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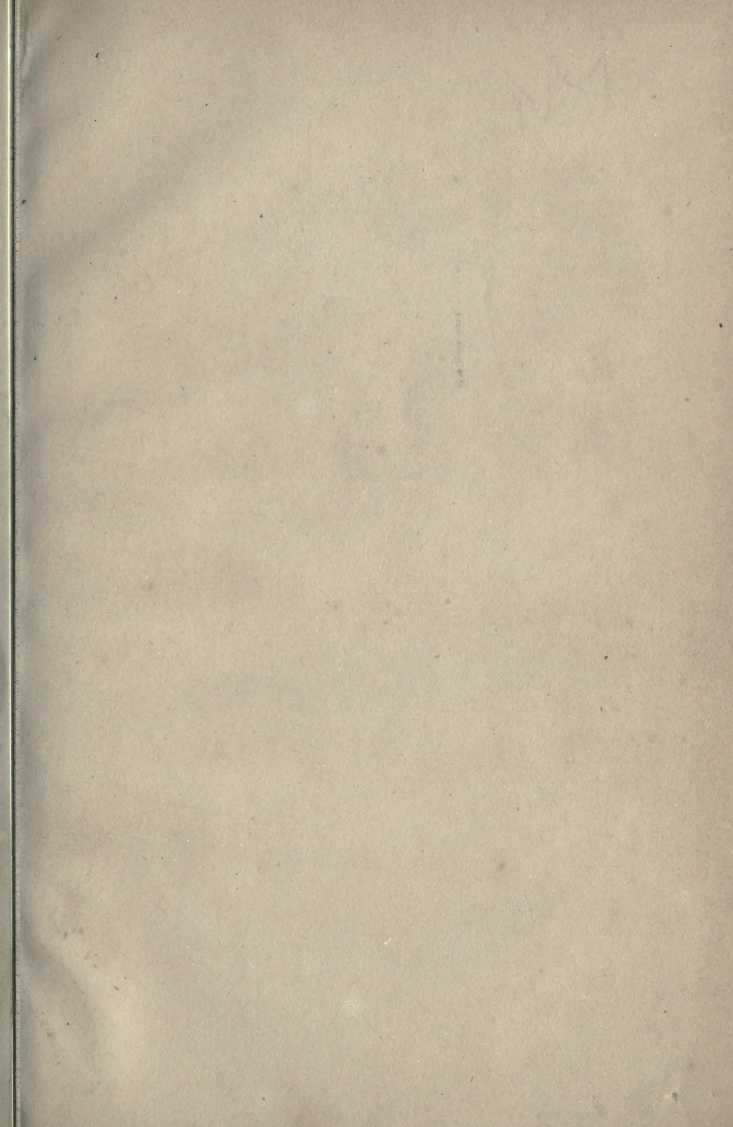
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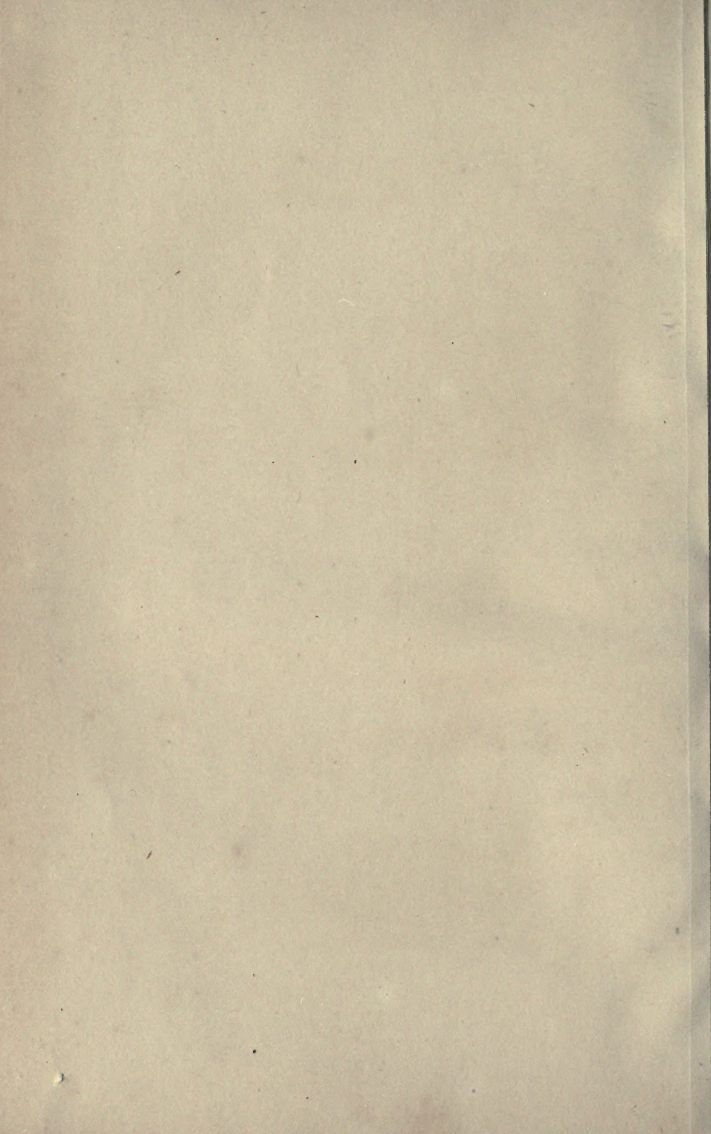
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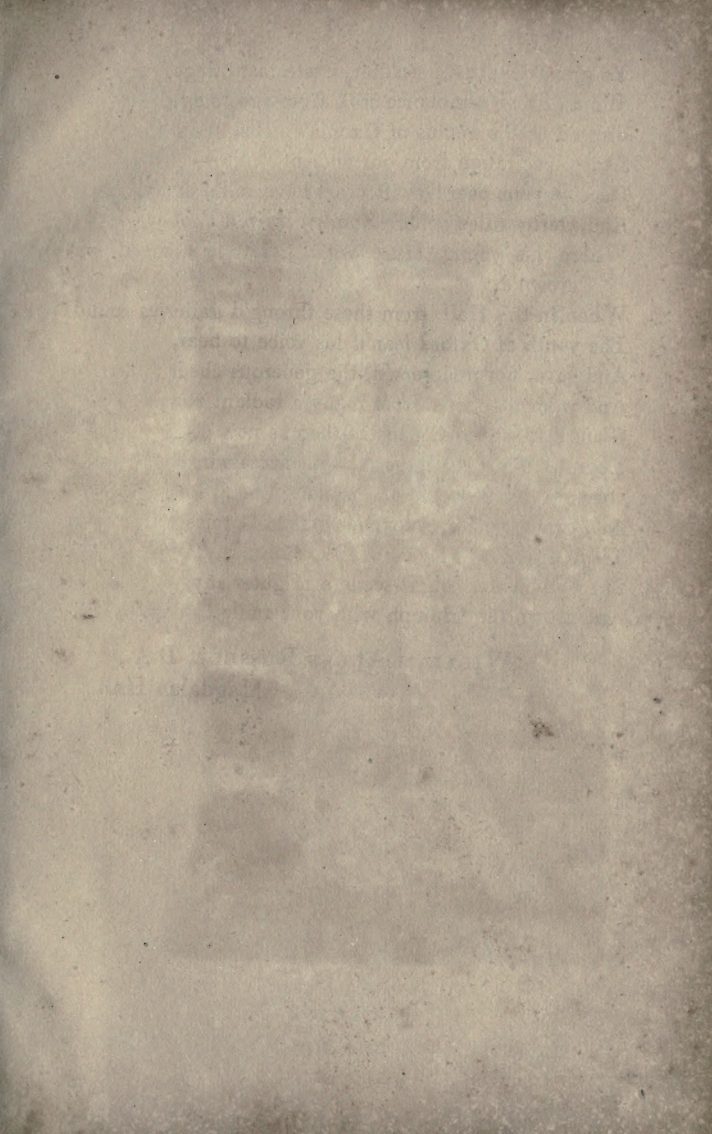
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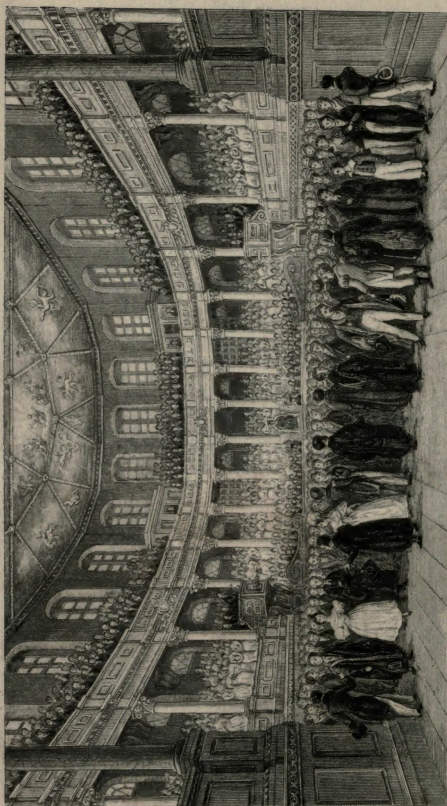
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J. Fisher.

INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE.

Oxford, Eng. University.

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESSES

RECITED IN

THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

AT

THE INSTALLATION

OF

THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF DERBY,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY,

M DCCC LIII.



OXFORD:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. VINCENT.

1853.

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1863.

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STATION

1. A station is a place where a train
2. stops, and where passengers
3. can get on or off. It is usually
4. a large building with a platform
5. and a clock. The train
6. arrives at the station and
7. stops for a few minutes.
8. The passengers get on or off
9. the train. The train then
10. goes on its way. The station
11. is an important part of the
12. railway system. It is where
13. the train meets the passengers.
14. The station is a place where
15. the train stops for a few
16. minutes. The passengers get
17. on or off the train. The
18. train then goes on its way.
19. The station is an important
20. part of the railway system.

As when a Mother home from some far clime
Welcomes her Son,
Who in the strife of men for masteries
By bold advent'rous deeds of high emprise
Hath well fulfill'd the promise of his prime—
Ev'n thus Oxonia welcomes back to day
With plaudits loud and pomp and bright array,
One who her fairest meed of praise hath won.
—Skilful erewhile to weave the flowers of song,
He wand'ring woo'd with soft Virgilian strains,
Isis, thy pleasant fields and groves among,
The tuneful Nine ;
And, duteous, offer'd here at Learning's shrine
The first-fruits of his sweet Poetic pains.

But these delights his ardent soul forbore :

Full well he knew
That whoso would achieve a nobler prize
And wield a mighty Nation's destinies,
From heights serene the world's vast field must view ;
Dwell with the pure and just in every age,
Drink in their burning words ; in Hist'ry's page
The wide far-stretching wondrous Past explore ;
Men, maxims, countries, laws therewith compare ;

Trace in th' ungovern'd heart's deprav'd desires

The wasting fires

That desolated cities great and fair ;

In peaceful happy states progressive see

The glorious dawn of Truth and Liberty.

Nor yet alone within these ancient walls

Learnt he this lore ;

For ere he left his old ancestral halls,

Hung round with portraits of the good and great,

Who in the storied ages long before

Imperill'd lands and life for England's state ;

Beheld from donjon keep and turret hoar

Spears wave like corn, and streams run red with gore—

Oft, as from honour'd lips their praise he heard,

A spirit stirr'd

Within his youthful breast ; he felt the fire

Kindle through all his veins, the strong desire

To live as they had liv'd, for truth and good,

To strive as they had striv'n, ev'n unto blood.

For who of Stanley's line could ere forget

That woful day,

Remember'd still in many a mournful lay,

When Derby's Earl through Bolton's thronged street

On a vile palfrey rode, that death to meet,

Which he had courted oft on fields of strife,

The Patriot's meed and crown. Ears tingle yet

To hear his words, the last on earth he spoke

Ere fell the stroke

Which tore that noble heart from Love and Life.

Thus sang the Martyr, as his failing eye

Sought still, through Death's dark mist, God's Sanctuary.

" Praised be His Holy Name for ever and ever. Amen.
Let the whole Earth be filled with His Glory." ^a

And where was she, thy mate and true compeer,^b

When thou to God

Didst render up thy soul and kiss the rod ?

In lonely sea-girt Isle afar she sate

Waiting the dreary tidings of thy fate ;

Hemm'd in with traitors, full of Grief and Fear—

Not as when erst in Lathom's leaguer'd tower,

Knowing that God could curb unrighteous power,

Unmov'd she heard the storm of battle roar !

The winds that whisper'd round the citadel—

The waves that rippled on the rocky shore—

The sea bird's shriek

Had something in its tone, that seem'd to tell

How Traitors on her Lord their wrath did wreak.

Shades of the mighty Dead !

If in those spheres sublime

Where spirits rest from earthly toil and care,

Some dim and distant sense

Of mortal hopes and fears

Thrills through the peaceful mansions of the blest—

^a Last words of the Great Earl of Derby, on the scaffold at Bolton-le-Moors, Oct. 15, 1651, after he had caused the block to be so turned that his face should look toward the Church, saying, " I will look toward Thy Sanctuary while I am here ; and I hope to live in Thy Heavenly Sanctuary for ever hereafter."

^b Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby ; who, at the time of her husband's death, was with her children in the Isle of Man.

If, as on Earth we trace
 Through azure fields of light
 The swift-revolving courses of the stars—
 So souls that dwell apart
 In mirrors clear behold
 The ever varying phase of human destiny—

What sweeter purer joy
 Can blessed spirits know,
 Than when the children of the wise and good
 Walking in Holy Truth,
 By pious upright deeds
 Recall the glorious Past, and emulate their Sires?

Hail we then now in Oxford's honour'd Lord,
 Great Derby's Heir,
 The virtues that adorn'd his Patriot sire!
 And now, O Pow'r unseen, our song inspire!
 The Fear of God alone to be adored—
 The Love of man, that spurns ignoble pelf,
 Regarding others ever more than self—
 Honour, as fair
 As Virgin Purity ;—Courage, as bold
 As that which mark'd the Eagle's Race* of old—
 Eloquent words, to plead the righteous cause—
 Zeal, to maintain his Country's sacred laws—
 And that which, lacking, marreth all renown,
 FIRM LOYALTY TO HER WHO WEARS THE CROWN.

Such be thy sons, Oxonia! such is he
 Whom we to day

* Alluding to the legend of the Eagle and Child in the Stanley Family.

At this our high and solemn festival,
 With honour due to worth, as Lord install.
 Go forth ! again thy strength in arms essay,
 True Heir of England's old Nobility !
 None worthier found in all the land than thou
 To wear the Coronet that decks thy brow !
 We give thee weapons, tried and prov'd, to wield—
 Go forth, with this emblazon'd on thy shield,
 " God is our Light."

Bear in thy hand, sharper than two-edg'd sword,
 The open volume of His written word—
 Go forth and prosper ! God defend the right !

Σάμερον παρ' εὐκελάδοις ῥοαῖσιν
Ἰσίδος φόρμιγγι καλᾷ μελίσδει
Μοῖσα, φοινικάνθεμον εὖ πλέκοισα
δαίδαλον ἔργος

εὐλυρῶν μολπᾶν· στυγερὰ δὲ δάφνας
ἐμπρέπει κλάδοις κυπάρισσος, οὐδ' ἀπ-
εντὶ κάδειος κρόκος, οὐ σέλινον,
οὐδ' ὑάκινθος·

δωμάτων γὰρ τῶνδ' ὁ παλαιὸς ἄρχων
οἴχεται, καὶ νύξ ἱερὰ τὸν ἐν μά-
χαις ἀριστεύσαντα, τὸν ἐν θυέλλαις
πύργον, ἀπέιλε,

πάτριδος σωτήριον, οὐ γὰρ ὕβριν
δαῖων πόκ' ἔτρεσεν, οὐ τύραννον
μάργον ἰθύνοντα λύκων στράτευμα
γᾶς διὰ μέσσας.

ἀλλὰ σ' οὐχ ὑμνάσομες, ἀνέρων γὰρ
ἀγλαῶν γὰ πᾶσα τάφος, καλῶν τε
πραγμάτων θάλλει χάρις, ἐκ τε τύμβων
ἄψοφος ὁμφὰ

ἐμφανὲς ἀκούεμεν, “ὦ γένεθλον
ὀρράνων, ἄνθρωπ', ἀρετᾶς κελεύθους
ἐμπατεῖν τέον τόδε τοῦργον, οὐ τι
κάλλιον εὖχος.”

ὄρφανους δ' ἔκλαυσε δόμους ἄλις τέ-
οισιν ὦ νερ σάμας' ἐπισδάνοισα
Μοῖσα, νῦν δ' ἐκ πορφυρέας καλύπτρας

ὄππατι φαιδρῶ

δωμάτων σεμνῶν νέον ἀγλαΐσμ' ἀσ-
πάσδεται, παίδων ἐρατῶν ἄωτον

οὐ μάχας μναστήρα τίοισα λυγρᾶς,

οὐδὲ κυδοιμῶ.

ἔντι δ' οὐ μικκὸν κλέος ἐξ ἀμίλλαν

ἀσύχων πάσας ἀρετᾶς, ἔχει τε

Μοῖσα κάλλιστον στεφάνωμα τέκνοις

ἄμβροτον αἰέν.

τὴν δὲ νῦν γελεῦσα φιλῶς δίδωσιν·

οἶσθα γὰρ κραμνὸς Ἑλικῶνος ἀγνῶ,

οἶσθα δεινδρῶτιν λίβαδ' Ἴπποκράνας

ἀργυροδίνω,

Δελφικῶ θ' ἵδρυμα θεῶ· τόδ' ὦν τὴν

πρευμαίνῳς δέκευ φίλε· τὴν δ' ἀρήγοι

καὶ Θέμις παρισταμένα, Δίκα τε

σύμμαχος εἴη.

χῶς ἀπείρονος πελάγους δι' ὄρφναν

ἀμέραις ἐν χειμερίαισι ναὸς

δαμίας οἶακα καλῶς ἐνώμας

αἰέν αὔπνος,

τῶς σὲ δεῖ τῶνδ' ὠγυγίων μελάθρων,

καρτερῶς τηρεῖντα θέμιν, κρατύνειν,

καίετῳ δίκαν ἀπαλῶν νεοσσῶν

ἰ σκηνῶν

ὑβριν ἀπείργειν·

νῦν γὰρ ὦ νῦν αἶ πόκα κἀτερῶτα

συνδίκῳ σοφῷ χρέος ἄμμι, τεῦ δ' ἐκ

χειλέων ρεῖ θελξιφρόνων γλυκεῖα

Νέστορος αὐδά.

τὴν δ' ὅταν γέροντι Μόρος ποτέλῃ
 ἀσύχῳ βάσει, (τὸ δὲ δὴν ἀπείη,)
 στέψομες καὶ τεῦ τάφον εὐλνροῖσιν
 ἄνθεσι Μοισᾶν.

C. GRIFFITH,

e Coll. Wadham.

Ergo tumultus Urbis, et anxia
 Deliberantis munia curiæ,
 Paullum remisisti, et labores
 Legiferos, populi que curam ;
 Feliciori redditus omine,
 Isin revisis prataque conscia,
 Urbisque turritam coronam
 Pieriæ, latebrasque amænas.
 Salve ! vetustæ progenies domûs !
 Salve ! paterni gloria nominis !
 Qui gentis antiquos honores
 Egregiæ egregior reportas.
 Te Musa sacris læta recessibus,
 Lyrâ salutat, te reducem colit,
 Pompamque festinat superbam
 Lesbiaco decorare cantu.—
 Te fronde cinctum tempora Delphicâ,
 Inter catervas laude faventium,
 Testes Syracusæ beatam *
 Carminis abripuisse palmam.
 Olim juventæ primitias tuæ
 Mater fovebat, nunc eadem parat

* The Earl of Derby gained the Latin Prize Poem *Syracuse*,
 1819.

Gratata Rectoris supremam
 Pro meritis Rhedycina sedem.
 Haud terruerunt te moderamina
 Commissa rerum, quominus imperi
 Navem gubernares per undas
 Incolumi sine fraude cursu :
 Leges iniquas, auspiciis tuis,
 Contaminato justitiæ sinu,
 Longasque lites abrogari
 Vidimus, insidiasque juris.—
 Tu cautus idem, ne (grave dedecus)
 Insultet agris turma Britannicis
 Externa, conscriptas phalanges
 Præsidium patriæ dedisti.
 Ergo intuentes mentem adamantinâ
 Fide tenacem, credidimus tibi
 Claves potestatemque nostri
 Liminis, ingenuosque fascēs—
 Hic tu refulgens murice vestium,
 Edvarde, sedem præcipuam tenes,
 Quam fama Virtutis † prioris,
 Immeritæque mori sacravit.
 O si diu nos nobilitas tua,
 Constansque pectus servet in arduis,
 Vocisque facundæ canorum
 Fulminet eloquium, peracto
 Belli tumultu, nostraque vindicet
 Ab ingruenti jura periculo,
 Salvâque libertate plebis
 Comprimat illicitos furores—

† William Wyndham, Lord Grenville, Chancellor, 1809.
 Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Chancellor, 1834.

Doctrina nobis, te duce, lætius
 Artesque surgant : Anglia te diu
 Inter Camænarum patronos
 Unanimo veneretur ore.

JACOBUS AUGUSTUS ATKINSON,
 e Coll. Exon.

I had been thinking of the antique masque
Before high Peers and Peeresses at Court,
Of the strong gracefulness of Milton's task,
 'Rare Ben's' gigantic sport.

Those delicate creations, full of strange
And perilous stuff, wherein the silver flood
And crowned city suffer'd human change,
 Like things of flesh and blood.

And I was longing for a hand like those
Somewhere in bowers of learning's fine retreat,
That it might fling immortally one rose
 At Stanley's honor'd feet :—

Fair as that woman, whom the prophet old
In Ardath met, lamenting for her dead,
With sackcloth cast above the tiar of gold,
 And ashes on her head,

Methought I met a Lady yestereven ;
A passionless grief, that had nor tear nor wail,
Sat on her pure proud face, that gleam'd to Heaven,
 White as a moon-lit sail.

She spake : " On this pale brow are looks of youth,
Yet angels listening on the argent floor
Know that these lips have been proclaiming truth,
 Nine hundred years and more :

" And Isis knows what time-grey towers rear'd up,
Gardens and groves and cloister'd halls are mine,
Where quaff my sons from many a myrrhine cup
Draughts of ambrosial wine.

" He knows how night by night my lamps are lit,
How day by day my bells are ringing clear,
Mother of ancient lore, and Attic wit,
And discipline severe.

" It may be long ago my dizzied brain
Enchanted swam beneath Rome's master spell,
Till like light tintured by the painted pane
Thought in *her* colours fell.

" Yet when the great old tongue with strong effect
Woke from its sepulchre accross the sea,
The subtler spell of Grecian intellect
Work'd mightily in me.

" Time pass'd—my groves were full of warlike stirs;
The student's heart was with the merry spears,
Or keeping measure to the clanking spurs
Of Rupert's Cavaliers.

" All these long ages, like a holy mother
I rear'd my children to a lore sublime,
Picking up fairer shells than any other
Along the shores of Time.

" And must I speak at last of sensual sleep,
The dull forgetfulness of aimless years?
O, let me turn away my head and weep
Than Rachel's bitterer tears.

" Tears for the passionate hearts I might have won,
Tears for the age with which I might have striven,
Tears for a hundred years of work undone,
Crying like blood to Heaven.

" I have repented, and my glorious name
 Stands scutcheon'd round with blazonry more bright.
 The wither'd rod, the emblem of my shame,
 Bloom'd blossoms in a night.

" And I have led my children on steep mountains
 By fine attraction of my spirit brought
 Up to the dark inexplicable fountains
 That are the springs of thought :

" Led them—where on the old poetic shore
 The flowers that change not with the changing moon,
 Breathe round young hearts, as breathes the sycamore
 About the bees in June.

" And I will bear them as on eagle's wings,
 To leave them bow'd before the sapphire Throne,
 High o'er the haunts where dying pleasure sings
 With sweet and swanlike tone.

" And I will lead the age's great expansions,
 Progressive circles toward thought's Sabbath rest,
 And point beyond them to the "many mansions"
 Where Christ is with the blest.

" Am I not pledged, who gave my bridal ring
 To that old man heroic, strong, and true,
 Whose grey-hair'd virtue was a nobler thing
 Than even Waterloo ?

" Surely that spousal morn my chosen ones
 Felt their hearts moving to mysterious calls,
 And the old pictures of my sainted sons
 Look'd brighter from the walls

" He sleeps at last—no wind's tempestuous breath
 Play'd a Dead March upon the moaning billow,
 What time God's Angel visited with death
 The old Field Marshal's pillow.

“ There was no omen of a great disaster
 Where castled Walmer stands beside the shore ;
 The evening clouds, like pillar'd alabaster,
 Hung huge and silent o'er.

“ The moon in brightness walk'd the ‘ fleecy rack,’
 Walk'd up and down among the starry fires,
 Heaven's great cathedral was not hung with black
 Up to its topmost spires !

“ But mine own Isis kept a solemn chiming,
 A silver Requiescat all night long,
 And mine old trees, with all their leaves, were timing
 The sorrow of the song.

“ And through mine angel-haunted aisles of beauty
 From grand old organs gush'd a music dim,
 Lauds for a champion who had done his duty.
 I knew they were for *him* !

“ But night is fading—I must deck my hair
 For the high pageant of the gladsome morn
 I would not meet my chosen Stanley there
 In sorrow or in scorn.

“ I know him nobler than his noble blood,
 Seeking for wisdom as the earth's best pearl,
 And bring my brightest jewelry to stud
 The baldrick of mine Earl.

“ I and my children with our fairest gift,
 With song will meet him and with music's swell,
 The coronal a king might love to lift
 It will beseeem him well.

" And when the influx of the perilous fight
 Shall be around us as a troubled sea,
 He will remember, like a red-cross knight,
 God, and this day, and me."

W. ALEXANDER, S.C.L.,

New Inn Hall,

Ταύτην μὲν αἰεὶ χρῆ, κυκλοῦντος ἡλίου,
σέβειν ἑορταῖς ἡμέραν ἑτησίοις,
ἐν ᾗ δικαίαν ἀνθυπουργῆσαι χάριν
εὐεργέταισι τοῖς πάλαι νομίζεται.
ἀνθ' ὧν ἀγῶνα τόνδε καὶ πανήγυριν
ἐστησάμεσθα, τοῦ Θεοῦ ξύν ἔνγμασιν.
οὐ γὰρ τε κεῖν' ἂν ἡτύχῃσεν ἐς τόδε,
εἰ μὴ παρέστη καὶ κατώρθωσεν Θεός.
μνήμη δ' ἐνὸς νῦν ἀνδρὸς ἐκπλήσσει χαρὰν,
οὗ καὶ θανόντος ζῶν ἐτ' ἐν στέρνοις βροτῶν
πένθος κνεφάζει καρδίαν προσημένον.
κεῖνον πρόπασα γῇ στένει πεπτωκότα,
τὸν πιστὸν αἰεὶ πρόμαχον, ἐν κλόνῳ μάχης
φανέντα πύργον ἀσφαλῆ σωτηρίας.
νῦν δῆτ' ἀληθής, ὄνπερ' ἄνθρωποι λόγον
τῶν φιλτάτων θρηνοῦσιν ἐστερημένοι,
τὸν ἄρτι κοιμηθέντ' ἀριστεῦσαι μάκρῳ·
ὅστις κρατῇ τ' ἔνειμε, καὶ διώρισεν
ἀρχὰς, βραβεύων ξὺν δίκη νικηφόρῳ·
καὶ τὸν μέγαν τύραννον ἐκρίψας θρόνων,
τὸν ζωपुरοῦντα πόλεμον, εἰρήνην πάλιν
ἐλευθέροις κατώκισ' Εὐρώπης γούαις·
ἵν' οὐκέθ' ὥς πρὶν ἀγρίαις γνάθοις Ἄρης
διασπαράσσει πεδίον, οὐ χαλκεὺς ἔτι
Αἰῖδον φλογωποὺς μίχανὰς μυδροκυπεῖ·
ἵν' δ' ἀσφαλεῖ θωραῖα καρποῦνται βροτοί.

- καῖπει πατρώαν τήνδ' ἀλίκλυστον χθόνα
 ἐν εὐδία κατήλθε, παντοίας λαβὼν
 τιμὰς γέρα, τε, πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις σέβας,
 ἄνευ φθόνου ζηλωτὸς, ἐν γερουσίᾳ
 γνωμὴν ἄριστος, τοῦ τ' ἀνακτος οὐ μακρὰν
 ἦσσαν, προεστὼς τῶν ὀμηλίκων πολὺ,
 εἰ τις δ' ἐν ὄλβῳ μακρὸν ἐκτείνας βίον,
 κοινῷ μὲν παρήκε λευκανθὲς κάρα.
 καὶ μὴν ἄθαπτος ὥσπερ ἦν προκειμένος,
 (1) σεισμοὶ, θύελλαι θεῖον ἄνδρ' ἐθέσπισαν.
 θανόντα δ' αὐτὸν ἀφθόνοις κτερίσμασιν
 πομπαῖς τε κηδεῖοισι, τιμαλφεῖ λεώς·
 δήμου δ' ἅπαντος ἔκκριτοι θάπτονσί μιν,
 γένος τ' ἄριστοι χοῖ μάλιστ' ἐν ἀξίᾳ.
 καὶ νῦν, οἷον περ εἰκὸς, ἥρωες διπλοῖ,
 ὁ ναῦσι κλεινὸς χῶ μέγας στρατηλάτης,
 κοίτῃ δὴ ὄντε συγκαθεύδουσιν μία,
 πόλεως ἔν' ἱερὸν ἵσταται μεσόμφαλον,
 ναὸν κατ' αὐτὸν κοινὸν εὐρόντες λέχος.
 ἐρημίαν δὲ τάσδε τῶν Μουσῶν ἔδρας
 ναίουσιν ἡμῖν καὶ πόθους ἀνωφελεῖς
 λέλοιπεν, ὣν πρὶν προστάτης ἐκλήζετο·
 οὓς ἐξαλείψαι τίς ποτ' ἂν δύναιτ' ἄνηρ ;
 καίτοι τὸν εἰσιόντ' ἀπ' εὐνοίας φρενῶν
 φθογγῶσι τ' εὐφώνοισι δεξάσθαι χρεῶν,
 ὅς εἰς ἐκείνου νῦν ἔδραν ἐνίσταται.
 ἐλπίς γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ κενὴ παρεγγυᾷ
 δράσειν ἂν ἔργα συμφορᾶς ἐπάξια.
 εἰ γὰρ τὸ γενναῖόν τι θαρσύνειν ἔχει,
 καὶ τῶν παλαίων θεσμίων ἐσθλὸν σέβας,

(1) It is said that the elements will not rest while a great man remains unburied.

τρῦδ' οὐκ ἄφρακτοι προστάτου, δοκεῖν ἐμοῖ,
 γεγραψόμεσθα· κῆν τις ἐμπέσῃ νόσος,
 εὐρεῖν ἄκος τι πρὶν παθεῖν πειράσεται.
 καὶ πρὶν δ' ἐπήλθεν, ὥστε κάκπλῆξαι φόβῳ,
 ἐχθρῶν ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν δύσμοχον κλυδώνιον·
 ἀλλ' οὐπόθ' ἡμῖν κῦμα ναῦς ἐδέξατο.
 ἀλλ' ὥσπερ αὐγαὶ λαμπάδων φαεσφόρων
 ὄρφνην διήκουσ' ὦδε, τῆς ἄλλης κύκλῳ
 γαίας ἀνοία καὶ στάσει σκοτουμένης,
 πυργωμάτων ἐκ τῶνδ' ἀπέστιλψεν φάος.
 τοιγὰρ μεγίστῳ χρὴ προσεύχεσθαι Θεῷ,
 ὥς μήτ' ἄβουλοι μήθ' ὑπνω νικώμενοι
 ἐνδῶμεν ἐχθροῖς ἀνδράσιν λαβὴν ποτε·
 συνήγοροι δὲ τῆς ἀληθείας αἰεὶ
 πιστοὶ, ματαίους τ' ἐξετάζοντες λόγους
 φανώμεθ', ἔργον ἀποτελοῦντες ἕξοχον·
 χρηστοῖς τε παιδεύσωμεν ἥθεσιν νέους,
 πολλοῖς ὁδοῦντες ὠφελήμασιν βίου.
 οὕτω παρέσται πρὸς μὲν ἀνθρώπων κλέος·
 Θεός δ', ὅτῳ τὰ πάντα πράσσομεν τάδε,
 χάριν διδοὺς καὶ πλείον' ὧν αἰτούμεθα,
 αἰεὶ προάξει μᾶσσον εὐεστὴν φίλῃν.

R. S. FALCON, B.A.,

e Coll. Reg.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

Musæ, sacratî numina verticis,
Fontisque amantes Naiadum chori,
 Quotquot fatigatos labore
 Pieriâ recreatis umbrâ,
Si cara vobis, ut prius, indoles
Nutrita vestris sub penetralibus,
 Si cara virtus, atque fama
 Nominis intemerata magni,
Adeste cunctæ : dicite, *frigidas
Quæ mox ad aures ætheris exeant,
 Spirentque pendentem per orbem
 Socraticis iteranda turbis.
Jampridem acerbis victa doloribus
Mæret peremptum Patria principem ;
 Imosque Musarum recessus
 Propter, arundineasque ripas,
Virtus, coronâ cincta cupressinâ,
Latè querelis flebilibus gemit,
 Ceum mæsta per sylvas procella,
 Vel gemitus maris inquieti.
Nunc Hora vanis parcere fletibus,
Finemque jussit tristitiæ dare ;
 Nunc aura ridentis Favoni
 Frigoribus rediit solutis
Salve ! fidelis dux patriæ, et memor

* "Sung into the cold ears of the stars."—ALEXANDER SMITH.

In hâc adultæ sede puertiæ,
 Quas ipse, nec frustra, colebas,
 Thespiadum accipias honorem.
 Te nostra, †gratâ cui juvenilia
 Cingebat olim tempora laurea,
 Majore donandum coronâ
 Nunc iterum revocavit Isis:
 Nec vana tantis auspiciis fides :
 Quippe et futuræ præscia gloriæ,
 Laus ista prædixit sequendos
 Fulgidiore rotâ triumphos.
 Tu, quum senatûs corda labantia
 Diu paverent ancipiti metu
 Per dura fulsisti pericla
 Præsidium columenque rerum.
 Sic nauta, diris multùm Aquilonibus
 Caliginosâ nocte per Adriam
 Jactatus, optati per umbram
 Sideris, auspicium salutat.
 O disciplinæ fautor, et artium,
 Turbas furentes eloquio potens
 Torquere, civilesque motus
 Consilio cohibere justo
 Diu, precamur, dux bone, laurea
 Frontem coronet, Thespiadum decus,
 Diuque per terras, ad ortum
 Solis ab Hesperio cubili,
 Neglecta quamvis cætera lividæ
 Obliviones undique carpserint,

† The Earl of Derby obtained one of the Chancellors's
 Prizes at Oxford.

Te principem, fidumque rebus
 Subsidium dubiis, amicum
 Musis, patronumque artibus, et ducem
 Quacunque Virtus expediat viam,
 Noscent Camœnæ : te, coronâ
 Cæruleos redimita crines,
 Isis, catervas inter amabiles
 Nympharum, ab oris concinet ultimis :
 Serique servabunt nepotes
 Perpetuæ monumenta laudis.

LIONEL DAWSON DAMER,
 e Coll. Trin.

“δακρύοεν γελασάσα.”

Thrice welcome to the seat thy worth hath won,
Proud in her grief sad Isis hails her son :—
Welcome ! but question not the sigh that starts
From the sealed sorrow of a thousand hearts ;—
Welcome ! but ask not why in Sheldon’s hall
The voice must falter, and the greeting fall ;
Greeting as warm, and joy as deep and proud
As though that greeting, and that joy were loud ;
And faith as steadfast, love as strong we bear
Though Past and Present mingle smile and tear :—
We weave two wreaths, we twine two garlands now,
One of bright olive for thine honoured brow
And one of cypress for the mighty dust
Who is our Memory, as thou our Trust :—
And therefore mourn we, therefore we rejoice
Shaping glad welcomes with a saddened voice ;
Because to-day great Arthur’s seat we see
Vacant of him,—held worthily of thee.

Sad and remindful task it were to say
What hope and gladness graced the happy day
When diadem’d with Victory’s brightest bays
As Knight that entereth after Herald’s praise

Hither he came whose fame had come before
 From Spain's sierras, and the Belgic shore,
 When Learning's self forgetting doubt and dread
 Unclassed the helmet from her Warrior's head,
 Ungirt the good steel sword his thigh displayed,
 And wiped the bloody honour from its blade :
 Nor held unfitting, nor unworthy thought
 The gentle work her timid fingers wrought
 For holiest is the war that winneth Peace,
 And best the strife that biddeth striving cease ;
 And now !—(alas but for our Hope in thee
 How sad and mournful were such Memory !)
 The sword that stayed not 'till the fight was done,
 The heart that failed not 'till the right was won,
 Firm heart and faithful sword—their work is o'er
 And the great Captain resteth evermore.

But Peace hath victories of deed and word
 Won with a subtler weapon than the sword,
 And civic wreaths a greener gleam display
 Than the stained garlands of the finished fray :
 Peace hath her battle-fields :—where they who fight
 Win more than honour, vanquish more than might,
 And strive a strife against a fiercer foe
 Than one who comes with battle-axe and bow ;
 And this was thine :—War's tempest was away
 Leaving thy destinies a fairer day,
 The Eagles slept, the Lion flags were furled,
 No battle-thunder woke the weary world,
 No Leipsic, Linden, Borodino, then
 Stained the sweet meadows with the blood of men :

But Peace, yet bleeding from the lance of war,
 And Trust, and Truth, and Plenty frightened far ;
 Learning uplooking from her lettered scroll,
 And Science starting at the drum's deep roll ;
 And angry Justice with white spreading wings,
 Leaving for ever Earth and Earthly things :
 These to win back, to comfort, and to calm
 'Till War's wild Pœan sank to peaceful psalm,
 And English homes, untenanted no more,
 Held hopes, and loves, and laughter, as before ;
 Senates to sway and Councillors to lead
 With earnest eloquence, and ready deed ;
 And sailing o'er a deep and dangerous flood
 To watch one guiding star—thy country's good :
 To hold to Honour for dear Honour's sake
 'Till Faction envied what it might not shake ;
 The right to succour and the wrong subdue,
 This was thy triumph—this thy Waterloo :—
 Well through that bloodless fight thy virtue bore
 The Stanley's banner stainless as of yore ;
 The silver shield that wears no trait'rous blot,
 The legend of the faith that changes not.*

Once more the city of the tower and dome
 Bids thee brave welcome to thine early home !
 Thou hear'st from tongue to tongue the greetings borne
 Where thy first laurel wreath was won and worn !
 Here—in an old and well remembered scene,
 Here—where thy verse hath rung : thy voice hath been,
 Oxford that sent thee forth, recalls in pride
 Once her dear son, and now her guard and guide ;

Strong in thy love, and steadfast in thy strength
 Hope hath chased Memory :—she smiles at length :
 Only in other times if need there be
 To tell her love for him, her hope for thee,
 Be this the sign ;—that when she sorrowed most
 Mourning at once her bulwark and her boast,
 To solace best a sad, and anxious grief,
 And best to honour England's buried Chief,
 She chose no meaner name, no lower line
 To grace his seat and guard her Fame, than thine.

EDWIN ARNOLD,
 e Coll. Univ.

* The motto of the Stanley family is "*Sans changer.*"

Ἄνδρες ξυνήθεις, ἀξίοις προσφθέγμασιν
 ὀλολυγμὸν εὐφημοῦντα τῷδ' ἐν ἡματι
 ἐπορθίαζεθ'. ὃν γὰρ ἐξεπέμψαμεν
 λαμπρὸν πολίτην, οὗτος, οὐκ ἄνευ πόνων
 δρέψας ἅωτον παντελοῦς εὐδοξίας,
 ἤδη πάρεστι, σκῆπτρα μετὰ χεροῖν ἔχων,
 πόλεως τ' ἐν ἀρχαίοισιν ἡμενος θρόνοισ.
 ὦ χαίρετ' ἤδη, πάνσοφοι μουσῶν ἔδραι,
 Ἴσις τε, μήτηρ ναμάτων ἀγαρρόων·
 ἦκει γὰρ ἡμῖν ὥσπερ ἐν σκότῳ φάος,
 σέβας μέγιστον, τῇδε τῇ πανηγύρει,
 ἀρχαιοπλούτων ἐκ δόμων ἐσθλὸς γεγώς,
 ἀστῶν ἀναξ Στανλείος· ἐν τύχῃ γέ τῳ
 πάρεστιν ἡμῖν, ὅστις οἶδε τὴν πόλιν
 ἐν δυσχίμοις ἄταισιν οἰακοστροφεῖν,
 λαόφθορον στάσιν τε κληθμῶ λόγων
 θέλγειν δι' ὧτων μείλιχον στάζων ὅπα.
 ἀλλ' ὦ κράτιστον τῷδε τῷ κοινῷ κάρα,
 ἐπεὶ πέφυκας πιστὸς εἰς χρέος τόδε,
 ἐξ εὐμένους σε καρδίας ἱκνούμεθα,
 πατέρων παραδόχας ἅς θ' ὁμήλικας χρόνῳ
 κεκτήμεθ', εἰκὴ μήτινα φθείρειν ἔα·
 ὅτοις δὲ καὶ δεῖ φαρμάκων παιωνίων,
 τούτων ἱατρὸς εὐφρονέστατος γενοῦ·
 καὶ σοῦ γ' ἕκατι τιμιώτερος πόλει
 οὐπιρρέων γένοιτ' ἂν εὐτυχῆς χρόνος·
 αὐτὸς δὲ καὶ σὺ τῆσδε τῆς χρείας χάριν
 ἔπαινον ἀντίμισθον ἐνδίκως λάβοις.

F. W. WALKER, B.A.,

e Collegio Corporis Christi.

Immortal spirit of the lyre
Who erst didst animate the Grecian lays,
And kindle with thy hallowed fire
The Pæan hymn of praise !
Though rude the hand that o'er thy numbers strays,
Let but one string awake to life again,
One chord harmonious ring that long hath lain
Silent and slumbering in its native shell,
Till roused of brightest deeds and noblest hearts to tell.

There is a voice of mourning all around,
A nation's cry of woe—
And hearts that quailed not at the trumpet's sound,
The crash of battle, and the fiery foe,
Are throbbing faint and low—
Hark to the pealing of the muffled bell
That throngs the silent air—it is the warrior's knell.

We mourn thee, Wellington, thy country's pride,
Who backward rolled stern Despotism's tide ;
Before whose sword the Gallic hosts recoiled,
The victor vanquished, and the spoiler spoiled ;
Thy hand has snatched from many a bloody fight
The righteous laurels of victorious might ;
And each fond tear that consecrates thy tomb
Will lend those laurels never-fading bloom ;
While brazen-throated Fame with winged breath
Will hail the Hero-chief unconquered save by death.

The mournful note is melting into space,
 The last faint echo trembles on the lyre.
 Come, Spirit, smite the chord of praise,
 The joyful melody inspire !
 Full well such theme befits a minstrel's rhyme,
 The glories of an ancient race,
 For, ever through the ceaseless flow of time,
 Where'er the blazoned scroll of fame we trace,
 By History heralded, by poet sung,
 Foremost in court and camp a Stanley's name has rung.

And thou, of noble sires the noblest son,
 Thy meanest boast, antiquity of name,
 Thy proudest birthright, heritage of fame,
 Untarnished by the breath of shame,
 Well didst thou guard the gem thy fathers won.
 They bore their triumphs from the tented field,
 The shivered helmet and the battered shield :
 Yet Victory wreaths for him her choicest crown
 Who stills the war of fierce debate,
 Who moulds the councils of a state,
 Who holds the honour of a throne,
 Whose voice has power to chain the listening throng,
 As Orpheus wont of old to pour the flood of song.

The tribute of a nation's praise
 A grateful country dedicates to thee,
 Who in that night of doubt and fear,
 When tossed upon the troubled sea
 There was no hand the bark to steer,
 The beacon light did'st raise ;
 Hope was the star that beamed upon thy way,
 And chased the darkness with her silver ray,

Thy watchword, justice—and thy country's right
The magnet of thy course to point the distant light.

We bid thee welcome to the calm retreat,

Where pale-browed Science holds her peaceful sway,
Whose classic groves have echoed with the feet
Of many a statesman of a bygone day.
Could they from out the Elysian glades
Arise to walk these academic shades,
Their willing tongues would swell the glad acclaim
Which thousands raise to celebrate thy name
And loudest here the joyful strain should rise,
Here loudest anthems fill the vaulted skies,
Where first the genius of this ancient pile
Bid favouring fortune on thy path to smile.

Perchance in some more tranquil hour

Thy soul has bowed to Memory's magic power ;
And Fancy's foot has trod th' accustomed halls,
And Fancy's gaze has lingered round the walls
Where, nourished with the varied store
Of History's legend and poetic lore,
Thy youthful ardour, kindling into flame,
Plucked the first blossom from the tree of Fame.
And here the muse would consecrate thy shrine,
And Science here her wreath of bays entwine,
To hail thee Guardian of the sacred fire
Whose breath hath waked to life the spirit of the lyre.

EDWARD C. D. BELL,

e COLL. BALL.

O vos Angliacæ quondam clarissima gentis
Lumina, qui flavæ posuistis ad Isidis undam
Musarum augustas sedes, dilectaque Phœbo
Atria, et à viridi nobis Helicone Camænas
Duxistis, tumuli jamdudum rumpite somnos
Illustres animæ, cæcoque audite sepulchro !
Vos Rhedycina voatat ; vos vestraque facta nepotes
Per longos annos imitati, passibus æquis
Majorum pariter famam moresque sequuntur.
En ! lætis iterum auspiciis certo ordine rerum
Volvitur alma dies,—studium laudesque suorum
Commemorant nati, tantæque ab origine lætâ
Æternùm memores repetunt primordia famæ.
En ! sibi jam meritos præclarus alumnus honores
Vindicat, imperiique volens insignia sumit ;
Æternasque simul firmat fausto omine leges.
Tempora cui primâ vixdum Sapientia tangit
Canitie, quanquam sublimi in fronte refulget
Intemeratus honos, ac vis intacta juventæ :
Salve clare lare Pater !—justas adscribere laudes
Si liceat, meritoque decus celebrare tuorum
Carmine, nunc saltem trepidanti ignosce Camænæ.
Sit tibi quos Rhedycina parens commisit honores
Consiliis servare piis, turpique veterno
Eripere antiquas leges ut jura parentum
Excipiant seris saeculâs stabilita nepotes.
Macte igitur virtute, animi famæque priores
Quos retulere tibi non immemor, ipse faventi
Accedas studio, famâque insignis avitâ

Officii grandes curas gravioraque vitæ
 Munera jucundis discas conjungere Musis.
 Nec pigeat certo perducere fœdere cœpta
 Tam cari capitis, nuper quem flebilis hora
 Eripuit nobis, et funere mersit iniquo.—

O utinam tenui plectro tua facta liceret
 Tot belli laudes, tantos de pace triumphos
 Dicere, et ingentes luctus, Arture, tuorum,
 Inclyte dux nostrûm ;—at tantis ingentibus ausis
 Deficiunt animi vastâque exterrita mole
 Musa silet, gravius nam poscunt talia plectrum.
 Exoriare aliquis, digno qui carmine dicat
 Eximiam Arturi laudem, sæclisque futuris
 Tum Martis laurus virides, tum pacis olivas
 Expediet dictis ;—manet æternûmque manebit
 Fama immota viri seros memoranda per annos.
 Nulla dies memori nomen delebit ab ævo,
 Dum teneat latum servata Britannia regnum,
 Dum Rhedycina Parens claris se jactet alumnis.

ROBERT BOWNAS WORMALD,

e Coll. Linc.

Καὶ σὺ μὲν ἐν σιγᾷ θανατῷ δεδμημένος εὐδεις
 ἡμετέρων ἄρχων ἔξοχα τιόμενε,
 ὅς ποτὲ λάοισιν σωτὴρ ἐξῆλθες, ἀνασχὼν
 αἴσιμον Ἑυρωπῇ φέγγος ἐλευθερίας.
 οὐ σε μόνῃ γῇ πατρίς ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καλύπτει,
 γαῖα γὰρ ἐνδόξων πᾶσα πέφυκε τάφος¹
 Ἴσις δ' ἐν δονάκεσσι μινύρεται, ἣν καταλείψας
 πολλά περ ἀχνομένην εἰς Ἀἶδην ἀπέβης·
 ἔσται δ' οἰχομένοιοι σόον κλέος· ἐνθαδ' ἂρ' ἡμεῖς
 εἰ καὶ κοιμήσαι Μοῦσ' ἐκέλευσε λύραν
 δάκρυσι νικηθείσα, μόρον σύ γ' ἐπεὶ σὸν ἔπεσπες
 δεξόμεθ' ἀλλοῖον δῶμασι Πιερίδων
 ἄνερα, σοὶ γὰρ ἔρις, πολέμοιό τε λάβρος ὄμιλος
 ἀργαλέος τε μαχῆς φυλόπιδός τε πόνος,
 κείνῳ δ' οὐ πολέμοιο δυσήχεος ἔργα μέμηλε,
 οὐδ' ἀνά τοι κρατερῆς θῆκε τροπᾶια χερός·
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' εἰρήνης στέφανον καὶ γλαυκὸν ἐλαίης
 ὄξον, καὶ δάφνης φύλλον ἐπὶ κροτάφοις
 βάλλει, Μουσαῖσιν πολὺ φίλτερος· οὐ γὰρ ἄπειρος²
 ἐστὶ μελιγλώσσων ἁρμονίης ἐπέων·
 τῷ δ' ἐπιτέτραπται Βρετάνων ἐνὶ γῇ πολυπύρῳ
 λάοις ἀντέλλειν ἐν σκοτιῇσι φάος
 ἀγρονόμοις, Μουσῶν δὲ παρὰ ῥόον Ἰσιδος ἄρχειν
 πρευμαένων, δώροισι Ἀονίοις προπόλῳ.
 καὶ νῦν, ὦ πολύτιμε, τόδ' εἰ σοὶ προσφιλὲς ἐστὶ,
 καὶ χάρις ἡμετέροις εἴ τις ἔνεστι λόγοις
 χαῖρε—καὶ ἐν μεγάροις σοφίης ὅταν αὐτὸς ἀνάσσης
 ἄνερος εὖ μνήσαι τοῦ πάρος οἰχομένου.

R. N. SANDERSON,
 ex Aul. Magd : Scholaris Lusbeianus.

¹ ἁνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῇ τάφος.

THUCYD., Book II. 43.

² In allusion to the Latin Verse Prize gained by Lord Derby when an undergraduate in this University.

A few short years—at this high festival
His Country's Saviour stood in Sheldon's hall :
A few short years—the Warrior sinks to rest,
Mourn'd by his England, by his England blest.
Scarce from our towers the last sad knell is rung,
Scarce in our aisles the solemn requiem sung,
Scarce on the lips of him we greet to-day
The Hero's eulogy hath died away ;—
Died but in sound—its hero cannot die,
Death is his herald to posterity.

As a great Chieftain, borne upon his shield
From out the roar of his last battle-field,
Speaks in that low clear voice that marketh still
The falt'ring life, the never-falt'ring will,—
Chides the weak sorrow of his wistful band,
And, strong in spirit, gives his last command,—
Points onward, in that pause of doubt and dread,
And bids another lead where he had led—
'Tis thus, methinks, His brave calm spirit here
Forbids the sigh, forbids the starting tear ;
Yes, lov'd Oxonia, bids thee cease to mourn,
And look, not weeping now, not now forlorn,
To him whom fondly, as a youthful knight,
Whose mother's hands have mail'd him for the fight,
Arm'd with thy panoply thou badest forth
Well to essay, and well to prove its worth ;

And now, with many a trophy proudly won
 From Britain's Senate thou hast call'd thy son—
 Sent forth in hope, and welcom'd back with pride,
 Thy promise then, thy Champion now and guide.

Deep is the joy that generous welcome brings,
 Which from a thousand hearts unbidden springs ;
 But there's a deeper joy—a softer pow'r—
 That thrills the heart, in that delicious hour,
 When, from Life's turmoil, Manhood seeks once more
 His early home, and sees the scenes of yore,—
 When those dear memories of the vanish'd years,
 Making sweet music in the Pilgrim's ears,
 Back to youth's morning-land the Man beguile,
 Like Ariel's harping round the haunted isle.

Ye classic cloisters, ye time-honour'd piles,
 Ye heavenward-pointing spires, ye echoing aisles,
 Whose hallow'd spell his youthful fancy led,
 O'er Manhood's heart once more your spirit shed.
 Ye brooks, ye meads, that gird our old grey towers,
 Ye woodland haunts, ye unforgotten bowers,
 If e'er his song your guardian nymphs could please,
 Waft him your welcome in the summer breeze.
 O Isis, if thy meadow-fringed side,
 Not unenamour'd, he hath roam'd beside,
 Arise, lov'd Isis, bid thy waters now
 Murmur sweet welcome with their silver flow.
 Ye Muses, send him, from your classic grove,
 A greeting worthy of his early love ;
 And, if he thinks no scorn your wreath to wear,
 And if its laurel-leaves be not yet sere,
 Bind ye, in memory of the time that's fled,
 His youth's green garland on the Statesman's head.

Ye great departed ! Soldier, Statesman, Sage,
 Whose living semblance still, from age to age,
 Shrin'd as the genius of Oxonia's halls,
 Looks inspiration from our ancient walls,—
 Receive your peer ! swift years have roll'd away,
 And Derby rules, where Stanley learn'd t' obey—
 Where his young Muse with Learning's meed was
 crown'd,

When in this Hall, from these throng'd galleries round
 The youth of Oxford lean'd his voice to hear,
 And gave, not undeserv'd, the generous cheer ;
 And woman's smile, from many a radiant row,
 Glanc'd its approving lustre then as now ;
 Then let him hear these echoes once again
 Resound his welcome and prolong the strain ;
 And grant, ye fair, a lovelier meed of praise
 Than laurell'd honours, or than Poet's lays ;
 Shed ye on this bright scene a brighter ray,
 And crown the triumph with your smile to-day.

WILLIAM ALLAN RUSSELL, B.A.,
 Magdalen Hall.

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

A PRIZE POEM

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

JUNE XXIII. M DCCC LII.

BY

EDWIN ARNOLD.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



OXFORD:

FRANCIS MACPHERSON.

M DCCC LII.

SYNOPSIS.

“Belshazzar’s impious feast; a handwriting, unknown to the magicians, troubleth the king. At the commendation of the queen Daniel is brought; He, reproving the king of pride and idolatry, readeth and interpreteth the writing. The monarchy is translated to the Medes.”—*Daniel*, ch. 5.



THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

*ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοι τὰ σκληρ' ἄγαν φρονήματα
πίπτειν μάλιστα.*

NOT by one portal, or one path alone
God's holy messages to men are known ;
Waiting the glances of his awful eyes
Silver-winged Seraphs do him embassies ;
And stars interpreting his high behest
Guide the lone feet and glad the failing breast—
The rolling thunder and the raging sea
Speak the stern purpose of the Deity,
And storms beneath and rainbow hues above
Herald his anger or proclaim his love :
The still small voices of the summer day,
The red Sirocco, and the breath of May,
The lingering harmony in Ocean shells,
The fairy music of the meadow bells,

Earth and void Air—Water and wasting Flame
Have words to whisper, tongues to tell his name.
Once—with no cloak of careful mystery
Himself was herald of his own decree ;
The hand that edicts on the marble drew
Graved the stern sentence of their scorner too.—
Listen and learn ! Tyrants have heard the tale,
And turned from hearing terror-struck and pale,
Spiritless captives sinking with the chain
Have read this page and taken heart again.—

From sunlight unto starlight trumpets told
Her king's command in Babylon the old,
From sunlight unto starlight west and east
A thousand satraps girt them for the feast,
And reined their chargers to the palace hall
Where King Belshazzar held high festival :
A pleasant palace under pleasant skies
With cloistered courts and gilded galleries,
And gay kiosk and painted balustrade
For winter terraces and summer shade ;
By court and terrace, minaret and dome,
Euphrates, rushing from his mountain home,
Rested his rage, and curbed his crested pride

To belt that palace with his bluest tide ;
Broad-fronted bulls with chiselled feathers barred
In silent vigil keeping watch and ward,
Giants of granite wrought by cunning hand
Guard in the gate and frown upon the land :
Not summer's glow nor yellow autumn's glare
Pierced the broad tamarisks that blossomed there ;
The moonbeam darting through their leafy screen
Lost half its silver in the softened green,
And fell with lessened lustre, broken light,
Tracing quaint arabesque of dark and white ;
Or dimly tinting on the graven stones
The pictured annals of Chaldæan thrones.—
There, from the rising to the setting day
Birds of bright feather sang the light away,
And fountain waters on the palace-floor
Made even answer to the river's roar,
Rising in silver from the crystal well
And breaking into spangles as they fell ;
Though now ye heard them not—for far along
Rang the broad chorus of the banquet song,
And sounds as gentle, echoes soft as these
Died out of hearing from the revelries.

High on a throne of ivory and gold,
From crown to footstool clad in purple fold,
Lord of the east from sea to distant sea
The king Belshazzar feasteth royally—
And not that dreamer in the desert cave
Peopled his paradise with pomp as brave :
Vessels of silver, cups of crusted gold
Blush with a brighter red than all they hold ;
Pendulous lamps like planets of the night
Flung on the diadems a fragrant light,
Or slowly swinging in the midnight sky
Gilded the ripples as they glided by :—
And sweet and sweeter rang the cittern-string
Soft as the beating of a Seraph's wing,
And swift and swifter in the measured dance
The tresses gather and the sandals glance,
And bright and brighter at the festal board
The flagons bubble and the wines are poured ;
No lack of goodly company was there,
No lack of laughing eyes to light the cheer ;
From Dara trooped they, from Daremma's grove
" The suns of battle and the moons of love ; " *
From where Arsissa's silver waters sleep

* Hafiz, the Persian Anacreon.

To Imla's marshes and the inland deep,
From pleasant Calah and from Sittacene
The horseman's captain and the Harem's queen.—

It seemed no summer-cloud of passing woe
Could fling its shadow on so fair a show—
It seemed the gallant forms that feasted there
Were all too grand for woe, too great for care—
Whence came the anxious eye, the altered tone,
The dull presentiment no heart would own,
That ever changed the smiling to a sigh
Sudden as sea-bird flashing from the sky : —
It is not that they know the spoiler waits
Harnessed for battle at the brazen gates,
It is not that they hear the watchman's call
Mark the slow minutes on the leaguered wall,
The clash of quivers and the ring of spears
Make pleasant music in a soldier's ears :
And not a scabbard hideth sword to-night
That hath not glimmered in the front of fight—
May not the blood in every beating vein
Have quick foreknowledge of the coming pain ?
Even as the prisoned silver,* dead and dumb

* The quicksilver in the tube of the thermometer.

Shrinks at cold Winter's footfall ere he come.—

The king hath felt it and the heart's unrest
Heaved the broad purple of his belted breast ;
Sudden he speaks—" What ! doth the beaded juice
" Savour like hyssop that ye scorn its use ?
" Wear ye so pitiful and sad a soul
" That tramp of foemen scares ye from the bowl ?
" Think ye the gods on yonder starry floor
" Tremble for terror, when the thunders roar ?
" Are we not gods ? have we not fought with God ?
" And shall we shiver at a robber's nod ?
" No—let them batter till the brazen bars
" Ring merry mocking of their idle wars—
" Their fall is fated for to-morrow's sun,
" The lion rouses when his feast is done—
" Crown me a cup—and fill the bowls we brought
" From Judah's temple when the fight was fought—
" Drink, till the merry madness fill the soul
" To Salem's conqueror in Salem's bowl—
" Each from the goblet of a God shall sip
" And Judah's gold tread heavy on the lip." *

* " He never drinks

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip." *Shak. Tit. Andr.*

The last loud answer dies along the line,
The last light bubble bursts upon the wine,
His eager lips are on the jewelled brink,
Hath the cup poison that he doubts to drink ?
Is there a spell upon the sparkling gold,
That so his fevered fingers quit their hold ?
Whom sees he where he gâzes ? what is there
Freezing his vision into fearful stare ?
Follow his lifted arm and lighted eye
And watch with them the wondrous mystery.—

There cometh forth a hand—upon the stone,
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown ;
Fingers like mortal fingers—leaving there
The blank wall flashing characters of fear—
And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow—
Now the scroll endeth—now the seal is set—
The hand is gone—the record tarries yet.—

As one who waits the warrant of his death,
With pale lips parted and with bridled breath—
They watch the sign and dare not turn to seek

Their fear reflected in their fellows' cheek—
But stand as statues where the life is none,
Half the jest uttered—half the laughter done—
Half the flask empty—half the flagon poured,—
Each where the phantom found him at the board
Struck into silence—as December's arm
Curbs the quick ripples into crystal calm.—

With wand of ebony and sable stole
Chaldæa's wisest scan the spectral scroll—
Strong in the lessons of a lying art
Each comes to gaze, but gazes to depart—
And still for mystic sign and muttered spell
The graven letters guard their secret well—
Gleam they for warning—glare they to condemn—
God speaketh,—but he speaketh not for them.—

Oh! ever, when the happy laugh is dumb
All the joy gone, and all the anguish come—
When strong adversity and subtle pain
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain—
When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own
Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone—
When fears and cares the lonely thought employ,

And clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy—
When weary life, breathing reluctant breath
Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death—
Then the best counsel and the last relief
To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
The only calm, the only comfort heard
Comes in the music of a woman's word—
Like beacon-bell on some wild island-shore,
Silverly ringing in the tempest's roar,
Whose sound borne shipward through the midnight
 gloom
Tells of the path, and turns her from her doom.

So in the silence of that awful hour
When baffled magic mourned its parted power—
When kings were pale and satraps shook for fear,
A woman speaketh—and the wisest hear—
She—the high daughter of a thousand thrones
Telling with trembling lip and timid tones
Of him the Captive, in the feast forgot,
Who readeth visions—him, whose wondrous lot
Sends him to lighten doubt and lessen gloom,
And gaze undazzled on the days to come—
Daniel the Hebrew, such his name and race,

Held by a monarch highest in his grace,
He may declare—Oh!—bid them quickly send,
So may the mystery have happy end!—

Calmly and silent as the fair full moon
Comes sailing upward in the sky of June—
Fearfully as the troubled clouds of night
Shrink from before the coming of its light—
So through the hall the Prophet passed along,
So from before him fell the festal throng—
By broken wassail-cup, and wine o'erthrown
Pressed he still onward for the monarch's throne—
His spirit failed him not—his quiet eye
Lost not its light for earthly majesty ;
His lip was steady and his accent clear,
“ The king hath needed me,—and I am here.”—

“ Art thou the Prophet ? read me yonder scroll
“ Whose undeciphered horror daunts my soul—
“ There shall be guerdon for the grateful task,
“ Fitted for me to give, for thee to ask—
“ A chain to deck thee—and a robe to grace,
“ Thine the third throne and thou the third in place.”

He heard—and turned him where the lighted wall
Dimmed the red torches of the festival,
Gazed on the sign with steady gaze and set,
And he who quailed not at a kingly threat
Bent the true knee and bowed the silver hair,
For that he knew the King of kings was there—
Then nerved his soul the sentence to unfold,
While his tongue trembled at the tale it told—
And never tongue shall echo tale as strange
Till that change cometh which must never change.

“ Keep for thyself the guerdon and the gold- -
“ What God hath graved, God’s prophet must unfold ;
“ Could not thy father’s crime, thy father’s fate
“ Teach thee the terror thou hast learnt too late—
“ Hast thou not read the lesson of his life,
“ Who wars with God shall strive a losing strife ?
“ His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,
“ The sword his sceptre and the earth his throne—
“ The nations trembled when his awful eye
“ Gave to them leave to live or doom to die—
“ The Lord of Life—the Keeper of the grave,
“ His frown could wither and his smile could save—
“ Yet when his heart was hard, his spirit high

“ God drave him from his kingly majesty,
“ Far from the brotherhood of fellow men
“ To seek for dwelling in the desert den ;
“ Where the wild asses feed and oxen roam
“ He sought his pasture and he made his home,
“ And bitter-biting frost and dews of night
“ Schooled him in sorrow till he knew the right,
“ That God is ruler of the rulers still
“ And setteth up the sovereign that he will :—
“ Oh ! hadst thou treasured in repentant breast
“ His pride and fall, his penitence and rest,
“ And bowed submissive to Jehovah’s will,
“ Then had thy sceptre been a sceptre still—
“ But thou hast mocked the majesty of heaven,
“ And shamed the vessels to its service given,
“ And thou hast fashioned idols of thine own
“ Idols of gold, of silver, and of stone ;
“ To them hast bowed the knee, and breathed the breath,
“ And they must help thee in the hour of death.
“ Woe for the sign unseen, the sin forgot,
“ God was among ye, and ye knew it not !
“ Hear what he sayeth now, ‘ Thy race is run,
“ The years are numbered and the days are done,
“ Thy soul hath mounted in the scale of fate,

“ The Lord hath weighed thee and thou lackest weight;
“ Now in thy palace porch the spoilers stand,
“ To seize thy sceptre, to divide thy land.’ ”—

He ended—and his passing foot was heard,
But none made answer, not a lip was stirred—
Mute the free tongue and bent the fearless brow,—
The mystic letters had their meaning now !
Soon came there other sound—the clash of steel,
The heavy ringing of the iron heel—
The curse in dying, and the cry for life,
The bloody voices of the battle strife.—

That night they slew him on his father’s throne,
The deed unnoticed and the hand unknown ;
Crownless and sceptreless Belshazzar lay,
A robe of purple, round a form of clay.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

A PRIZE POEM,

1853.

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THE RUINS OF EGYPTIAN THEBES.

A PRIZE POEM,
RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,
JUNE 7th, 1853.

BY
SAMUEL HARVEY REYNOLDS,
SCHOLAR OF EXETER COLLEGE.



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THE RUINS OF EGYPTIAN THEBES.

*Βέβακεν ὕψις, οὐ μεθύστερον
Πτεροῖς ὁπαδοῖς ὕπνου κελεύθοις.*

I LAY in slumber, lightly bound, yet free
By fancy winged I strayed unfettered on
Through fairy splendours, touched again with life,
And orbing into act and circumstance,
From the dim past ; awhile methought I stood
Among the halls of Carthage ; now among
The statued shrines of Athens, with the gods
Pallas, and young Apollo ; now at Rome
I saw a senate giving world-wide law
Or Scipio hurling back upon the foe
The storm of war at Zama ; 'till at length
Slowly my vision gathered time and shape.
And then upon a waste of Libyan plain
I wandered on alone, and not a sight,

Or sound I heard of any living thing,
Save when the ostrich, borne across the sand
On storm-swift pinion, lessened to a speck
Far in the faint horizon ; or alone
The dusky eagle winged his trackless way
High overhead ; but when the night was late
The distant echo of the lion's roar
Fell on the ear like thunder, heard afar,
What time the storm breaks crashing on the hills,
And thickest hail, and streams of angry fire
Reveal the terrors of the gloomy night.
And now the sun sank slowly to repose
In the still west, and 'neath his latest beam
The flashing torrent of the dark-blue Nile
Poured on its mass of waters, seaward borne ;
Now o'er the headlong cataract with a roar
Down plunging, lost in clouds of glittering spray,
That lightly fell, like lilies scattered down
From ivory fingers, or the silvery shower
When the rude North's unkindly touch shakes off
The glistening dew-drop from the rose's bloom ;
Or parted here by barrier rocks, that frowned,
Like giants set in the path to stop their way,

With thousand slender streamlets girdled in
 A thousand mossy isles ; here broadening down
 In full deep flood through tall acacia bowers,
 And happy orchards set with golden fruits
 Fair as the treasure, dragon-watched, that shone
 In the far gardens of th' Hesperides.
 But distant seen in solitary state
 Rose frowning towers, and battlements that fenced
 A mighty city ; and as near I came
 Precipitous walls, and clustered palaces,
 And temples old in story, bathed in light,
 Shone to the eye, like those rich jewelled domes
 That genii build in old Arabian tale
 Rich with the treasures of the land and sea.
 The gates lay broken down, I entered in
 Unheeded ; all was silence, save the cry
 Of some ill-omened bird, scared from his haunt
 By man's unwonted step ; and all the town
 Lay bound in slumber ; through the long blank street
 No face met mine, alone I wandered on.
 But all about me, towering to the sky,
 Rose lofty pinnacles, and ancient halls
 Of monarchs, all forgotten ; only these

Remained to tell their glory, only these
 To mock the wonder of a later age.
 And through tall windows rich with coloured stones
 The sunbeam poured upon the dazzled floors ;
 And flooded light o'er columns wreathed about
 With lotus, and high pointed obelisks traced
 With mystic letters, hard to tell, as leaves
 From sybil's scroll, or those dread lines of fire
 That wrought confusion in Belshazzar's hall,
 Writ by an unknown hand, foreshadowing woe.
 And every chamber, every palace hall
 Was dight with sculptured legendary lore ;
 Or brightly glowing by the painter's art
 Told stories of an early world, the youth
 Of nations that had passed away, and left,
 Save these, no other memory of their state.
 And here the sunbeam lighted into life
 An ancient tale of war ; a bannered host
 Poured forth from every gate, and all the plain
 Gleamed with bright brass, and tossed a thousand
 fires
 From helm and shield, and from ten thousand throats
 In wild fierce discord rose the yell of war :

And there the prancings of the warrior steed,
The din of shielded legions, and the clang
Of measured martial tread, each sound that wakes
The daring latent in the soldier's breast :
The eagle too, that knew the gathering strife
The gaunt grim vulture hovered there, and troops
Of hungry birds, that tear their sweetest meal
What time the ranks are broken, and the fight
Slopes onward, or the thick black cloud of smoke
Wreathes up in volumes from the conquered town.
Nor war alone, but every motley scene
Of life was pictured there, in light and shade,
Or glad, or mournful, like an April morn
Half dulled with clouds, half laughing on the sun.
And here a long procession filled the streets,
A prince's wedding gay with royal robes
And torches, moving lightly to the sound
Of festal music ; here the crowded board
Was thronged with guests that feasted till the eve,
And sported till the morning star looked down
On twilight slowly broadening into day.
And other sights were there : the Libyan gods
Stood, each in marble, figured to the life

By artist's fancy, such as life might be
If life itself were frozen into stone.
And there were Isis, Horus, and the rest,
The dog Anubis, and the wolf-god, he
Who slew Osiris, Typhon ; and the bull
Apis, to whom a myriad voices rise
And hail Osiris rendered back to life.
Nor these alone, but men whose deeds of fame
Speak to us from the past, sage, warrior, king,
Poet, and statesman, names whose charm hath power
To bind the ages with a closer chain
Of brotherhood in great and glorious deeds.
But I passed on, and left the glittering halls,
And stood within the sepulchres of kings,
More wondrous than their earthly palaces.
For there they dwelt a little span of life
Brief as a dream that fades away at morn,
And passed and mingled with the silent dead :
But here, while countless ages came and went,
They lay in awful majesty, unchanged,
Nor fearing change ; till the revolving years,
Completed, circled out a newer life ;
And former scenes, forgotten to the sense,

Were acted o'er again ; for so they deemed,
 What was, had been, and was again to be
 In due succession, different, yet the same.
 And here within an inner chamber, dim,
 Hung all with solemn draperies, where the sun
 Had never pierced, and breezes never blew
 The fragrant morning, sad as a sick man's room,
 Whose friends stand hushed expecting ere he die,
 A lonely woman sat ; a single lamp
 Burned on before her, like a little star
 Scarce seen through drifting clouds when all the
 night

Is black with tempest ; and its light was dim,
 Cold, cheerless, as in Iceland's winter falls
 One straggling sunbeam o'er a waste of snow.
 Her face was beautiful, but pale and sad
 With untold grief ; her long dark careless hair
 Had slipped its band, and strayed in tangled folds
 Down her cold bosom ; and her eye was dim :
 But heaved her breast as though a Hecla fire
 Were cratered there, and forced its way unbid
 In sudden storms of sighs ; most beautiful,
 Most sad, she sat ; but oh if Sorrow stole

A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self
Might envy well the charm that Sorrow lent
To every perfect feature : there awhile
I stood in silence, loth too soon to wake
Her reverie ; at the last she spoke, her voice
Sank deep and mournful on my listening ear
As moans the sad sea wind the long night through
About the desert unfrequented shore.

“ And who art thou,” she said, “ whose careless step
Hath thus disturbed us in our place of rest,
Our long last home, where ages flow untold
In sad succession, like a funeral train
That knows no end ; and never breaks the morn,
But morn and eve are lost in ceaseless night.”

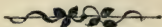
Then I in wonder, “ Not with curious eye
Led on by idle fancy have I come,
But wandering in amazement, from among
The lordly mansions of an early time,
When dwelt the gods on earth, and raised them up
Eternal houses, splendid as the crest
Of white Olympus when his topmost snows
Reflect the thunderer's presence, and the state
Of heaven descends, to awe the eyes of men.”

"Poor relics these," she said, "but I have seen
 The hundred-gated Thebæ, when in youth
 She sat aloft in queenly state, as sits
 The cloud-capped rock above a waste of sea.
 A wondrous city ; and a wondrous land,
 Such as no eye can ere again behold :
 A land of morning, where the early sun,
 Hailed with full-throated voice of welcome, rose
 In cloudless splendour far beyond the hills
 That bound thy utmost gaze : and all around
 Th' empurpled mist pierced through with golden
 light
 Fled at his coming, and he reigned alone
 Through the wide sky, sole monarch of the day.
 A land of evening, where the full-orbed moon
 And all the stars that gem the coronal
 Of dewy Night, shone o'er us, with a song
 Of voiceless music ; and the balmy air
 Slow breathing wafted on the full perfume
 From groves of citron by the banks of Nile :
 And through a thousand kingly palaces
 The calm light slumbered on the pictured walls :
 The while the shadows of our city towers

Sloped, deepening down, across the yellow sands.
But, for no language can avail to speak
The early glories of the Theban town,
The toil of works, the temples, palaces
That rose to heaven ; and more than all the rest
The earnest life that throbbed in every pulse,
And prompted on to words and deeds of fame,
That live in story in the mouths of men,
I will recall a vision from the past,
And shew thee wonders, more than tongue can tell.”
I turned me at her bidding, and beheld
A countless people, toiling on till eve,
All with a single purpose piling up
Huge granite rocks, and moulding into form
With curious art the uncouth mass of stone ;
And while they laboured, rose, as in a dream,
Deep-bastioned walls, and turrets high to heaven,
And spacious courts, and palaces, and shrines
Of jewelled fretwork, deep inlaid with gold :
And one was there who urged them on to toil,
And sang the glories of the coming age,
And Thebes, the queen of nations ; and I knew
The guardian goddess of the town, and knew

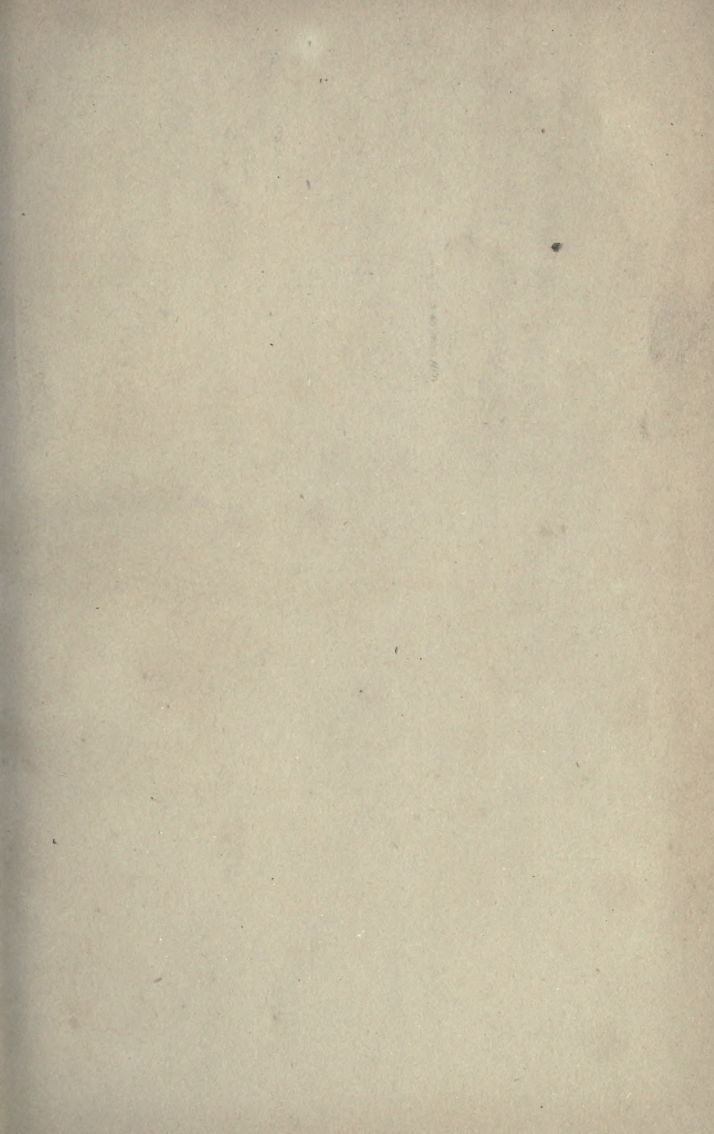
The strange sad lady whom I erst had found
 In lonely sorrow, weeping in the tombs.
 Once more I gazed : Tithonus' royal son
 Rode forth : to battle with the warrior Greeks
 That fought at Ilium ; twenty thousand knights
 And thousand chariots thronged the changing plain.
 'Twas early morning, and the glowing East
 Flushed with the purple sunrise, as the car
 Of bright Aurora shone upon the day,
 Led by the rosy Hours : about his head
 The bickering sunbeam floated, kindling up
 A thousand rainbow hues, red, emerald, gold,
 And violet. As in some deep-shaded bower
 The twining jasmine, tangled with the rose,
 Iris and honeysuckle, cheats the eye
 With warm soft hues, half manifold, half one.
 So beamed, innoxious, round his crested head,
 The wild bright glory of the lambent flame,
 Aurora's greeting to her warrior child.
 But now the scene was changed ; through every
 gate,
 In strange dark garb, poured in the victor band
 From Susa's palace, and the Median bank

Of far Choaspes : tall above the rest
The monarch of the East, Cambyses, rode
In more than kingly state, his chariot yoked
With snow-white horses, and the gods looked down
With jealous eyes, unseen ; but now he came
All conqueror, none withstood his onward way.
But while I gazed, and heard, or seemed to hear,
The burning temples crash in thunder down ;
And tongues of fire and clouds of pillared smoke
Rose everywhere, as burst upon the town
The long-pent fury of the Persian host ;
The sun had flaunted in the eastern sky
The first red banner of the early dawn,
And, nearer now, had fringed the purple clouds
With hues of morning : and my vision passed
Affrighted from before me, and the day
Came up victorious, scattering in his course
The changeful shadows of reluctant night.









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