





PALESTINE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE LATE

RIGHT REV. REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY, LEA AND CAREY—CHESNUT STREET.

SOLD IN NEW YORK BY G. & C. CARVILL—BOSTON BY
MUNROE & FRANCIS.

1828.

Source: [illegible]

PR 4779
.H2 P3
1828

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the nineteenth day of May, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, CAREY, LEA, and CAREY, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit :

Palestine, and other Poems. By the late Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Now first collected. With a Memoir of his Life.

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned"—and also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Memoir of Bishop HEBER has been carefully collected from the numerous notices of himself and his works in the various English periodicals; and from an attentive perusal of his Indian journals. It has no pretensions to originality. It might easily have been extended to a much greater length, but the writer has thought it best to confine himself to a mere narrative of the Bishop's life and labours, and such incidental remarks upon his character and principles, as seemed to be required by the great estimation in which he was held wherever his name was known.

Philadelphia, May 1, 1823.



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MEMOIR
OF THE
RIGHT REV. REGINALD HEBER, D. D.
SECOND BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

AMONG the distinguished men of the present age, the late Bishop HEBER, of Calcutta, deserves a high rank, as a most accomplished poet, as an acute, discriminating, pious, and learned divine; as a traveller possessing the talent of accurate observation and perseverance in a very high degree; but, especially, as a most disinterested and devoted Christian bishop and missionary, he has left behind him an imperishable memory.

REGINALD HEBER was the second son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, and was born on the 21st of April, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, England, where his father then held a pastoral charge. His mother was Mary Allanson, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Allanson, of the same county. So that he

may be said to have been of Levitical descent: a circumstance which, probably, was not without influence upon his mind from a very early period. The earliest dawnings of his mind are said to have given promise of those christian graces, with which he was, through all the stages of his illustrious life, so richly endowed; and of those talents, which eventually gave him an eminent rank among the literary characters of the age. In his childhood, the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which he treasured up large portions of it in his memory, were such as to excite observation; and this first application of his powers undoubtedly laid the foundation of that masterly knowledge of the Scriptures, which he subsequently attained; and to the perfecting of which, almost all his reading was made, directly or indirectly, to contribute. His literary education was commenced at the grammar school of Whitchurch, pursued under Dr. Bristowe, a teacher near London, and was completed at Brazen-nose college, Oxford, where he was entered in 1800. "At the university," said his early friend, Sir Charles Grey, at the time of his decease Chief-

justice of Calcutta, “he was, beyond all question or comparison, the most distinguished student of his time. The name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth; his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favour, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any one but himself, who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence.”

The next year he gained the chancellor’s prize at the university, by his Latin verse, “*Carmen Seculare.*” In 1803, when but little more than nineteen years of age, occurred one of those happy coincidences which occasionally make the paths of duty and of pleasure the way to enduring fame; a prize subject, for English verse, was that year assigned, which awaked “all that was within him,” — *Palestine*. Upon this theme he wrote, and with signal success. It was recited, as usual, in the theatre, with much diffidence- on the part of the author, to a greatly admiring audience, among whom was his aged father, whose feelings were so overcome by the applause bestowed upon his son, that, immediately after the recitation, he mounted his horse, and returned to his home. The poem

produced a great sensation. It procured the prize, was set to music, and brought to its author public and universal praise. The knowledge it displays of Scripture and of the Holy Land, its copious and flowing language, its beautifully diversified figures, and the exact discrimination, accurate conception, and pure taste which it displays throughout, have given it a deservedly high rank among the literature of the age. It has been said by an English critic, that this is almost the only university poem that has maintained its honours unimpaired, and entitled itself, after the lapse of years, to be considered the property of the nation. In 1805, Mr. Heber obtained a third prize for an English essay, *On the Sense of Honour*.

Shortly after this, he left England in company with Mr. John Thornton, to make the tour of the eastern parts of Europe. The war, at that time prevailing between England and France, excluded English travellers from a large portion of the continent. Mr. Heber and his friend were, therefore, only able to visit some parts of Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. He made a copious journal of his travels; but as he did not think

proper to present his observations to the public in his own name, when Dr. E. D. Clarke sent his volume of travels through Russia, Tartary, and Turkey, to the press, he allowed him the free use of his journal, of which Dr. Clarke availed himself to a considerable extent in the form of notes to his work, by which its value was certainly largely increased. Dr. Clarke, in his preface, and in various parts of his volume, pays a well merited tribute to “the zealous attention to accuracy which appears in every statement” of Mr. Heber. Of the closeness and discrimination of his observations, the vivid recollection of Russian buildings, language, and incidents, which appear in his Indian journals, written nearly twenty years later, afford very striking proofs. What he saw in Hindoostan is repeatedly compared with what he recollected to have seen in Russia. He seems, at times, almost convinced that several Indian practices must have had a Russian origin, and he frequently detected himself in mingling Russian words with Hindoostanee when addressing the natives of India.* It was

* We may introduce here Mr. Heber’s account of a

during this journey, and while in the city of Dresden, that he began a poem on *Europe*, which,

visit which Mr. Thornton and himself paid to the celebrated Plato, archbishop of Moscow, taken from Dr. Clarke's travels, to which it is annexed as a note.

“There is a passage in Mr. Heber's journal very characteristic of this extraordinary man. Mr. Heber, with his friend Mr. Thornton, paid him a visit in the convent of Befania; and, in his description of the monastery, I find the following account of the archbishop. ‘The space beneath the rocks is occupied by a small chapel, furnished with a stove, for winter devotion; and on the right hand is a little, narrow cell, containing two coffins, one of which is empty, and destined for the present archbishop; the other contains the bones of the founder of the monastery, who is regarded as a saint. The oak coffin was almost bit to pieces by different persons afflicted with the tooth-ach, for which a rub on this board is a specific. Plato laughed as he told us this; but said, ‘As they do it *de bon cœur*, I would not undeceive them.’ This prelate has been long very famous in Russia, as a man of ability. His piety has been questioned; but from his conversation we drew a very favourable idea of him. Some of his expressions would rather have singed the whiskers of a very orthodox man; but the frankness and openness of his manners, and the liberality of his senti-

however, he did not complete till after his return, and which he published in 1809. In the same year he published his poem of *Palestine*, to which

ments, pleased us highly. His frankness on subjects of politics pleased us highly. The clergy throughout Russia are, I believe, inimical to their government; they are more connected with the peasants than most other classes of men, and are strongly interested in their sufferings and oppressions; to many of which they themselves are likewise exposed. They marry very much among the daughters and sisters of their own order, and form almost a caste. I think Buonaparte rather popular among them. Plato seemed to contemplate his success as an inevitable and not very alarming prospect. He refused to draw up a form of prayer for the success of the Russian arms. 'If,' said he, 'they are really penitent and contrite, let them shut up their places of public amusement for a month, and I will then celebrate public prayers.' His expressions of dislike to the nobles and wealthy classes were strong and singular; as also the manner in which he described the power of an emperor of Russia, the dangers which surround him, and the improbability of any rapid improvement. 'It would be much better,' said he, 'had we a constitution like that of England.' Yet I suspect he does not wish particularly well to us in our war with France.' "—*Heber's MS. Journal.*

he added another poem of a few lines, on the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea.

He returned from the continent in 1807, and soon afterwards was admitted to holy orders, and inducted into his patrimonial preferment of Hodnet in Shropshire, estimated at £3000 per annum, comprising the estate of his ancestors, which had been held by his father during the last years of his life. The patronage of this living had become vested in his family by a marriage with an heiress of the Vernon family. He now married Amelia, the daughter of Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and thenceforward willingly devoted himself to the enjoyment of the domestic charities, and to the discharge of those unobtrusive duties which fill up the life of a country clergyman. He was here surrounded by his relatives, and an intelligent and agreeable society. He possessed as many of the ingredients which make up the sum of human happiness as he could desire. The love of fame, however valuable in the eyes of most men, appears never to have had any strong hold upon his feelings, and, at this period, probably had none whatever. His society was indeed courted by the world which he was so

well qualified to attract and gratify; but he had set before himself, in the spirit of the truest and noblest ambition, a course of secret virtue and self-denying diligence, in pursuing which, he rightly estimated, that it was the way to the purest earthly happiness, and that its brilliant termination would be richly worth every sacrifice, should he be called to any, which he could make for it. Devoted to his profession, he considered it his most honourable distinction to become the friend, the pastor, the spiritual guide of those whose spiritual interests had been committed to his charge. "He laboured to accommodate his instructions," says one of his friends, "to the comprehension of all; a labour by no means easy to a mind stored with classic elegance, and an imagination glowing with a thousand images of sublimity and beauty. He rejoiced to form his manners, his habits, and his conversation, to those who were entrusted to his care, that he might gain the confidence and affection of even the poorest among his flock; so that he might more surely win their souls to God, and finally, in the day of the last account, present every man faultless before his presence with exceeding

joy. He was, above all, singularly happy in his visitation of the sick, and in administering consolation to those that mourned; and his name will long be dear, and his memory most precious, in the cottages of the poor, by whose sick beds he has often stood as a ministering angel.” “His sermons,” says another of his friends, “were very original—sometimes expanding into general views of the scheme and doctrines of revelation, collected from an intimate acquaintance, not with commentators, but with the details of holy writ itself, frequently drawing ingenious lessons for christian conduct, from the subordinate parts of a parable, a miracle, or a history, which a less imaginative mind would have overlooked—often enlivened by moral stories, with which his multifarious reading supplied him; and occasionally by facts which had come, perhaps, under his own observation, and which he thought calculated to give spirit or perspicuity to the truths he was imparting: a practice which, when judiciously restrained, is well adapted to secure the rustic hearer from the fate of Eutychus, without giving offence even to nicer brethren: of which the powerful effect is discover-

able (though the figures may be grosser than the times would now admit) in the sermons of Latimer and the Reformers; subsequently, in those of Taylor and South; and still more recently in the popular harangues of Whitfield and Wesley; and a practice, we will add, which derives countenance and authority from the use of parables in the preaching of our Lord." Both in the pulpit and in his ordinary conversation, his language was polished, yet seldom above the reach of a country congregation; and when occasion required, was dealt out to them in a way it was impossible to misunderstand. Frequently he indulged in bold and striking metaphors, and he was always attractive in the happy adoption of expressions from the pure and undefiled English of the Bible, with which his mind was thoroughly imbued, and which he could call up at will.

It was while engaged in this way, that he found time for the occasional composition of some hymns, of which he originally intended to prepare a series, adapted to the English Church service throughout the year, for the use of his own parish. A few of them were first published in the Christian

Observer for 1811 and 1812, introduced by a brief statement of the motives which led to their composition, which were correct in themselves, and highly creditable to the author.* From some cause he never completed the task which he had set for himself; but among those which he did prepare, there are some very beautiful specimens of devotional poetry, which would alone be sufficient to preserve his memory from decay. Some of them, as his missionary hymn, have obtained a very just celebrity; and there are few readers of poetry who are not familiar with that beautiful piece, beginning *Brightest and best of the sons of the morning*.†

In 1812 he published a small volume of poems, including, beside those we have already alluded

* This statement may be found among the notes at the end of this volume.

† While on his primary visitation, at Meerut, in the heart of India, he was delightfully surprised at hearing some of these hymns sung in the church where he was preaching. "I had the gratification," he says in his journal, "of hearing my own hymns, 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' and that for St. Stephen's day, sung better than I ever heard them in church before.

to, with the exception of the hymns, some translations of Pindar, and one or two smaller pieces.

In 1815, he was chosen, though still young, and only in the first eligible degree, to deliver the Bampton Lectures before the university of Oxford. The lectures, conformably to the directions of the founder, were published the ensuing year, under the title of "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter asserted and explained in a course of Sermons on John xvi. 7." Of these lectures it has been said by a judicious and able critic, that the author "has displayed much depth and accuracy of investigation; an extensive acquaintance with the hidden stores of learning, whether laid up in the writings of the ancient philosophers and poets, the Christian fathers of the Greek and Latin churches, or the still more recondite Rabbinical compilers; and a richness and *grandiloquism* of expression, which, to say the least of it, is fully as appropriate to the poet of Palestine as to the Bampton lecturer. The immense mass of learning introduced into this volume is doubtless very creditable to the powers and industry of Mr. Heber."

A few critical essays, both theological and literary, which appeared in the periodical publications of the day, without his name, and an ordination sermon, printed at the request of the Bishop of Chester, before whom it was delivered, comprise all his literary labours from the date last named, till 1822, when he again appeared before the public, as the editor of an edition of the works of Jeremy Taylor, to which he annexed an account of the life of Bishop Taylor, and a review of his writings from his own eloquent pen. While this work exhibits advancement to a more ripened knowledge, and improvement in taste and style, it derives a great interest, from the evident sympathy with which Mr. Heber regards the life and writings of that heavenly-minded man. Taylor and Heber have, indeed, been thought to possess much in common, a poetical habit of mind, disgust at intolerance, great simplicity of character and feeling, a hatred of every thing sordid and contracted, a love for practical rather than speculative religion, and a degree of faith, not the less bright and towering, because connected with a lofty imagination.

It was about the same time, that he was elected preacher at Lincoln's Inn, which, requiring his residence for a short period of each year in London, brought him occasionally into more conspicuous society, and withdrew him, in a measure, from that retirement, and even obscurity, which he had appeared to court, and brought out his many virtues in a light more fitted to show forth their value, and to give them the influence they might reasonably challenge. The greater part of the year was, however, still spent by him at Hodnet, where he had now erected a dwelling for his permanent residence.

In this manner upwards of fifteen years had passed away since he had settled at Hodnet, during which he was in the enjoyment of all the benefits of refined society, and all the blessings of domestic life, which no one could more highly appreciate. His income was much more than competent to all his wants, and his pure and well balanced mind was satisfied with his enjoyments. He sought not distinction, but gifted as he was with the means of being useful to mankind, it was beyond his power to avoid it. If he had desired eminence, the way was plainly open before him, and he had only to

put forth those powers with which he was so liberally endowed, to reach it. If ambition had been his object, he would have been fully justified in indulging sanguine hopes of advancement in England. Among the whole bench of English prelates, if talents and virtues constitute a claim, there was none better entitled to his seat, or more capable of adorning it, than Reginald Heber would have been.

On the death of Dr. Middleton, the first English Bishop of Calcutta, the diocesan charge of the English Churches in India was offered to him. Reluctance to leave his aged mother, and his country, made him at once decline the offer. But its acceptance was pressed upon him by friends, whose opinions he highly estimated; and after the lapse of a week, spent in devout meditation and prayer to Him who holds the destinies of man, he desired that this station, of which *the honour* most certainly, to use the language of Jeremy Taylor, *would not pay the burthen*, if not already disposed of, might be entrusted to him. He bent himself holily to that overruling Providence, which, in all the incidents of his life, he never ceased to regard

as working all things for good. And when the appointment was, at length, given him, a distrustful and uneasy sensation, which had distressed his mind at the apprehension that he might have shrunk, in too cowardly a spirit, from the obvious dictates of duty, passed away, and he acquired new confidence in himself, from the conviction that he had acted rightly. "I can say with confidence," he wrote to a friend at this time, "that I have acted for the *best*; and even now, that the die is cast, I feel no regret at the resolution I have taken, nor any distrust of the mercies and goodness of Providence, who may protect both me and mine, and, if he sees best for us, bring us back again, and preserve our excellent friends to welcome us."*

When Mr. Heber's acceptance of the bishopric of Calcutta was announced to his friends, the intelligence was received with surprise by some, and with deep regret by many, whose personal feelings were too powerful to be altogether excluded from

* In explanation of this expression, it is stated, that in consequence of the peculiarity of the service in India, the bishops and chaplains of the Anglo-Indian Church are allowed to return to England after a certain term of service.

the question. Satisfied, as they were, that a bright career was open for him at home, and not taking the enlarged view of human duty which was familiar to him, they suffered their own selfish delight in his society and honours to interfere with his ardent desire *to do good to all men*. Bishop Middleton, too, it was well known, had sunk under the heavy duties of the station, joined to the debilitating effects of a tropical clime; and to many of Mr. Heber's friends, it seemed that he was too ready to go, crowned indeed with flowers, like a victim to the sacrifice. It was, moreover, believed, by some of those who would have dissuaded him from the duty, that his character possessed some points, which, however amiable in themselves, were calculated to prevent that eminent degree of success, which could atone for the sacrifice he was to make, and the hazard he was certainly to encounter. It was thought, too, that the striking simplicity of his taste and manners would be little suited to a country where the object chiefly sought was wealth, and where pomp and show were universal idols. There was, too, about him, notwithstanding all he had seen and read of human

life and human character, a prodigality of kindness and confidence in his nature, which would render it very difficult for him, it was supposed, to oppose himself with sufficient decision to the many obstacles which he might meet with, in a course of government, yet barely tried upon those who were to be the subjects of it, and among whom many conflicting interests were likely to appear. No misgivings, however, of this kind, ever occurred to his own mind. He knew, and had weighed well the various difficulties with which Christianity had to contend in India, and, modest and humble as he was, he had anxiously studied the quality and bent of his own resources in regard to them. The more he thought of the matter in this light, the more strongly was he convinced that India was the proper field for his Christian labours, and having brought his mind to this result, he determined that no sense of personal gratification or comfort, nor any hope of future dignity, should interfere with a conviction, which he deliberately regarded as a voice from heaven, speaking to his conscience.

On Sunday, the twentieth of April, he took leave

of his congregation, in a discourse which has been repeatedly published, in the close of which he bade them farewell, in the following pious, beautiful, and even eloquent expressions, the universal admiration of which has been amply proved by the frequency with which they have appeared in print:

“ My ministerial labours among you must have an end; I must give over into other hands, the task of watching over your spiritual welfare; and many, very many, of those with whom I have grown up from childhood, in whose society I have passed my happiest days, and to whom it has been, during more than fifteen years, my duty and my delight (with such ability as God has given me) to preach the gospel of Christ, must, in all probability, see my face in the flesh no more. Under such circumstances, and connected with many who now hear me by the dearest ties of blood, of friendship, and of gratitude, some mixture of regret is excusable, some degree of sorrow is holy. I cannot, without some anxiety for the future, forsake, for an untried and arduous field of duty, the quiet scenes, where, during so much of my past last life, I have enjoyed a more than usual share of earthly

comfort and prosperity; I cannot bid adieu to those with whose idea almost every recollection of past happiness is connected, without many earnest wishes for their welfare, and (I will confess it) without some severe self-reproach, that, while it was in my power, I have done so much less than I ought to have done, to render that welfare eternal. There are, indeed, those heré who know, and there is *One*, above all, who knows better than any of you, how earnestly I have desired the peace and the holiness of his church; how truly I have loved the people of this place; and how warmly I have hoped to be the means, in his hand, of bringing many among you to glory. But I am at this moment but too painfully sensible, that in many things, yea in all, my performance has fallen short of my principles; that neither privately nor publicly have I taught you with so much diligence as now seems necessary in my éyes: nor has my example set forth the doctrines in which I have, however imperfectly, instructed you; yet, if my zeal has failed in steadiness, it never has been wanting in sincerity. I have expressed no conviction which I have not deeply felt; have preached no doctrine

which I have not steadfastly believed: however inconsistent my life, its leading object has been your welfare—and I have hoped, and sorrowed, and studied, and prayed for your instruction, and that you might be saved. For my labours, such as they were, I have been indeed most richly rewarded, in the uniform affection and respect which I have received from my parishioners; in their regular and increasing attendance in this holy place, and at the table of the Lord; in the welcome which I have never failed to meet in the houses both of rich and poor; in the regret (beyond my deserts, and beyond my fullest expectations) with which my announced departure has been received by you; in your expressed and repeated wishes for my welfare and my return; in the munificent token of your regard, with which I have been this morning honoured;* in your numerous attendance on the present occasion, and in those marks of emotion which I witness around me, and in which I am myself well nigh constrained to join. For

* A piece of plate had been given to Mr. Heber by his parishioners.

all these accept such thanks as I can pay—accept my best wishes—accept my affectionate regrets—accept the continuance of the prayers which I have hitherto offered up for you daily, and in which, whatever and wherever my sphere of duty may hereafter be, my congregation of Hodnet shall (believe it!) never be forgotten.”

His consecration to the office of bishop took place in May, 1823. A few days previous to this event, he wrote to a friend in the country: “My consecration is fixed for next Sunday; and, as the time draws near, I feel its awfulness very strongly—far more, I think, than the parting which is to follow a fortnight after. I could wish to have the prayers of my old congregation, but know not how to express the wish in conformity with custom, or without seeming to court notoriety.”

Shortly after his consecration, a special meeting of the ancient Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which had for some years been engaged in active benevolent operations in India, and which comprises many of the most eminent members of the Church of England, was called, for the purpose of giving Bishop Heber a public dismissal

and farewell. There were present on this occasion, the archbishop of Canterbury, several of the Bishops, and a large and highly respectable attendance of the fair, the wise, and the pious of the realm. The Bishop of Bristol pronounced a valedictory address to him in the name of that venerable body, at once dignified, impressive, and affectionate. From this address the following passage is extracted, and while it does no more than justice to the motives of Bishop Heber, it will at the same time be gratifying to the reader.

“My Lord—The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge desire to offer to your Lordship their sincere congratulations upon your elevation to the Episcopal See of Calcutta.

“They derive from your appointment to this high office the certain assurance, that all the advantages which they have anticipated from the formation of a Church Establishment in India, will be realized; and that the various plans for the diffusion of true religion among its inhabitants, which have been so wisely laid and so auspiciously commenced by your lamented predecessor, will, under your superintendence and control, advance

with a steady and uninterrupted progress. They ground this assurance upon the rare union of intellectual and moral qualities which combine to form your character. They ground it upon the steadfastness of purpose, with which, from the period of your admission into the ministry, you have exclusively dedicated your time and talents to the peculiar studies of your sacred profession ; abandoning that human learning in which you had already shown that you were capable of attaining the highest excellence, and renouncing the certain prospect of literary fame. But, above all, they ground this assurance upon the signal proof of self-devotion, which you have given by your acceptance of the episcopal office. With respect to any other individual, who had been placed at the head of the Church Establishment in India, a suspicion might have been entertained that some worldly desire, some feeling of ambition, mingled itself with the motives by which he was actuated; but, in your case, such a suspicion would be destitute even of the semblance of truth : every enjoyment which a well regulated mind can derive from the posses-

sion of wealth, was placed within your reach : every avenue to professional distinction and dignity, if these had been the objects of your solicitude, lay open before you. What then was the motive which could incline you to quit your native land?—to exchange the delights of home for a tedious voyage to distant regions?—to separate yourself from the friends with whom you had conversed from your earliest years? What, but an ardent wish to become the instrument of good to others—a holy zeal in your Master's service—a firm persuasion, that it was your bounden duty to submit yourself unreservedly to his disposal; to shrink from no labour which he might impose; to count no sacrifice hard which he might require ?”

In his reply the Bishop expressed “ the settled purpose of his soul,” to devote his best talents “ to the great cause in which all their hearts were engaged, and for which it was not their duty only but their illustrious privilege to labour,” and that he looked forward with pleasure to “ the time when he should be enabled to preach to the natives of India in their own language.” About the same

time the University of Oxford conferred on him the Degree of Doctor in Divinity, by diploma.

On the sixteenth of June, he embarked for Calcutta; accompanied to the ship by a large number of his personal friends, who, as he modestly remarks in his Journal, were willing to let him see as much of them as possible before his departure. One of his first thoughts after the ship had sailed, was to propose daily evening prayers, and he was gratified at the readiness with which the captain assented to the proposal. He accordingly officiated as chaplain to the ship, reading prayers in the cuddy daily during the voyage. He read prayers and preached regularly once on each Sunday; and on one occasion, having on the previous Sunday discoursed to the passengers and crew, in the way of preparation, he administered the Lord's Supper, and was highly pleased; having been told to expect only one or two, that he had twenty-six or twenty-seven participants; and his gratification was much increased when he observed in the course of the evening of the same day, that "all the young men who had participated, had religious books in

their hands, and that they appeared, indeed, much impressed.”

The following incidents are extracted from his journal of the voyage as tending to show the character of his feelings at this interesting crisis. A few days after they had left land, a vessel passed the ship homeward bound. On this event he remarks, “my wife’s eyes swam with tears as this vessel passed us, and there were one or two of the young men who looked wishfully after her. For my own part, I am well convinced all my firmness would go, if I allowed myself to look back, even for a moment. Yet, as I did not leave home and its blessings without counting the cost, I do not, and I trust in God, that I shall not, regret the choice I have made. But knowing how much others have given up for my sake, should make me more studious to make the loss less to them; and also, and above all, so to discharge my duty, as that they may never think that these sacrifices have been made in vain.” Again; about a month after his departure, he writes—“How little did I dream at this time last year, that I should ever be in my present situation! How strange it now

seems to me to recollect the interest which I used to take in all which related to southern seas and distant regions, to India and its oceans, to Australasia and Polynesia! I used to fancy I should like to visit them, but that I ever should, or could do so, never occurred to me. Now, that I shall see many of these countries, if life is spared to me, is not improbable. God grant that my conduct in the scenes to which he has appointed me may be such as to conduce to his glory, and to my own salvation through his Son." Such was the spirit in which this holy man denied himself, took up his cross, and followed Christ.

He arrived at Calcutta early in October, 1823, and immediately entered upon the duties of his office. That he did so with satisfaction to himself is proved by a letter to Mr. Wynn, his friend and connexion, who had anxiously pressed him to accept the office, written soon after his arrival. He says, "you will judge from my description that I have abundant reason to be satisfied with my present and future prospects; and that in the field which seems opened to me for extensive usefulness and active employment, I have more and

more reason to be obliged to the friend who has placed me here.”

In the following spring (May 1824) he collected around him the Episcopal clergy of the presidency of Calcutta, and held a visitation. The number was but small, but he experienced much pleasure in bringing them together for mutual acquaintance, and in particular that he might himself be enabled to acquire a knowledge of their characters and views. At this time he had the pleasure of ordaining the first native convert who was admitted to the ministry of the English Church, “in the person of Christian David, a black catechist of Ceylon, and a pupil of the celebrated Schwartz.” On this occasion he delivered to the clergy an eloquent charge, in which he expatiated at large upon the qualities, principles, and habits, which to him appeared to be necessary to the usefulness of those who should undertake the labours of an Indian missionary. Delighting, through the whole of the time he passed in India, to be considered simply as its chief missionary, it may easily be believed that he dwelt on those topics *con amore*. In the following passage of that charge, he pours

forth his soul in a strain of awful and indignant rebuke against the Abbe Dubois, and other opposers of Christian missions, which is scarcely to be paralleled in our language.

“ Nor can it be a matter of reasonable surprise to any of us, that the exertions (missionary) of this kind, which the last fifteen years have witnessed, should have excited a mingled feeling of surprise and displeasure in the minds, not only of those who are strangers to the powerful and peculiar emotions which send forth the Missionary to his toil, but of those who, though themselves not idle, could not endure that God should employ other instruments besides; and were ready to speak evil of the work itself, rather than that others who followed not with them should cast out devils in the name of their common Master. To the former of these classes may be referred the louder opposition, the clamours, the expostulation, the alarm, the menace and ridicule which, some few years ago, were systematically and simultaneously levelled at whatever was accomplished or attempted for the illumination of our Indian fellow-subjects. We can well remember, most of us, what

revolutions and wars were predicted to arise from the most peaceable preaching and argument; what taunts and mockery were directed against scholars who had opened to us the gates of the least accessible oriental dialects; what opprobrious epithets were lavished on men of whom the world was not worthy. We have heard the threats of the mighty; we have heard the hisses of the fool; we have witnessed the terrors of the worldly wise, and the unkind suspicions of those from whom the Missionary had most reason to expect encouragement. Those days are, for the present, gone by. Through the Christian prudence, the Christian meekness, the Christian perseverance, and indomitable faith of the friends of our good cause, and through the protection, above all, and the blessing of the Almighty, they are gone by! The angel of the Lord has, for a time, shut the mouths of these fiercer lions, and it is the false brother now, the pretended fellow-soldier in Christ, who has lift up his heel against the propagation of the Christian gospel.

“But thus it is that the power of antichrist hath worked hitherto and doth work. Like those

spectre forms which the madness of Orestes saw in classical mythology, the spirit of religious party sweeps before us in the garb and with the attributes of pure and evangelical religion. The cross is on her shoulders, the chalice is in her hand, and she is anxiously busied, after her manner, in the service of Him by whose holy name she is also called. But outstrip her in the race, but press her a little too closely, and she turns round on us with all the hideous features of envy and of rage. Her hallowed taper blazes into a sulphurous torch, her hairs bristle into serpents, her face is as the face of them that go down to the pit, and her words are words of blasphemy!

“What other spirit could have induced a Christian minister, after himself, as he tells us, long labouring to convert the heathen, to assert that one hundred millions of human beings—a great, a civilized, an understanding, and most ancient people, are collectively and individually under the sentence of reprobation from God, and under a moral incapacity of receiving that gospel which the God who gave it hath appointed to be made known to all?

“What other spirit could have prompted a member of that church which professes to hold out the greatest comfort to sinners, to assert of a nation with whom, whatever are their faults, I, for one, should think it impossible to live long without loving them, that they are not only enslaved to a cruel and degrading superstition, but that the principal persons among them are sold to all manner of wickedness and cruelty; without mercy to the poor; without natural affection for each other; and this with no view to quicken the zeal of Christians, to release them from their miserable condition, but that Christians may leave them in that condition still, to the end that they may perish everlastingly ?

“What other spirit, finally, could have led a Christian missionary, (with a remarkable disregard of truth, the proofs of which are in my hands,) to disparage the success of the different Protestant missions ; to detract from the numbers, and vilify the good name of that ancient Syrian church, whose flame, like the more sacred fire of Horeb, sheds its lonely and awful brightness over the woods and mountains of Malabar,

and to assure us, (hear, Oh Israel !) in the same treatise, and almost in the same page, that the Christians of India are the most despised and wretched of its inhabitants ; that whoever takes up the cross, takes up the hatred of his own people, the contempt of Europeans, loss of goods, loss of employment, destitution, and often beggary ; and yet that it is *interest alone*, and a love of this world, which has induced, in any Hindu, even a temporary profession of the gospel ?

“ And this is the professed apologist of the people of India ! My brethren, I have known the sharpness of censure, and I am not altogether without experience in the suffering of undeserved and injurious imputations. And, let the righteous smite me friendly, I shall receive it (I trust in God) with gratitude. Let my enemy write a book, so he be my open enemy, I trust (through the same Divine aid) to bear it or to answer it. But whatever reproofs I may deserve ; to whatever calumnies I may be subjected ; may the mercy of Heaven defend me from having a false friend for my vindicator !”

Soon after this he commenced his first visitation,

accompanied by his friend and chaplain, the Rev. Martin Stowe, who had followed him from England. As it was late in the season before he could leave his family, which at first he intended should also accompany him, he was obliged to travel by water in preference to the then hazardous journey by land. He accordingly left Calcutta in a pinnace for Upper India, and ascended the Ganges as high as Allahabad, upwards of six hundred miles from Calcutta ; stopping at all the principal places, and particularly wherever any official duty awaited him, or a congregation of Christians could be collected, however small ; and though obliged to preach, as was often the case, within the contracted rooms of a temporary Indian dwelling house. At Dacca, he was called to the painful trial, for such his journal proves it to have been, of parting with his friend Stowe ; who, from imprudent exposure, brought on himself a disease of the climate, which in a few days destroyed his life. Bishop Heber, in giving an account, which is pathetically descriptive of his loss, to Mrs. Heber, mentions incidentally, what he had not otherwise alluded to, that from the very beginning of the journey they had prayed and read

together daily, and that, on the last Sunday which he saw, they had received the sacrament together; and adds, "I trust I shall never forget the deep contrition and humility, the earnest prayer, or the earnest faith in the mercies of Christ, with which he commended himself to God." And his pious habit of drawing instruction from every event, is finely illustrated in the following passage of the same letter. "One lesson has been very deeply imprinted on my heart by these few days. If this man's innocent and useful life (for I have no doubt that the greater part of his life has been both innocent and useful) offered so many painful recollections, and called forth such deep contrition, when in the hour of death he came to examine every instance of omission or transgression, how careful must we be to improve every hour, and every opportunity of grace, and so to remember God while we live, that we may not be afraid to think on him when dying! And, above all, how blessed and necessary is the blood of Christ to us all, which was poor Stowe's only and effectual comfort!" Any man might be proud of such an eulogy as he gave to the memory of his friend,

which, indeed, he dwells upon in successive letters to Mrs. Heber, as if unable to abandon the subject. This lingering over the recollection of a deserving object evinces the strength of his attachment, and the more powerfully because alluded to incidentally, and in a way which he could not have supposed would meet any other eyes than those for whose special perusal the letters were intended.* In the same manner did he show the strength of his domestic feelings, when, a few days before the decease of Stowe, after indulging himself in a description of the beautiful scenery of the river in his journal, he suddenly, and, as if exultingly, remarks—
“ To day I had the delight of hearing again from my wife, and this is worth all the scenery in the world !”

It was understood between the Bishop and Mrs. Heber, that they were to meet at Boglipoor, a place on the river some distance above Dacca, but the dangerous sickness of their children com-

* His letter to Miss Stowe on the death of her brother is a fine specimen of the manner in which a feeling and Christian heart, though wounded, could pour consolation into a bosom more deeply wounded still.

pelled Mrs. Heber to remain at Calcuta, and this feeling and sensitive man was doomed to be disappointed of the happy meeting he was anticipating, and to be deprived of the company of his beloved wife, in a journey which was yet to be extended through a whole year! In a letter to her at this period he says, “your joining me is out of the question;” and adds, “I am strangely tempted to come to you. But I fear it might be a compromise of my duty and a distrust of God! I feel most grateful indeed to him for the preservation of our invaluable treasures.” And having said this he went on his way, in the path to which duty called.

From Allahabad he travelled on horseback, with, as is usual, and even necessary in that country, a considerable suite, to Almorah in the Himalaya mountains, and from thence across the country to Surat, where he embarked for Bombay; at which place he arrived on the 19th of April; and in a few days he had the delight of meeting his family, who came thither by sea from Calcutta, after an absence of more than ten months. On the route from Allahabad to Surat, he visited several small congregations of Christians; not a few of whom

were native converts, concerning whom his journal contains many interesting anecdotes. He visited also each of the native courts which lay in his route, but, as he asserts in one of his letters, never went out of his way for objects of curiosity. He found, nevertheless, sufficient employment to keep his attention fully awake, for he says, "In every ride which I have taken, and in every wilderness in which my tent has been pitched, I have as yet found enough to keep my mind from sinking into the languor and apathy which have been regarded as natural to a tropical climate."

From Bombay he went with his family to Ceylon, where he remained several weeks, visiting the churches and performing the duties of his episcopal office. He held a visitation of his clergy at Colombo, and addressed them : among those present were two natives, one of whom was Christian David, who had been ordained by Bishop Heber himself, as before mentioned—the other had been educated at Cambridge, in England, and had married a respectable English woman ; both these were chaplains on the colonial establishment. While here he exerted himself much to procure

the reestablishment of the general system of schools and religious instruction, which the Dutch government had originated while in possession of the island, and which he was anxious to restore. Another object, which at the same time engrossed much of his attention, was a plan for furnishing facilities for literary and theological education to the native catechists, or "proponents," so as gradually to fit them for admission to holy orders, and make them the groundwork of a regular parochial clergy. To this end he suggested to some of the clergy, the translation of a few of the most popular English works into the Cingalese and Tamul languages. At Candy he was waited on by a deputation of the Bhuddist priests, whom Mrs. Heber describes as "dressed in long yellow robes, with the right arm and shoulder bare, and their heads and eye-brows closely shaven." On his return to Calcutta, after an absence of about fifteen months, which had been consumed in this visitation, he had the gratification of ordaining another native christian, Abdul Museeh, whom he describes as a venerable old man, a native of Lucknow, and an elegant Persian and Hindoos-

tanee scholar. "He greatly impressed us all," says Bishop Heber, "with his deep apparent emotion, his fine voice and elegant pronunciation, as well as his majestic countenance and long white beard."

An individual who was present at the meeting of a missionary association at Calcutta, at which Bishop Heber presided, at this time, remarked of him, "It was truly encouraging to witness the kind spirit of Bishop Heber ; there he was, some considerable time before the business of the evening began : in fact, the impression which his conduct made on my mind, was, that he felt as though every individual who attended the meeting conferred a personal favour on him."

In January, 1826, he again left Calcutta and his family, "with a heavy heart," on a visit to the churches in the Indian peninsula, and the now well known Syrian churches, of the Malabar coast. The following note in his journal, made while yet in the river, is interesting in its relation to his character, "We proceeded to the Sandheads, and dismissed the pilot. I was glad to learn from him, that a poor man who had once taken us up the

river, and got miserably drunk on that occasion, had been greatly impressed by some good advice I had given him, and had since remained a water drinker. I wish my good counsels were always equally successful !”

During his stay at Madras he was gratified by the attention shown him by the Armenians in that city, and particularly with the presence, on one occasion, when he held a Confirmation, of their Archbishop Athanasius and two other dignified ecclesiastics, in his congregation. It is very evident from his journals, that a friendly and even brotherly intercourse with the ancient churches of the East lay very near his heart, and that he availed himself of every proper occasion to cultivate it. At one of his visitations, at Calcutta, he invited several of the principal Armenian ecclesiastics to meet his clergy at dinner at his own house ; and he certainly excited in many of the members of that church a very high degree of respect for his person and character.

While at Madras he visited the Prince Azeem Khan, uncle and guardian to the Nawab of the Carnatic, accompanied by his clergy in their robes.

They were received with as much state as this little court could muster; the prince being surrounded with a crowd of “Ullemah” or learned men. While the Bishop was conversing with the prince, some of these learned men expressed to Mr. Robinson, the Bishop’s chaplain, their astonishment that the Bishop was without a beard, observing, (the Bishop says, with much truth,) that learned men lost much dignity and authority there by the effeminate custom of shaving. They also asked if the Bishop was the head of all the English church; and being told that he was the head in India, but that there was in England another clergyman superior to him, the question was repeated, “And does he not wear a beard?”

The time he spent in Madras was about a fortnight, and in this space he preached eleven times, besides presiding at a large society meeting, giving two large dinner parties, (for he was habitually given to hospitality,) and receiving and paying “visits innumerable.” Circumstances which sufficiently show his love of action, and his disposition to fill up every moment of his time, with the duties belonging to his station.

On leaving Madras he passed the spot where, tradition says, the apostle St. Thomas was martyred. Bishop Heber thought this tradition well founded, and noted in his journal that he left the spot behind with regret, and should visit it, if he returned to Madras, with a reverent, though, he hoped, not a superstitious interest and curiosity. He reached Tanjore on the 25th of March, and on the 26th (Easter Sunday) preached an eloquent and impressive sermon on the resurrection, in the church, which, at the request of the native members of the congregation, he promised to have translated into the Tamul language and printed. In concluding the sermon, he in the most feeling manner impressed the duty of brotherly love upon all present, without regard to rank or colour. Divine service was performed the same evening in the Tamul language, when, to the agreeable surprise of all present, he pronounced the Apostolic benediction in that language. On Monday he held a confirmation. In the evening Divine service was held in the chapel in the mission garden. At the conclusion, he addressed the missionaries present in an affectionate and animated manner ; observing

to them, that it was probably the last time that all present could expect to meet in this world ; and exhorted them to diligence and perseverance by the example of Schwartz, near whose remains he was then standing. On the 28th, attended by his chaplain, and several missionaries of the district, he paid a visit of ceremony to the Rajah of Tanjore. On the 29th and 30th he visited and inspected the mission school and premises. On the 31st he departed for Trichonopoly. Of the feelings which governed him during this brief visit, a glowing but evidently not exaggerated description, has been given by the chaplain who accompanied him, Mr. Robinson. “ The missions at Tanjore and this place,” (Madras,) says Mr. Robinson, “ awakened, in a most powerful degree, and beyond any thing he had previously seen, the affections of his heart ; and to devise and arrange a plan for their revival and more extended prosperity, was the object which occupied him for many days ; and to the last hour of his life, his anxious thoughts, his earnest prayers, and the concentrated energies of his mind. Again and again did he repeat to me, that all which he had witnessed in the native con-

gregations of these missions, their numbers, their general order, their devout attendance on the services of the church, exceeded every expectation he had formed ; and that in their support and revival he saw the fairest hope of extending the Church of Christ. Never shall I forget the warm expressions of his delight, when on Easter-day he gathered them around him as his children, as one family with ourselves, administered to them the body and blood of our common Saviour, and blest them in their native tongue : and when in the evening of that day, he had seen before him no less than **THIRTEEN HUNDRED*** natives of those districts rescued from idolatry and superstition, and joining as with one heart and voice in the prayers and

* Bishop Heber, in one of his letters, mentions the same number as being present on this occasion, and adds, " This however is only in the city of Tanjore. There are scattered congregations, to the number of many thousand Protestant Christians, in all the neighbouring cities and villages ; and the wicker-bound graves, each distinguished by a little cross of cane, of the poor people by the road side, are enough to tell even the most careless traveller that the country is, in a great measure, Christian."

praises of our church,—I can never forget his exclamation, that *he would gladly purchase that day with years of life!*”

Bishop Heber arrived at Trichonopoly on the 1st of April; on the following day (Sunday), he preached to a crowded audience, and in the evening confirmed forty young persons, and the next morning at 6 o'clock he repeated this rite for the benefit of some native Christians. He returned home to breakfast; but, before sitting down, went into a cold bath, as he had done the two preceding days. His attendant, thinking that he staid more than the usual time, entered the apartment, and found his body at the bottom of the water, with the face downwards, and lifeless. The usual restoratives were immediately but ineffectually tried. The spirit had returned to God who gave it. On examination, it was discovered that a vessel had burst upon the brain, in consequence, as the medical attendants agreed, of the sudden plunge into the cold water, while he was warm and exhausted. His mortal remains were deposited on the north side of the altar of St. John's church, Trichonopoly.

The melancholy intelligence of this overwhelm-

ing calamity was communicated, in the most cautious manner, to his amiable and accomplished but unfortunate widow, by Lord Combermere, her relative. Bishop Heber left two children only, both of whom were daughters. He died in the forty-third year of his age.

Though his death is thus to be imputed to an apparent accident, yet there was reason to believe that his constitution, like that of his predecessor, gradually yielding to the effects of a tropical climate, combined with active habits of exertion formed in a more temperate clime, and leading him to frequent, and somewhat too heedless an exposure of his person, even at times and in circumstances in which he is obliged to admit in his journals, that it was but a matter of ordinary prudence to leave his family behind, rather than to expose them. When he first ascended the Ganges, and before he had reached the termination of his voyage, Abdullah, a native convert, and faithful servant, whom he had first met in England, and who had accompanied him to India, on one occasion cautioned him tenderly against the exposure to which his habits of exertion constantly led him, conclud-

ing with the remark, “ This has caused your hair to turn so gray since your arrival in India ;” a period less than a year. In Oude, when on his way to the Himalaya mountains, he was taken ill on the road, with the country fever, brought on him, doubtless, by exposure to rain, and various changes of the atmosphere, which he had just before been compelled to endure on horseback. He was at this time without any companions but natives, and probably two days’ ride from any physician. It pleased Providence to bless the remedies which he used, as he admits, in utter ignorance; and he was cheered during the three or four days in which he lay, almost hopeless, in his palanquin, at the road side, by the affectionate attentions, and kind consideration of his native servants. To such an extent did they carry this last particular, that, if any noise was made, even accidentally, within his hearing, several voices would softly urge “silence!” upon the involuntary offender. At this time he wrote to his mother and sister under the strong impression of impending death. His natural buoyancy of mind, and the ardour of his spirit, combined with the novel character of the circum-

stances in which he was placed, were probably the causes which made him thus thoughtless of himself. He knew, moreover, what extensive hopes of the regeneration of India had been made to rest upon him;—he knew that he was looked to as a powerful instrument in the hand of God to this end ; that from his talents, his disposition, his personal habits, his principles, and above all his almost enthusiastic devotion, likening him in all these respects to the very chiefest of the apostles, much more than he could reasonably expect to accomplish, was anticipated. He had set before him, and never allowed to be absent from his mind, the maxim of his Divine Master,—*I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day ; the night cometh when no man can work.* There was one, however, who watched with an anxious eye over his welfare, from whom it could not be concealed that, before the attack which proved fatal to him, decay had commenced its work, and that his personal appearance had undergone no trifling change. Indeed, it would seem to be but a waste of human life and human talent, to place any competent person, of sufficient age, whose habits have

been formed in Europe, in the oversight of such a diocese as British India, with Polynesia and Australasia, forms. And yet this was Bishop Heber's lot.*

* Of the extent and burthensome character of the business details of his office he gave the following account in a letter to his friend and successor at Hodnet, the Rev. J. J. Blunt.

“I do not think, that, in the regular and ordinary functions of my diocese, there is more, or even so much to be done, as in any of the more extensive bishoprics of England; the small number of the clergy must prevent this being the case. But on the other hand, every thing which is done must be done by myself, both in its spirit and its details; and partly owing to the manner in which we are scattered, and partly to the general habit of the country, all must be done in writing. Questions, which in England would not occupy more than five minutes conversation, may here sometimes call for a letter of six or eight pages; and as nothing, or almost nothing, which concerns the interests or duties of the clergy, can be settled without a reference to Government, I have, in fact, at least two sets of letters to write and receive, in every important matter which comes before me. As visiter of Bishop's College, I receive almost every week six or

Of his death it has been beautifully said, that
“ His sun was in its meridian power; and its warmth

seven sheets of close writing on the subject. I am called on to give an opinion on the architecture, expense, and details of every church which is built, or proposed to be built, in India; every application for salary of either clerk, sexton, schoolmaster, or bell-ringer, must pass through my hands, and be recommended in a letter to Government. I am literally the conductor of all the missions in the three presidencies; and what is most serious of all, I am obliged to act in almost every thing from my own single judgment, and on my own single responsibility, without any more experienced person to consult, or any precedent to guide me. I have, besides, not only the Indian clergy and the Indian government to correspond with, but the religious societies at home, whose agent I am, and to whom I must send occasional letters, the composition of each of which occupies me many days: while in the scarcity of clergy which is, and must be felt here, I feel myself bound to preach, in some one or other of the churches or stations, no less frequently than when I was in England.

“ All this, when one is stationary at Calcutta, may be done, indeed, without difficulty: but my journeys throw me sadly into arrears; and you may easily believe, therefore, not only that I am obliged to let slip many op-

most genial when it was suddenly eclipsed, forever. He fell as the standard bearer of the cross should ever wish to fall, by no lingering decay, but in the firmness and vigour of his age, and in the very act of combat and triumph. His Master came suddenly, and found him faithful in his charge, and waiting for his appearing. His last hour was spent in his Lord's service, and in ministering to the humblest of his flock. He had scarcely put off the sacred robes with which he served at the altar of his God on earth, when he was suddenly admitted to his sanctuary on high, and clothed with the garments of immortality."

Immediately on the intelligence of his death, public meetings were called at Calcutta, at Madras, and at Bombay, in which eulogies were pro-

portunities of writing to my friends at home, but that my leisure for study amounts to little or nothing ; and that even the native languages, in which it has been my earnest desire to perfect myself, I am compelled to acquire very slowly, and by conversation more than by reading. With all this, however, in spite of the many disadvantages of climate and banishment, I am bound to confess that I like both my employments and my present country."

nounced upon his character, by those who had known him long,* and who gave to his memory the highest expressions of their praise.

It has been determined to erect monuments to the memory of Bishop Heber at Calcutta, at Madras, and in St. Paul's cathedral, London, and at Oxford. Several scholarships have been founded in Bishop's College, near Calcutta, which, from the same motive, are to bear his name. The monument at Madras has been already erected, and bears the following inscription, composed by Mr. Robinson, his chaplain.

* The chief justices of the three presidencies who were present at these meetings, were by a singular coincidence his contemporaries at college.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER, AT MADRAS.

Composed by the Rev. THOMAS ROBINSON, M. A.

M. S.

VIRI ADMODUM REVERENDI ET IN CHRISTO PATRIS
REGINALDI HEBER S. T. P.

PRIMO COLLEGII ÆNEI NASI IN ACADEMIA OXONIENSI ALUMNI
COLLEGII DEINDE OMNIUM ANIMARUM SOCII
PAROCHIE HODNET IN AGRO SUO NATALI SALOPIENSI
RECTORIS

APUD SOCIETATEM HONORABLEM HOSPITII LINCOLNIENSIS
PRÆDICATORIS

POSTREMO AUTEM EPISCOPI CALCUTTENSIS
QUI IN IPSO ADOLESCENTIE FLORE

INGENII FAMA

HUMANITATIS CULTU

OMNIGENÆQUE DOCTRINÆ LAUDE

ORNATISSIMUS

EA OMNIA IN COMMUNEM ECCLESIE FRUCTUM AFFERENS

SE SUAQUE DEO HUMILLIME CONSECRAVIT

IN SANCTISSIMUM EPISCOPATUS ORDINEM

BONIS OMNIBUS HORTANTIBUS ADSRIPTUS

ECCLESIE APUD INDOS ANGLICANÆ INFANTIAM

NON PRO VIRIBUS SED ULTRA VIRES

USQUE AD VITÆ JACTURAM

ALUIT FOVIT SUSTENTAVIT

ADMIRABILI INGENII CANDORE

SUAVISSIMA MORUM SIMPLICITATE

DIVINAQUE ANIMI BENEVOLENTIA
USQUE ADEO OMNES SIBI VINXERAT

UT MORTUUM

ECCLESIA UNIVERSA PATREM
ETIAM EXTERI PATRONUM CARISSIMUM

DESIDERARENT

NATUS DIE APRILIS XXI A. D. MDCLXXXIII

SUBITA MORTE PRÆREPTUS JUXTA URBEM TRICHINOPOLIM

MORTALES EXUVIAS DEPOSUIT APRILIS DIE III

ANNOSALUTIS MDCCCXXVI ÆTATISSUÆ XLIII EPISCOPATUS III

MADRASENSES

NON SOLUM CHRISTIANI SED ET ETHNICI

PRINCIPES MAGNATES PAUPERES

AD HOC MARMOR EXSTRUENDUM

UNO CONSENSU ADFUERE.



TRIBUTES

TO THE

MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light, from this world taken while it shone,
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, O guide and gifted friend ! for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower?
Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have
burned—

Of heaven they were, and thither are return'd.

How shall we mourn thee ?—With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above !

With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance
of love,

And yet can weep!—for Nature so deplures
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture be allowed!

Thou that, rejoicing on thy mid-career,

Not to decay, but unto death hast bow'd!

In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where Victory ne'er a crown like thine hath won.

Praise, for yet one more name, with power en-
dowed,

To cheer and guide us onward as we press,
Yet one more image on the heart bestow'd,

To dwell there—beautiful in holiness!

Thine! Heber, thine! whose memory from the
dead

Shines as the star, which to the Saviour led.

FELICIA HEMANS.

TO THE MEMORY OF REGINALD HEBER,
BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

How well I remember the day I first met thee !

'Twas in scenes long forsaken, in moments long
fled,

Then little thought I that a WORLD would regret
thee !

And Europe and Asia *both* mourn for thee dead.

Ah ! little I thought, in those gay social hours,

That round thy young head e'en the laurel
would twine,

Still less that a crown of the amaranth's flowers,

Enwreathed with the *palm*, would, O Heber! be
thine.

We met in the world, and the light that shone
round thee

Was the dangerous blaze of wit's meteor ray,

But e'en then, though unseen, mercy's angel had
found thee,
And the bright star of Bethlehem was marking
thy way.

To the banks of the Isis, a far fitter dwelling,
Thy footsteps returned, and thy hand to its lyre,
While thy heart with the bard's bright ambition
was swelling,
But holy the theme was that waken'd its fire.

Again in the world and with worldlings I met thee,
And then thou wert welcomed as *Palestine's*
bard,

They had *scorned* at the task which the Saviour
had set thee,
The Christian's rough labour, the martyr's re-
ward.

Yet,* the one was my calling, thy portion the
other ;

The far shores of India received thee, and blest,

* At first he refused the appointment, but, "after devout prayer" he accepted it, thinking it was his duty to do so.

And its lowliest of teachers dared greet as a brother,
And love thee, though clad in the prelate's
proud vest.

In the meek humble Christian forgot was thy
greatness,
The follower they saw of a crucified Lord,
For thy zeal showed his spirit, thy accents his
sweetness,
And the heart of the heathen drank deep of the
word.

Bright as short was thy course, when "a coal
from the altar"
Had touch'd thy blest lip, and the voice bade
thee "Go,"
Thy haste could not pause, and thy step could
not falter,
Till o'er India's wide seas had advanced thy
swift prow.

In vain her fierce sun, with its cloudless effulgence,
Seemed arrows of death to shoot forth with
each ray ;

Thy faith gave to fear and fatigue no indulgence,
But *on to the goal* urged thy perilous way !

And, martyr of zeal ! thou e'en *here* wert reward-
ed,

When the dark sons of India came round thee
in throngs,

While thee as a father they fondly regarded,

Who taught them and blessed in their own na-
tive tongues.

When thou heard'st them, their faith's awful errors
disclaiming,

Profess the pure creed which the Saviour had
given,

Those moments thy mission's blest triumph pro-
claiming,

Gave joy which to thee seemed a foretaste of
Heaven.*

* When they gathered round him on Easter-day even-
ing to the number of thirteen hundred, and he blessed
them in their native tongue, he exclaimed, " that he
would gladly purchase that day with years of his life."

Robinson's Sermon.

Still "On," cried the voice, and surrounding
their altar,

Trichonopoly's sons hailed thy labours of love :
Ah me ! with no fear did thine accents then falter ;
No secret forebodings thy conscious heart move ?

Thou hadst ceased—having taught them what
rock to rely on,

And had doft the proud robes which to pre-
lates belong,

But the next robe for thee was the *white robe of
Zion*,*

'The next hymn thou heard'st was "the sera-
phim's song."

Here hushed be my lay for a far sweeter verse—

Thy requiem I'll breathe in thy numbers alone,
For the bard's votive offering to hang on thy hearse,
Should be formed of no language less sweet
than thy own.

* He had scarcely put off his robes in which he officiated at the altar, when he was suddenly called away
"to be clothed with immortality."
Ib.

* “Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not
deplore thee,
Since God was thy refuge, thy ransom, thy
guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee, and he will restore
thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has
died.”

* Written by Bishop Heber on the death of a Friend
See page 163.

SONNET TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

ANONYMOUS.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation!

ISAIAH lii. 7.

How bright and glorious are the sun's first gleams
Above yon blue horizon !—Darkness flies
Before his presence.—Mountains, vallies,
trees,

Glow with resplendent beauty.—And the streams
Reflect the lustre of his orient beams.

So *Heber* shone—for unto him was given
To spread the tidings of salvation round,
Whilst heathen nations caught the joyful
sound,

And learned to kneel before the shrine of Heaven;
That “ cross surmounted shrine,” where Faith
and Prayer

Point to the crown of bliss, reserved there
For those whom Jesus loves—but his bright sun
Of glory set, ere yet its race was run,
And he *that* bliss has gained—that crown has
won !

The following dedication was prefixed to such of the following poems as were published by the author in a volume in 1812.

TO
RICHARD HEBER, ESQUIRE,
THE FOLLOWING
P O E M S
ARE DEDICATED
AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE
TO THE
TALENT, TASTE, AND AFFECTION
WHICH
HE HAS UNIFORMLY EXERTED
IN ENCOURAGING AND DIRECTING THE STUDIES
OF HIS BROTHER.

PALESTINE:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCHII.

The first of these is the
 fact that the system is
 not self-sufficient. It
 requires a constant supply
 of raw materials and
 labor. This is a serious
 disadvantage, especially
 in a country like India,

where the population is
 growing rapidly and the
 demand for raw materials
 is increasing. The second
 disadvantage is that the
 system is not very
 flexible. It is difficult to

change the system once it
 has been established. This
 is a serious disadvantage,
 especially in a country like
 India, where the situation
 is constantly changing.

The third disadvantage is
 that the system is not very
 efficient. It is difficult to
 get the best out of the
 system. This is a serious
 disadvantage, especially in a
 country like India, where the

economy is still in a
 primitive stage. The fourth
 disadvantage is that the
 system is not very
 popular. It is not very
 liked by the people. This
 is a serious disadvantage,

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy
view'd ?
Where now thy might, which all those kings sub-
dued ?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
No suppliant nations in thy 'Temple wait ;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :

But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear ;
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

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

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above !

Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms
of fate,

Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'erthop thy mouldering wall ;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew :
And as the Seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail ;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide ;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill ;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening
blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays ;
Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold ;

From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O, ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade !
What though no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave ;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows :
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
'The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,

His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb :
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam :
My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes :
See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
And foul Revenge, that tramples on the dead !
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine !
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.

Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering
reed ;

And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice.
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold !

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their
Lord,

Lov'd for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd !
If at thy name the waves forgot their force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source ;
If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine !
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear !
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main ?

For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er the Arabian deep her branches play'd ?

O feeble boast of transitory power !

Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !

Not such their hope, when through the parted
main

The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :

Not such their hope, when through the fields of
night

The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light :

Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car :

Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite :

Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;
The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height :
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd :)

Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power,—eternal, infinite ?—
Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's
fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
—Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?
No :—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ;
By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the iv'ry throne ;
In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her
foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
—And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd ;
Who ev'ry bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ;
'To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
'The powerful sigil and the starry spell,

The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might ; for who could these oppose ?

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd ;
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wonder
d'ring ears

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

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

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore,
And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore ;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,

Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;

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

And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their ling'ring Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear control ;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the
martyr's soul !

Nor vain their hope:—Bright beaming through
the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high ;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King !
Mark'd ye, where, hov'ring o'er his radiant
head,

The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?
Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !
Clap the glad hand, and lift the exulting voice !
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war :

Messiah comes : let furious discord cease :
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !
Disease and anguish feel his blest control,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul ;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'er-
spread !

Thou sick'ning sun, so dark, so deep, so red !
Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth ? why fades the light ?
declare !

Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn ?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony ?
—Be dark, thou sun—thou noonday night, arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice !

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep ;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep !
—Vengeance ! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd ;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.

Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah rag'd, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead :
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there :
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain ;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

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

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom !
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome :

To swell, slow-pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride ;
To flesh the lion's rav'nous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel ;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah ! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost :
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid ;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove ;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb :
While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal ?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel ?
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sov'reign of the breast !

Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows !

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen ;
There barb'rous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling wo,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow ;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wand'ring hermit wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came :
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
The pond'rous falchion, and the sun-like shield,

And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabariā's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingl'd myriads ran :
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hov'ring vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore !
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien
advance,
From the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band ;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain ;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow :—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade !

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led !

Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might ;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear !
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb !
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry !

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
Th' apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway ;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd ?
What arm repell'd the victor renegade ?
Britannia's champion !—bath'd in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless seaman stood :
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's
 might.

Oh day of death ! Oh thirst, beyond control,
Of crimson conquest in th' invader's soul !
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.

While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise ;—but not by war restor'd,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made ;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords
away.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring ;
Break forth, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, sing !
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;

The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign !

And who is He ? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm ?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
And, hark ! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !

Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo ! thrones arise, and every saint is there ;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night ;
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light :
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?

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

EUROPE:

LINES ON THE PRESENT WAR.

WRITTEN IN 1809.

ID. QVANDO. ACCIDERIT. NON. SATIS. AVDEO
EFFARI. SIQVIDEM. NON. CLARIVS. MIHI
PER. SACROS. TRIPODES. CERTA. REFERT. DEVS
NEC. SERVAT. PENITVS. FIDEM

QVOD. SI. QVID. LICEAT. CREDERE. ADHVC. TAMEN
NAM. LAEVVM. TONVIT. NON. FVERIT. PROCVL.
QVAERENDVS. CELERI. QVI. PROPERET. GRADV
ET. GALLVM. REPRIMAT. FEROX

PETRVS. CRINITVS. IN. CARMINE
AD. BER. CARAPHAM.

EUROPE.

AT that dread season when th' indignant North
Pour'd to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fann'd too late the flame of liberty ;
By feverish hope oppress'd, and anxious thought,
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine
 play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade :—
Yet slept not all ;—I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling wagons, and the wheels of war ;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum ;
O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that
 trode,
And the far-distant fife that thrilled along the road.

Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell
To catch the music of the pealing bell ;
And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,
The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay :
But sweet no less, when Justice points the spear,
Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear,
To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,
And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.

Oh ! song of hope, too long delusive strain !
And hear we now thy flattering voice again ?
But late, alas ! I left thee cold and still,
Stunn'd by the wrath of Heaven, on Pratzen's hill,
Oh ! on that hill may no kind month renew
The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew !
Accurs'd of God, may those bleak summits tell
The field of anger where the mighty fell.
There youthful Faith and high-born Courage rest,
And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled crest ;
There Europe, soil'd with blood her tresses gray,
And ancient Honour's shield—all vilely thrown
away.

Thus mus'd my soul, as in succession drear
Rose each grim shape of Wrath and Doubt and
Fear ;

Defeat and shame in grizzly vision passed,
And Vengeance, bought with blood, and glorious
Death the last.

Then as my gaze their waving eagles met,
And through the night each sparkling bayonet,
Still Memory told how Austria's evil hour
Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power,
And Gallia's vaunting train, and Mosco's horde,
Had flesh'd the maiden steel of Brunswic's sword.
Oh! yet, I deem'd, that Fate, by Justice led,
Might wreath once more the veteran's silver head;
That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain
The cumbrous sceptre of a single reign;
That conscious right would tenfold strength afford,
And Heaven assist the patriot's holy sword,
And look in mercy through th' auspicious sky,
To bless the saviour host of Germany.

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as
shed

Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed?
And are they dreams? or can th' Eternal Mind
Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind?
Why, if the dubious battle own his power,
And the red sabre, where he bids, devour,

Why then can one the curse of worlds deride,
And millions weep a tyrant's single pride ?

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps stray'd,
Rapt in the visions of th' Aonian maid.

It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear ;
My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide
Through the green walks of scented even-tide,
Or stretch'd with me in noonday ease along,
To list the reaper's chaunt, or throstle's song :
But she of loftier port ; whose grave control
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul ;
She, whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
With fame's bright promise cheers the student's
toil ;

That same was she, whose ancient lore refin'd
The sober hardihood of Sydney's mind.
Borne on her wing, no more I seem'd to rove
By Dresden's glittering spires, and linden grove ;
No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,
Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,
While the still margent of his ample flood
Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood—

(Woods happy once, that heard the carols free
Of rustic love, and cheerful industry ;
Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,
And silence marks the track where France has
been.)

Far other scenes than these my fancy view'd :
Rocks rob'd in ice, a mountain solitude ;
Where on Helvetian hills, in godlike state,
Alone and awful, Europe's Angel sate :
Silent and stern he sate ; then, bending low,
Listen'd th' ascending plaints of human wo,
And waving as in grief his towery head,
“ Not yet, not yet the day of rest,” he said ;
“ It may not be. Destruction's gory wing
Soars o'er the banners of the younger king,
Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway
To stem the lava on its destin'd way.
Poor, glittering warriors, only wont to know
The bloodless pageant of a martial show ;
Nurselings of peace; for fiercer fights prepare,
And dread the step-dame sway of unaccustom'd
war !

They fight, they bleed !—Oh ! had that blood
been shed

When Charles and Valour Austria's armies led ;
Had these stood forth the righteous cause to
shield,

When victory waver'd on Moravia's field ;
Then France had mourn'd her conquests made in
vain,

Her backward-beaten ranks, and countless slain ;
Then had the strength of Europe's freedom stood,
And still the Rhine had roll'd a German flood !

“ Oh ! nurs'd in many a wile, and practis'd long
To spoil the poor, and cringe before the strong ;
To swell the victor's state, and hovering near,
Like some base vulture in the battle's rear,
To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare :
A curse is on thee, Brandenburg ! the sound
Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground ;
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of wo.

“ Enough of vengeance ! O'er th' ensanguin'd
plain

I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain ;

Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.
Enough of vengeance!—By the glorious dead,
Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led ;
By Blucher's sword in fiercest danger tried,
And the true heart that burst when Brunswic died ;
By her whose charms the coldest zeal might warm,
The manliest firmness in the fairest form—
Save, Europe, save the remnant!—Yet remains
One glorious path to free the world from chains.
Why, when your northern band in Eylau's wood
Retreating struck, and tracked their course with
 blood,
While one firm rock the floods of ruin stay'd,
Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delay'd ?
And Albion!''—Darker sorrow veil'd his brow—
“ Friend of the friendless—Albion! where art thou?
Child of the Sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,
The covering cherub of the ocean's bed!
The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
And the wild-roaring waves a stern security.
But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to
 ride,
Freedom's lov'd ark, o'er broad oppression's tide ;

If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
Glance in contempt on Europe's agony.

Alas ! where now the bands who went to pour
Their strong deliverance on th' Egyptian shore ?
Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,
Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave.

“ And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
Whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels
power,
Whom Earth applauded through her peopled
shores !

(Alas ! whom Earth too early lost deplores ;—)
Young without follies, without rashness bold,
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold !
In every veering gale of faction true,
Untarnish'd Chatham's genuine child, adieu !
Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
Expands from twilight to intenser day,
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian
sway.

O, prov'd in danger ! not the fiercest flame
Of Discord's rage thy constant soul could tame ;
Not when, far-striding o'er thy palsied land,
Gigantic Treason took his bolder stand ;

Not when wild Zeal, by murderous Faction led,
On Wicklow's hills, her grass-green banner spread ;
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—
Undaunted patriot ! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a sterner power ;
When the dimm'd eyeball, and the struggling
 breath,
And pain, and terror, mark advancing death ;—
Still in that breast thy country held her throne,
Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were hers alone,
Thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy parting
 groan.

“ Yes, from those lips while fainting nations
 drew

Hope ever strong, and courage ever new ;—
Yet, yet, I deem'd, by that supporting hand
Propp'd in her fall might Freedom's ruin stand ;
And purg'd by fire, and stronger from the storm,
Degraded Justice rear her reverend form.
Now, hope, adieu !—adieu the generous care
To shield the weak, and tame the proud in war !
The golden chain of realms, when equal awe
Pois'd the strong balance of impartial law ;

When rival states as federate sisters shone,
Alike, yet various, and though many, one ;
And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,
Beam'd each fair star of Europe's galaxy—
All, all are gone, and after-time shall trace
One boundless rule, one undistinguish'd race ;
Twilight of worth, where nought remains to move
The patriot's ardour, or the subject's love.

“ Behold, e'en now, while every manly lore
And ev'ry muse forsakes my yielding shore ;
Faint, vapid fruits of slavery's sickly clime,
Each tinsel art succeeds, and harlot rhyme !
To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread
In sightly foldings o'er the Grecian bed,
Their mimic guard where sculptur'd gryphons
keep,

And Memphian idols watch o'er beauty's sleep ;
To rouse the slumbering sparks of faint desire
With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre ;
While youth's enervate glance and gloating age
Hang o'er the mazy waltz, or pageant stage ;
Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,
The nightly revel and the noontide ease—
These, Europe, are thy toils, thy trophies these !

“ So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming
rain,

Have strew'd the bearded hope of golden grain,
From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies,
The tall, rank weeds in barren splendour rise ;
And strong, and towering o'er the mildew'd ear,
Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear ;
The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
And Famine stalks along the purple field.

“ And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's
prayer!

Where, France, thy hopes, thy gilded promise
where ;

When o'er Montpelier's vines, and Jura's snows,
All goodly bright, young Freedom's planet rose ?
What boots it now, (to our destruction brave,)
How strong thine arm in war ? a valiant slave !
What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,
Fann'd by the flattering breath of conquest's gale ?
What, that, high-pil'd within yon ample dome,
The blood-bought treasures rest of Greece and
Rome ?

Scourge of the highest, bolt in vengeance hurl'd
By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world !

Go, vanquish'd victor, bend thy proud helm down
Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown.

For him in Afric's sands, and Poland's snows,
Rear'd by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows ;
And rank in German fields the harvest springs
Of pageant councils and obsequious kings.
Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,
Link'd the wide circuit of the Latian chain ;
And slaves like these shall every tyrant find,
To gild oppression, and debase mankind.

“ Oh ! live there yet whose hardy souls and high
Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds defy?
Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain
Of the wide prison of the lonely main,
Cling to their country's rights with freeborn zeal,
More strong from every stroke, and patient of the
steel ?

Guiltless of chains, to them has Heaven consign'd
Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind !
Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows
That Freedom's weary foot may find repose ?
No ;—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,
Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell ;

Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed
Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head ;
He wakes, th' avenger—hark ! the hills around,
Untam'd Austria bids her clarion sound ;
And many an ancient rock, and fleecy plain,
And many a valiant heart returns the strain :
Heard by that shore, where Calpe's armed steep
Flings its long shadow o'er th' Herculean deep,
And Lucian glades, whose hoary poplars wave
In soft, sad murmurs over Inez' grave.
They bless the call who dar'd the first withstand
The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land,
When firm in faith, and red with slaughter'd foes,
Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose,
Nor these alone ; as loud the war-notes swell,
La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork-built cell ;
Alhama's strength is there, and those who till
(A hardy race !) Morena's scorched hill ;
And in rude arms through wide Gallicia's reign,
The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.

“ Saw ye those tribes ? not theirs the plumed
boast,

The sightly trappings of a marshall'd host ;

No weeping nations curse their deadly skill,
Expert in danger, and inur'd to kill :—
But theirs the kindling eye, the strenuous arm ;
Theirs the dark cheek, with patriot ardour warm,
Unblanch'd by sluggard ease, or slavish fear,
And proud and pure the blood that mantles there.
Theirs from the birth is toil ;—o'er granite steep,
And heathy wild, to guard the wandering sheep ;
To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear
'Gainst the night-prowling wolf, or felon bear ;
The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.
Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,
Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time.
Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found,
(His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads
bound ;)

Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train
O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne ;
And chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall
(Illustrious exile !) o'er Valencia's wall ;
Ungrac'd by kings, whose Moorish title rose
The toil-earn'd homage of his wondering foes.

“ Yes ; ev’ry mould’ring tow’r and haunted
flood,

And the wild murmurs of the waving wood ;
Each sandy waste, and orange-scented dell,
And red Buraba’s field, and Lugo, tell,
How their brave fathers fought, how thick the
invaders fell. .

“ Oh ! virtue long forgot, or vainly tried,
To glut a bigot’s zeal, or tyrant’s pride ;
Condemn’d in distant climes to bleed and die
’Mid the dank poisons of Tlascala’s sky ;
Or when stern Austria stretch’d her lawless reign,
And spent in northern fights the flower of Spain ;
Or war’s hoarse furies yell’d on Ysell’s shore,
And Alva’s ruffian sword was drunk with gore.
Yet dar’d not then Tlascala’s chiefs withstand
The lofty daring of Castilia’s band ;
And weeping France her captive king deplor’d,
And curs’d the deathful point of Ebro’s sword.
Now, nerv’d with hope, their night of slavery past,
Each heart beats high in freedom’s buxom blast ;
Lo ! Conquest calls, and beck’ning from afar,
Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to
war.

—Wo to th' usurper then, who darcs defy
The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty !
Wo to the hireling bands, foredoom'd to feel
How strong in labour's horny hand the steel !
Behold e'en now, beneath yon Bœtic skies
Another Pavia bids her trophies rise ;—
E'en now in base disguise and friendly night
Their robber-monarch speeds his secret flight ;
And with new zeal the fiery Lusians rear,
(Rous'd by their neighbour's worth,) the long-
neglected spear.

“ So when stern winter chills the April showers,
And iron frost forbids the timely flowers ;
Oh! deem not thou the vigorous herb below
Is crush'd and dead beneath the incumbent snow ;
Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring
Than all the early smiles of flattering spring.”

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell,
On my charm'd sense th' unearthly accents fell ;
Me wonder held, and joy chastis'd by fear,
As one who wish'd, yet hardly hop'd to hear.
“ Spirit,” I cried, “ dread teacher, yet declare,
In that good fight, shall Albion's arm be there ?

Can Albion, brave, and wise, and proud, refrain
To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with
Spain ?

Too long her sons, estrang'd from war and toil,
Have loath'd the safety of the sea-girt isle ;
And chid the waves which pent their fire within,
As the stall'd war-horse woos the battle's din.
Oh, by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,
Which, well I feel, each English breast shall know ;
Say, shall my country, rous'd from deadly sleep,
Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep ;
And shall once more the star of France grow pale,
And dim its beams in Roncesvalles' vale ?
Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire
To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire ?”

Still as I gaz'd, his low'ring features spread,
High rose his form, and darkness veil'd his head ;
Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,
To heaven he rear'd his arm, and thus he spoke :

“ Wo, trebly wo to their slow zeal who bore
Delusive comfort to Iberia's shore !

Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismay'd,
Now gave and now withdrew their laggard aid ;

Who, when each bosom glow'd, each heart beat
high,

Chill'd the pure stream of England's energy,
And lost in courtly forms and blind delay
The loiter'd hours of glory's short-liv'd day.

“ O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,
Lost, ruin'd Albion, Europe mourns for thee!
Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given
To stay thy doom, and ward the ire of Heaven;
Bar'd in the cause of man thy warrior breast,
And crush'd on yonder hills th' approaching pest,
Then had not murder sack'd thy smiling plain,
And wealth, and worth, and wisdom all been vain.

“ Yet, yet awake ! while fear and wonder wait,
On the pois'd balance, trembling still with fate !
If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried,
Who ting'd with slaughter Tajo's curdling tide ;
(What time base truce the wheels of war could
stay,

And the weak victor flung his wreath away ;)—
Or theirs, who, dol'd in scanty bands afar,
Wag'd without hope the disproportion'd war,
And cheerly still, and patient of distress,
Led their forwasted files on numbers numberless !

“ Yes, through the march of many a weary day,
As yon dark column toils its seaward way ;
As bare, and shrinking from th’ inclement sky,
The languid soldier bends him down to die ;
As o’er those helpless limbs, by murder gor’d,
The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,
And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands press’d,
The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast ;
E’en in that hour his hope to England flies,
And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes.

“ Oh ! if such hope can plead, or his, whose bier
Drew from his conquering host their latest tear ;
Whose skill, whose matchless valour, gilded flight ;
Entomb’d in foreign dust, a hasty soldier’s rite ;—
Oh ! rouse thee yet to conquer and to save,
And Wisdom guide the sword which Justice gave !

“ And yet the end is not! from yonder tow’rs
While one Saguntum mocks the victor’s pow’rs ;
While one brave heart defies a servile chain,
And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain ;
Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
In tenfold myriads darken half the land ;
(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
Bethulia’s matron shook the nightly sword ;)

Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,
And fatal genius fire thy martial eye ;
Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,
Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.

“ No ! by His viewless arm whose righteous
care

Defends the orphan's tear, the poor man's prayer ;
Who, Lord of nature, o'er this changeful ball
Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall ;
Wondrous in all his ways, unseen, unknown,
Who treads the wine-press of the world alone ;
And rob'd in darkness, and surrounding fears,
Speeds on their destin'd road the march of years !
No !—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee ?
And shall it tame despair, thy strong control,
Or quench a nation's still reviving soul ?—
Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire !
Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea !—
But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free.”

THE PASSAGE

OF

THE RED SEA.

WITH heat o'erlabour'd and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along,
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flatt'ring vapours make
The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake:
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,

Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late reveal'd, his children's destiny.
For, not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of pow'r;
Nor fail'd the dreadful wand, whose god-like sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.
Oh helpless gods! who nought avail'd to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field!—
Oh helpless gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold-night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night,)
Roll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into light!—
Soft fell the eve:—But, ere the day was done,
'Tall, waving banners streak'd the level sun;
And wide and dark along th' horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.—

“ Mark, Israel, mark ! ”—On that strange sight
intent,

In breathless terror, every eye was bent ;
And busy faction’s undistinguished hum
And female shrieks arose, “ They come, they
come ! ”

They come, they come ! in scintillating show
O’er the dark mass the brazen lances glow ;
And sandy clouds in countless hapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line ;—
And fancy’s keener glance ev’n now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingl’d race ;
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim’s throne, were
there.

From distant Cush they troop’d, a warrior train,
Siwah’s green isle and Sennaar’s marly plain :
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parch’d and sinewy sons of Amalek :
While close behind, inur’d to feast on blood,
Deck’d in Behemoth’s spoils, the tall Shangalla
strode.

’Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariot roll’d ?

Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes had pour'd through all her hundred
gates,

Mother of armies !—How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pha-
raoh rode !

And stol'd in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore ;

And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory ?—

Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's
gloom ?

Whom come ye forth to combat ?—warriors,
whom ?—

These flocks and herds—this faint and weary
train—

Red from the scourge and recent from the chain ?

God of the poor, the poor and friendless save !

Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave !—

North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,

The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.

On earth's last margin throng the weeping train :

Their cloudy guide moves on :—“ And must we
swim the main ?”

'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bath'd a fetlock in the nauseous flood—
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet ;
And the chas'd surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are
seen.

Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread ;
The beetling waters storm above their head :
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night,
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blaz'd broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of
God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave:
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain :
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight
confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage lightening through the
storm ;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their
coursers' flight.
“ Fly, Misraim, fly ! ”—The ravenous floods they
see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
“ Fly, Misraim, fly ! ”—From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand :—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—

Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast :
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel
stood

In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood !
Oh ! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below ;
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war :
Alas, how few !—Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel wak'd its silver sound :
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky,
The dark transporence of her lucid eye,

Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet
harmony.

“Where now,” she sang, “the tall Egyptian
spear ?

“On’s sunlike shield, and Zoan’s chariot, where ?

“Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.

“Shout, Israel, for the Lord has triumphed !”—

And every pause between, as Miriam sang,

From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,

And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—

“Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed !”

LINES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,
ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION
AS CHANCELLOR.

YE viewless guardians of these sacred shades,
Dear dreams of early song, Aonian maids !—
And you, illustrious dead ! whose spirits speak
In every flush that tints the student's cheek,
As, wearied with the world, he seeks again
The page of better times, and greater men ;
If with pure worship we your steps pursue,
And youth, and health, and rest forget for you,
(Whom most we serve, to whom our lamp burns
bright

Through the long toils of not ingrateful night,)
Yet, yet be present !—Let the worldly train
Mock our cheap joys, and hate our useless strain,
Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear
The fleece Iberian or the pamper'd steer ;—
Let sterner science with unwearied eye
Explore the circling spheres and map the sky ;

His long-drawn mole let lordly commerce scan,
And of his iron arch the rainbow span :
Yet, while, in burning characters imprest,
The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast ;
Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,
Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,
And in warm feeling from the storied page
Arise the saint, the hero, or the sage ;
Such be our toil !—Nor doubt we to explore
The thorny maze of dialectic lore.
To climb the chariot of the gods, or scan
The secret workings of the soul of man ;
Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,
Or the slow pinion of the Stagyrte.
And those gray spoils of Herculean pride,
If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide ;—
If Padua's sage be there, or art have power
To wake Menander from his secret bower.
Such be our toil !—Nor vain the labour proves,
Which Oxford honours, and which Grenville loves !
—On, eloquent and firm !—whose warning high
Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,
When, like those brethren stars to seamen known,
In kindred splendour Pitt and Grenville shone ;

On in thy glorious course ! not yet the wave
 Has ceas'd to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to
 rave.

Go on ! and oh, while adverse factions raise
 To thy pure worth involuntary praise ;
 While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,
 And from thy counsels date their happiness ;
 Say, (for thine Isis yet recalls with pride
 Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side,)
 Say, hast thou scorn'd, mid pomp, and wealth, and
 power,

The sober transports of a studious hour ?—
 No, statesman, no !—thy patriot fire was fed
 From the warm embers of the mighty dead ;
 And thy strong spirit's patient grasp combin'd
 The souls of ages in a single mind.

—By arts like these, amidst a world of foes,
 Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose ;—
 Thus, last and best of Romans, Brutus shone ;
 Our Somers thus, and thus our Clarendon ;
 Such Cobham was ;—such, Grenville, long be
 thou,

Our boast before—our chief and champion now !

EPITAPH
ON A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER,
DESIGNED FOR A TOMB IN A SEAPORT TOWN
IN NORTH WALES.

SAILOR ! if vigour nerve thy frame,
If to high deeds thy soul is strung,
Revere this stone that gives to fame
The brave, the virtuous, and the young !—

For manly beauty deck'd his form,
His bright eye beam'd with mental power ;
Resistless as the winter storm,
Yet mild as summer's mildest shower.

In war's hoarse rage, in ocean's strife,
For skill, for force, for mercy known ;
Still prompt to shield a comrade's life,
And greatly careless of his own.—

Yet, youthful seaman, mourn not thou
The fate these artless lines recall ;
No, Cambrian, no, be thine the vow,
Like him to live, like him to fall !—

But hast thou known a father's care,
Who sorrowing sent thee forth to sea ;
Pour'd for thy weal th' unceasing prayer,
And thought the sleepless night on thee ?—

Has e'er thy tender fancy flown,
When winds were strong and waves were high,
Where, listening to the tempest's moan,
Thy sisters heav'd the anxious sigh ?—

Or, in the darkest hour of dread,
Mid war's wild din, and ocean's swell,
Hast mourn'd a hero brother dead,
And did that brother love thee well ?—

Then pity those whose sorrows flow
In vain o'er Shipley's empty grave !—
—Sailor, thou weep'st :—Indulge thy wo ;
Such tears will not disgrace the brave !—

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

OUR task is done ! on Gunga's breast
'The sun is sinking down to rest ;
And moor'd beneath the tamarind bough, -
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslems' savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through ;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude ;
Nor (taught by secret charm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.

Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake :
Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
'Mid nature's embers parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of death !
Come on ! yet pause ! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plaintain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade ;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.

So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod ;
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's " good green wood ?"
And blessed beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a prayer, (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again ?

A truce to thought ! the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantily serve to guide our way.
Yet, mark ! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring ;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night !
Still as we pass in soften'd hum,
Along the breezy valleys come

The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know that soul-entrancing swell !
It is,—it must be,—Philomel !

Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
And we must early sleep to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But O ! with thankful hearts confess,
Ev'n here there may be happiness ;
And HE, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth, his hope of heaven !

LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE,

WHILE ON A VISIT TO UPPER INDIA.

If thou wert by my side, my love !

How fast would evening fall

In green Bengala's palmy grove,

Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love ! wert by my side,

My babies at my knee,

How gaily would our pinnacle glide

O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,

When, on our deck reclined,

In careless ease my limbs I lay,

And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream

My twilight steps I guide,

But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,

I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! Then on ! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor mild Malwah detain,
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
 Across the dark blue sea,
 But never were hearts so light and gay,
 As then shall meet in thee !

HAPPINESS.

ONE morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill ;
Tho' nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness ?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found.

The birds wild caroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.

I question'd love, whose early ray,
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I questioned friendship : Friendship sigh'd,
And thus her answer gave—
The few whom fortune never turn'd
Were wither'd in the grave !

I ask'd if vice could bliss bestow ?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But fading from her wither'd brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of feeling, if her skill
Could sooth the wounded breast ;
And found her mourning, faint and still,
For others' woes distressed !

I question'd virtue : virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense—
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble penitence.

I question'd death—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe—
And “ I am happiness,” he said,
“ If Virtue guides thee here.”

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I SEE them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play ;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light :
They're lost—and gone, the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast ;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn—they come, they come ;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their soften'd chorus meets the ear ;
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way ;
The trampling hoofs brook no delay ;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

LINES.

REFLECTED on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow ;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright so e'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

FAREWELL.

WHEN eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell ;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh ! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell !

When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell ;
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh ! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell !

VESPERS.

God that madest Earth and Heaven,

Darkness and light !

Who the day for toil hast given,

For rest the night !

May thine angel guards defend us,

Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,

Holy dreams and hopes attend us,

This livelong night !

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL,
SIR ROWLAND HILL, K. B.

HILL ! whose high daring with renew'd success
Hath cheer'd our tardy war, what time the cloud
Of expectation, dark and comfortless,
Hung on the mountains ; and yon factious crowd
Blasphem'd their country's valour, babbling loud !
Then was thine arm reveal'd, to whose young
 might,

By Toulon's leaguer'd wall, the fiercest bow'd ;
Whom Egypt honour'd, and the dubious fight
Of sad Corunna's winter, and more bright
Douro, and Talavera's gory bays ;
Wise, modest, brave, in danger foremost found.—
O still, young warrior, may thy toil-earn'd praise,
With England's love, and England's honour
 crown'd,

Gild with delight thy Father's latter days !

IMITATION

OF

AN ODE BY KOODRUT, IN HINDOOSTANEE.

AMBITION'S voice was in my ear, she whisper'd
yesterday,

“ How goodly is the land of Room, how wide the
Russian sway !

How blest to conquer either realm, and dwell
through life to come,

Lull'd by the harp's melodious string, cheer'd by
the northern drum !”

But Wisdom heard ; “ O youth,” she said, “ in
passion's fetter tied,

O come and see a sight with me shall cure thee
of thy pride !”

She led me to a lonely dell, a sad and shady
ground,

Where many an ancient sepulchre gleamed in the
moonshine round.

And “Here Secunder sleeps,” she cried;—
“this is his rival’s stone ;

And here the mighty chief reclines who rear’d the
Median throne.

Inquire of these, doth aught of all their ancient
pomp remain,

Save late regret, and bitter tears for ever, and in
vain ?

Return, return, and in thy heart engraven keep
my lore ;

The lesser wealth, the lighter load,—small blame
betides the poor.”



HYMNS,

WRITTEN FOR

THE WEEKLY CHURCH SERVICE

OF

THE YEAR



HYMNS.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

MATT. XXI.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !

Hosanna to the incarnate Word !

To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,

Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;

Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;

Above, beneath us, and around,

The dead and living swell the sound ;

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Oh, Saviour ! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer !
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim !

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid thy spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee !

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

JOHN I.

THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruise'd, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind !

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride ?
Oh, God ! is this the crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

LUKE XXI.

IN the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be ;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise :
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear ;
And amid the thunder cloud
Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh !

'THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MATT. XI.

OH, Saviour, is thy promise fled ?

No longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor ?

Come, Jesus ! come ! return again ;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness !

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam.
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home !

Yet 'mid the wild and wint'ry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer ! rest on Thee !

Come, Jesus ! come ! and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day :

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there !

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE world is grown old, and her pleasures are
past ;

The world is grown old, and her form may not
last ;

The world is grown old, and trembles for fear ;
For sorrows abound and judgment is near !

'The sun in the heaven is languid and pale ;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale ;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is
near !

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour ;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near !

'The world is grown old!—but should we complain,

Who have tried her and know that her promise is vain?

Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,

And we look for our crown when judgment is near!

CHRISTMAS DAY.

OH, Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below ;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal wo !

Incarnate Word ! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died !

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell !

If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh may thy spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene

From sin preserve us free !

Like us thou hast a mourner been,

May we rejoice with Thee !

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in his train ?
Who best can drink his cup of wo,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong !
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the spirit came ;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane :
 They bow'd their necks the death to feel !
 Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.
 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !
 Oh, God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

OH, God ! who gav'st thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distress,
To look on thine incarnate face,
And lean on thy protecting breast :

To see the light that dimly shone,
Eclips'd for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of the Eternal One !
Through shadows of thy mortal veil !

Be ours, oh, King of Mercy ! still
To feel thy presence from above,
And in thy word, and in thy will,
To hear thy voice and know thy love ;

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee !

INNOCENT'S DAY.

Oh weep not o'er thy children's tomb,

Oh, Rachel, weep not so !

The bud is cropt by martyrdom,

The flower in heaven shall blow !

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife

Has miss'd its deadliest aim :

The God for whom they gave their life,

For them to suffer came !

Though feeble were their days and few,

Baptized in blood and pain,

He knows them, whom they never knew,

And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,

Oh, Rachel, weep not so !

The bud is cropt by martyrdom,

The flower in heaven shall blow !

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS;
OR, CIRCUMCISION.

LORD of mercy and of might !
Of mankind the life and light !
Maker, teacher infinite !

Jesus ! hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave Creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,

Jesus ! hear and save !

Mighty monarch ! Saviour mild !
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,

Jesus ! hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angel's wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !

Jesus ! hear and save !

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us ! help us when we cry !
Jesus ! hear and save !

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

LUKE II.

ABASH'D be all the boast of age !

Be hoary learning dumb !

Expounder of the mystic page,

Behold an Infant come !

Oh, Wisdom, whose unfading power

Beside th' Eternal stood,

To frame, in nature's earliest hour,

The land, the sky, the flood ;

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile

An infant form to wear ;

To bless thy mother with a smile,

And lisp thy falter'd prayer.

But, in thy Father's own abode,

With Israel's elders round,

Conversing high with Israel's God,

Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore thy name !
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage !

O 'Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
 Were all alike divine,

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
 To keep us still thine own !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

OH, hand of bounty, largely spread,
 By whom our every want is fed,
 Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
 We owe them all, oh Lord! to Thee ;
 The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
 Are all thy gifts, and only thine !

The stream thy word to nectar dyed,
 The bread thy blessing multiplied,
 The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
 That silent at thy mandate stood,
 How well they knew thy voice divine,
 Whose works they were, and only thine !

Though now no more on earth we trace
 Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
 Obedient to thy word and will
 We seek thy daily mercy still ;
 Its blessed beams around us shine,
 And thine we are, and only thine !

FOR THE SAME.

INCARNATE Word, who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity :

Oh, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,
And seated at the festal board,
In Fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in Fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think,—even now, thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys!

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind !

FOR THE SAME.

WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom display'd ;

When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Receiv'd their human guest ;

No sin his face defiling,
The heir of Nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good !

Yet in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known ;
A wish the heart distressing ;
For Adam was alone !

Oh, God of pure affection !
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board,

May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dis sever
Whom thou hast link'd in one !

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

MATT. VIII.

LORD ! whose love, in power excelling,
Wash'd the leper's stain away,
Jesus ! from thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray !

From the filth of vice and folly,
From infuriate passion's rage,
Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
Heedless youth and selfish age ;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions
Adam's ancient taint disclose,
From the tempter's dark intrusions,
Restless doubt and blind repose ;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
From the drunkard's jest obscene,
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
Jesus ! Master ! make us clean !

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
streaming,

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—"Help, Lord! or we
perish!"

Oh, Jesus! once toss'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—"Help, Lord! or we
perish!"

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord! or we
perish!"

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
“No longer stand ye idle here !

“ Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light !
Ah, fools ! why stand ye idle here ?

“ Oh, as the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here !

“ And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day !
And stand ye yet so idle here ?

“ One hour remains, there is but one !
But many a shriek and many a tear
Through endless years the guilt must moan
Of moments lost and wasted here ! ”

Oh Thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord !
And grant us grace to please thee here !

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

OH, God! by whom the seed is given ;
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word like manna shower'd from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care ;

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply ;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky !

QUINQUAGESIMA.

LORD of mercy and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light,
 Maker, teacher infinite,
 Jesus, hear and save !

Who, when sin's primæval doom
 Gave Creation to the tomb,
 Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
 Jesus, hear and save !

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
 Jesus, hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Jesus, hear and save !

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save !

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

VIRGIN-born ! we bow before thee !

Blessed was the womb that bore thee !

Mary, mother meek and mild,

Blessed was she in her child !

Blessed was the breast that fed thee !

Blessed was the hand that led thee !

Blessed was the parent's eye

That watch'd thy slumbering infancy !

Blessed she by all creation,

Who brought forth the world's salvation !

And blessed they, for ever blest,

Who love thee most and serve thee best !

Virgin-born ! we bow before thee !

Blessed was the womb that bore thee !

Mary, mother meek and mild,

Blessed was she in her child !

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

OH, King of earth and air and sea !

The hungry ravens cry to thee ;

To thee the scaly tribes that sweep

The bosom of the boundless deep ;

To thee the lions roaring call,

The common Father, kind to all !

Then grant thy servants, Lord ! we pray,

Our daily bread from day to day !

The fishes may for food complain ;

The ravens spread their wings in vain ;

The roaring lions lack and pine ;

But, God ! thou carest still for thine !

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless

The bleak and lonely wilderness ;

And thou hast taught us, Lord ! to pray

For daily bread from day to day !

And oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When, lost in danger, want, and wo,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;

Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant thy servants, Lord ! we pray,
The bread of life from day to day !

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

OH Thou, whom neither time nor space
 Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
 Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
 Save through thy Spirit and thy Son !

And Thou that from thy bright abode,
 To us in mortal weakness shown,
 Didst graft the manhood into God,
 Eternal, co-eternal Son !

And Thou whose unction from on high
 By comfort, light, and love is known !
 Who, with the parent Deity,
 Dread Spirit ! art for ever one !

Great First and Last ! thy blessing give !
 And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
 To love and praise thee while we live,
 And do whate'er thou would'st have done !

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth his voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
And, at his left hand and his right,
The rocks were rent asunder !

The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven his languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us he bore the weight of wo,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The king of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er Death and Hell defeated !

GOOD FRIDAY.

OH more than merciful ! whose bounty gave
Thy guiltless self to glut the greedy grave !
Whose heart was rent to pay thy people's price,
The great High-priest at once and sacrifice !
Help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain !

When sin with flow'ry garland hides her dart,
When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,
When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care,
Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare,—
Help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain !

And, chiefest then, when nature yields the strife,
And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life,
When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free,
Sinks at thy feet and lifts its hope to thee—
Help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain !
Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain !

EASTER DAY.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With his own right hand and his holy arm
He hath won the victory !

Now empty are the courts of death,
And crush'd thy sting, despair :
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there !

And he hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragg'd him through the sky,
And captive behind his chariot wheel,
He hath bound captivity !

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With his own right hand and his holy arm
He hath won the victory !

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LIFE nor Death shall us dissever
From his love who reigns for ever !
Will he fail us ? Never ! never !
When to him we cry !

Sin may seek to snare us,
Fury passion tear us !
Doubt and fear, and grim despair,
Their fangs against us try ;

But his might shall still defend us,
And his blessed Son befriend us,
And his Holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die !

ASCENSION DAY, AND SUNDAY AFTER.

“ Sit thou on my right hand, my Son !” saith
the Lord.

“ Sit thou on my right hand, my Son !
Till in the fatal hour
Of my wrath, and my power,
Thy foes shall be a footstool to thy throne !

“ Prayer shall be made to thee, my Son !” saith
the Lord.

“ Prayer shall be made to thee, my Son !
From earth and air and sea,
And all that in them be,
Which thou for thine heritage hast won !”

“ Daily be thou praised, my Son !” saith the Lord.

“ Daily be thou praised, my Son !
And all that live and move,
Let them bless thy bleeding love,
And the work which thy worthiness hath done !”

WHITSUNDAY.

SPIRIT of Truth ! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry;
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality !

We ask not, Lord ! thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore,

We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But thou in dark temptation's hour,
Shall chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love !

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !
God in three persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !

All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and
sky and sea.

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !

God in three persons, blessed Trinity !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Room for the proud ! Ye sons of clay,
 From far his sweeping pomp survey,
 Nor, rashly curious, clog the way
 His chariot wheels before !

Lo ! with what scorn his lofty eye
 Glances o'er age and poverty,
 And bids intruding conscience fly
 Far from his palace door !

Room for the proud ! but slow the feet
 That bear his coffin down the street :
 And dismal seems his winding-sheet
 Who purple lately wore !

Ah ! where must now his spirit fly
 In naked, trembling agony ?
 Or how shall he for mercy cry,
 Who show'd it not before !

Room for the proud ! in ghastly state
The lords of hell his coming wait,
And flinging wide the dreadful gate,
That shuts to ope no more,

“ Lo here with us the seat,” they cry,
“ For him who mock’d at poverty,
And bade intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door !”

FOR THE SAME.

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful death !
O grave, are these thy victory ?

The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These, these are not thy victory !

But, from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die !

To dream through life a gaudy dream
Of pride and pomp and luxury,
Till waken'd by the nearer gleam
Of burning, boundless agony ;

To meet o'er soon our angry king,
Whose love we past unheeded by ;
Lo this, O Death, thy deadliest sting !
O Grave, and this thy victory !

O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who deign'd for sinful man to die !
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor give to hell the victory !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away !

Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away !

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THERE was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came :
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
“ Glory to God in heaven !”

There was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in Heaven !

There was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem ;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—" On earth good will,
And glory in the Heaven !"

There is joy in heaven !
There is joy in heaven !
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way ;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in Heaven !

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I PRAIS'D the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I prais'd the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day ! ”

I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky !
And moon and sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numbered ! ”

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair !
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CREATOR of the rolling flood !

On whom thy people hope alone ;
 Who cam'st, by water and by blood,
 For man's offences to atone ;

Who from the labours of the deep
 Didst set thy servant Peter free,
 To feed on earth thy chosen sheep,
 And build an endless church to thee.

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
 And leaning on thy bounteous hand,
 To seek thy help in humble prayer,
 And on thy sacred rock to stand :

And when, our livelong toil to crown,
 Thy call shall set the spirit free,
 To cast with joy our burthen down,
 And rise, O Lord ! and follow thee !

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
laughing soil ;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil ;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his
Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that
love the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the
drowsy glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
his way,
The moon and stars, their Master's name in
silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the
sky,

Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise
deny ?

No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,

Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour,
honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
summer fade,

The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake
the shade ;

The winds be lull'd—the sun and moon forget
their old decree,

But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will
cling to thee.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
 Thou favour'd home of God on earth, thou heav'n
 below the sky!

Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse
 and grief to see,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for
 thee.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and
 flock'd beneath the wing
 Of him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed
 King,
 Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy
 pomp to see,
 And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons
 been free!

“ And who art thou that mournest me?” replied
 the ruin gray,
 “ And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a
 castaway?

I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given
to thee;
But wo to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

“ Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of
mercy spent,
For heavy was my children’s crime, and strange
their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned
be,
Who spared not his chosen seed may send his
wrath on thee!

“ Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in
its prime ;
Oh ! turn and seek thy Saviour’s face in this
accepted time !
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem thy home for ever be! ”

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“ Who yonder on the desert heath,
Complains in feeble tone ?”

—“ A pilgrim in the vale of death,
Faint, bleeding, and alone !”

“ How cam'st thou to this dismal strand
Of danger, grief, and shame ?”

—“ From blessed Sion's holy land,
By folly led, I came !”

“ What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare ?
Whose fury laid thee low ?”

—“ Sin for my footsteps twin'd her snare,
And death has dealt the blow !”

“ Can art no medicine for thy wound,
Nor nature strength supply ?”

—“ They saw me bleeding on the ground,
And pass'd in silence by !”

“ But, sufferer ! is no comfort near
Thy terrors to remove ? ”

—“ There is to whom my soul was dear,
But I have scorned his love. ”

“ What if his hand were nigh to save
From endless death thy days ? ”

—“ The soul he ransom'd from the grave
Should live but to his praise ! ”

“ Rise then, oh rise ! his health embrace,
With heavenly strength renew'd ;
And such as is thy Saviour's grace,
Such be thy gratitude ! ”

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lo ! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy ;
“ Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

“ Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow !
God provideth for the morrow !

“ One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny ;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall :
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;
God provideth for the morrow !”

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WAKE not, oh mother ! sounds of lamentation !

Weep not, oh widow ! weep not hopelessly !
 Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation,
 Strong is the word of God to succour thee !

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear
 him:

Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
 Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
 Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our
 weeping?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd?
 "Set down the bier—he is not dead but sleeping!
 "Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was
 obey'd !

Change, then, oh sad one! grief to exultation,
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong was the word of God to succour thee!

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

OH blest were the accents of early creation,
 When the Word of Jehovah came down from
 above ;

In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
 And wake their cold atoms to life and to love !

And mighty the tones which the firmament
 rended,

When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of
 the wind,

By light'ning, and hail, and thick darkness
 attended,

He utter'd on Sinai his laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of
 heaven,

(Though poor his apparel, though earthly his
 form,)

Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven!"

"Be whole!" to the sick,—and "Be still!" to the storm.

Oh, Judge of the world! when, array'd in thy glory,

Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,

While nature stands trembling and naked before thee,

And waits on thy sentence to live or to die;

When the heav'n shall fly fast from the sound of thy thunder,

And the sun, in thy lightnings, grow languid and pale,

And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,

In the hour of thy terrors, let mercy prevail!

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE sound of war ! In earth and air
The volleying thunders roll :
Their fiery darts the fiends prepare,
And dig the pit, and spread the snare,
Against the Christian's soul.
The tyrant's sword, the rack, the flame,
The scorner's serpent tone,
Of bitter doubt the barbed aim,
All, all conspire his heart to tame :
Force, fraud, and hellish fires assail
The rivets of his heavenly mail,
Amidst his foes alone.

Gods of the world ! ye warrior host
Of darkness and of air,
In vain is all your impious boast,
In vain each missile lightning tost,
In vain the tempter's snare !

Though fast and far your arrows fly,
 Though mortal nerve and bone
 Shrink in convulsive agony,
 The Christian can your rage defy ;
 Towers o'er his head salvation's crest,
 Faith, like a buckler, guards his breast,
 Undaunted, though alone.

'Tis past ! 'tis o'er ! in foul defeat
 The demon host are fled !
 Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,
 (His live-long work of faith complete,)

Their conqueror bends his head.
 " The spoils thyself hast gained, Lord !
 I lay before thy throne :
 Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword ;
 My trust was in thy name and word :
 'Twas in thy strength my heart was strong ;
 Thy spirit went with mine along ;
 How was I then alone ?"

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

OH God ! my sins are manifold, against my life
they cry,

And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to thy temple
fly ;

Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to des-
pair is driven ?

“ Forgive ! ” a blessed voice replied, “ and thou
shalt be forgiven ! ”

My foemen, Lord ! are fierce and fell, they spurn
me in their pride,

They render evil for my good, my patience they
deride ;

Arise, oh King ! and be the proud to righteous
ruin driven !

“ Forgive ! ” an awful answer came, “ as thou
would'st be forgiven ! ”

Seven times, Oh Lord! I pardon'd them, seven
times they sinn'd again :

They practise still to work me wo, they triumph
in my pain ;

But let them dread my vengeance now, to just re-
sentment driven !

“ Forgive !” the voice of thunder spake, “ or
never be forgiven !”

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FROM foes that would the land devour ;
 From guilty pride, and lust of power ;
 From wild sedition's lawless hour ;
 From yoke of slavery ;
 From blinded zeal by faction led ;
 From giddy change by fancy bred ;
 From poisonous error's serpent head,
 Good Lord, preserve us free !

Defend, oh God ! with guardian hand,
 The laws and ruler of our land,
 And grant our church thy grace to stand
 In faith and unity !
 The Spirit's help of thee we crave,
 That thou whose blood was shed to save,
 May'st, at thy second coming, have
 A flock to welcome thee !

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

To conquer and to save, the Son of God
Came to his own in great humility,
Who wont to ride on cherub wings abroad,
And round him wrap the mantle of the sky.
The mountains bent their necks to form his road ;
The clouds dropt down their fatness from on high ;
Beneath his feet the wild waves softly flow'd,
And the winds kissed his garment tremblingly !

The grave unbolted half his grisly door,
(For darkness and the deep had heard his fame,
Nor longer might their ancient rule endure ;)
The mightiest of mankind stood hush'd and tame :
And, trooping on strong wing, his angels came
To work his will, and kingdom to secure :
No strength he needed save his Father's name ;
Babes were his heralds, and his friends the poor !

FOR ST. JAMES' DAY.

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul,
Though friends are false and love decays,
And few and evil are my days,
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes,
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord ! I love thee still !

'Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
'Till nature, shrieking in the strife,
Would fly to hell, to 'scape from life,
'Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord ! I love thee still !

Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn ;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb :
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart ;
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will !
Thou lovest me, Lord ! thou lovest me still !

MICHAELMAS DAY.

OH, captain of God's host, whose dreadful might
Led forth to war the armed Seraphim,
And from the starry height,
Subdued in burning fight,
Cast down that ancient dragon, dark and grim !

Thine angels, Christ ! we laud in solemn lays,
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
Who, 'mid thy glory's blaze,
The ceaseless anthem raise,
And gird thy throne in faithful ministry !

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their king,
To mortal saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

But thee, the first and last, we glorify,
Who, when thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with thine own arm the battle win,

Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
Alone didst tread the wine-press, and alone,
All glorious in thy gore,
Didst light and life restore,
To us who lay in darkness and undone !

Therefore, with angels and archangels, we
To thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to thee
Who art, and ought to be,
And, endless as thy mercies, sound thy praise !

IN TIMES OF DISTRESS AND DANGER.

OH God, that madest earth and sky, the darkness
and the day,

Give ear to this thy family, and help us when we
pray !

For wide the waves of bitterness around our ves-
sel roar,

And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the
rocky shore !

The cross our master bore for us, for him we
fain would bear,

But mortal strength to weakness turns, and cour-
age to despair !

Then mercy on our failings, Lord ! our sinking faith
renew !

And when thy sorrows visit us, oh send thy pa-
tience too !

INTENDED TO BE SUNG ON OCCASION OF
HIS PREACHING A SERMON FOR THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
IN APRIL, 1820.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain !

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone !
o

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

AN INTROIT TO BE SUNG BETWEEN THE
LITANY AND COMMUNION SERVICE.

OH most merciful !

Oh most bountiful !

God the Father Almighty !

By the Redeemer's

Sweet intercession

Hear us, help us when we cry !

BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken !

Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !

By whom the words of life were spoken,

And in whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,

Look on the tears by sinners shed,

And be thy feast to us the token

That by thy grace our souls are fed !

AT A FUNERAL.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !

Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven !

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb :
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died !

Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;
But the mild rays of paradise beam'd on thy waking,

And the sound which thou heardest was the seraphim's song !

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide ;

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !*

* The following stanzas were written as an addition to the above hymn, by an English clergyman, on hearing of the decease of the author.

Thou art gone to the grave ! and whole nations bemoan thee,

Who caught from thy lips the glad tidings of peace :

Yet grateful, they still in their hearts shall enthrone thee,

And ne'er shall thy name from their memories cease.

Thou art gone to the grave! but thy work shall not
perish,

That work which the Spirit of wisdom hath blest;
His strength shall sustain it, his comforts shall cherish,
And make it to prosper, though thou art at rest.

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

OH, Saviour of the faithful dead,
With whom thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which thou hast trod before !

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedew'd my burning brow,
Whose arms upheld my head !

As fading from my dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groan'd to live again.

'Twas dreadful, when th' accuser's power
Assail'd my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part :

But, Jesus ! in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darken'd soul !

When soon or late this feeble breath
No more to thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way !

When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again
I wait thy dread decree,
Judge of the world ! bethink thee then
That thou hast died for me.



TRANSLATIONS

OF

PINDAR.



THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE HORSE
RACE.

CAN earth, or fire, or liquid air,
With water's sacred stream compare ?
Can aught that wealthy tyrants hold
Surpass the lordly blaze of gold ?—
Or lives there one, whose restless eye
Would seek along the empty sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian ray,
A warmer star, a purer day ?—
O thou, my soul, whose choral song
Would tell of contests sharp and strong,
Extol not other lists above
The circus of Olympian Jove ;
Whence borne on many a tuneful tongue,
To Saturn's seed the anthem sung,

With harp, and flute and trumpet's call,
Hath sped to Hiero's festival.—

Over sheep-clad Sicily

Who the righteous sceptre beareth,
Every flower of virtue's tree

Wove in various wreath he weareth.—

But the bud of poesy

Is the fairest flower of all ;
Which the bards, in social glee,

Strew round Hiero's wealthy hall.—

The harp on yonder pin suspended,

Seize it, boy, for Pisa's sake ;

And that good steed's, whose thought will
wake

A joy with anxious fondness blended :—

No sounding lash his sleek side rended :—

By Alpheus' brink, with feet of flame,
Self-driven, to the goal he tended :

And earn'd the olive wreath of fame

For that dear lord, whose righteous name
The sons of Syracuse tell :—

Who loves the generous courser well :

Belov'd himself by all who dwell

In Pelop's Lydian colony.—
—Of earth-embracing Neptune, he
The darling, when, in days of yore,
All lovely from the caldron red
By Clotho's spell delivered,
The youth an ivory shoulder bore.—

—Well!—these are tales of mystery!—
And many a darkly-woven lie
With men will easy credence gain ;
While truth, calm truth, may speak in vain ;
For eloquence, whose honey'd sway
Our frailer mortal wits obey,
Can honour give to actions ill,
And faith to deeds incredible ;—
And bitter blame, and praises high,
Fall truest from posterity.—

But, if we dare the deeds rehearse
Of those that aye endure,
'Twere meet that in such dangerous verse
Our every word were pure.—
Then, son of Tantalus, receive
A plain unvarnish'd lay!—

My song shall elder fables leave,
And of thy parent say,
That, when in heaven a favour'd guest,
He call'd the gods in turns to feast
On Sipylus, his mountain home :—
The sovereign of the ocean foam,
—Can mortal form such favour prove ?—
Rapt thee on golden car above
To highest house of mighty Jove ;
To which, in after day,
Came golden-haired Ganymede,
As bard in ancient story read,
The dark-wing'd eagle's prey.—

And when no earthly tongue could tell
The fate of thee, invisible ;—
Nor friends, who sought thee wide in vain,
To sooth thy weeping mother's pain,
Could bring the wanderer home again ;
Some envious neighbour's spleen,
In distant hints, and darkly, said,
That in the caldron hissing red,
And on the god's great table spread,
Thy mangled limbs were seen.—

But who shall tax, I dare not, I,
The blessed gods with gluttony ?—
Full oft the sland'rous tongue has felt
By their high wrath the thunder dealt ;—
And sure, if ever mortal head
Heaven's holy watchers honoured,
That head was Lydia's lord.—
Yet, could not mortal heart digest
The wonders of that heavenly feast ;
Elate with pride, a thought unblest
Above his nature soar'd.—
And now, condemn'd to endless dread,—
(Such is the righteous doom of fate,)
He eyes, above his guilty head,
The shadowy rocks' impending weight :—
The fourth, with that tormented three
In horrible society !—

For that, in frantic theft,
The nectar cup he reft,
And to his mortal peers in feasting pour'd
For whom a sin it were
With mortal life to share
The mystic dainties of th' immortal board :

And who by policy
Can hope to 'scape the eye
Of him who sits above by men and gods ador'd ?

For such offence, a doom severe,
Sent down the sun to sojourn here
Among the fleeting race of man ;—
Who, when the curly down began
To clothe his cheek in darker shade,
To car-borne Pisa's royal maid
A lover's tender service paid.—
But, in the darkness first he stood
Alone, by ocean's hoary flood,
And raised to him the suppliant cry,
The hoarse earth-shaking deity.—

Nor call'd in vain, through cloud and storm
Half-seen, a huge and shadowy form,

The god of waters came.—

He came, whom thus the youth address'd—

“ Oh thou, if that immortal breast

Have felt a lover's flame,
A lover's prayer in pity hear,
Repel the tyrant's brazen spear

That guards my lovely dame !—
And grant a car whose rolling speed
May help a lover at his need ;
Condemn'd by Pisa's hand to bleed,
Unless I win the envied meed
In Elis' field of fame !—

For youthful knights thirteen
By him have slaughter'd been,
His daughter vexing with perverse delay.—
Such to a coward's eye
Were evil augury ;—
Nor durst a coward's heart the strife essay !
Yet, since alike to all
The doom of death must fall,
Ah ! wherefore, sitting in unseemly shade,
Wear out a nameless life,
Remote from noble strife,
And all the sweet applause to valour paid ?—
Yes !—I will dare the course ! but, thou,
Immortal friend, my prayer allow !"—

Thus, not in vain, his grief he told—
The ruler of the wat'ry space

Bestow'd a wondrous car of gold,
And tireless steeds of winged pace.—
So, victor in the deathful race,
He tam'd the strength of Pisa's king,
And, from his bride of beauteous face,
Beheld a stock of warriors spring,
Six valiant sons, as legends sing.—
And now, with fame and virtue crown'd,
Where Alpheus' stream in wat'ry ring,
Encircles half his turfy mound,
He sleeps beneath the piled ground ;
Near that blest spot where strangers move
In many a long procession round
The altar of protecting Jove.—
Yet chief, in yonder lists of fame,
Survives the noble Pelop's name ;
Where strength of hands and nimble feet
In stern and dubious contest meet ;
And high renown and honey'd praise,
And following length of honour'd days,
The victor's weary toil repays.—

But what are past or future joys ?—

The present is our own !—

And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone.—
To crown with knightly wreath the king,
(A grateful task,) be mine ;
And on the smooth Æolian string
To praise his ancient line !—
For ne'er shall wandering minstrel find
A chief so just,—a friend so kind ;
With every grace of fortune blest ;
The mightiest, wisest, bravest, best !—

God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds,
Have thee in charge, king Hiero !—so again
The bard may sing thy horny-hoofed steeds
In frequent triumph o'er the Olympian plain ;
Nor shall the Bard awake a lowly strain,
His wild notes flinging o'er the Cronian steep ;
Whose ready muse, and not invoked in vain,
For such high mark her strongest shaft shall keep.

Each hath his proper eminence !
To kings indulgent, Providence

(No farther search the will of Heaven)
The glories of the earth hath given.—
Still may'st thou reign ! enough for me
To dwell with heroes like to thee,
Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.—

II.

TO THERON OF AGRAGAS, VICTOR IN THE
CHARIOT RACE.

O SONG ! whose voice the harp obeys,
Accordant aye with answering string ;
What god, what hero wilt thou praise,
What man of godlike prowess sing ?—
Lo, Jove himself is Pisa's king ;
And Jove's strong son the first to raise
The barriers of th' Olympic ring.—
And now, victorious on the wing
Of sounding wheels, our bards proclaim
The stranger Theron's honour'd name,
The flower of no ignoble race,
And prop of ancient Agragas !—

His patient sires, for many a year,
Where that blue river rolls its flood,
Mid fruitless war and civil blood

Essay'd their sacred home to rear,—
Till time assign'd, in fatal hour,
Their native virtues, wealth and power ;

And made them from their low degree,
The eye of warlike Sicily.

And, may that power of ancient birth,
From Saturn sprung, and parent Earth,
Of tall Olympus' lord,

Who sees with still benignant eye
The games' long splendour sweeping by
His Alpheus' holy ford :—

Appeas'd with anthems chanted high,
To Theron's late posterity

A happier doom accord !—
Or good or ill, the past is gone,
Nor time himself, the parent one,
Can make the former deeds undone ;—

But who would these recall,—
When happier days would fain efface
The memory of each past disgrace,
And, from the gods, on Theron's race
Unbounded blessings fall ?—

Example meet for such a song,
The sister queens of Laius' blood ;
Who sorrow's edge endured long,
Made keener by remember'd good !—

Yet now, she breathes the air of Heaven
(On earth by smouldering thunder riven.)

Long-haired Semele :—

To Pallas dear is she ;—

Dear to the sire of gods, and dear
To him, her son, in dreadful glee
Who shakes the ivy-wreathed spear.—

And thus, they tell that deep below
The sounding ocean's ebb and flow,
Amid the daughters of the sea,
A sister nymph must Ino be,
And dwell in bliss eternally :—

But, ignorant and blind,
We little know the coming hour ;
Or if the latter day shall low'r ;
Or if to nature's kindly power

Our life in peace resign'd,
Shall sink like fall of summer eve,
And on the face of darkness leave

A ruddy smile behind.—

For grief and joy with fitful gale
Our crazy bark by turns assail,

And, whence our blessings flow,
'That same tremendous Providence
Will oft a varying doom dispense,
And lay the mighty low.—

To Theban Laius that befell,
Whose son, with murder dyed,
Fulfill'd the former oracle,
Unconscious parricide !—
Unconscious !—yet avenging hell
Pursued th' offender's stealthy pace,
And heavy, sure, and hard it fell,
The curse of blood, on all his race !—

Spar'd from their kindred strife,
The young Thersander's life,
Stern Polynices' heir, was left alone :

In every martial game,
And in the field of fame,
For early force and matchless prowess known :—
Was left, the pride and prop to be
Of good Adrastus' pedigree.
And hence, through loins of ancient kings,
The warrior blood of Theron springs ;

Exalted name ! to whom belong

The minstrel's harp, the poet's song,

In fair Olympia crown'd ;

And where, mid Pythia's olives blue,

An equal lot his brother drew :

And where his twice-twain coursers flew

The isthmus twelve times round.—

Such honour, earn'd by toil and care,

May best his ancient wrongs repair,

And wealth, unstain'd by pride,

May laugh at fortune's fickle power,

And blameless in the tempting hour

Of syren ease abide :—

Led by that star of heavenly ray,

Which best may keep our darkling way

O'er life's unsteady tide !—

For, whoso holds in righteousness the throne,

He in his heart hath known

How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,

In chambers dark and dread,

Of nether earth abide, and penal flame :

Where he, whom none may name,

Lays bare the soul by stern necessity ;

Seated in judgment high ;
The minister of God whose arm is there,
In heaven alike and hell, almighty every where !

But, ever bright, by day, by night,
Exulting in excess of light ;
From labour free and long distress,
The good enjoy their happiness.—
No more the stubborn soil they cleave,
Nor stem for scanty food the wave ;
But with the venerable gods they dwell :—
No tear bedims their thankful eye,
Nor mars their long tranquillity ;
While those accursed howl in pangs unspeakable.

But, but who the thrice-renew'd probation
Of either world may well endure ;
And keep with righteous destination
The soul from all transgression pure ;
To such and such alone is given,
To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
To that tall city of almighty time,
Where Ocean's balmy breezes play,
And, flashing to the western day,

The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,
Now in the happy isles are seen
Sparkling through the groves of green ;
And now, all glorious to behold,
Tinge the wave with floating gold.—

Hence are their garlands woven—hence their
hands
Fill'd with triumphal boughs ;—the righteous
doom
Of Rhadamanthus, whom, o'er these his lands,
A blameless judge in every time to come,
Chronos, old Chronos, sire of gods hath placed ;
Who with his consort dear,
Dread Rhea, reigneth here,
On cloudy throne with deathless honour graced.

And still, they say, in high communion,
Peleus and Cadmus here abide ;
And, with the blest in blessed union,
(Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied.)
The daughter of the ancient sea
Hath brought her warrior boy to be ;

Him whose stern avenging blow
Laid the prop of Ilium low,
Hector, train'd to slaughter, fell,
By all but him invincible ;—
And sea-born Cynus tamed ; and slew
Aurora's knight of Ethiop hue.—

Beneath my rattling belt I wear
A sheaf of arrows keen and clear,
Of vocal shafts, that wildly fly,
Nor ken the base their import high,
Yet to the wise they breathe no vulgar melody.
Yes, he is wise whom nature's dower
Hath raised above the crowd.—
But, train'd in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power,
As daws who mark the eagle tower,
And croak in envy loud !—
So let them rail ! but thou, my heart !
Rest on the bow thy levell'd dart ;
Nor seek a worthier aim
For arrow sent on friendship's wing,
Than him the Agragantine king
Who best thy song may claim.—

For, by eternal truth I swear,
His parent town shall scanty bear
A soul to every friend so dear,
A breast so void of blame ;
Though twenty lustres rolling round
With rising youth her nation crown'd,
In heart, in hand, should none be found
Like Theron's honour'd name.—
Yes ! we have heard the factious lie !—
But let the babbling vulgar try
To blot his worth with tyranny.—
Seek thou the ocean strand !—
And when thy soul would fain record
The bounteous deeds of yonder lord,
Go—reckon up the sand !

III.

TO THE SAME.

MAY my solemn strain ascending
Please the long-hair'd Helen well,
And those brave twins of Leda's shell
The stranger's holy cause defending !
With whose high name the chorus blending
To ancient Agragas shall rise,
And Theron for the chariot prize
Again, and not in vain, contending.—
The muse, in numbers bold and high,
Hath taught my Dorian note to fly,
Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony.
Yes !—as I fix mine eager view
On yonder wreath of paly blue,
That olive wreath, whose shady round
Amid the courser's mane is bounded ;
I feel again the sacred glow
That bids my strain of rapture flow,
With shrilly breath of Spartan flute,
The many-voiced harp to suit ;
And wildly fling my numbers sweet,
Again mine ancient friend to greet.—

Nor, Pisa, thee I leave unstrung ;
To men the parent of renown.
Amid whose shady ringlets strung,
Etolia binds her olive crown ;
Whose sapling root from Scythian down
And Ister's fount Alcides bare,
To deck his parent's hallow'd town ;
With placid brow and suppliant prayer
Soothing the favour'd northern seed,
Whose horny-hoofed victims bleed
To Phœbus of the flowing hair.

A boon from these the hero pray'd :
One graft of that delightful tree ;
To Jove's high hill a welcome shade,
To men a blessed fruit to be,
And crown of future victory.—
For that fair moon, whose slender light
With inefficient horn had shone,
When late on Pisa's airy height
He rear'd to Jove the altar stone ;
Now, through the dappled air, alone,
In perfect ring of glory bright,
Guided her golden-wheeled throne ;

The broad and burning eye of night.—
And now the days were told aright,
When Alpheus, from his sandy source,
Should judge the champion's eager might,
And mark of wheels the rolling force.—
Nor yet a tree to cheer the sight
The Cronian vale of Pelops bore ;—
Obnoxious to the noonday weight
Of summer suns, a naked shore.—

But she who sways the silent sky,
Latona's own equestrian maid,
Beheld how far Alcides stray'd,
Bound on adventure strange and high :
Forth from the glens of Arcady
To Istrian rocks in ice array'd
He urged th' interminable race,
(Such penance had Eurystheus laid,)
The golden-horned hind to chase,
Which, grateful for Diana's aid,
By her redeem'd from foul embrace,
Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.—
Thus, following where the quarry fled,

Beyond the biting North he past,
Beyond the regions of blast,
And, all unknown to traveller's tread,
He saw the blessed land at last.—
He stopt, he gazed with new delight,
When that strange verdure met his sight ;
And soft desire enflamed his soul
(Where twelve-times round the chariots roll,)
To plant with such the Pisan goal.

But now, unseen to mortal eyes,
He comes to Theron's sacrifice ;
And with him brings to banquet there
High-bosom'd Leda's knightly pair.—
Himself to high Olympus bound,
To these a latest charge he gave,
A solemn annual feast to found,
And of contending heroes round
To deck the strong, the swift, the brave.—
Nor doubt I that on Theron's head,
And on the good Emmenides,
The sons of Jove their blessings shed ;
Whom still, with bounteous tables spread,

That holy tribe delight to please ;
Observing with religious dread
The hospitable god's decrees.—

But, wide as water passeth earthy clay,
Or sun-bright gold transcendeth baser ore ;
Wide as from Greece to that remotest shore
Whose rock-built pillars own Alcides' sway ;
Thy fame hath past thine equals !—To explore
The further ocean all in vain essay,
Or fools or wise ;—here from thy perilous way
Cast anchor here, my bark ! I dare no more !—

IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

OH, urging on the tireless speed
Of Thunder's elemental steed,
Lord of the world, Almighty Jove !
Since these thine hours have me forth
The witness of thy champions' worth,
And prophet of thine olive grove ;—
And since the good thy poet hear,
And hold his tuneful message dear ;—
Saturnian Lord of Etna hill !—
Whose storm-cemented rocks encage
The hundred-headed rebel's rage ;
Accept with favourable will
The Muses' gift of harmony ;
The dance, the song, whose numbers high
Forbid the hero's dame to die,
A crown of life abiding still !—

Hark ! round the car of victory,
Where noble Psaumis sits on high,

The cheering notes resound ;
Who vows to swell with added fame
His Camarina's ancient name ;
With Pisan olive crown'd.—
And thou, oh father, hear his prayer !—
For much I praise the knightly care
That trains the warrior steed :—
Nor less the hospitable hall
Whose open doors the stranger call ;—
Yet, praise I Psaumis most of all
For wise and peaceful rede,
And patriot love of liberty.—
—What ?—do we wave the glozing lie?—
Then whoso list my truth to try,
The proof be in the deed !—

To Lemnos's laughing dames of yore,
Such was the proof Ernicus bore,
When, matchless in his speed,
All brazen-arm'd the racer hoar,
Victorious on the applauding shore,
Sprang to the proffer'd meed ;—
Bow'd to the queen his wreathed head ;—
“ Thou seest my limbs are light,” he said ;

“ And, lady, may'st thou know,
That ev'ry joint is firmly strung,
And hand and heart alike are young ;
Though treacherous time my locks among
Have strew'd a summer snow !”

V.

TO THE SAME.

ACCEPT of these Olympian games the crown,
Daughter of Ocean, rushy Camarine !—
The flower of knightly worth and high renown,
Which car-borne Psaumis on thy parent shrine,
(Psaumis, the patriot, whom thy peopled town
Its second author owns,) with rite divine
Suspends !—His praise the twice six altars tell
Of the great gods whom he hath feasted well
With blood of bulls ; the praise of victory,

Where cars and mules and steeds contest the
prize ;

And that green garland of renown to thee

He hallows, virgin daughter of the sea !

And to his sire and household deities—

Thee too, returning home from Pelop's land,

Thee, guardian Pallas, and thy holy wood,

He hails with song ; and cool Oanus' flood ;

And of his native pool the rushy strand ;

And thy broad bed, refreshing Hipparis,

Whose silent waves the peopled city kiss ;

That city which hath blest his bounteous hand,

Rearing her goodly bowers on high.—

That now, redeem'd from late disgrace,

The wealthy mother of a countless race,

She lifts her front in shining majesty.—

'Tis ever thus ! by toil, and pain,

And cumbrous cost, we strive to gain

Some seeming prize whose issues lie

In darkness and futurity.

And yet, if conquest crown our aim,

Then, foremost in the rolls of fame,

Even from the envious herd a forced applause we
claim.

O cloud-enthron'd, protecting Jove,
Who sitt'st the Cronian cliffs above,
And Alpheus' ample wave,
And that dark gloom hast deign'd to love
Of Ida's holy cave !

On softest Lydian notes to thee

I tune the choral prayer,
That this thy town, the brave, the free,
The strong in virtuous energy,
May feel thine endless care.—

And, victor thou, whose matchless might

The Pisan wreath hath bound ;
Still, Psaumis, be thy chief delight
In generous coursers found.—

Calm be thy latter age, and late
And gently fall the stroke of fate,

Thy children standing round !—
And know, when favouring gods have given
A green old age, a temper even,
And wealth and fame in store,
The task were vain to scale the heaven ;—
—Have those immortals more ?—

VI.

TO AGESIAS OF SYRACUSE.

Who seeks a goodly bower to raise,
Conspicuous to the stranger's eye,
With gold the lintel overlays,
And clothes the porch in ivory.—

So bright, so bold, so wonderful,
The choicest themes of verse I cull,
To each high song a frontal high!—

But, lives there one whose brows around
The green Olympian wreath is bound;
Prophet and priest in those abodes
Where Pisans laud the sire of gods;
And Syracuse's denizen?—

Who, 'mid the sons of mortal men,
While envy's self before his name
Abates her rage, may fitlier claim
Whate'er a bard may yield of fame?

For sure to no forbidden strife,
In hallow'd Pisa's field of praise,
He came, the priest of blameless life !—
Nor who in peace hath past his days,
Marring with canker sloth his might,
May hope a name in standing fight
Nor in the hollow ship to raise !—

By toil, illustrious toil alone,
Of elder times the heroes shone ;
And, bought by like emprise, to thee,
Oh warrior priest, like honour be !—
Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him, the prophet chief of yore,
When, snatch'd from Thebes' accursed fight,
With steed and car and armour bright,
Down, down he sank to earthy night.—

When the fight was ended,
And the sevenfold pyres
All their funeral fires
In one sad lustre blended.

The leader of the host

Murmur'd mournfully,
“ I lament for the eye
Of all mine army lost !—
To gods and mortals dear,
Either art he knew ;
Augur tried and true,
And strong to wield the spear !”
And by the powers divine,
Such praise is justly thine,
Oh Syracusan peer,
For of a gentle blood thy race is sprung,
As she shall truly tell, the muse of honey'd
tongue.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
And, Phintis, climb the car with me ;
For well they know the path to trace
Of yonder victor's pedigree !—

Unbar the gates of song, unbar !—
For we to day must journey far,
To Sparta, and to Pitane.—

She, mournful nymph, and nursing long
Her silent pain and virgin wrong,

To Neptune's rape a daughter fair,
Evadne of the glossy hair,
(Dark as the violet's darkest shade,)
In solitary sorrow bare.
Then to her nurse the infant maid
She weeping gave, and bade convey
To high Phersana's hall away :
Where woman-grown, and doom'd to prove
In turn a god's disastrous love,
Her charms allured the lord of day.

Nor long the months, ere, fierce in pride,
The painful tokens of disgrace
Her foster-father sternly eyed,
Fruit of the furtive god's embrace.—

He spake not, but, with soul on flame,
He sought th' unknown offender's name,
At Phœbus' Pythian dwelling place.—

But she, beneath the greenwood spray,
Her zone of purple silk untied ;
And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely pressed her heaving side ;
While, in the solitary wood,

Lucina's self to aid her stood,
And fate a secret force supplied.—

But, who the mother's pang can tell,
As sad and slowly she withdrew,
And bade her babe a long farewell,
Laid on a bed of violets blue ?—

When ministers of Heaven's decree,
(Dire nurses they and strange to see,)
Two scaly snakes of azure hue
Watch'd o'er his helpless infancy,
And, rifled from the mountain bee,
Bare on their forked tongues a harmless honey
dew.—

Swift roll the wheels ! from Delphos home
Arcadia's car-borne chief is come ;

But, ah, how chang'd his eye !—
His wrath is sunk, and past his pride,
“ Where is Evande's babe,” he cried,
“ Child of the deity ?
“ ’Twas thus the augur god replied,
“ Nor strove his noble seed to hide ;
“ And to his favoured boy, beside,

“ The gift of prophecy,
“ And power beyond the sons of men
“ The secret things of fate to ken,
“ His blessing will supply.”—

But, vainly, from his liegemen round,
He sought the noble child ;
Who, naked on the grassy ground,
And nurtur'd in the wild,
Was moisten'd with the sparkling dew
Beneath his hawthorn bower ;
Where morn her wat'ry radiance threw,
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet flower.—

From that dark bed of breathing bloom
His mother gave his name ;
And Iamus, through years to come,
Will live in lasting fame ;
Who, when the blossom of his days,
Had ripen'd on the tree,
From forth the brink where Alpheus strays,
Invok'd the god whose sceptre sways
The hoarse resounding sea ;

And, whom the Delian isle obeys,

The archer deity.—

Alone amid the nightly shade,

Beneath the naked heaven he pray'd,

And sire and grandsire call'd to aid ;

When lo, a voice that loud and dread

Burst from the horizon free ;

“ Hither !” it spake, “ to Pisa's shore !

“ My voice, oh son, shall go before,

“ Beloved, follow me !”—

So, in the visions of his sire, he went

Where Cronium's scarr'd and barren brow

Was red with morning's earliest glow

Though darkness wrapt the nether element.—

There, in a lone and craggy dell,

A double spirit on him fell,

Th' unlying voice of birds to tell,

And, (when Alcmena's son should found

The holy games in Elis crown'd,)

By Jove's high altar evermore to dwell,

Prophet and priest !—From him descend

The fathers of our valiant friend,

Wealthy alike and just and wise,

Who trod the plain and open way ;
And who is he that dare despise
With galling taunt the Cronian prize,
Or their illustrious toil gainsay,
Whose chariots whirling twelve times round
With burning wheels the Olympian ground
Have guilt their brow with glory's ray ?

For, not the steams of sacrifice
From cool Cyllene's height of snow,
Nor vainly from thy kindred rise
The heaven-appeasing litanies
To Hermes, who, to men below,
Or gives the garland or denies :—
By whose high aid, Agesias, know,
And his, the thunderer of the skies,
The olive wreath hath bound thy brow !—

Arcadian ! Yes, a warmer zeal
Shall whet my tongue thy praise to tell !
I feel the sympathetic flame
Of kindred love ;—a Theban I,
Whose parent nymph from Arcady
(Metope's daughter, Thebe) came.—
Dear fountain goddess, warrior maid,

By whose pure rills my youth hath play'd ;
Who now assembled Greece among,
To car-borne chiefs and warriors strong,
Have wove the many-colour'd song.—

Then, minstrel ! bid thy chorus rise
To Juno, queen of deities,
Parthenian lady of the skies !
For, live there yet who dare defame
With sordid mirth our country's name ;
Who tax with scorn our ancient line,
And call the brave Bœotians swine ;—
Yet, Æneas, sure thy numbers high
May charm their brutish enmity ;
Dear herald of the holy muse,
And teeming with Parnassian dews,
Cup of untasted harmony !—
That strain once more !—The chorus raise
To Syracuse's wealthy praise,
And his the lord whose happy reign
Controls Trinceria's ample plain,
 Hiero, the just, the wise,
 Whose steamy offerings rise
To Jove, to Ceres, and that darling maid,

Whom, rapt in chariot bright,
And horses silver-white,
Down to his dusky bower the lord of hell convey'd !

Oft hath he heard the muses' string resound
His honour'd name ; and may his latter days,
With wealth and worth, and minstrel garlands
crown'd,

Mark with no envious ear a subject praise,
Who now from fair Arcadia's forest wide
To Syracuse, homeward, from his home
Returns, a common care, a common pride,—
(And, whoso darkling braves the ocean foam,
May safeliest moor'd with twofold anchor ride.)
Arcadia, Sicily, on either side
Guard him with prayer ; and thou who rulest the
deep,

Fair Amphitrite's lord ! in safety keep
His tossing keel,—and evermore to me
No meaner theme assign of poesy !

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
HINDOOSTANEE.



SONNET BY THE LATE NAWAB OF OUDE,
ASUF UD DOWLA.

IN those eyes the tears that glisten as in pity for
my pain,

Are they gems, or only dew-drops ? can they, will
they long remain ?

Why thy strength of tyrant beauty thus, with seem-
ing ruth, restrain ?

Better breathe my last before thee, than in linger-
ing grief remain !

To yon planet, Fate has given every month to
wax and wane ;

And—thy world of blushing brightness--can it,
will it, long remain ?

Health and youth in balmy moisture on thy cheek
their seat maintain ;

But—the dew that steeps the rose-bud—can it,
will it long remain ?

Asuf! why, in mournful numbers, of thine absence
thus complain,

Chance had joined us, chance has parted!—nought
on earth can long remain.

In the world may'st thou, beloved! live exempt from
grief and pain !

On my lips the breath is fleeting,—can it, will it
long remain ?

FROM THE GULISTAN.

“ Brother ! know the world deceiveth !
Trust on Him who safety giveth !
Fix not on the world thy trust,
She feeds us—but she turns to dust,
And the bare earth or kingly throne
Alike may serve to die upon !”

FROM THE SAME.

“ The man who leaveth life behind,
May well and boldly speak his mind ;
Where flight is none from battle field,
We blithely snatch the sword and shield ;
Where hope is past, and hate is strong,
The wretch’s tongue is sharp and long ;
Myself have seen, in wild despair,
The feeble cat the mastiff tear.”

FROM THE SAME.

“ Who the silent man can prize,
If a fool he be or wise ?
Yet, though lonely seem the wood,
Therein may lurk the beast of blood.
Often bashful looks conceal
Tongue of fire and heart of steel,
And deem not thou, in forest gray,
Every dappled skin thy prey ;
Lest thou rouse, with luckless spear,
The tiger for the fallow-deer !”

NOTES.



NOTES.

P. 4. l. 4.

Folds his dank wing.

Alluding to the usual manner in which Sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. “*κλωττων υγρον νωτον αλωει.*”

P. 4. l. 5.

Ye warrior sons of heaven.

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

P. 4. l. 8.

Sion's towery steep.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. “The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the hill of Bashan.”

P. 4. l. 14.

Mysterious harpings.

See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

P. 4. l. 21.

Then should my Muse.

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

P. 5. l. 4.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate.

St. Matthew, xxiv. 38.

P. 5. l. 9.

The seer.

Moses.

P. 5. l. 14.

Almotana's tide.

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

P. 5. l. 18.

The robber riots, or the hermit prays.

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

P. 5. l. 22.

Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold.

The untameable spirit, feudal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very in-

teresting. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a small volume on their history; Paris, 1763. 12mo.

P. 6. l. 5.

Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear.

"The Turkish Sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane." Sir W. Jones's 1st Discourse to the Asiatic Society.

P. 6. l. 14.

Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold.

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

P. 6. l. 20.

And unrestrained the generous vintage flows.

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

P. 7. l. 8.

Arabia's parent.

Hagar.

P. 7. l. 18.

The guarded fountains shine.

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

P. 7. l. 19.

Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and, Kedar, thine!

See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vales.

P. 7. l. 24.

*Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.*

“Thine eye shall not spare them.”

P. 8. l. 4.

Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice.

A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

P. 8. l. 14.

And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source.

Psalm cxiv.

P. 8. l. 17.

*To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine!*

See Psalm lxxx. 8—14.

P. 9. l. 14.

The harness'd Amorite.

Josh. x.

P. 10. l. 4.

Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

P. 10. l. 12.

The mighty master of the iv'ry throne.

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

P. 10. l. 18.

Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd.

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

P. 11. l. 4.

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Palmyra ("Tadmor in the desert") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek, and the various Travels into the East, more particularly Chardin's, in which, after a minute and interesting description of the majestic ruins of Estakhar, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, an account follows of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. Ed. Amst. 1735, 4to. Vide also Sale's Koran; D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. (article Soliman Ben Dao ud); and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, passim.

P. 11. l. 8.

Houseless Santon.

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

P. 11. l. 14.

How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

Numbers xxiv. 5.

P. 11. l. 15.

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore.

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

P. 11. l. 16.

And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore.

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

P. 12. l. 6.

The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.

Psalm xxiv. 7.

P. 12. l. 7.

No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung.

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

P. 12. l. 12.

View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.

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

P. 12. l. 14.

Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.

Psalm cxxiv. 4.

P. 14. l. 20.

Weep for your country, for your children weep!

Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

P. 15. l. 10.

And the pale parent drank her children's gore.

Josephus vi. p. 1275. Ed. Huds.

P. 16. l. 2.

The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride.

The Roman notions of humanity cannot have been very exalted when they ascribed so large a share to Titus. For the horrible details of his conduct during the siege of Jerusalem and after its capture, the reader is referred to Josephus. When we learn that so many captives were crucified, that *δια το πληθος χωρα τε ενελειπετο τοις στυροισ και στυροι τοις σαμασιν*; and that after all was over, in cold blood and merriment, he celebrated his brother's birthday with similar sacrifices; we can hardly doubt as to the nature of that untold crime, which disturbed the dying moments of the "darling of the human race." After all, the cruelties of this man are probably softened in the high priest's narrative. The fall of Jerusalem nearly resembles that of Zaragoza, but it is a Morla who tells the tale.

P. 17. l. 3.

Yon pompous shrine.

The temple of the Sepulchre.

P. 17. l. 4.

And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.

See Cotovicus, p. 179, and from him Sandys.*

P. 17. l. 8.

The British queen.

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

P. 17. l. 12.

And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword.

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

P. 17. l. 16.

The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.

Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of phrenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must however recollect, that, had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power; and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

P. 17. l. 21.

*While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.*

See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe. liv. i.

P. 18. l. 2.

Tabaria's stream.

Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

P. 18. l. 8.

By northern Brenn, or Scythian Timur led.

Brennus, and Tamerlane.

P. 18. l. 11.

*There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien
advance.*

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

P. 18. l. 12.

Form the long line.

The line (*combat a la haye*), according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Créci were drawn up thirty deep.

P. 18. l. 22.

Whose giant force Britannia's armies led.

All the British nations served under the same banner.

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

Tasso, Gierusal. lib. i. 44.

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

P. 19. l. 3.

Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear

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

P. 20. l. 18.

And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.

Psalm ii. 3. cvii. 16.

P. 20. l. 19.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring.

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

P. 21. l. 5.

Courts the bright vision of descending power.

“ That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God.” Rev. xxi. 10.

P. 21. l. 6.

Tells every gate and measures every tower.

Ezekiel xl.

P. 21. l. 9.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form.

Rev. x.

P. 21. l. 18.

Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there.

Rev. xx.

P. 21. l. 22.

God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.

“ And I saw no temple therein for the Lord God Al-

mighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi. 22.

P. 22. l. 2.

And the dry bones be warm with life again.

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

P. 25. l. 6.

In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.

The opening lines of this poem were really composed in the situation (the Park of Dresden), and under the influence of the feelings, which they attempt to describe. The disastrous issue of King Frederic's campaign took away from the author all inclination to continue them, and they remained neglected till the hopes of Europe were again revived by the illustrious efforts of the Spanish people.

P. 26. l. 12.

Pratzen's hill.

The hill of Pratzen was the point most obstinately contested in the great battle which has taken its name from the neighbouring town of Austerlitz; and here the most dreadful slaughter took place, both of French and Russians. The author had, a few weeks before he wrote the above, visited every part of this celebrated field.

P. 26. l. 18.

And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humble crest.

It is necessary perhaps to mention, that, by freedom, in this and in other passages of the present poem, political liberty is understood in opposition to the usurpation of any single European state. In the particular instance of Spain, however, it is a hope which the author has not yet seen reason to abandon, that a struggle so nobly maintained by popular energy, must terminate in the establishment not only of national independence, but of civil and religious liberty.

P. 27. l. 7.

Gallia's vaunting train.

The confidence and shameful luxury of the French nobles, during the seven years' war, are very sarcastically noticed by Templeman.

P. 31. l. 4.

Where youthful Lewis led.

Prince Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, who fell gloriously with almost the whole of his regiment.

P. 31. l. 7.

By her whose charms, &c.

The Queen of Prussia; beautiful, unfortunate, and unsubdued by the severest reverses.

P. 31. l. 13.

The covering cherub, &c.

"Thou art the anointed cherub that coverest."—Addressed to Tyre, by Ezekiel, xxviii. 14.

P. 37. l. 10.

Inez' grave.

Inez de Castro, the beloved mistress of the Infant Don Pedro, son of Alphonso IV. King of Portugal, and stabbed by the orders, and, according to Camoens, in the presence of that monarch. A fountain near Coimbra, the scene of their loves and misfortunes, is still pointed out by tradition, and called Amores.—De la Clede, Hist. de Portugalle, 4to tom. i. page 282-7 :—and Camoens' Lusiad, canto 3, stanza cxxxv.

P. 37. l. 11.

——*Who dar'd the first withstand
The Moslem waters of their bleeding land.*

The Asturians, who under Pelagius first opposed the career of Mahometan success.

P. 37. l. 13.

Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia.

“ La couronne de fer de Dom Pélage,—cette couronne si simple mais si glorieuse, dont chaque fleuron est ‘ formé du fer d’une lance arrachée aux Chevaliers Maures que ce heros avoit fait tomber sous ses coups.” ‘ Roman de Dom Ursino le Navarin, Tressan, tom. ix. 52.

P. 38. l. 14.

Rude ancient lays of Spain's heroic time.

See the two elegant specimens given by Bishop Percy in his Reliques; and the more accurate translations of Mr. Rodd in his Civil Wars of Grenada.

P. 38. l. 15.

Him in Xeres' carnage fearless found.

The gothic monarchy in Spain was overthrown by

the Mussulmans at the battle of Xeres, the Christian army being defeated with dreadful slaughter, and the death of their King, the unhappy and licentious Roderigo. Pelagius assembled the small band of those fugitives who despised submission, amid the mountains of the Asturias, under the name of King of Oviedo.

P. 38. l. 17.

Of that chaste king, &c.

Alonso, surnamed the Chaste, with ample reason, if we believe his historians; who defeated, according to the Spanish romances, and the graver authority of Mariana, the whole force of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, at Roncesvalles. Bertrand del Carpio, the son of Alonzo's sister, Ximena, was his general; and according to Don Quixote (no incompetent authority on such a subject) put the celebrated Orlando to the same death as Hercules inflicted on Antæus. His reason was, that the nephew of Charlemagne was enchanted, and like Achilles only vulnerable in the heel, to guard which he wore always iron shoes.—See Mariana, l. vii. c. xi.; Don Quixote, book i. c. l.; and the notes on Mr. Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*; a work replete with powerful description, and knowledge of ancient history and manners, and which adds a new wreath to one, who “*nullum fere scribendi genus intactum reliquit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*”

P. 38. l. 19.

Chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall, &c.

Rodrigo Diaz, of Bivar, surnamed the Cid by the Moors.—See Mr. Southey's *Chronicle*.

P. 39. l. 4.

Red Buraba's field, and Lugo—

Buraba and Lugo were renowned scenes of Spanish victories over the Moors, in the reigns of Bermudo, or, as his name is Latinized, Veremundus, and Alonso the Chaste. Of Lugo the British have since obtained a melancholy knowledge.

P. 39. l. 9.

Tlascala.

An extensive district of Mexico ; its inhabitants were the first Indians who submitted to the Spaniards under Cortez.

P. 39. l. 16.

Her captive king.

Francis I. taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.

P. 40. l. 5.

Yon Bæotic skies.

Andalusia forms a part of the ancient Hispania Boetica.

P. 41. l. 12.

Roncesvalles' vale.

See the former note on Alonso the Chaste.

P. 42. l. 14.

The pois'd balance trembling still with fate.

This line is imitated from one in Mr. Roscoe's spirited verses on the commencement of the French revolution.

P. 42. l. 22.

Numbers numberless.

"He look'd and saw what numbers numberless."

Milton, *Paradise Regained*.

P. 43. l. 13.

One Saguntum.

The ancient siege of Saguntum has been now rivalled by Zaragoza. The author is happy to refer his readers to the interesting narrative of his friend Mr. Vaughan.

P. 43. l. 24.

Bethulia's matron.

Judith.

P. 44. l. 10.

Who treads the wine-press of the world alone.

"I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me, for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury."—Isaiah lxiii. 3.

P. 47. l. 14.

Siwak. Oasis. Sennaar.—Meroe.

P. 47. l. 13.

Shangalla.

The black tribes whom Bruce considers as the aboriginal Nubians, are so called. For their gigantic stature, and their custom of ornamenting themselves and their houses with the spoils of the elephant, see the account he gives of the person and residence of one of their chiefs whom he visited on his departure from Ras el Feel.

P. 48. l. 3.

Emeralds.

The emerald, or whatever the ancients dignified by the name of smaragdus, is said to have been found in great quantities in the mountain now called Gebul Zumrud (the mount of emeralds.)

P. 51. l. 11.

Elim's well.

It is interesting to observe with what pleasure and minuteness Moses, amid the Arabian wilderness, enumerates the "twelve wells of water," and the "threescore and ten palm-trees," of Elim.

P. 53. l. 1.

Ye viewless guardians of these sacred shades.

These lines were spoken (as is the custom of the university on the installation of a new chancellor) by a young nobleman, whose diffidence induced him to content himself with the composition of another. Of this diffidence his friends have reason to complain, as it suppressed some elegant lines of his own on the same occasion.

P. 56. l. 4.

The brave, the virtuous, and the young.

Captain Conway Shipley, third son to the dean of St. Asaph, perished in an attempt to cut out an enemy's vessel from the Tagus with the boats of his majesty's frigate *La Nymphe*, April 22, 1808, in the 26th year of his age, and after nearly sixteen years of actual service; distinguished by every quality both of heart and head which could adorn a man or an officer. Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, and the captains of his fleet, have since erected a monument to his memory in the neighbourhood of Fort St. Julian.

P. 58. l. 1.

On Gunga's breast.

These lines were written at a small village on the banks of the Ganges, which he was ascending in a pin-

nace, on his first visitation of his diocese, in August, 1824.

P. 59. l. 22.

The bird of hundred dyes.

“The Mucharunga—many coloured. I learned at Dacca, that while we were at peace with the Burmans, many traders used to go over all the eastern provinces of Bengal, buying up these beautiful birds for the Golden Zennanah: at Ummerapoorra it was said that they were sometimes worth a gold mohur each.”

P. 72. l. 2.

The land of Room.

The oriental name for the Turkish Empire.

P. 73. l. 1.

Secunder.

Alexander the Great.

P. 73. l. 2.

The mighty Chief who reared the Median throne.

The founder of the Median throne was Ky-Kaoos, or Deiioeces.

P. 75.

Several of these hymns were originally published in the Christian Observer, in the years 1811 and 1812, and were then accompanied by the following prefatory notice, which, it is thought due to the author, should be here preserved.

“The following Hymns are part of an intended series, appropriate to the Sundays, and principal holidays of the year; connected in some degree with their parti-

cular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the Sermon. The effect of an arrangement of this kind, though only partially adopted, is very striking in the Romish liturgy; and its place should seem to be imperfectly supplied by a few verses of a Psalm, entirely unconnected with the peculiar devotions of the day, and selected at the discretion of a clerk or organist. On the merits of the present imperfect essays, the author is unaffectedly diffident; and as his labours are intended for the use of his own congregation, he will be thankful for any suggestion which may advance or correct them. In one respect, at least, he hopes the following poems will not be found reprehensible;—no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted: no erotic addresses to him whom no unclean lip can approach, no allegory ill understood, and worse applied. It is not enough, in his opinion, to object to such expressions that they are fanatical; they are positively profane. When our Saviour was on earth and in great humility conversant with mankind; when he sat at the tables, and washed the feet, and healed the diseases of his creatures; yet did not his disciples give him any more familiar name than *Master* or *Lord*. And now at the right hand of his Father's majesty, shall we address him with ditties of embraces and passion, or language which it would be disgraceful in an earthly sovereign to endure? Such expressions, it is said, are taken from Scripture; but even if the original application, which is often doubtful, were clearly and unequivocally ascertained, yet, though the collective Christian church may very properly be personified as the spouse of Christ, an application of such language to individual believers is

as dangerous as it is absurd and unauthorized. Nor is it going too far to assert, that the brutalities of a common swearer can hardly bring religion into more sure contempt, or more scandalously profane the Name which is above every name in heaven and earth, than certain epithets applied to Christ in our popular collections of religious poetry."

Bishop Heber subsequently arranged these hymns, with some others by various writers, in a regular series adapted to the services of the Church of England throughout the year, and it was his intention to publish them soon after his arrival in India ; but the arduous duties of his station left little time, during the short life there allotted to him, for any employment not immediately connected with his diocese. This arrangement of them has been published in England since his death, and republished in this country.

The Hymns in this volume are solely from Bishop Heber's pen.

P. 175. l. 16.

The fourth with that tormented three.

The three were Sisyphus, Tityus and Ixion. The author of the Odyssey, or, at least, of that passage which describes the punishments of Tantalus, assigns him an eternity of hunger, thirst, and disappointment. Which of these opinions is most ancient, is neither very easy nor very material to decide. The impending rock of Pindar is perhaps a less appropriate, but surely, a more picturesque mode of punishment.

P. 176. l. 9.

Car-borne Pisa's royal maid.

Ænomaus, king of Pisa, had promised his daughter, the heiress of his states, in marriage to any warrior who should excel him in the chariot race, on condition however that the candidates should stake their lives on the issue. Thirteen had essayed and perished before Pelops.

P. 178. l. 11.

Sleeps beneath the piled ground.

Like all other very early tombs, the monument of Pelops was a barrow or earthen mound. I know not whether it may still be traced. The spot is very accurately pointed out, and such works are not easily obliterated.

P. 179. l. 11.

God who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds.

The solemnity of this prayer contrasted with its object, that Hiero might again succeed in the chariot race, is ridiculous to modern ears. I do not indeed believe that the Olympic and other games had so much importance attached to them by the statesmen and warriors of Greece, as is pretended by the sophists of later ages; but where the manners are most simple, public exhibitions, it should be remembered, are always most highly estimated, and religious prejudice combined with the ostentation of wealth to give distinction to the Olympic contests.

P. 181. l. 11.

The flower of no ignoble race.

Theron was a decendant of Ædipus, and conse-

quently of Cadmus. His family had, through a long line of ancestors, been remarkable, both in Greece and Sicily, for misfortune; and he was himself unpopular with his subjects and engaged in civil war. Allusions to these circumstances often occur in the present ode.

P. 185. l. 22.

—*He whom none may name.*

In the original “*τις*,” “a certain nameless person.” The ancients were often scrupulous about pronouncing the names of their gods, particularly those who presided over the region of future hopes and fears; a scruple corresponding with the Rabbinical notions of the ineffable word. The pictures which follow present a striking discrepancy to the mythology of Homer, and of the general herd of Grecian poets, whose Zeus is as far inferior to the one supreme divinity of Pindar, as the religion of Pindar himself falls short of the clearness and majesty of Revelation. The connection of these Eleusinian doctrines with those of Hindustan, is in many points sufficiently striking. Southey and Pindar might seem to have drunk at the same source.

P. 187. l. 17.

Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied.

I know not why, except for his brutality to the body of Hector, Achilles is admitted with so much difficulty into the islands of the blessed. That this was considered in the time of Pindar as sufficient to exclude him without particular intercession, shows at least that a great advance had been made in moral feeling since the days of Homer.

P. 133. l. 14.

*Train'd in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power.*

It was not likely that Pindar's peculiarities should escape criticism, nor was his temper such as to bear it with a very even mind. He treats his rivals and assailants with at least a sufficient portion of disdain as servile adherents to rule, and mere students without genius. Some of their sarcasms passed however into proverbs. "*Διὸς Κερνιδος*," an expression in ridicule of Pindar's perpetual recurrence to mythology and antiquities, is preserved in the Phædon: while his occasional mention of himself and his own necessities, is parodied by Aristophanes. I cannot but hope, however, that the usual conduct of Pindar himself, was less obtrusive and importunate than that of the Dithyrambic poet who intrudes on the festival of Nephelocoggugia, like the Gælic bard in "Christ's kirk o' the green."

P. 191. l. 5.

*Whose sapling root from Scythian down
And Ister's fount Alcides bare.*

There seems to have been, in all countries, a disposition to place a region of peculiar happiness and fertility among inaccessible mountains, and at the source of their principal rivers. Perhaps, indeed, the Mount Meru of Hindustan, the blameless Ethiopians at the head of the Nile, and the happy Hyperborean regions at the source of the Ister, are only copies of the garden and river of God in Eden. Some truth is undoubtedly mixed with the tradition here preserved by Pindar. The olive was not indigenous in Greece, and its first specimens were

planted near Pisa. That they ascribed its introduction to the universal hero, Hercules, and derived its stock from the land of the blessed, need not be wondered at by those who know the importance of such a present. The Hyperborean or Atlantic region, which continually receded in proportion as Europe was explored, still seems to have kept its ground in the fancies of the vulgar, under the names of the island of St. Brandan, of Flath Innis, or the fortunate land of Cockayne, till the discovery of America peopled the western ocean with something less illusive.

P. 192. l. 21.

Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.

Taygeta.

P. 196. l. 16.

*To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore,
Such was the proof Ernicus bore.*

Ernicus was one of the Argonauts, who distinguished himself in the games celebrated at Lemnos by its hospitable queen Hypsipile, as victor in the foot-race of men clothed in armour. He was prematurely gray-headed, and therefore derided by the Lemnian women before he had given this proof of his vigour. It is not impossible that Psaumis had the same singularity of appearance.

There is a sort of playfulness in this ode, which would make us suspect that Pindar had no very sincere respect for the character of Psaumis. Perhaps he gave offence by it ; for the following poem to the same champion is in a very different style.

P. 198. l. 12.

Rearing her goodly towers on high.

Camarina had been lately destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a great measure by the liberality of Psaumis.

P. 201. l. 12.

*Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him the prophet chief.—*

The prophet chief is Amphiaraus, who was swallowed up by the Earth before the attack of Polynices and his allies on Thebes, either because the gods determined to rescue his virtues from the stain of that odious conflict; or according to the sagacious Lydgate, because, being a sorcerer and a pagan “byshoppe,” the time of his compact was expired, and the infernal powers laid claim to him.

P. 202. l. 13.

*Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
And Phintis climb the car with me.*

Agesias had been victor in the Apene or chariot drawn by mules; Phintis was, probably, his charioteer.

P. 203. l. 20.

*And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side.*

I venture in the present instance to translate “καλπις” a clasp, because it was undoubtedly used for the stud or buckle to a horse’s bit, as “καλπαζειν” signifies to run by a horse’s side holding the bridle. The “καλυξ” too, appended to the belt of Hercules, which he left with his Scythian mistress, should seem, from the manner in

which Herodotus mentions it, to have been a clasp or stud, nor can I in the present passage understand why the pregnant Evadne should encumber herself with a water-pot, or why the water-pot and zone should be mentioned as laid aside at the same time. But the round and cup-like form of an antique clasp may well account for such names being applied to it.

P. 207. l. 9.

—*Cool Cyllene's height of snow.*

Cyllene was a mountain in Arcadia dedicated to Mercury.

P. 208. l. 5.

*Then, minstrel ! bid thy chorus rise
To Juno queen of deities.*

Such passages as this appear to prove, first, that the Odes of Pindar, instead of being danced and chaunted by a chorus of hired musicians and actors, in the absurd and impossible manner pretended by the later Grecian writers, (whose ignorance respecting their own antiquities, is in many instances apparent,) were recited by the poet himself sitting, (his iron chair was long preserved at Delphos,) and accompanied by one or more musicians, such as the Theban Æneas whom he here compliments. Secondly, what will account at once for the inequalities of his style and the rapidity of his transitions, we may infer that the Dincæan swan was, often at least, an "improvisatore." I know not the origin of the Bæotian agnomen of swine. In later times we find their region called "vervecum patria."

P. 209. l. 7.

Mark with no envious ear a subject's praise.

Either the poet was led by his vanity to ascribe a greater consequence to his verses than they really possessed, when he supposes that the praise of Agesias may move his sovereign to jealousy; or we may infer from this little circumstance that the importance attached to the Olympic prize has not been so greatly overrated by poets and antiquaries, and that it was indeed "a gift more valuable than a hundred trophies."

P. 214.

The inscription, says Sadi, over the arched alcove of Feridoon's Hall.

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