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GREEK EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. — HORACE.

GREECE was the land of poetry. Endowed with a language, of all others adapted to every variation of feeling, from the deepest pathos or boldest heroism, to the lightest mirth, and gifted with the most exquisite sensibility to all the charms of poetry, it is not surprising that her inhabitants carried it to a height beyond any thing that the world has seen, before or since. It was intermingled with their daily life, it formed a portion of their very being, and constituted the chief source of their highest enjoyment. All Athens rushed daily to the theatre, to exult or weep as the genius of the poet directed them; and the people who could find their greatest tragedian for harrowing their feelings beyond endurance, must have been differently formed from those of the present day. The well-known saying of old Fletcher of Saltoun, is not now true; but we can readily believe it, with such a race, when songs, like the glorious ode of Callistratus,

Ἐν μίῳ κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορέσω. κ. τ. λ.

were daily sung, while the lyre and myrtle-branch passed from hand to hand.

With the Greeks, poetry seemed to enter into the character of every man. It was cultivated by the annual contests between its highest professors; and the honor which awaited the victor was an inducement to exertion of the noblest kind. It was the surest road to the favor and patronage of the great. Not the cold and chilling assistance which the Medici held out to the genius of their land, and which seemed to calculate the least expense with which the credit of a protector of learning could be bought, but the ready and regal munificence of a man who regards the gifts of genius as the highest with which a mortal can be favored. He who could enchant such a people need take no care for the future. Kings disputed for the

honor of his presence, and states were overjoyed to support him. Let not the example of Homer be brought to controvert this. He lived long before poetry thus became the delight of the people; and, after all, to say that he 'begged his bread' is but a bold poetic license. Beside, the eagerness with which the 'Seven Cities' disputed for the Mæonian, show what would have been his fate had he not 'fallen on evil days.' In after ages he was honored, and ranked all but with the gods.

In the same mood, the highest reward, the fullest honor, that could be given to the rescuer of his country was to have his name inserted in the inscription that marked the scene of his victories.* In this spirit, no national event took place, no great battle was won, no instance of heroic self-devotion occurred, that the genius of the highest poets was not called upon to commemorate it in some noble or pathetic inscription, which, in after ages, calls forth as much admiration as the deed which originated it. The glorious death of the three-hundred takes place at Thermopylæ; the Athenians propose a contest for the honor of placing an inscription to mark the spot; and crowds are gathered to adjudge the prize; for, in those days, crowds were judges. Among the competitors are Æschylus and Simonides; and, amid the roar of that immense multitude, the victor-palm is awarded to Simonides, for two lines which will live to the end of time:

ὦ ξείν' ἄγγελον Λακεδαιμονίους ὅτι τῇδε
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι περὶθόμενοι.

Their noble simplicity is almost untranslatable, yet we will attempt it:

Ye who see this! to Lacedæmon tell
Here, honoring her sacred laws, we fell!

Or, more literally:

Stranger! tell Sparta that one common grave
Here holds our dust, who kept the laws she gave!

The few of these majestic inscriptions which yet remain to us, all bear the same imprint of lofty poetic feeling. Expressed with the utmost simplicity, they would seem bald, were it not for the skill of the poet, and the glorious associations that they call up around us.

The subject of Thermopylæ appears to have been a favorite with Simonides. Here is another which breathes the same spirit:

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
Ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τούτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη.
Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἔλευθερίαν περιθῆναι
Κείμεθ' ἀγερῶντα χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

We have endeavored to render it into the English as literally as possible:

* See Plutarch, Vit. Cimon.

If to die well be Virtue's highest bliss,
To us, o'er all, the Fates have given this,
We fell that Greece might liberty obtain,
And thus undying glory do we gain!

And yet another, a glorious eulogy :

Τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων. κ. τ. λ.

Oh! sacred be the memory of the brave,
Who in Thermopylæ's deep bosom lie,
Their country's honor! Let each hero's grave
Become an altar for the gods on high.
Their fittest praise is their unconquered death!
Not even Time's rude hand and wasting breath,
From those dear tombs, can snatch one wreath away
Which Greece delights o'er heroes still to lay.

And here, again, is another, from the same, beautiful in its simplicity, on the heroes who fell in one of Greece's glorious victories; which one is not known :

*" Ἀσβεστον κλῆος οὔδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θέντες
Κυάνεον θανάτον ἀμφεβύλοντο νέφος.
Οὐδὲ τεθνήσκει θανόντες, ἵπτε' σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθε
Κυδαλινουσ' ἀνάγει δόματος ἐξ Αἰδου.*

Or thus :

Undying fame for their loved native land
They won, then sank beneath Death's iron hand;
But yet, though fallen, they ne'er can die, for lo!
Glory recalls them from the shades below.

And, as it was with these monuments of national glory, so was it with the bounties of nature, the lesser tokens of love and affection, and the humble demonstrations of piety. No fountain leaped forth from the way-side to greet and refresh the weary traveller; no lone tomb was raised among its grove of gloomy cypresses, that some Meleager, some Anyte was not at hand to adorn it with a few lines, simple indeed, but beautiful and appropriate, and which still live, long after the names of those who called them forth have been forgotten. Then every rustic image, erected by the peasants in honor of some sylvan deity, was sure to have some little inscription, graceful, and conceived in the happiest mood. Thus, in the Greek Anthology, there are preserved nearly eight hundred epitaphs, most of them touching from their natural and exquisite simplicity. They generally indicate deep and quiet feeling, rarely indulging in the little epigrammatic points that so mar the effect of almost all modern epitaphs. What can be more beautiful than Meleager's Lament over the grave of Heliodora?

*Δάκρυα σοὶ καὶ νέφεα διὰ χθονὸς, Ἡλιοδόρα,
Δωροῦμαι, στοργῆς λειψυμένον εἰς Αἶδαν,
Δάκρυα δυσάκρουτα· πολυκλαύτω δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Σπένδω νόμα πόθων, μῦθμα φιλοφροσύνας.
Οἰκτρὰ γὰρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμέντοις Μελέαγρος
Αἰδῶ, κενεῖν εἰς Ἀχέρουτα χάριν.*

Αἶ, Αἶ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεῖνόν μοι θάλλος; ἔρπασεν Ἀιδας,
 "Ἐρπασεν ἄκμαϊόν δ' ἄνθος ἔφυγε κόνις.
 Ἀλλὰ σε γουνοῦμαι, γὰ πάντοτε, τὴν πανόδυτον
 Ἡῖμα σοῖς κόλποις, μάτηρ, ἐναγκάλλωαι.

This has little of the charming simplicity which usually marks these beautiful poems, but it is an exquisite and touching lament. We have endeavored to render it into English, although we fear

'That every touch which wooed its stay,
 Hath brushed a thousand charms away.'

I give, O Heliodora! tears to thee,
 Ah, bitter tears! the relics of a love
 Unchanged by Death. And, o'er thy sepulchre,
 I pour this passionate flood, which shows my love
 Still unabated. But, 'tis vain! 'tis vain!
 Since thou, adored one! art among the dead,
 A boon by them unprized. Ah! lovely flower,
 Now seized by Death, I view thy silken leaves
 All trampled in the dust. Ah! then to thee,
 O friendly Earth! I pray, that to thy bosom
 Thou should'st receive her with maternal care!

And the following shows the hand of genius, guided by love. The name of its author is unfortunately unknown.

Οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη. κ. τ. λ.

Proté! thou art not dead. Thou hast but gone
 To dwell in some far happier land than ours:
 Perchance thou hast the blessed islands won,
 Where Spring eternal reigns, adorned with flowers.
 Or, in the Elysian Fields, thy joyous path
 Is strown with opening blossoms; far above
 All earthly ills, thou feelest not winter's wrath,
 Nor summer's heat, nor care, nor hopeless love.
 In blest tranquillity thy moments fly,
 Illumed by beams from Heaven's own cloudless sky.

Both of these are almost perfect, each in its own way. One contemplates the survivor, and paints his grief at the loss of an adored object; the other, in a more resigned mood, observes the felicity which that object should experience in the land of spirits. Both are somewhat wanting in the tender simplicity which is the usual charm and characteristic of the Greek epitaph. But properly speaking, they are not epitaphs; they are addresses to the dead. We will give a few specimens of the inscription over the dead in its true form.

Here is a beautiful one, by Lucian, on a child:

Παῖδά με πενταέτηρον, ἀκηδία θνυὸν ἔχοντα,
 Νηλεΐης Ἀΐδης ἔρπασε, Καλλιμαχόν.
 Ἀλλὰ με μὴ κλαίοις· καὶ γὰρ βίότοιο μετέσχον
 Πάυρον, καὶ παύρων τῶν βίότοιο κακῶν.

While yet a tender child, the hand of Death
 Deprived me, young Callimachus, of breath.
 Oh! mourn me not! my years were few, and I
 Saw little of Life's care and misery.

This one, by Erinna the Lesbian, was inscribed on the tomb of a bride who died on the marriage night.

Στάλαι καὶ σειρῆνες ἑμαί. κ. τ. λ.

Ye pillars! satued syrens! and thou urn!
Sad relics, that hold these my cold remains,
Say to each traveller who may hither turn
His footsteps, whether native of these plains,
Or stranger, that within this tomb there lie
The ashes of a bride; and also say
My name was Lyde, of a lineage high,
And sad Erinna graved this o'er my clay.

Callimachus, too, has given us a noble one in a single distich:

Τῇδε Σάων ὁ Αἰκανὸς Ἀκανθίος ἱερὸν ὕπνον
Κοιμᾶται. θνάσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.

Here Saon the Acanthian *slumbering* lies;
Oh! say not that a virtuous man e'er *dies*!

And here is an exquisite little one by Tymneus, on an Egyptian who died in Crete:

Μήσοι τοῦτο, Φιλαινί. κ. τ. λ.

Grieve not, dear lost one! that thou find'st a grave
In Crete, far from thy native Nile's dark wave.
Alas! hell's gloomy portals open wide
To all who seek them, upon every side.

This touching one, by Callimachus, is for the cenotaph of a friend who was shipwrecked:

Ὡφελε μὴδ' ἐγένοντο. κ. τ. λ.

I would that swift-winged ships had ne'er been made to cleave the billow.
O Sopolis! we should not then deplore thy watery pillow:
Thou liest 'neath the heaving waves, and of thee naught we claim
Save this poor, empty sepulchre, and thy beloved name.

When a man died at sea, and his corpse was not recovered, to receive the usual funeral honors, he was refused admittance into Charon's boat, unless his friends erected a cenotaph and performed the accustomed rites over it. The above appears to have been an inscription designed for such an occasion.

Simonides does not forget his fire in commemorating the exploits of a friend who fell in one of the battles against the Persians:

ON MEGISTIAS, THE SOOTHSAYER.

Μνῆμα τόδε κλεινοῦ. κ. τ. λ.

Within this tomb is famed Megistias laid.
He bravely fell beneath the Persian's blade,
Where old Sperchius rolls his waters clear,
Although his death was known unto the seer,
To leave his Spartan chief he would not deign,
But, bravely fighting, 'mid the foe was slain.

The Greeks delighted to frame epitaphs for their most distinguished men, especially for their poets. Those in honor of Homer are almost innumerable. Anacreon has more than a dozen, and other favorites in proportion. We will give a specimen of these compositions in the following beautiful lines by Simmias the Theban, on Sophocles :

Ἦοίμ' ὑπὲρ τίμῳοιο Σοφοκλῆος, ἱεῖμα, κισσὲ,
Ἐπιβύοις, χλοερούς ἐκπροχίων πλοκάμους,
Καὶ πέταλον πάντῃ θάλλοι ῥόδον, ἢ τε φιλοῦρόω;
Ἀμπέλους, ὕψῃ πέριξ κλήματα χευαμένη,
Εἴτεκεν εὐμαθὲς πινυτάφρονος, ἦν ὁ μέλιχρός
Ἦσκησεν, Μουσῶν ἀμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων.

O verdant ivy! round the honored tomb
Of Sophocles, thy branches gently twine;
There let the rose expand her vernal bloom
Amid the clasping tendrils of the vine;
For he, with skill unrivalled, struck the lyre,
Amid the Graces, and the Aonian choir.

Not less beautiful were the inscriptions affixed to fountains, rustic statues, baths, and the hundred other little evidences of cultivated taste so frequent in Greece. With such a people, it must have afforded double pleasure to a wearied traveller on approaching a fountain, sparkling in its basin of rocks, to find over it an invitation to repose from some one of the first epigrammatists of antiquity; as, for instance, this one of Anyte :

Ξεῖν', ἐπὶ τὴν πέτρην τετραμμένα γυνὴ ἀνάπαυσον·
Ἀδύ τοι ἐν χλωροῖς πνεῦμα θροεῖ πετάλοις.
Πίδαμα τ' ἐκ παγῆς ψυχρὸν πίε· δὴ γὰρ ὁδῖταις
Ἀμτανμ' ἐν θερμοῦ καίματι τοῦτο φίλον.

Weary stranger, sink to rest,
Neath this rock's o'erhanging crest.
Where the trees their branches sling
Breezes soft are whispering.
Freely drink these waters cold,
Welling from yon fountain old.
While the sun thus fiery glows,
Travellers here should seek repose.

These compositions being so limited as to their subject, bear of course much similarity to each other. We will, however, give two or three specimens in as different styles as we can select.

Here is one by Leonidas of Tarentum, on a brook, too much frequented by the flocks to be acceptable to the traveller:

Μὴ σὺ γ' ἐπ' οἰονόμοιο περίπλεον ἱλὺος ᾗδε
Τοῦτο χαρὰν αἰεὶ θεῖμον, ὁδῖται, πίε·
Ἀλλὰ μολὼν μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δυμαλῆστον ἄκραν,
Κεῖσθαι γε πάρ' αἶψα ποιμένα πένυι,
Εὐρήσεις κελάρυτον εὐκρήνου διὰ πέτρης
Νεμα, βορείαις ψυχρότερον ὑψάδος.

O, traveller! taste not of this muddy fount,
In which the weary flock and herds recline,

For farther on, upon yon verdant mount,
And 'neath the branches of a lofty pine,
From out a rock a sparkling fountain flows
With waters colder than the Northern snows.

And, again, here are a few lines, by the fair Anyte, simple indeed, but graceful and pleasing :

"Ἰξεν ἄκρας ὑπὸ τῶσδε δάφνας. κ. τ. λ.

Recline beneath this laurel's verdure sweet,
And taste the waters of this crystal spring ;
Here rest thy limbs, unnerved by summer's heat,
Refreshed, the while, by zephyr's whispering.

And yet another, by an author whose name has been forgotten :

"Ερχεο καὶ κατ' ἐμὴν. κ. τ. λ.

Come, wearied traveller, here recline
Beneath this dark o'erarching pine,
Whose waving sprays, with sighing sweet,
Joy the passing winds to greet.

List to the soft and silvery sound,
My falling waters scatter round.
Its murmur, low reëchoing,
Repose to thee will quickly bring.

The whole has an air of quiet yet musical repose that makes us almost fancy we hear the plashing of the falling waters.

There is also a pretty little inscription, somewhat Anacreontic, by Marianus the Scholiast, on a warm spring.

Τῷ δ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους. κ. τ. λ.

Once Love within these shades was sleeping,
And gave his torch to the Naiads' keeping.
'Aha!' cried they, 'we'll quench its glow
Within our fountain's icy flow,
And, when its cruel fires cease,
The heart of man shall beat in peace.'
They plunged it in, but, all untamed,
The wondrous torch still brightly flamed,
And now these lovely nymphs must pour
A heated spring to yonder shore.

And here, in the compass of four lines, has Paul the Silentiary given a better eulogy to his sea-side garden than could be comprehended in a whole volume of modern descriptive poetry. He allows the imagination to wander at will among objects of its own creating, and to depict for itself the scene which he would not describe :

*Ἐνθάδ' ἐριθυαίνουσι, τίς ποτε πλέον ἔπλετο χῶρος,
Νύμφαι, Νηιάδες, Νηγεῖς, Ἀδρυάδες.
Ταῖς δὲ θεμιστεύει μεσάτῃ Χάρις, οὐδὲ δικάζειν
Οἶδεν, ἐπεὶ ξυνήν τέρευν' ὁ χῶρος ἔχει.*

Here Dryads, Nymphs, and Nereids contend,
Which, to this spot, its chief attraction lend ;
Beauty, in vain, their difference would accord,
Each to the scene such equal charms afford.

We will now give an inscription of Theocritus, in dedicating an humble rustic altar to Apollo :

Τὰ δροσύντα τὰ ῥόδα. κ. τ. λ.

This bushy thyme and dewy roses
Are sacred to the immortal maids
Who dwell where Hippocrene discloses
Her fount, 'mid Heliconian shades.

But, Pythian Apollo! thou
Hast laurel with its dark green leaves,
For Delphi's rock, to grace thy brow,
Of it, to thee, a tribute gives.

Then on this altar, will I lay
A tender kid, with budding horns,
Who crops the lowest waving spray,
Which yonder lofty pine adorns.

And here are a few simple and pretty lines, inscribed by Anyte on a statue of Venus by the sea-shore :

Κύπριδος οὗτος ὁ χῶρος. κ. τ. λ.

This spot is Aphrodite's, and around
The gentle waves subdue their whitening crests,
Approaching it from ocean's farthest bound
To give a friendly welcome to the guests
Who tempt their bosom : while the neighboring sea
Gazes upon that statue reverently.

- When the Greeks or Romans laid aside their arms, they would frequently dedicate them to some deity, and suspend them in his temple, with an appropriate inscription. Thus, Horace :

*Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit*

*Lævum marinæ qui veneris latus
Custodit.*

And when any offering of this kind was made to one of the innumerable gods of the Greeks, it appears to have been accompanied by a few dedicatory lines. There is, of course, great sameness in such compositions, and, in fact, they generally consist merely of an enumeration of the articles offered, and the name of the devotee, but we will select two or three on different subjects.

Here is one, by Simonides, on a spear dedicated to Jupiter :

*Οὕτω τοι, μέλλα ταναά, ποτὶ κίονα μακρὸν
"Ἦσω, Πανομφαίῳ Ζηνὶ μένουσ' ἱερὰ
"Ἢδη γὰρ χαλκός τε γέρον, αὐτὴ τε τέτρυσαι
Πυκνὰ κραδαιομένα δήϊω ἐν πολέμῳ.*

Or thus,

This trusty ashen spear we'll hang above ;
'T is sacred now to Panomphœan Jove.
The arm is old which once its terrors tossed,
And sent it quivering through the serried host.

The following inscription is said to be by Plato. It was affixed to a mirror which the celebrated Laïs, in her old age, dedicated to Venus:

Ἡ σοφῶν γελάσσα. κ. τ. λ.

I, Laïs, who, in Beauty's chain,
Held Greece a captive, and for whom
So many lovers sighed in vain,
Enchanted by my youthful bloom;

Subdued by age, this mirror true,
Cythera! thus I give to thee;
For what *I am* I will not view,
And what *I was*, I ne'er can be.

When a Grecian maiden arrived at womanhood, it was usual for her to dedicate some toy of her childhood to Venus, in token of her having abandoned her youthful occupations and amusements. Here is an inscription, by Callimachus, designed for an occasion of this kind. It is both graceful and elegant, yet is deficient in the simplicity which is the usual charm of these compositions among the Greeks. It is addressed to Venus Zephyritis:

Κόγχος ἐγὼ Ζεφυρίτι. κ. τ. λ.

O Zephyritis! I am but a shell,
First gift of Selenæa unto thee.
Her nautilus, who once could sail so well
O'er the unquiet bosom of the sea.
Then, if 't were ploughed by gentle, favoring gales,
On my own ropes I spread my mimic sails,
And, if 't were calm, I used my feet as oars
And swiftly rowed — from which I bear my name.
But I was cast upon the sandy shores
Of fair Iulis, and from there I came,
To be a graceful ornament to thee,
Here in thy fane, O fair Arsinoë!
Now sad Alcyone will lay no more.
Within her ocean-nest her eggs for me,
For I am lifeless. Queen of this bright shore
Let Clinias's daughter hence receive from thee
Thy choicest gifts. She dwells beyond the main
Where Smyrna towers o'er th' Æolian plain.

It would scarcely be fair to conclude this little notice of some of the smaller gems of Greek poetry, without glancing at those intended to be satirical or witty. Of these we can find but few remaining, and what are thus preserved cannot induce us to regret much the loss of those which have been destroyed. They do not seem to show a taste as refined and delicate as is exhibited by the other productions of the Grecian muse, and, indeed, are usually very poor. Two or three specimens will suffice.

Doctors and lawyers, as at present, were favorite butts for the shafts of the epigrammatists. The following mock-epitaph is intended as a cut at the former. The author is unknown:

Οὐτ' ἔκλυσεν Φεῖδων. κ. τ. λ.

'T was not with drugs that Phidon killed me;
He came not even near my side:
But, while raging fevers thrilled me,
I chanced to *think* of him — and died!

And here is an epitaph,

‘A precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides,’

intended, no doubt, for the grave of an enemy :

Πολλὰ γαγών, καὶ πολλὰ πιών. κ. τ. λ.

Here lies Timocreon, the Rhodian ; he
Loved slander, drunkenness, and gluttony.

This is certainly pithy.

Stepmothers, in those days, would seem to have been just as bad as at present, when they have become a very proverb. Here is a kind of epitaph by Callimachus, containing a hit at them which certainly has no very great merit :

Στήλην μητρὸς. κ. τ. λ.

On his step-mother's tomb, this youth piously placed
Some flowers, that it might be properly graced.
For he thought, as this life had abandoned her view,
That her vices, no doubt, had abandoned her too.

But, while he was thus standing close to the tomb,
It fell, and it crushed him, Oh ! terrible doom !
Then youths ! let this warning sink deep in your breasts,
Shun each step-mother, e'en when in Orcus she rests.

These are ample, as specimens of Grecian wit, which, as here exhibited, is certainly of no very refined or exalted description.

In taking a general and comprehensive glance over Greek Epitaphs and Inscriptions, we see that they are usually characterized by deep feeling, expressed concisely, and with the utmost simplicity. We rarely find any catches, any evident striving after effect, and, in consequence, to an ear not accustomed to them, they may frequently seem meagre, and even bald. But, by studying them, a meaning seems to grow out of the very words ; and the more that we examine them, and the oftener that we read them, the more we find them expressive of ‘ thoughts that lie too deep for words,’ thoughts which can be expressed but darkly, and which, concealed in this garb of simplicity, must be passed over by those who are not content to pause and ponder. Whether the pleasure derived from this be worth the labor that must be spent over them, even though it be a labor of love, is a question which each must answer for himself, according to his own tastes. If they lead him to it, he will have discovered an almost inexhaustible source of pure and elevated gratification ; if not

— ‘frustra laborum
Ingratum trahit.’

Philadelphia, June, 1843.

HENRY C. LEA.

N E W - E N G L A N D .

I.

LAND of the Pilgrim-Rock! how broad thy streams,
 Thy hills how peopled with the brave and free!
 With glorious sights thy fruitful valley teems,
 And lavish Nature pours her gifts on thee;
 On every hand the smile of Beauty beams,
 And rich profusion spreads from lake to sea!
 Imperial land! from out thy mountain sides
 Flow the pure streams of ever-living tides!

II.

Fair are thy daughters, as thy skies are fair,
 Proud are thy sons, as proud thy mountains rise,
 And as the eagle loves the clear blue air,
 The soul of Freedom hovers 'neath thy skies!
 How strong in heart thy patriot-sires were!
 And, oh, how brave to win war's golden prize!
 To thee, fair land! our souls in love shall turn,
 And in our altar-fires thy heroes' deeds shall burn.

III.

Birth-land of Freedom! from thy mountain-height,
 From thy deep vales and forests fair and wide,
 Along thy sounding shores where ocean's might
 Expend itself in tide's returning tide,
 Rising, sublime, beyond the tempest's flight,
 The immortal sounds of Liberty abide!
 And, oh! how far along from shore to shore
 They meet and mingle with the sea's loud roar!

IV.

Oh! there are hearts that turn in pride to thee,
 Thou glorious land of blossom and of shower!
 Gathering sweet incense from each blooming tree,
 And tears of balm and freshness from each flower;
 And at thy altars gloriously and free
 The chainless spirit worships, hour by hour!
 While round thee all our holiest thoughts entwine;
 The fragrance of the heart, dear land! is thine.

V.

Radiant with rosy light are thy blue skies,
 Fair Italy! thou land of love and song!
 And thou, bright Isle of Erin! whence arise
 The avenging spirits of a nation's wrong,
 Thou too art fair, and worshipped in the eyes
 Of men and nations to whom tears belong;
 But yet, oh! yet we feel, blest land and free,
 One pulse more strongly beating, still for thee!

VI.

Autumn hath crowned thee glorious, radiant clime!
 Autumn, the holiest season to the heart,
 Making thy sunsets with all hues sublime,
 The faultless picture of the Eternal art!
 To love thee less, New-England! 't were a crime,
 More could we not, ourselves of thee a part;
 Tears are thine offering; prayers unceasing be
 Poured from the heart Imperial Land! for thee.

New-York, July 1, 1843.

E. B. G.