And Mahomet adopts the Pagan shrine.  
An aged Hermit to the cell succeeds,  
Whose hand recounts no treasure, but his beads : 190  
Amid his gifts who prophecy can sum,  
A mortal—conscious of events to come !  
The barren court him, and the fruitful blefs,  
Nor envious rumor lessens his success.

Soon as Almanfor near the temple drew, 195  
The Seer his person and his purpose knew.  
“ Hail, lord, (he cried) whose fame the holy found,  
“ Be all thy projects, like the present, crown'd.  
“ Fate's hidden volume offers to mine eyes  
“ The favor'd spot, where Tigris' pride shall rise. 200  
“ Here shall thy hand the Moslem Mufnud fix,  
“ Dreaded and potent as the throne of Styx !  
“ Here shall thy taste the Sculptor's chissel guide,  
“ And Wit and Learning blend their living tide :  
“ Than Eden's bow'rs thy laurels greener twine, 205  
“ And heav'nly Houris be excell'd by thine.”

He said, Almanfor bows to the command,  
And Bagdad's turrets awe the subject land.

As Sol's bright empire is a transient day,  
Which dawns, matures, and quickly fades away, 210  
The Caliph's orb revolv'd its destin'd race,  
Then veil'd in night the splendors of its face.  
It breaks again—but ah, portentous fight !  
In rayless majesty and sicken'd light.

Beneath the Othman banner Glory dies ; 215  
Taste rends her veil, and Industry his ties :  
No voice of Trade or Labor cheers the plains,  
Or none but Poesy, that sings in chains.

The only vestige of declining Arts,  
Some lasting tokens that the Muse imparts ; 220  
Now in the moral turn of Pilpay's fable,  
In Hafez now, on whom the Graces smile :  
Or in Ferdusi, on whose epic ground  
The lofty Homer of the East is found.

But song avails not—nor its magic sway 225  
In desolation can allure my stay.  
For climes of industry I spread the sail,  
And Bagdad leave to deck a Fairy tale :

Leave her still mistrefs of untuneful shades,  
 Unletter'd Pachas, and secluded maids : 230

Unlike the fortune which her Tigris knows,  
 Who scatters hope and plenty where he flows.

Not that her image can the pangs renew,  
 From Britain's borders when thy friend withdrew.  
 Could man persist when trembled Beauty's frame? 235

Could Love endure what lovers weep to name?

Ah! nought that Love or Beauty could inspire,

Fond fear, wild doubt, and eloquent desire,

In Reason's course could Duty's call delay,

That tore an exile from his home away. 240

To Friendship too his feelings ow'd a part,

And HAYLEY's image rush'd upon his heart ;

Led by the Muse who wit and taste beguiles,

And but less winning than Eliza's smiles.

Nor dumb the patriot passion in his breast, 245

To leave the land so humbled and distressed :

Her coasts alarm'd with War's terrific din,

Her councils weak, and anarchy within :

Ripe to convince th' Iberian and the Gaul,

That Britain only can by Britain fall. 250

Perish the thought—O Liberty forefend  
Thy Britain hazard the inglorious end ;  
That she thro' civil broils to ruin rush,  
She, whom conspiring nations fail to crush.  
O! rather give her worlds oppos'd to try,  
Combin'd to conquer, or combin'd to die :  
With thee, bright Goddess ! to renown aspire,  
In life possess thee, or in death acquire !





N O T E S.



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N O T E S  
ON THE  
F I R S T E P I S T L E.

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LINE 4. “ ——— *which ADDISON design'd.*”

Alluding to the sketch which he has given us of Venice, in the elegant and classical travels under his name.

Line 16. “ ——— *and where Paulo taught.*”

The merit of Paul Calliari, called the Veronese, need not be descanted on here; but to the curious anecdotes which Mr. Hayley has given us of the several masters, in the notes of his Epistle to an Eminent Painter, I beg leave to add one, which I picked up at Venice. On the records of the monastery of St. Georgio Maggiori it appears, that the Monks gave Paul Veronese but 100 livres, and a butt of wine of 30 livres more, making together about 3*l.* sterling, for his admirable picture of the Marriage of Cana, which hangs up in their refectory. This piece is of an amazing size, and not only contains above a hundred figures as big as life, but among the guests the painter has introduced the principal monarchs and personages of his age, not omitting Titian and himself. But this speaks less for its value than the proposal of Lewis XIV. (which has been since applied falsely to other good paintings) who offered to cover the picture with louisdores; and if that was insufficient, to double the sum. Whether the price fell short of its worth, or be-

ing public property, it could not be disposed of, the king was disappointed. A natural inference however will be drawn from the circumstance, and the present value of the piece be greatly heightened, which in the last age was held in such estimation. The original cost of the picture, and its after fortune, remind us of the fate of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which, under-valued and overlooked during the author's life, has alone insured him immortality, and is become the ornament of literature, and the delight of mankind. Paul Calliari has a monument and inscription in the church of St. Sebastian, which is almost wholly decorated with his paintings.

Line 18. “ *Where proud Ca' Dona overhangs the lake.*”

The name of a palace on the Fondamento Nuovo. This noble terrace lines the north-west aspect of Venice; is much resorted to in summer by the inhabitants, and commands the beautiful view which the Poem describes.

Line 42. “ *And bind the lover an eternal slave.*”

This sarcasm is founded on the custom which the Venetian ladies have established of entertaining a cavaliero servanto. The ties of this enamorado are not less binding than those of matrimony. His mornings and evenings, at least, must be spent in attendance on his fair-one; nor can he be seen in a public place in company with another woman. The obligation, it is true, holds equally on her side; so that they may be said to purchase dearly the illicit pleasures which custom allows them.

Line 49. “ *And hostile rumors, that from Austria fly.*”

The weakness of the Venetian state, and the known disposition of a very powerful and encroaching neighbor, seem to portend some unfavorable change, which the powers of Europe may be too much engaged to prevent.

Line 62.

Line 62. “ *Thine islands cherish'd Rome's expiring band.*”

If tradition does not immediately trace the connexion between the two Republics, circumstances manifestly suggest the probability of the fact. It is recorded that a people called the Veniti, dwelling about Padua and the river Po, were obliged, in the fifth century, by the ravages of the barbarian Attila, to take refuge among the cluster of small islands at the head of the Adriatic gulf. From the huts of fishermen, and the little barks that earned them a livelihood, have arisen the stately palaces, and unbounded commerce of the city of Venice. But some authors derive her origin from the Franks, and some from the Henetians, a nation bordering on Paphlagonia.

POLYBIUS. CORN. NEP. LIVY. SANSON.

Line 67. “ *Great as Æmilius, in that hollow'd hour.*”

In allusion to that celebrated day on which the Roman Proconsul, P. Æmilius, proclaimed the freedom of Greece to the nations assembled at the Olympic games.

Line 76. “ *And Morosini in his art survives!*”

Francisco Morosini, the General and afterwards Doge of Venice. His defence of Candia rendered his name immortal. He conquered the Morea from the Turks, A. D. 1683, and had the honor to have his actions recorded by the pencils of Palma, Titian, &c. in the palace of St. Marco.

Line 81. *Arizzo, glorying in a cruel death.*”

Paolo Arizzo, one of the Venetian generals in their wars with the Turks. He was taken prisoner in Negropont by the Sultan Mahomet II, and condemned to be placed between two boards, and fawn asunder alive, by the faithless barbarity of that tyrant; who

having promised to spare his head, excused himself by saying, the trunk was not included.

Line 84. “ *Still brave Antonio may his fate defy.*”

Marco Antonio Bragadino, the gallant defender of the city of Famagousta against the whole force of the Ottoman empire, during the memorable siege wherein the Turks are said to have lost one hundred thousand men. He was obliged at length by famine to surrender, in A. D. 1571, and obtained the honorable conditions that his defence merited; but the Pacha Mustapha, in a perfidious manner, broke the capitulation, and vented his inhuman revenge on the brave Bragadino. He was first put to the most excruciating tortures, and then flayed alive by the tyrant's order, and his skin stuffed with straw, and suspended on the mast-head of the admiral's galley. With this inglorious trophy he returned to Constantinople, and sullied even the parade of victory. A basso-relievo of the stories of Arizzo and Bragadino is to be found in the arsenal of Venice; and in the church of St. Gio and Paolo, the skin of Bragadino is enclosed in a marble urn, with his statue in marble above it. There is also a monument to that hero in the church of St. Gregorio.

PARUTA. MORISINI.

Line 95. “ *Envy to calm, she trusted to intrigue,  
And, artful, broke the force of Cambray's league.*”

This confederacy, which threatened the very existence of the Venetian state, is known to Europe under the name of the league of Cambray. The Emperor Maximilian, Lewis XII, and Ferdinand of Arragon, were the heads of this conspiracy, which was engendered and supported by the artifices of Pope Julius II. Several of the neighboring Italian states seceded to the league; and nothing could have saved the Republic from destruction, but her finding  
means



means to buy off the Pope, by an artful application to the repentment, pride, and avarice of the ambitious Pontiff.

BEMBO. BARRE. GUICCIARD. SANSOV.

Line 106. “ ——— or *San Benèto stood.*”

The theatre where the serious opera is performed during the Carnival.

Line 113. “ *Deck'd with the spoils of many a falling pile,  
That erst o'erlook'd the Bosphorus or Nile.*”

The traveller who has visited Venice will enter into this couplet. The stately Gothic church of St. Marco is a composition of marbles, drawn from every place where the Venetians were victorious. Nor was their plunder reserved for the use of their churches. The lions at the gate of the arsenal were brought from the port of Athens, named therefrom; the granite pillars on the place of St. Marco, from Alexandria; and the inimitable brazen horses over the door of St. Marco's church, from Constantinople, at the different periods that these cities were in the hands of the Venetians.

Line 118. “ *And with Lyfippus class a Sansovin.*”

Iachimo Sansovino, a celebrated architect and sculptor, who lived in the sixteenth century. His chef d'œuvres in basso relievo adorn the ducal church of St. Marco; and as an architect, the Public Library, the Lodge opposite the gate of the ducal palace, the New Palace on the place of St. Marco, the Seuola della Misericordia, and the churches of St. Francisco della Vigna and St. Geminiano, speak more for his excellence than the pen can do. He was buried in the latter church, which would sufficiently record his memory; but his son Francisco Sansovino, the author of the History of Venice, the Origin of the Illustrious Houses of Italy, and other esteemed tracts, has inscribed an epitaph to his renowned parent.

parent. Above the epitaph is the statue of the architect, cut by himself; and facing it, that of the historian, his son.

Line 120. “ *Deriv'd new lights from learn'd Farsetti's toil.*”

The collection here alluded to, is perhaps the noblest in the possession of any subject in any state. The ingenious nobleman, now deceased, foreseeing the difficulty of procuring originals, at great pains and expence employed the first artists of his age, to furnish him with casts of the most valuable remains of antiquity. Whatever, therefore, excites the attention of taste and learning, whatever Rome or Florence can boast of, is to be found in this museum; which, to the credit of the present proprietor, is always easy of access, and particularly to a foreigner. What the agreeable Dr. Moore relates of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in his Travels, is somewhat similar to this pursuit. The Prince not being in circumstances to purchase original paintings, wisely determined to be master of what he could compass, and has accordingly furnished his palace with the best prints of the best masters.

Line 127. “ *Once more a village—Venice all deplore.*”

Cassiodorus, speaking of the Venetians, about fifty years after their foundation, says, that they inhabited the islands of the Adriatic: that they had no other fence against the waves but hurdles; no other food but fish; no wealth besides their boats; and no merchandize but salt.

CASSIOD. b. xii. ep. 24.

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N O T E S  
ON THE  
S E C O N D E P I S T L E.

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LINE II. “ *Thine isle, Corcyra, next attracts our view.*”  
Hod. Corfu.—PLINY, b. iv. c. II.

Line 18. “ *Where Corinth reign’d the sovereign of the waves.*”

This city was formerly much resorted to, on account of its havens towards the Ionian and Ægean seas; whence Ovid calls it “ *Bimarem Corinthon.*” Met. v. 407.

Line 21. “ *Alpheus now, without a fiction, glides.*”

This river was fabled to have sunk underground near Pisa in Greece, and running through the sea without mingling its waters, to have risen with the fountain Arethusa in Syracuse, in Sicily. It falls into the Ionian sea.

VIRG. ÆN. b. iii. l. 694. Ov. Amor. iii. 6.

Line 28. “ *And anxious double bleak Methone’s strand.*”  
Hod. Cape Modon.—VAL. FLACC. b. i. l. 388.

Line 30. “ *And now we gaze on Cytherea’s isle.*”  
Hod. Cerigo. — VIRG. ÆN. b. x. l. 51.

Line 41. “ *In Lerna’s fen, or Pholoe’s savage height.*”

Veteri spumavit Lerna veneno. STAT. Theb. b. i. l. 360.  
— et populum Pholoe mentita biforem.  
LUC. lib. iii. ver. 198.

Line 56. “ *Thus sighs the Muse in passing Milo’s coast.*”  
Olim Melos.

Line 57. “ *And Nio, proud of Homer’s urn to boast.*”

Olim Ios—an island in the Myrtean sea, where Homer was entombed.  
PLIN. b. iv. c. 12.

Line 58. “ *Serphos, on which the fabled scene is laid.*”

Olim Seriphos—a small island where Polydutus reigned; whose fair daughter was the reward of Perseus’ heroism. Thus says the fable. Origen, speaking of this island, terms it “ *Minima & ignobilissima insula.*”

Line 60. “ *Paros, whose marble gave the isle to fame.*”

Paros, marmore nobilis. PLIN. Hist. Nat. b. iv. c. 12.

Line 61. “ *And Naxos, whence the God of vintage came.*”

Bacchata jugis Naxos. VIRG. ÆN. b. iv. l. 125.

Line 63. “ *Where Med’cine’s pride arose, and Painting’s boast.*”

Hod. Stanchio—the native isle of Hippocrates and Apelles.

Line 83. “ *Next, fallen Cyprus! gives us sight of thee.*”

VIRG. ÆN. b. i. l. 126. HOR. Od. i. 19.

Line 96. “ *Majestic Lebanon his head uprears.*”

Line 98. “ *Tho’ fall’n his pride, some cedars yet remain.*”

“ The inhabitants of Lebanon hold these cedars in such veneration, on account of their having been recorded by David and Solomon, that they will not suffer the six or seven remaining old trees to be destroyed.” Man. Tour of the Rev. JOHN HUSSEY.

Line 104. “ *Those walls, which turn’d young Ammon’s conqu’ring sword.*” Q. CUR. iv.—4. 19.

Line 107. “ *Can scarcely shield the fisher from his fate !”*

“ And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers : I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock.

It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.” EZEKIEL xxvi. 4, 5.

Line 108. “ *Not so when Dido fled thy hostile strand.*”

JUST. xviii. 6.

Line 117. “ *Where moist, unpeopled Scanderoon is found.*”

Also called Alexandretta. Olim Alexandria.

Line 120. “ *Stupendous ridge ! there, fenc’d, Seleucia lay.*”

Seleucia Pieria.—PLIN. v. 21.

Line 121. “ *Whence fam’d Orontes, issuing, floods the bay.*”

Hod. Aufi.—Ov. Met. b. ii. l. 248.

Line 122. “ *Remov’d behind, lost Antioch mourns her fate.*”

PLIN. v. 12.

It is remarked that the disciples of our Lord were first called Christians at Antioch.



Line 124. “ *No more the bowers along the bank we trace,  
Which lent to Daphne her alluring grace.*”

The charms of this retreat were such, as to occasion the proverb,  
“ *Daphnicis moribus vivere.*” EUTROP. VI. II.

“ *Nor that sweet grove,  
Of Daphne by Orontes.*” MILTON Par. Lost, b. iv. l. 273.

Line 127. “ *And lofty Casius spreads the mournful tale.*”

PLIN. V. 22.

Line 128. “ *Laodicea's arms our bark invite.*”——Hod. Latichea.

The catacombs in this neighborhood are as grand and perfect as any remains of that kind now extant.

CIC. Philip. ix. 2.

Line 137. “ *And Greece, he finds, affords a Morad too.*”

The Sultan Morad IV. whose abominable vices were yet glossed over by the extraordinary endowments of his person and mind. His levity and impetuosity gave birth to numerous adventures, which the Turks are fond of blending with the marvellous in their accounts of this uncommon personage. But his horrid cruelties seem chiefly to have originated from his frequent inebriety; and a story which they relate of him at the siege of Bagdad, is perhaps as positive a testimony of the power of music, as history or fable can produce. It is thus translated from the Ottoman historian, Prince Cantemir:

“ The Persians still mourn the cruelty of Morad, who directed that no captive should be spared when Bagdad was stormed. One person, when the officers were going to kill him, desired that he might speak a word to the Soltan before his death. Being brought before him, and asked what he had to say: “ Suffer not (he cried) “ most gracious emperor, that with me, Shah Kuli, the whole art “ of music should perish.” Being ordered to give a specimen of  
his



his skill, he takes up a Shechdar (called in Arabic Zabur, and in Greek Pfalterio) and with so much art as well as sweetness, both played and sung the tragedy of the taking of Bagdad, intermixed with Morad's praises, that the Soltan could not refrain from tears all the while he was performing. For this musician's sake, Morad set at liberty all who had not been yet massacred; and his musical works became famous in Turkey." This instrument is much like an harp, with six strings each way, as the word Shechdar denotes. It is said to have been invented by David; though few at present know how to play well on it.

Mod. Un. Hist. vol. xii. b. xv. c. 18.

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N O T E S  
ON THE  
T H I R D E P I S T L E.

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LINE 5. “ *Immortal Genii of Obolla's stream !*”

Commonly called the Shut UI Arab, or great river of the Arabs. This was the Pafitigris of the antients, and the Obolla of the Persian poets. JONES's Descrip. of Asia.

Line 9. “ *Plac'd on the point where Coorna rears her pride.*”

Olim Apamea—a city built on the conflux of the rivers. Its situation is strong, but quite neglected by the Turks. D'ANVILLE.

Line 13. “ *The space between, be antient legends true,  
Where Adam first his blushing consort knew.*”

The authority of Milton may render this notion indisputable. It were needless to offer evidence in support of his learned page.

“ Eden stretch'd her line  
From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia.” Par. Lost, b. iv. l. 210.  
“ There was a place  
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise.” B. ix. l. 71.

Line 33. “ *Tbow British Hafex ! prompt the magic reed.*”

The reader will not be at a loss to fix on the person thus characterized. The ingenious specimens which Mr. Jones has given of Eastern poetry, must make the public regret that other pursuits have put a stop to his prosecuting his discoveries on the remoter shores of literature.

Line 42. “ *Illustrious Babylon ! thy ruins yield.*”

The ruins of Babylon are yet pointed out by the Arab on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, nearly opposite the present town of Hilla ; but these ruins are probably more modern, though built on the site of the antient city.

STRAB. p. 738.

Line 44. “ *Where captive Zion breath'd melodious woes.*”

“ By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion.”

Psalms cxxxvii.

Line 56. “ *Lo Anna ! bosom'd in her groves and isles.*”

Olim Anatho.—It is worthy of remark, that there is little change in the appearance or government of this place, since it was visited by the Emperor Julian, above 1,400 years ago. It is built on each side of the Euphrates, and on an island in the middle of the stream, and still in the hands of an Arabian Emir, under the Pacha of Bagdad.

Line 58. “ *While lost Circesium on her chalky height.*”

A frontier town of the Roman empire, situated on the conflux of the Araxes and Euphrates ; and mentioned in this light in the treaty of peace concluded by Diocletian with the Persian King Narses.

PROCOPIUS. b. x.

Line 60. “ *These knew in later periods Julian’s fame.*”

Line 71. “ *Expiring, to the Theban’s praise aspir’d.*”

The defection of this great man from the purest of all religions, cannot be defended, though it may be accounted for; and his aversion and discountenance to Christians, suits not the informed and liberal mind of Julian in other points. It will suffice to say, that his life seems to have belied the name of Apostate, which he brought upon himself by his deviation from the faith he was educated in. If the paths of Virtue lead to the temple of Truth, he invariably trod them; and may charitably be supposed to have arrived, by an indirect course, at the divine goal. The circumstances of his death are so similar to those of Epaminondas, that we must be rejoiced to find their lives were equally dignified by pursuits that rendered their end immortal.

AMMIAN. b. xvi. p. 62. LIBAN. Orat. xii. p. 288.

Line 78. “ *Palmyra! regent of the spacious wild.*”

Line 80. “ *Whose throne august Zenobia long possess’d.*”

This queen is one of the most illustrious women mentioned in history. She derived her pedigree from the Ptolomies of Egypt; was well versed in all the branches of polite literature; understood thoroughly the Egyptian, Greek, and Latin languages; and in the knowledge of history, excelled most men of her time. She had great share in the victories gained by her husband Odenatus over the Persians, and is said to have been no less courageous than that brave commander, and equally experienced in military affairs.

AUR. Vit. p. 219. Ant. Un. Hist. vol. xv. c. 24.

Line 84. “ *Still lifts her columns o’er the subject waste,  
To chasten Sculpture, and to perfect Taste.*”

The world are indebted to the ingenious travellers, Messrs. Wood and Dawkins, for the elegant remains of Palmyra. What was her situation

situation in the days of her prosperity, may be gathered from the following description :

“ Such were once the magnificent abodes, and such the noble sepulchres of the Palmyrenians. From what we have said of both, we may well conclude, that the world never saw a more glorious city. A city, not more remarkable for its stately buildings, than for the extraordinary personages who once flourished in it; among whom the renowned Zenobia, and the incomparable Longinus, must for ever be remembered with admiration and regret.”

Ant. Un. Hist. vol. ii. c. 5. Wood's Jour. to Palmyra.

The deportment of Zenobia after she became a prisoner, was quite inconsistent with her former magnanimity, and in some degree sullied the brightness of her character. The love of life adhered so closely to her, when all which rendered it of value was gone, that she was induced to give up her secretary, Longinus, as the author and adviser of the remarkable letter, which provoked the emperor's resentment during the siege of Palmyra. The revenge which Aurelian took on this occasion was still meaner, and more disgraceful than her treachery. ZOSIMUS, l. i. p. 51.

Line 97. “ *The pilgrim toils to reach yon votive fane.*”

The hardships and dangers of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, have been described by so many travellers, that the author need not add any particulars that have occurred within his knowledge, to confirm them. The injustice of the motives, and the ill consequences which have attended the Crusades, come too home to be disputed by the present race of Christians in Palestine. SANDYS.

Line 117. “ *Rome's slaughter'd legions whiten Carrhæ's field.*”

This battle is called by the Latin authors, the battle of Carrhæ, because it was fought at a small distance from that city. It was, without dispute, the most terrible blow, after the battle of Cannæ, which the Romans ever received.

Ant. Un. Hist. vol. ii. c. 12. EUTROP. l. vi.



Line 124. “ *Tradition says not how the robber dy'd.*”

Writers leave it in doubt whether Craffus was killed by his own men, to prevent his falling alive into the enemy's hands, or by the Parthians.

LIV. l. cvi. FLOR. b. iii. c. 2.

Line 126. “ *Yet justice found he, sacrilege to pay,  
His corse unballow'd.*”

The plundering the temple of Jerusalem was not the only sacrilege that Craffus was guilty of. He robbed, in like manner, all the temples of Syria, appropriating to his own use their rich ornaments and furniture. The temple of the Syrian goddess, named Atargetis, at Hieropolis, which some writers call Bambyces, others Edeffa, and the Syrians Mago, was famous all over the East, on account of the immense treasures laid up there, as being the collection of many years. These the avaricious Proconsul seized; and, lest any of the rich vases and ornaments should be embezzled, he spent a great deal of his time in seeing the money counted, and the gold and silver vessels weighed before him. In short, there was not any means of amassing money, how unjust and oppressive soever, which he did not use; as if he had been sent, not to govern but plunder the provinces. Ant. Un. Hist. vol. ii. c. 12. STRABO, b. xvi. p. 748. PLIN. b. v. c. 23.

Line 129. “ *Down Craffus' throat rich streams of molten ore.*”

FLOR. b. iii. c. 2. DIO. CASS. b. xi.

Line 139. “ *How dead these pictures to the martial throng,  
Up Tigris' banks who wound their march along.*”

Line 153. “ *Tho' in the work ten thousand Greeks combine,  
Accomplish'd Xenophon! the palm is thine.*”

The retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, is a transaction too celebrated in history to be unknown to the reader; but it may not  
be



be unuseful to bring the outlines into one point of view, to recall the value of the picture to his memory.

This retreat was a march of 2,325 miles, the longest we read of in history, through the territories of a powerful and victorious enemy, and under all imaginable dangers and difficulties. It is fortunate for the world, that a long and memorable series of exploits, achieved by an army of 10,000 men, and under the conduct of one of the wisest and completest generals of antiquity, has been transmitted to posterity by his own inimitable pen.

After the battle of Cunaxa, and the death of Cyrus, in whose behalf the Greeks had engaged in the expedition against Artaxerxes, their camp was plundered, themselves in a victorious enemy's country, and at a vast distance from their own, and every moment expecting to feel the severest effects of the king's resentment. It was in this extreme difficulty that Xenophon began to give those signal proofs of his bravery, sagacity, and eloquence, by which he not only inspired the desponding Greeks with fresh courage, but persuaded their remaining chiefs to resolve on this noble, though arduous and dangerous retreat; and, after the death of Clearchus, to appoint him their general. What still enhances his merit on this occasion is, that he had never borne any command or commission before; and was, as is commonly supposed, under thirty years of age when he was raised to that dignity.

From Cunaxa the Greeks retreated through the Median wall to Sitace. Here they passed the Tigris by a bridge of boats, and coasted that river for some time. Their route lay through Seleucia (now Bagdad) and the Median desarts, to Coene. Here they crossed the Zabatus, which falls into the Tigris, and arrived at Mespila, where they determined to quit the river, and force their way over the Carduchian mountains. Continually harrassed by the enemy, and stripped of their baggage, the Greeks at length gained the head of the Euphrates. Hence they continued their course to the Araxes, and passing through the territories of the Chalybeans, or Georgians, came to Colchis, on the Euxine sea. We shall here

leave them, as they have arrived at the goal which they had so ardently panted for, and now began to separate, and to pursue their way homewards by different routes.

Ant. Un. Hist. vol. vii. b. ii. XENOPH. DIOD. SIC.

Line 159. “ *Nor Nile nor Lawrence boasts a nobler fall,  
Than Tigris borrows from the Median wall.*”

The river St. Lawrence in North America, which contains the stupendous cataract of Niagara. As to the wall of Semiramis, described in history as running from the Euphrates to the Tigris, there are at present no traces of it, except the massive masonry which crosses the Tigris at Tekrid, and interrupts the navigation of the river, can be considered as a fragment of that noble work. The solidity of this masonry, its situation, and apparent obstruction to the channel, seem to countenance a conjecture, which cannot be decided by the imperfect annals of the country. The Tigris above Bagdad is navigated by a raft, formed of reeds, and buoyed up by bladders. When this raft arrives at Tekrid, the mariners take it out of the water, and launch it again below the wall; which could not be done with a less simple vessel of equal size, unattended with considerable trouble and expence.

Line 163. “ *Seleucia hail!—where erst the Caliph’s throne.*”

Line 165. “ *Surpassing thee and Ctesiphon in power,  
This Phenix sprung by mighty Nimrod’s tower.*”

The general opinion that Bagdad is built near the spot where Seleucia and Ctesiphon formerly stood, is adopted by historians and modern travellers. A lofty and antient tower, which stands in the plain to the westward of Bagdad, and served as a land-mark to us, is commonly known by the name of Nimrod’s Tower.

Mod. Un. Hist. vol. ii. c. 2. IVE’S Voyages.

Line 173. “ *On Tigris’ banks as once the Caliph stray’d,  
His great design.*”

The story of the Caliph Almanzor, or, in Arabic, Al Mansur, relative to the building of Bagdad, is told nearly in the same manner by different writers. Though the Orientals are fond of introducing the marvellous even into their historical page, and this tale of the Hermit is agreeable to their superstitious turn, it might have happened in a more enlightened age and country.

GREG. Abul. Farai. Geograph. Perf. apud D’HERBEL.  
Biblioth. Orient. in art. Bagd.

Line 193. “ *The barren court him, and the fruitful blefs.*”

This picture of a Mahometan Santo will not appear forced or unnatural to those who have read the Travels of Tournefort, Niebuhr, &c. But a more striking anecdote than I have elsewhere met with of these impostors, was related to me at Aleppo, as having fallen within the knowledge of the present British consul.

A naked Santo came one day to the door of a merchant of Aleppo. His business was to demand charity; but the mistress of the house observing him through a window, took the occasion of her husband’s absence to beckon him to enter her apartment. Accustomed to these invitations, he was not slow in obeying the sign, and in satisfying the amorous desires of the lady. He retired from the conference without suspicion; but such were the uncommon attractions of the fair stranger, that he returned the next day to partake of the forbidden banquet. He knocked boldly at the gate; but, as chance directed, it was opened by the husband, whose person was known to him. There was now no resource but in the superstition of the Turks; and with the effrontery that marks his sect, he asked the merchant for his wife! The novelty of the question in the East, the character of these religious, and the disturbed state into which his passions had thrown him, all conspired to favor the Santo’s designs. A strange whim immediately possess’d the merchant.

He



He persuaded himself that the Santo had been inspired to demand his wife; and, like a good Muffulman, holding it impious to resist the decrees of fate, he readily sought the lady to dispose her for the visit. This, it seems, proved a less difficult task than his simplicity had apprehended. The honest man brought them together, and while the happy pair were laughing at his credulity, he was blessing himself for the favorable compliance of his wife, and feeding his imagination with the probable issue of an embrace that had been sanctified by the Prophet.

Line 201. “ *Here shall thy band the Moslem Musnud—*”

The Oriental appellation for a throne.

Line 211. “ *The Caliph's orb revolv'd its destin'd race.*”

Line 213. “ *It breaks again.*”

Line 215. “ *Beneath the Othman banner Glory dies.*”

The destruction of the Caliphate by the Turks, forms a memorable æra in history. The visible decline of arts, industry, and population, throughout the Grand Signior's dominions, is the melancholy reflexion of every traveller.

TOURNEFORT. POCOCCO. CHANDLER.

Line 221. “ *Now in the moral turn of Pilpay's stile,  
In Hafez now, on whom the Graces smile:  
Or in Ferdusi.*”

The curious reader may find a full account of the various works and merits of these Poets, in an history of the Persian language, annexed by the learned Mr. Jones to his Life of Nader Shaw. From this source the motto to this Epistle was taken, the original poem being very scarce in India.

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