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P O E M S.

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, M. A.

RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

P O L A N D :

A P O E M.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

LINES ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

EXTRACTED FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE AND JULY, 1831.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR

JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.,

11, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1831.

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FOURTH

A NEW

BY THOMAS CARROLL

1884

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+

ON POLAND.

TO BE INSERTED IN THE NEW EDITION OF
"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

ON POLAND.

AND have I lived to see thee, sword in hand,
Uprise again, immortal Polish Land!—
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tri-colour in shade behind;—
A theme for uninspired lips too strong,
That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath;
Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles ! with what indignation I endure
The half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor !—
Poor ! is it England mocks you with her grief,
That hates, but dares not chide, the *Imperial Thief* ?
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
And Germany that has no soul at all,—
States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone ?
No, ye are rich in fame ev'n whilst ye bleed :
We cannot aid you—*we* are poor indeed !

In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
Poland has won her Immortality !
The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
Could tear not Glory's garland from her brow :
Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renown'd,
And all her ashes would be holy ground !

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark :
Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark

That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage :
She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
Another Athens after Marathon,—
Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy
And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy ;—
Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun—
The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
With endless ensigns ravish'd from the foe,—
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
The odorous altars' elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs ;
(John, Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there ;)

The taper'd pomp—the halleluiah's swell,
Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.

Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,
And gulphs of havoc interpose between,
Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
Who act, or by your sufferance share the crime—
Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
Is Allemande profound in science, lore,
And minstrel art?—her shame is but the more
To doze and dream by governments oppress'd,
The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine :

But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke.
Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
To show, the self-same grave, Oppression delves
For Poland's rights, is yawning for yourselves?

See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,¹
Has vaulted on his barb and couch'd the lance,
France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;—
Buys (ignominious purchase!) short repose,
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust!—

¹ The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him, proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

Brows laurell'd—bosoms mark'd with many a scar
For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
On Gallic honor; and this broken faith
Has robb'd you more of Fame—the life of life,—
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England—Is she steep'd so low
In poverty, crest-fall'n, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our neighbour's door?—
Not Murder mask'd and cloak'd, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But *Public Murder*!—that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diadem'd Assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant

With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopp'd the world's highway ;
Were this some common strife of States embroil'd ;—
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
Still honorably wear her olive wreath :
But this is Darkness combating with Light :
Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight :
Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain ;
Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My Country! colours not thy once proud brow
At this affront?—Hast thou not fleets enow

With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warm the Insulter's seas with barbarous blood,
And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood?
Ev'n now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
I see, my Country and my Patriot King!
Your ensign glad the deep. Becalm'd and slow
A War-ship rides ; while Heaven's prismatic bow
Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base,
Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and
 stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
My soul accepts the omen ; Fancy's eye
Has sometimes a veracious augury :
The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight ;
The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might!

But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,

Above example, pity, praise, or blame,
To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.
Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
She rises not a beggar from the tomb.
In Fortune's frown, on Danger's dizziest brink,
Despair and Poland's name must never link.
All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and
flood :
Ev'n Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
May late or soon, but must at last, be free ;
For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will,
That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely glows :
Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughter'd men
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old,—
Her men in more and more heroic mould :

Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind:
Her praise upon my faltering lips expires:—
Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres!

ON THE
VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S,
HASTINGS.

1870
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council.

LIST OF MEMBERS

1. Mr. J. H. ...
2. Mr. J. H. ...
3. Mr. J. H. ...
4. Mr. J. H. ...
5. Mr. J. H. ...
6. Mr. J. H. ...
7. Mr. J. H. ...
8. Mr. J. H. ...
9. Mr. J. H. ...
10. Mr. J. H. ...

ON THE
VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S,
HASTINGS.

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.

Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!

I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades
And green savannahs: Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.

The eagle's vision cannot take it in:

The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird.

It is the mirror of the stars, where all

Their hosts within the concave firmament,

Gay marching to the music of the spheres,

Can see themselves at once:

Nor on the stage

Of rural landscape are there lights and shades

Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
 Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor!

Mighty Sea!

+ Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change, and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky—thy Mistress; from her brow
 Thou takest thy moods, and wear'st her colours on
 Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
 Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,
 And all thy balmier hours, fair Element!
 Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
 Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,—
 That little is the wonder, Love's own Queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—



Creation's common! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose; the lordliest floods
And cataracts, that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee, that couldst subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea!

How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now
Along yon sparkling shingles! Who can be
So fanciless, as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking ev'n the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity; and is he not

A blind worm in the dust, great Deep!—the man
Who sees not, or who seeing, has no joy
In thy magnificence? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life—
Of Nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling
Sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
Men's volant homes, that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
With pain'd and panting steeds and clouds of dust,

Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by
day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the
night,
Moor'd as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power,
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds, and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,

Where she will cast her anchor, and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own :
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet,—
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker hints ; but where 's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror ? Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave ?
Walks not Contagion on the air itself ?
I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days,

And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing ;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their freshening dews ; gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes ;
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was,
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence ; and he will be beautiful,
When all the living world that sees him now,
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound

In thundering concert with the quiring winds :
But long as man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA !

NEW MAGAZINE.

ON THE 2nd OF MAY, 1831, WAS PUBLISHED,

THE FIRST NUMBER OF

THE METROPOLITAN:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE;"

Assisted by the leading Literary Characters of the Day, and
by Naval and Military Writers of Distinguished Talent.

JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.,

11, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

'The new Magazine gives golden promise of the future. Some of the best writers of the best days of the New Monthly are visibly present, or we forswear all judgment. "The Literature of the Day" is a capital paper; solid in matter, light in style, pleasant to read, and good for after-speculation. The "Memoirs of the Macaw," by Lady Morgan, is in her best style, full of clever sketches and brilliant passages. Mr. Campbell contributes a very learned and interesting one on Early Geography, equal to the best things he has ever written: he seems, indeed, in his late retirement, "to have plumed his feathers and let grow his wings."—*Athenæum*.

'A union of very clever men may produce a work that people must buy; and such men are likely enough to join under the banners of a name that adds lustre to periodical literature. The ground on which Mr. Campbell starts is independence: his intentions are good, his public views liberal, his spirit energetic and manly.—*Spectator*.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

1. Remarks on the Geography of the Ancients. By T. Campbell, Esq.
 2. Literature of the Day :—The New Magazine.
 3. May Day.
 4. Fashion in Music.—5. Sonnets.
 6. Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality. By Lady Morgan.
 7. The Hypochondriac.—8. To Nature.
 9. The Execution of Calas.
 10. On the Birth-day of the Princess Victoria. By Allan Cunningham.
 11. A Summer Night's Dream in the Hermitage at Sirmione.
 12. To a broken Æolian Harp.
 13. Poland!—No. I.—14. Call to Poland.
 15. Political Times.
 16. The Lord Chancellor's Levee.
 17. The Life of a Sailor.—No. I.
 18. The Pacha of Many Tales, by the Author of "The King's Own."—19. Peter Pindaric.
 20. France and Europe. By a distinguished Foreigner.
 21. Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, reviewed.
- With Original Articles on the Drama, Fine Arts, Music, &c. and a great Variety of Miscellaneous Information.

* The first Number of The Metropolitan starts bravely, and in several of the articles we recognise the style of well-known and experienced contributors. The paper on "Ancient Geography," by the editor, displays, in a condensed form, a vast variety of curious facts, principally relating to Scriptural localities, and is evidently intended as part of a series, in which the erudition of the author will find an ample field for useful and entertaining display. The article on "Poland" has the great merit of being *à propos*; and, in conveying much necessary information to the general reader, affords such a portraiture of Russian tyranny, atrocity, and barbarism, as will strongly excite the feelings of the people, and stimulate the public press to further exertions in behalf of the most ill-treated of European nations.'—*Dublin Morning Register*.

CONTENTS OF NO. II.

1. Lord Falkland's Dream on the Night before the Battle of Newbury: a new Poem. By James Montgomery, Esq. Author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland."
2. Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality. By Lady Morgan. (*Concluded.*)
3. On the View from St. Leonard's, Hastings: a Poem. By Thomas Campbell, Esq.
4. Retrospect of Literature from the earliest Period to the Twelfth Century. By James Montgomery, Esq.—No. I.
5. The Troubles in Ireland.
6. The Life of a Sailor.—No. II.—7. Riches.
8. The Quakers' Carnival in Dublin.—9. Naval Anecdotes.
10. The Unanimity of Juries.
11. "And there shall be no more Sea."
12. Anecdotes of the late Mr. Abernethy.
13. Remembrance.
14. Political Times.—The Elections.
15. Letter from Paris on the Present State of Affairs in France.
16. Sotheby's Homer, with a Specimen of his New Translation of the Odyssey, (*unpublished.*)
17. Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, *reviewed.*
18. The Premier! *ditto.*

'We take blame to ourselves for omitting to notice this periodical, when it made its *entrée* into the literary world, a month ago. Starting, as it did, under the guidance of the eminently gifted "Bard of Hope," whose writings, political as well as poetical, have shed a halo round the literature of his country, and at once avowing, with a boldness and nerve which cannot be sufficiently commended, that, in all circumstances, the New Magazine would act upon principles of stern independence, there was little to fear as to its future success. The Metropolitan has been exceedingly felicitous in the choice and arrangement of its subjects—exhibiting an admirable combination of the grave and the gay—a very judicious admixture of the *dulce et utile*—the strength, and nerve, and freshness of ripened manhood. Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Commerce, and Trade, each find a place in its pages, and are each discussed with no common ability, and in a spirit which must command attention, and ensure the approbation of all classes of the reading and thinking portion of the community.'—*Glasgow Courier.*

CONTENTS OF NO. III.

1. Lines on Poland. By Thomas Campbell, Esq.
2. Paganini!—Solus cum solo!—3. Over the Fallen.
4. A Retrospect of Literature.—No. II. By James Montgomery, Esq.—5. Sonnet.
6. A Captivity among the Rockites. By an Officer.
7. The New Association for the Encouragement of Literature.—8. The Graces in Ireland.
9. The Life of a Sailor.—No. III.—10. Sonnet.
11. Decline of the Stage.—12. Summer.
13. Memorials of our College.—No. I.:—A few Passages in the early Life of William Mortimer.
14. Epistle in Verse to the Ourang Outang.
15. Epsom Races; a Sketch from Life.
16. The Pacha of Many Tales.—No. II. By the Author of "The King's Own."
17. Christopher North and Reform.—18. Reformation.
19. Dialogues of the Deck.—No. I. Jack the Giant. By the Author of "Tales of the Tar."
20. State of Parties in Dublin. By the Author of "Sketches of the Irish Bar."
21. Reform—Its Opponents.
22. Narrative of recent Events in Poland.—No. II. (Derived from Authority.)
23. Fletcher's History of Poland, with a Narrative of Recent Events, &c. *reviewed*.
24. Barry O'Meara's Observations upon the Authenticity of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, *ditto*.

The articles in No. III. are all written with considerable energy and spirit, and must increase the fame which Mr. Campbell's Journal so richly deserves. We would recommend the article entitled 'Decline of the Stage' to the perusal—we trust the profitable perusal—of all theatrical managers. 'Epsom Races, a Sketch from Life,' is indeed a racy article. The notices of new works appear to be written in a spirit of great fairness.—*Sun*.

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