

**AMERICAN PHILHELLENIC AND BYRONIC POETRY ON THE GREEK
REVOLUTION**

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1987

“Byron”

Hark! 'tis the war-cry on the gale —
Awake! My soul awake —
Grecia! thy spirit I'll inhale,
While ruthless tyrants wake.

The Moslem band is rushing on,
Awake! my soul's full strung —
They paused not when at Marathon
The Persian dirge was sung.

Hark to the sound! my heart's in arms,
I'll think of Salamis;
And revel in the rude alarms,
And seek in war for bliss.

Now where Bozzaris cheered his band,
That noble spirit fled;
Nor in the field, with blood-stained brand,
He mingled with the dead.

But, where he yielded up his breath,
The pilgrim's shrine is found;
And by the never dying wreath,
Is mighty genius crowned.

in *The Charter Oak, and Other Poems* (New York: Samuel Colman, 1839), p. 48.

from "The New Year"

.
What wondrous events fill the calendar page,
Ah! look at lone Greece, where war's havoc does rage,
Oppressed by a tyrant — her patriots rise,
And shout "victory or death" aloud to the skies.

Missolonghi — Oh stay — drop a tear for her fate,
Such valour — devotion, what pen can relate;
Hail! Grecia — all hail! may thy courage remain,
Till the Ottoman tribes leave thy vallies with shame.

in *The Silent Harp; Or Fugitive Poems* (Burlington: Edward Smith, 1832),
pp. 7-8. Notice Byronic subtitle!

“Address of the Carriers of the *New-England Galaxy* to its Patrons,
January 1, 1824.”

.
 Reviving Greece! the spell is past,
 For ages on thy spirit cast;
 He,* that deplored thy deep distress, */Byron/
 Even as death of Loveliness,
 “Before Decay’s defacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,”
 How, when that death-like trance is over,
 Is first to meet thy waking eye,
 And would his heart’s warm current pour,
 And think it sweet for thee to die.
 For high his meed, and proud his story,
 Who falls for freedom, Greece and glory.**

in *New-England Galaxy* of January 30, 1824, on the front page,
Senator Daniel Webster’s speech on Greek freedom in Congress
on January 19, 1824, “The Greek Cause,” in six dense columns.

**

Quite prophetic about Lord Byron’s death the same year!

anonymous

“The Greek Wife”

Epigraph from Elizabeth B. Browning. Fourteen sestets; the last one:

Yet faithful love never fled the shore,
And courage old still lingers there:
And fresh sprung freedom, more and more,
Shall nurture in her generous air
High souls of women and of men
Till Salamis revive again!

in *Cabinet of Modern Art* (1852), pp. 261 ff.

“The Grecian Warrior to the Turkish Ruler”

Away then! away with thee fiend of the East!
There is blood at thy temples, and blood at thy feast,
Away with thee! Over the Bosphorus' wave!
We scorn, we abhor thee, “thou son of a slave!”
Shall the star of the night shade the orb of the day?
Or the Cross of the Greek to the Crescent give way?
Though our fires are dim, and our altars defiled,
Though our sires are martyred, and Greece reviled,
Yet beneath peaceful bosoms are hearts that can feel,
With a sigh for her woe and a hope for her weal,
and in scabbards of silver those sabres repose,
Whose sheaths will ere long be the blood of her foes!

Though the day of her liberty long has been over,
Its even of glory shall shine as before!
And its stars be those glances of gladness we see,
From the beautiful eyes of the lovely and free,
Whose wrongs have raised ramparts of sabres in Greece,
And whose smile can bid warfare and enmity cease.

Shall the school of the arts, shall the land of the brave,
Be the sport of the despot, the home of the slave?
Shall those pages which spoke of our ancestors' fame,
Brand the names of their sons with dishonor and shame?
And the eyes of the fairest who Grecia adorn,
Beam with sparkles of hate or with glances of scorn?
Oh no! by the gleam of the glaives that we wear,
By the land that our sires have bled on, we swear,
By the heart that can throb when our standard is by,
By the tear that was hung in each beautiful eye;
At the signal of freedom unsheathed in each glaive,
For the home of the freeman or the bed of the brave.

in *The Hyacinth* (1831), pp. 200-201.

Mrs. R. J. Avery
of Tennessee

7

“BYRON”

A strange and wayward genius, as thou wert,
For thee, there glows an admiration still;
Thou seemest to me, as some rich gem, begirt
With impure earth: — or, like a limpid rill,
Loosing its way, where foul miasmas steal;
O pity! That a gem, so rich and rare,
Should be the sport of passion — fancy — will —
And pity 'twere, a bright and glorious star
Should set in gloom, a slave to passions, discontent and care.

in *Wood Notes Wild* (Nashville: Cameron & Fall, 1843), p. 176.

A graduate of the Yale Divinity School. In an essay of 1839 he ardently defended Byron and Shelley. This poem is a “school days lyric.”

“Greek Chant in a Land of Freedom”

Ay! give me back my father’s land,
Though ’tis a land of slaves!
The skies are blue, the airs are bland,
That deck my fathers’ graves!
I love, America, thy shore —
I love thy valiant sons;
But yet, I love fair Grecia more,
And Grecia’s godlike ones!

I long to see her hills again,
And tread that soil once more;
I long to see that brave old main
That sweeps the Attic shore;
And Salamis, and Aegina —
Names golden in their glory!
And other spots as proud as they,
And famous in our story!

Ye have not such a past as ours,
Though bright your annals be;
No bulwark here so sternly towers,
As towers around our free;
We cannot boast a Washington —
The soil that gave him birth;
Yet can we boast of proud deeds done,
The terror of the earth!

The stories of our ancient lines —
Our children that have sprung
Up from the dust like mountain pines
To the dark tempest flung! —
Go number over their bright bright names
All clustered there like stars;
And number all our glorious games,
And trophies of fierce wars!

Hark! to the voice that breaks afar
From red Thermopylae!
Hark! to the ’larum peal of war,
Swelling from sea to sea! —
When the proud lines — the tyrant’s boast —

Coming to make us slaves,
Were dashed back from our rocky coast
Like chafed and broken waves!

And if ye ask for storied lands,
Where muse and music are;
And laughing eyes, and snowy hands,
And bosoms glancing bare;
And hearts that leap with pulse of fire,
Thrilling each vein along;
And souls all poured out in desire —
Go to our land of song!

Your sons are brave, and nursed for fame,
And great their names shall be;
And in the van shall ever flame
Your banner for the free;
Yet freemen's breasts, though breast of rock,
Too generous are to claim,
That he who comes of Grecian stock
Boasts not a nobler name!

It may be that Greece cannot now,
As erst her warriors number;
Yet freedom's *star* is on her brow,
Though freedom's *sun* yet slumber!
Oh! soon that glad morn greet our eyes,
When, honoured on each shore,
My country from the dust shall rise,
And be proud Greece once more!

in *Poems* (New Haven: Benjamin & William Noyes, 1830), pp. 199-201.

from the very, very long → [the whole poem pp. 11-14](#)

“Triumphs of Liberty: The Prize Ode,” recited on Washington’s birthday
February 22, 1825 in the Boston Theatre by Mr. Finn.”

the fifth stanza:

And Greece — the golden clime of light and song,
 Where infant genius first awoke,
 To arts, and arms, and godlike story, —
 Wept for her fallen sons in bondage long;
 She weeps no more; — these sons have broke
 Their fetters, — spurn the slavish yoke,
 And emulate their fathers’ glory.
 The Crescent wanes before the car
 Of Liberty’s ascending Star,
 And Freedom’s banners wave upon
 The ruins of the Parthenon.
 The clash of arms rings in the air,
 As erst it rang at Marathon, —
 Let song of triumph echo there!
 Be free! ye Greeks, or, failing, die
 In the last trench of Liberty.
 Ye hail the name of WASHINGTON; pursue
 The path of glory he has marked for you.
 But should your recreant limbs submit once more
 To hug the soil your fathers ruled before,
 Like gods on earth, — if ever their hallowed graves
 Again their craven sons shall creep as slaves,
 When shall another BYRON sing and bleed
 For you! — oh, when for you another WEBSTER plead!

.

in *New-England Galaxy* February 25, 1825.

Ebenezer Bailey

THE TRIUMPHS OF LIBERTY

SPIRIT of freedom, hail! —
Whether thy steps are in the sunny vale,
Where peace and happiness reside
With innocence and thee, or glide
To caverns deep and vestal fountains,
'Mid the stern solitude of mountains,
Where airy voices still prolong
From cliff to cliff thy jocund song, —
We woo thy presence: Thou wilt smile upon
The full heart's tribute to thy favourite Son,
Who held communion with thee, and unfurl'd
In light thy sacred charter to the world.

We feel thy influence, Power divine,
Whose angel smile can make the desert shine;
For thou hast left thy mountain's brow,
And art with men no stranger now.
Where'er thy joyous train is seen
Disporting with the merry hours,
Nature laughs out, in brighter green,
And wreathes her brow with fairy flowers:
Pleasure waves her rosy wand, —
Plenty opens wide her hand, —
On Rapture's wings,
To heaven the choral anthem springs, —
And all around, above, below,
Exult and mingle, as they glow,
In such harmonious ecstasies as play'd,
When earth was new, in Eden's light and shade.

But not in peaceful scenes alone
Thy steps appear, — thy power is known.
Hark! — the trump! — its thrilling sound
Echoes on every wind,
And man awakes, for ages bound
In leaden lethargy of mind:
He wakes to life! — earth's teeming plains
Rejoice in his control;
He wakes to strength! — and bursts the chains
Whose rust was in his soul;
He wakes to liberty! — and walks abroad
All disenthral'd, the image of his God.

See, on the Andes' fronts of snow

The battle-fires of Freedom glow,
Where triumph hails the children of the sun,
Beneath the banner of *their* Washington.

Go on, victorious Bolivar!

Oh! fail not — faint not — in the war

Waged for the liberty of nations!

Go on, resistless as the earthquake's shock,

When all your everlasting mountains rock

Upon their deep foundations.

And Greece, — the golden clime of light and song,
Where infant genius first awoke

To arts and arms and godlike story, —

Wept for her fallen sons in bondage long:

She weeps no more; — Those sons have broke

Their fetters, — spurn the slavish yoke,

And emulate their fathers' glory.

The Crescent wanes before the car

Of liberty's ascending Star,

And Freedom's banners wave upon

The ruins of the Parthenon.

The clash of arms rings in the air,

As erst it rung at Marathon; —

Let songs of triumph echo there!

Be free! ye Greeks, or, failing, die

In the last trench of liberty.

Ye hail the name of Washington; pursue

The path of glory he has mark'd for you.

But should your recreant limbs submit once more

To hug the soil your fathers ruled before

Like gods on earth, — if o'er their hallow'd graves

Again their craven sons shall creep as slaves,

When shall another Byron sing and bleed

For you! — oh, when for you another Webster plead!

Yè christian kings and potentates,

Whose sacrilegious leagues have twined

Oppression's links around your States,

Say, do ye idly hope to bind

The fearless heart and thinking mind?

When ye can hush the tempest of the deep,

Make the volcano in its cavern sleep,

Or stop the hymning spheres, ye may control,

With sceptred hand, the mighty march of soul.

But what are ye? and whence your power

Above the prostrate world to tower,

And lord it all alone?

What god — what fiend — has e'er decreed,

That one shall reign, while millions bleed

To prop the tyrant's throne?
Gaze on the ocean, ye would sway: —
If from its tranquil breast, the day
Shine our in beams as bright and fair
As if the heavens were resting there,
Ye, in its mirror surface, may
See that ye are but men;
But should the angry storm-winds pour
Its chainless surges to the shore,
Like Canute, ye may then
A fearful lesson learn, ye ne'er would know, —
The weakness of a tyrant's power, — how low
His pride is brought, when, like that troubled sea,
Men rise in chainless might, determined to be free.

And they will rise who lowly kneel,
Crush'd by oppression's iron heel,
They yet will rise, — in such a change as sweeps
The face of nature, when the lightning leaps
From the dark cloud of night,
While heaven's eternal pillars reel afar,
As o'er them rolls the Thunderer's flaming car, —
And in the majesty and might
That freedom gives, my country, follow thee,
In thy career of strength and glorious liberty.

Immortal Washington! to thee they pour
A grateful tribute on thy natal hour,
Who strike the lyre to liberty, and twine
Wreathes for her triumphs, — for they all are thine,
Woo'd by thy virtues to the haunts of men,
From mountain precipice and rugged glen,
She bade thee vindicate the rights of man,
And in her peerless march, 't was thine to lead the van.

Though no imperial Mausoleum rise,
To point the stranger where the hero lies,
He sleeps in glory. To his humble tomb, —
The shrine of freedom, — pious pilgrims come,
To pay the heart-felt homage, and to share
The sacred influence that reposes there.
Say, ye blest spirits of the good and brave,
Were tears of holier feeling ever shed
On the proud marble of the regal dead,
Than gush'd at Vernon's rude and lonely grave,
When from your starry thrones, ye saw the Son
He loved and honor'd, weep for Washington!

As fade the rainbow hues of day,
 Earth's gorgeous pageants pass away:
 Its temples, arches, monuments, must fall;
 For Time's oblivious hand is on them all.
 The proudest kings will end their toil,
 To slumber with the humble dead, —
 Earth's conquerors mingle with the soil,
 That groan'd beneath their iron tread,
 And all the trophies of their power and guilt,
 Sink to oblivion with the blood they spilt.
 But still the everlasting voice of fame
 Shall swell, in anthems to the Patriot's name
 Who toil'd — who lived — to bless mankind, and hurl'd
 Oppression from the throne,
 Where long she sway'd, remorseless and alone,
 Her scorpion sceptre o'er a shrinking world.
 And though no sculptured marble guards his dust,
 Nor mouldering urn receives the hallow'd trust,
 For him a prouder mausoleum towers,
 That Time but strengthens with his storms and showers, —
 The land he saved, the empire of *the Free*, —
 Thy broad and steadfast throne, TRIUMPHANT LIBERTY!

pp. 308-311 in *New England Galaxy* (February 25, 1825)

from

“Lord Byron in Early Youth”

(Seven Spenserians; the last one:)

But lo, the earthquake of the soul had passed,
And thy freed spirit looked on brighter skies;
The wail of suffering Greece came on the blast,
And glory offered thee her brightest prize.
Byron, 'tis thine! Amidst a nation's cries,
Thou sankest immortal on thy field of fame,
Champion of freedom — thy pure name defies
The touch of time: death sanctifies the claim,
And joined to thy own Greece, will flourish BYRON'S name.

in *Atlantic Souvenir: Christmas and New Year's Offering* (1832),
pp. 140-2.

Barker was poet, novelist, and politician. In the *Atlantic Souvenir*... (1831) he published his “Arcadia,” pp. 210-16, where ancient and contemporary elements appear together to describe a restored, idyllic and beautiful paradise. For instance, on p. 213 we read:

.....
It is the voice of victory,
The Turk is fled, and Greece is free!

from

A Poem Delivered before the Franklin Debating Society at their Anniversary, January 17, 1831 (Boston: J.H. Eastburn, 1831), pp. 8 & 12.

.
Over Greece the lovely Seraph Freedom leant,
Her storied wrongs the bow of vengeance bent,
An earthquake cry then called the Greeks to arm,
Over hill and valley sped the stirring charm —
A change came over the spirit and the brow,
The Turk's proud lip hath met its answer now —
Not with the cowering form of honied phrase,
But with the lofty port of better days.
The full defiance nursed by tears was hurled,
And the broad banner of the cross unfurled.

The Greeks have triumphed, they now breathe again,
And stand redeemed among their fellow men —
A nobler conquest yet remains to be,
The darkened mind restored to liberty!

.

(A very long speech in couplets!)

“Lines on the Death of Lord Byron”

He’s gone, the generous and the just,
The patriot, soldier, bold and brave;
While Greece sits weeping over his dust,
For ’twas her rights, he died to save.

Yes, suffering Greece, he fought for thee!
Fought from oppression’s woes to save,
Fought to restore thy liberty,
And found an honorable grave.

He left his dear, native land,
Quick at the voice of duty’s call,
Prompt to obey her last command,
He gave his wealth, his life, his all.

Weep, Grecians! let your hero’s grave
Be with your plenteous tears bedewed,
And may the tears that fall for him
Be those of warmest gratitude!

And though his errors have been great,
We hope they all have been forgiven,
And that the last, brave act of his,
Found favour in the sight of Heaven.

in *Poems* (Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co., 1832), p. 87.

“Oh lyre divine! What daring spirit
Wakes thee now?” — GRAY

“On the Death of Lord Byron”

He’s gone! and his spirit, no longer confined,
To Empyrean has soared, on the ray of his mind:
He’s gone: and his ashes repose in the tomb —
But the wreath of his glory forever will bloom.

Alas! to the tempest of passion a prey,
The flight of his genius but darkened his way;
Though his mortal remains now repose in the tomb —
Yet the wreath of his glory forever will bloom.

His was not the beam of a temperate sky,
But the gleam of the lightning that flashed from on high,
From the clouds that enshrouded his spirit in gloom —
Yet the wreath of his glory forever will bloom.

Peace, envious poets! Ye critics, be still,
Nor against the dead Lion dare lift up the heel.
To tarnish his laurels in vain ye presume,
For the wreath of his glory forever will bloom.

Though the notes of his lyre shall awaken no more,
Yet his spirit, still awful, is hovering over;
When your names will have sunk to oblivion’s gloom,
Still the wreath of his glory forever will bloom.

Though his body now rests in the mouldering grave,
His *heart** is embalmed by the tears of the brave;
The halo of ages his verse will illumine,
And the wreath of his glory forever will bloom.

*His heart was embalmed by the Greeks, and preserved in an urn (Note).
Actually it was his lungs – Editor.

in *Columbia's Wreath; or, Miscellaneous Poems Composed Between 1814-30* (Washington, D. C.: S.A. Elliot, 1830), p. 40.

Noah Bradshears was Principal of the Eastern Academy, Washington, D.C.

In the same book, p. 97:

from "Address for the Carriers of the *National Intelligencer*
January 1, 1828"

.
The storm cloud lowers — and the thundering roar
Of battle echoes on the Grecian shore!
Gigantic Powers with the *Turk* contend,
And shattered navies to the deep descend!*
See their proud banners over the Crescent fly,
While Greece beholds her own deliverance nigh.
Immortal Greece! what claims to thee belong!
Thy very name inspires the poet's song!
Thy sacred soil, which tyrants now invade,
Inhume the ashes of thy ancient dead.
Methinks thy warlike sons of the other days —
Thy heroes famous in immortal lays —
Their awful forms — a visionary band,
Stride like gigantic shadows over the land!
And, as they grimly frown, they seem to say —
"Rise up, my sons, and spurn barbarian sway!
Honor impels and Liberty inspires —
And Grecians rise and emulate their shires.
.

*The victory at Navarino.

Noah Bradshears

17

from

“Address for the Carriers of the *Washington Gazette*
on January 1, 1826”

.
For, even now, upon the Aegean main,
A treacherous war in secret they maintain:
The deadly enemies of Freedom’s cause,
And leagued with turbaned, infidel Pachas,
Germania’s hardy sons assist the Turk,
And Frenchmen aid him in his murderous work!
.

in *Columbia’s Wreath; or, Miscellaneous*, pp. 89-90.

Nathan Covington Brooks, A.M. (1809-98)

18

from "Evening at Athens"

.
There kneel thy children — there the incense prayer
Of infant lips is borne upon the air,
And mingled tears of love and pity fall
For him that shed his precious blood for all.
There holy precepts of eternal truth,
Shall fire the minds and bosoms of thy youth,
Till thou be famed for virtue, and fair Greece
Wear freedom's robes, and bear the branch of peace;
And learning flourish, and the arts again
Resume their sway, and hold their golden reign.

END

in *The Literary Amaranth* (Philadelphia: Key & Brother, 1840), pp. 94-7 end.

from "The Carriers' Address of the *Columbian Sentinel*
New Year's Day 1828. Boston"

.
Fear faction first, the foe of freedom's germ;
In empire's bud the fatal fostered worm.
This single line could lawless Greece but learn,
The tide of war against the Turk would turn.

.
See Greece divided; fame from faction fled.
Greece needs a heart, and needs yet more a head.
War warms the Turk, but Turks can coolly plan;
As fierce in fight as wary in divan.

.
in her *Poems* (Cambridge: Metcalf & Co., 1846), pp. 62-3 she has:

"On Reading Lord Byron's Lines on the Death of Henry Kirke White,"
in which she disagrees with Byron.

William Henry Burleigh (1812-71)

20

(Friend of J. G. Whittier, editor of the New York *The Cabinet*, and
The Unionist)

“Byron”

A mountain torrent in his headlong course,
With foam and spray upflashing in the light,
And arched by rainbows beautifully bright
Its turbid waters with resistless force,
Weeds, flowers, fruits, offal on their current hoarse
Bearing along,
.
Thy mind's wealth wasted, though not wholly lost!

in *The Primrose: A Gift of Friendship* (Hartford, Connecticut; 1848),
p. 14.

W. H. B.

(= William Henry Burleigh)

21

“Europe”

from

.
Neglected, but heroic GREECE! to thee
Cries from the earth the spirit of old days.
From Platea, Marathon, and Salamis,
Even from the plains, the mountains, and the sea,
Proceeds a voice that has for ages slept

.
With Scio mourn her sons and daughters slain,
And curse the savage unrelenting foe;
But to mourn them not in silence — Up! arise:
Revenge the innocent and hapless blood,
And banish from your land the infidel.
Far through the Ionian and Aegean seas,
Along the Morea, and among her isles,
Greece startles at the summons, and obeys.

.
The modern Greeks succumb to modern Goths?
Forbid it Heaven! Yet fortunate, indeed,
Shouldst thou escape the friendship of the Czar,
Who spread but lately his protecting wings
To shield thee as the condor shields the dove.
.

in *New-England Galaxy*, No. 322 (December 12, 1823. Boston), front page.
from *The Rhode Island American*.

Nathaniel Hazeltine Carter (1787 - 1830)

22-23

from

Pains of the Imagination: A Poem Read before the ΦBK Society at Dartmouth College, August 10, 1824 (Boston: Commercial Gazette Press, 1824), pp. 18-9.

.
Even while I sing, war's hurtling tempest raves
On Grecian plains, and over the Aegean waves;
The flag of freedom from Olympus streams,
Through Tempe's vale the blaze of cannon gleams,
Around Parnassus' brow the battle rings,
And purple currents dye Castalian springs;
To new Plateas modern heroes rush,
And new Thermopylae with carnage gush.
Oh! be the conflict worthy of the sires,
Whose altars blazed with freedom's holy fires;
Who spurning luxury's seductive charms,
Flew to the field, and died in glory's arms.
Still may their spirits urge the phalanx on,
Till every plain becomes a new Marathon;
Till sinks the crescent, and the cross shall wave
Triumphant over the humbled Moslem's grave,
And freedom, peace, and independence smile,
On every hill, through every sea-born isle.

Shade of departed genius! can I turn
From Greece, without a tribute to thine urn:
Byron! sad illustration of my theme!
Haunted and cursed by fancy's 'wilderer's dream;
With talents, learning, fortune, honors blessed,
The idol of the world, and yet its jest;
A peer, a vagrant; husband without a wife;
Lord of estates, a houseless bard of life;
Pride of thy friends, and of thy native land
A wandering exile on a foreign strand;
For greatness, usefulness, and glory born,
First winning wreaths, then trampling them in scorn;
The friend of freedom, generous, bold, and brave,
To nothing save thy wayward will a slave.
Peace to thy shade! — thy troubled dreams are over:
The world shall praise, condemn, admire no more.
But long thy memory shall be adored,
In that fair land, for which thou drewest thy sword,
And Doric maidens, round thy Parian shrine,
Their paeans chant, and wreaths of glory twine.

[Byron]

(goes on other issues, a total of 31 pages).

N.H. Carter was Professor at Dartmouth College and teacher of H.W. Longfellow.

McDonald Clarke (1798 - 1842)
from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

24

“Greece”

Oh, Greece, it is glorious to gaze on thee now,
Thou hast sprung from the chained sleep of ages at last,
To embalm in the battle's groan wreaths for thy brow,
Whose bloom till the withering of this world shall last.
The wan eye of hundreds of years has beheld,
That vile rusted sleep with contemptuous tears,
But the nations to pardon will all be compelled,
Who will cover earth's bosom for thousands of years.
For thou art redeeming the fame that was pawned
To dishonour and darkness for a cankering yoke,
And the wreath that thy cradle so nobly adorned,
Thy foe's blood is washing — ha! Greece has awoke!
Wash — wash all the land with that infamous blood,
Wipe with the enemies' ghosts all thy father graves;
And let the world see thou canst stand as they stood,
Round whose vivid names garlands of light freshly waves.
Yes smite them to death with the cannon's red glance,
And trample their bones with the filth of the plain;
Let legion on legion all trembling advance,
Greece — Greece is the pupil of glory again.

November 17, 1821.

in *The Gossip; or, A Laugh with the Ladies...* (New York: Gray & Bunce, 1823), p. 208.

“The Grecian General to His Soldiers”

pp. 5-6

Hark, Soldiers — whence that bursting sound,
That thunders on the ear?
The cannon's threat — it starts the ground,
And tells the foe is near.
Behold, yon hills are live with brands,
But abject spirits wield them;
Could storms of imps, could Satan's hands,
From Grecian vengeance shield them?
Behold, they come in blazing crowds,
On the red wings of the thunder —
The battle's smoke shall be their shrouds,
As tired feet stamp them under.
They come to rivet slavery's yoke,
And chain brave hearts to meanness;
But brave heart's blood at every stroke
Shall flush the bruised earth's greenness.
They come to heap a shrine of bones,
From the corpses of our wives,
Whose incense soon shall be their groans —
Whose sacrifice — their lives.
They come to trample down the graves
Where our great fathers fell;
They come to make their children slaves,
And teach the code of hell.
They come — but whither shall they go
Yon setting sun will see;
For ere it sinks red waves will flow
From men — sworn to be free.

October 7, 1823.

“Written after reading in yesterday’s *Commercial Advertiser* the Greek motto, ‘Liberty or Death.’”

pp. 183-4

August 10, 1822

Oh, ye glorious Greeks! ye’ve the high hearts of those
Whom the memory of Marathon never can forget,
And while through your veins the same lightning tide glows,
Your fathers’ proud ghosts needn’t blush for you
Though the rock isle of Scio should melt into blood,
And embroider the blue breast of ocean all round;
I am sure ye would stand as your ancestors stood,
And carpet with dead every inch of your ground.

.

Also in the same book “Lord Byron” p. 27, hostile
and “Byron to the Devil” pp. 103-4, also hostile

Initially McDonald Clarke was an admirer of Byron; later he turned hostile to him although he behaved in a mad manner which earned him the appellation of “the mad poet,” like Byron! He also wrote satires, burlesques, religious verse, prose, and anti-Byron stuff. He died insane.

McDonald Clarke

«Ελευθερία ή Θάνατος»

σελ. 26

.

Ω σεις ένδοξοι Έλληνες! έχετε φρόνημα ψυχής
αυτών που Μαραθώνα θύμηση ποτέ δεν λησμονεί,
κι ενώ μέσα στις φλέβες σας ίδιο κυλάει αίμα αστραπής,
δεν πρέπει των γονιών σας οι σκιές να νιώσουνε ντροπή
αν και στο αίμα πνίγηκε η Χίος απ' τους φόνους,
τα γαλανά της θάλασσας νερά βάφοντας γύρω.
Πιστεύω πως θα στέκεστε όρθιοι σαν τους προγόνους,
κορμιά εχθρών σας στρώνοντας στο έδαφος τριγύρω.

Απόδοση Μ.Β. Ραΐζη

Thomas Cottrell Clarke (1801-74)

27

from "A New Year Address for 1824"

.
For this we mark the glowing truth,
That hails the dawn of Grecian day,
That bids her "renovated youth,"
In glory's highest sun beams play;
Which hails our country too with song,
And shouts that make Heaven's arches ring
While guardian powers the strain prolong,
And bear it far on radiant wing.
.

in *A Collection of Fugitive Poems* (Philadelphia: Thomas C. Clarke,
1824), p. 42. The poet was the publisher. Notice Byronic title.

Isaac Starr Clason (1789-1834)

28

from

Don Juan

Canto I, stanza IX

Then Juan hail! — What though the world condemn,
And will not see thy pure and pious aim, —
The mote is in its eye, and though thy gem
Of truth may shine, (bright as from heaven the flame
That quenched Saul's vision,) it will still condemn,
And damn thee, Juan! If but for thy name:
But this I tell the world, with all its tricks,
'Twill find it "hard to kick against the pricks."

Canto II, stanza CXIII (the last one)

Reader we part — perchance again to meet —
Or perhaps never — 'tis the same to me —
But even in parting there is something sweet
(As Wives and Husbands know, who disagree,)
So fare thee well! — that sound with which we greet
Even those we hate at parting, — but to thee,
A kind farewell! — believe me 'tis no lie —
If you are weary, Reader! — so am I.

in *Don Juan. Cantos XVII-XVIII* (New York: C.Wiley, 1825), 101 pp. with
Notes etc. He continues the poem from where Byron left it. A humorous
parody!

Isaac Starr Clason

29

from

Horace in New York

Part V.

Pages 19-20

Allow me to ask whether you don't really agree with me,
 in thinking Lord Byron was a noodle;
Merely a sort of mongrel poet! Neither a greyhound
 nor a poodle!
Perhaps the slubber of his face and open collar
 Showed a little like a poet;
But any one may have a head engraved and nothing
 in it — you and I, Sir, know it.

.

(pretty good parodies!) Inspired by Byron's *Hints from Horace*.

in *Horace in New York* (New York: J.M. Campbell, 1826), 47 pp.

“The Grecian Maid”

Aloft of Scio’s rocky shore she sat,
Gazing upon the sea. Around her spread
Silence and desolation — burning fanes —
Dismantled dwellings — desecrated hearths.
In heaps were piled the dead. The gray-haired sire.

.
.

And Reason fled and Hope reversed her torch!

in *Leaflets of Memory: An Annual for 1845* (Philadelphia, edited
by Reynell Coates), pp. 285-7.

in the same publication, volume of 1849, Reynell Coates has a
good translation in couplets of Lamartine’s “To Byron,” pp. 182-5,
no Greek allusions, though.

“On the Death of Byron”

Freedom shone on the Poet’s bed,
The grief of Greece around him!
Hear ye not the solemn tread
Of the great of old who found him?

Genius raised her arm of might,
And Chivalry her lance —
He fell not in the warrior’s fight,
Yet the lights of his soul advance!

They scatter anew the burning brand,
And temper the martyr’s steel,
And cast a glory above the band
Who shall rise in patriot’s zeal!

Oh weep not for him! his ashes lay
In the holiest bounds of earth,
Where Beauty smiled with a Heaven’s ray,
And Valour and Arts had birth!

Weep not for him! the inspired mind
Walks in a prophet’s light!
His soul breathes now thought unconfined
His page, the world’s more bright!

in *Poems* (New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co., 1844), p. 25.

“Song of the Greek Girl”

Farewell, guitar! — this faltering hand
Will touch thy trembling chords no more!
Far from my lovely, native land,
I languish on a foreign shore;
From Grecia’s isle forever torn,
A captive exile, now I mourn.

Farewell, guitar! — another hand
Will wake thy trembling chords for me,
And in my dear native land,
Recall my favourite melody:
The land where minstrels poured their lays,
Where dwelt the bard of by-gone days.

Oh! might I find at last a grave
In thee, my happy, happy isle!
The mournful cypress over me wave,
And wild flowers sadly on me smile;
There, bosom friends, and kindred dear,
Would to my memory drop a tear.

in *The Blind Girl and Other Poems* (New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1844), p. 52 of 160.

On p. 107 “The Grecian War Song” — ancients only, Persian wars, etc.

“Union of Greece” Article 10.

A New Year’s Wish to an American bound to the Grecian States.

May the Union of Greece,
Found her Freedom and Peace;
May her people in virtue excell;
Make the ground of her cause,
Constitution and Laws,
And division their fiend thus expel.

May their faith and their works,
Lead to Christianize Turks,
And the reign of Mohamet destroy;
Be this Heaven’s high behest,
Making Christendom blest,
And devout with thanksgiving and joy.

Jan. 1, 1825

by “Alfred”

in *The Right Aim*. First, Aim to Get First Principles of Right;
Then, Trust Prevailing with Progressive Light; While Freedom,
Art, Trade, Debt, Take First the Ground, All Things for
General Good, the Right Aim Found (Boston: Dow & Niles, 1828),
32 pages. Page 10.

In his Preface he mentions “the rescue of Greece” among all other desiderata, November 1828. Each poem is called “Article,” like in a Constitution, a total of 40 such Articles. Among them “Phocion of Athens,” “Demetrius Phalereus” written in 1811, p. 9, in couplets.

A well-informed idealist and liberal reformer.

Article 11 “Union of Greece” p. 10

The “Grecian Patriots reply”*
With feeling has been read;
While they in *union* bravely vie,
Their foes have most to dread.

Division is the fiend of Greece,
The Sultan is the *foe*
That bars the way to conquer peace;
His due is overthrow.

Let Greece arouse, in *union* trust,
Of human means most sure;
Let also Christendom be just,
Greek Freedom to secure.

Yet Greece and Christendom beware,
The Superhuman Power,
In faith and trust, unite in prayer,
Make God your safety’s tower.

Alfred

*Published 12 April 1825 including these lines:

Nor help, nor succour we demand,
To assist us to be free;
With our single might, and our own hand,
We’ll achieve the victory.

Article 12 “Greek Freedom and Peace; — or, Constantine the Just”*
p. 11.

Grieved humanity speaks,
For the cause of the Greeks,
Who, near vanquished, but yet undismayed,
Look around on the strong,
For a rescue from wrong,
While portentous their foes are arrayed.

They to England have sued,
If their suit be renewed,
Should it not unto others extend?
Might not Russia’s high trust,
Grace Constantine the just,
In waiting, the Greeks to defend?

Was there ever a cause
More deserving applause,
Christian *captives*, and *tributes*, to free?
May no jealousy sway,
To defeat, or delay,
But on measures may Christians agree.

Should not Christendom rise,
With abounding supplies,
To deliver the Christians of Greece,
Civil Powers coalesce,
The fell havoc repress,
And establish *Greek Freedom and Peace*, Alfred

Feb. 1826

*At the death of Czar Alexander, it was expected in America, that
Constantine would succeed to the throne of Russia.

Article 13 “Nicholas the Deliverer” p. 12

Mount! brave Nicholas Czar,
The Deliverer’s Car;
Ride to quicken the rescue of Greece!
Wear the Cross with no crest,
’Till her Churches find rest,
And her people from Turk find release.

Now confirmed to thy trust,
By Constantine the Just,
And accountable always to God, —
Let thine emblem of Peace,
Be the Freedom of Greece,
Be Mahomet expelled by thy rod.

Let all Christendom see,
It were best Greece were free,
Under good Constitution and laws;
Be repulse to the Turk,
All hearts wish, all hands work,
The Grecian in Christendom’s cause.

March 1826

Alfred

Rufus Davenport

37

Article 13 “Mahometan Captivity” p. 12.

Preble, snapped the captive chain, —
Exmouth, broke its coil in twain;
Codrington, the Crescent crushed, —
Much of Grecian moan was hushed;

Christendom, be watchful now,
Greece implores thy general vow;
Stretch thy nerves, — allay her fears, —
Guard from foes her blood and tears;
Faith might fail without thy works, —
Power alone keeps peace with Turks.

Make the Hellespont a bound,
Europe, all, is Christian ground;
Greece, enlarged, may poise the powers, —
Peace may stand on stable towers.

15 October 1828

Rufus

Article 14 “Grecian Ramparts on the Wave” p. 13.

In reference to the letter signed Cochrane, addressed to Mahommed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, published in the Boston *Palladium*, 8 August 1826, from the London *Times*.

Brave Lord Cochrane, is it true?
Went that high appeal from you,
Sent to Ali, Egypt’s Chief?
Kind to him, he should admit,
Ominous from Holy Writ,
Wise to wake from unbelief.

Egypt, mother of the *Arts*,
Once, of these, to Greece imparts,
Conduct noble, good, and wise;
Now she sends in havoc War,
Hordes which Christendom abhor,
So she balks, and wisdom flies.

Woe to them by Egypt stayed,*
Whence the fell destruction made,
Whence the Christian land is gored.
Woe to Egypt’s Chiefs and train —
Pharaoh’s Plagues! Warn these in vain?
Woe to all whose law’s the sword.

Christendom! the Grecians save!
Rear them Ramparts on the Wave!
Blest be Freedom’s “wooden walls!”
Those befit Greek skill and power,
Ere resort to mountain tower,
Last before the Country falls.

Christendom! their cause is thine,
Counteract their foe’s design,
Let invaders back be hurled.
Christendom! ’tis time to foil
Turkish rule on Christian soil;
Say it, aid it, through the world.

8 August 1826

Alfred

*Isaiah xxxi, 1 and 3.

Rufus Davenport

40

Article 15 "Union of Greece" p. 14.

Hail American Fair,
Nobly vieing to share,
In espousing the Freedom of Greece;
Be complete the effect,
To relieve and protect,
Until *union* gain freedom and peace.

Let Greek colours be sent,
Be proclaimed the intent,
Bearing "Union," the motto for Greece,
By the Ladies' fair sway,
The brave Greeks may obey,
Hailing *union* for freedom and peace.

1826

Alfred

Article 16 “Union of Greece” p. 14

Ye fair of Baltimore, at Freedom’s call,
Who grace the cause, and grace Freemason’s Hall,*
The cause which makes thy own the cause of Greece,
The cause of Charity, and cause of Peace.
Ye graceful Fair of these United States,
Whose sawy in Freedom’s cause, each Tyrant hates;
Approved by Freemen, and admired by me,
The meed of praise is meetly due to thee.
Sway *thou* for *union*,₂ as the needed shield,
In fight, on ocean, or on battle field,
And think, the *peaceful* in *defence* must fight,**
The motto, — *Right is War’s Defence of Right* —
And while the cause of Right the fair abet,
Forget not to forgive, and *right* the laws for debt.

*Where the Ladies of Baltimore met on measures for relieving the sufferings of Greece, 1826.

**If there be people who wage war of extermination, and own to right, but as enforced by power, such people must be resisted, even by the peaceful.

Article 17 “Union of Greece — No. 5; or, Capodistrias, Hail!”

Capodistrias, Hail!
May the purpose prevail,
Of the virtuous UNION OF GREECE;
Be established her name,
On her ancient high fame,
In her Right, Independence, and Peace.
Free Religion the base
That should compact our race,
Or acknowledged allegiance above;*
All the RIGHTS of mankind,
With their duties combined,
On true Piety, virtue, and love.

Now may Greece right proceed,
In REFORM take the lead,
Bar to prison for debt as for crime,**
Found, for equity’s cause,
Constitution and laws,
In this ominous crisis of time.

In this era of light,
To define human right,**
Were most worthy the work of the wise;
Would all nations agree,
The unguilty to free,
Human Dignity’s acme would rise.

p. 15

*Man’s allegiance to God, and the triumph of human compact, no less limits the requisition of the majority, than authorizes the compulsion of the minority.

**It is not admitted, that even God claims the right, in his infinite perfection, to punish innocence. Who can believe that he would delegate the exercise of such a right, (or rather wrong) to his creatures in their fallible state?

Article 19 “Holy Rule by Constitution of Nations” p. 16

The sun is set, this evening ends the year.
The next is eighteen-hundred-twenty-eight;
The coming twelve months! ask them their career,
And what they promise of impending fate!

The work begun for wounded, tortured Greece,
Advancing, how will Christendom agree?
Or will the Porte accede and close a Peace,
Turn need to merit, owning Greece as free?

We wait to know, — be this our hope and trust,
That other powers will join the leading three,
Declare the cause of Christendom is just, —
That suit, or force, shall make the Grecians free.

May we not hope in this enlightened age,
Next year, some needed good advance to see,
Some rules of *right* impressed on nation’s page,
How *captives, slaves, and debtors* shall be free?

Let Christians coalesce in Holy Rule,
And let their Code a Constitution be;
For LAWS of Nations from Religion’s school,
To lead to make “of right” all people free.

A kind of United Nations! Article 29, p. 24, is titled
“The Seven Grecian Sages” — very well-informed, like all others.

(pseudonym Alfred, or Rufus)

“Greece Saved”

Composed the morning after he heard the news of the naval victory
in Navarino, Boston, 20th December 1827.

What cannon’s roar has now my slumbers broke?
Like music — sweet “as if an angel spoke” —
In softened echo — borne from far away —
Its sound, here undulated yesterday.
Hail! Christians roused! Mohamet’s fall begun!
Their cannon thunder, and the victory’s won.
Let Christendom rejoice, the brunt is braved,
The Turkish Crescent crushed — Greece will be saved.

in *The Right Aim* (Boston: Dow & Niles, 1828)

“Byron”

(when she was fifteen)

His faults were great, his virtues less,
His mind a burning lamp of Heaven;
His talents were bestowed to bless,
But were as vainly lost as given.

His was a harp of heavenly sound,
The numbers wild, and bold, and clear;
But ah! some demon, hovering round,
Tuned its sweet chords to Sin and Fear.

His was a mind of giant mould,
Which grasped at all beneath the skies;
And his, a heart, so icy cold,
That virtue in its recess dies.

in *Poetical Works of ...* collected by her mother (Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1841), 312 pages. Dedicated to Washington Irving.

Her “Zante” (pp. 269-71) a long unfinished poem in couplets refers to Ianthe, a melancholic and lonely beauty.

Her sister, Margaret Miller Davidson (1823-38), had her poems published with her biography by Washington Irving in 1842; 350 pages! The volume had several editions.

Their mother, Margaret Miller Davidson (1787-1844), had her work edited with her biography by Miss C. M. Sedgwick.

a graduate of Dickinson College

(Written at the request of a friend, after reading the description
of Scio, in the agreeable “Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, etc.”)

“Massacre at Scio”

The morning rose on Scio’s isle,
As soft as a maternal smile.
In the recess of shady bower
The blushing rose and perfumed flower
Threw up their fragrance on the air,
Which whispered softest music there.

That lovely island seemed to lave,
A Naiad, in the ocean wave,
Its shore begirt with whitening foam,
Like sea gulls gathering to their home;
And lightly on the polished rock
That never knew the billow’s shock,
Sprang up, in sport, the sprinkling spray,
As though in joyance it would play
With boughs which, from the steep cliff’s head,
Shed dew tears on the ocean bed,
While sunlight over its thinness threw
A rainbow robe of varied hue.

Embowered, the town in beauty lay
Beneath the genial warmth of day,
As wearied infant sinks to rest
Upon its mother’s loving breast.

And there were halls where beauty bright
Had chased the lingering hours of night;
And there were gardens, in whose shade
The pensive lover oft had stayed,
Where childhood’s gladsome notes had rung,
And sweetest flowers their odours flung:
Where bubbling fount threw up its spray
To sparkle in the sunlight’s ray.

That morn the young were talking over
The pleasures of the night before:
They dwelt beneath the sway of love
In that enchanted Eden grove: —
All was as still, and soft, and sweet
As when young lips in passion meet.
But suddenly a battle shout

From hosts of demon lips rang out;
The isle shook beneath the cannon's roar
Which fell like thunder on its shore;
And soon on hill top height was seen
The burnished crescent's dreaded sheen.

"Allah il Allah!" God is high!
Oh! Heaven, how piercing was that cry!
"Fire! Strike and slay! God's curse remain
On dastard soul that dare refrain!
Strike! for the Moslem banner's fame!
Strike! in the holy prophet's name!"

'Mid that tumultuous paynim rout
A conflagration's flame broke out;
The fire swooped from the terrace high,
And drank the gurgling fountain dry,
And scattered through the parched bower
The charred tree and withered flower.
Through curling blaze and cloudy smoke
Fell thick and fast the falchion's stroke.
No one opposed — like simoon breath
The Turks breathed slaughter, flame, and death.

Young hearts were broke, and bright eyes dead;
And beardless boy and hoary head
Fell beneath the bloody scimeter,
Crushed in the heavy onset's jar,
And mothers, stained with infant gore,
In phrenzy hastened to the shore,
And plunged into the opening flood
Which shrank from the embrace of blood.

The morn arose again — and all
Was still in rifled fane and hall,
The island lay, without a breath,
Like infant sweetness, hushed in death;
And Desolation fixed this throne,
To reign in selfishness alone.

A curse rests on the bloody Turk, —
His stained falchion, sabre, dirk,
A God of justice shall repay
The infernal horrors of that day,
And Moslem power regret too late
Unhappy Scio's wretched fate.

in *The Triumph of Peace, and Other Poems* (New York: D. Fanshaw, 1840),
pp. 71-4 Epigraph on the whole book:

 "What! not receive my simple flowers?" Byron, *The Bride of Abydos*

from

“Carriers’ Address for 1827”

.
But Missolonghi! — O thy name
Sounds like the tomb where martyrs sleep
A tomb — from whence shall burn a flame
To cause each patriot’s sword to leap,
And smite oppression! — Proudly raise
The stars upon the sulphurous breeze —
And, guided by th’ effulgent blaze,
The glorious boon of Freedom, seize!
Greece! *Greece!* for *thee* now burn the blood!
Our every vein seems charged with fire!
May lightnings, from the throne of God,
Glance — and the impious Turk expire!
Raise, raise the Cross! — our Eagle, lo,
Shall there, her lofty aerie build,
And with her arrows, search the foe,
And scathe the Crescent from the field!
Of Greece, no more — *our* Country calls,
And we her summons must obey
.

in *The National Jubilee, and Other Miscellaneous Poems*
(Washington: F.S. Myer, 1830), p. 28.

Emmons was the author of *The Fredoniad*, an epic of Independence.

“The Grecian Cross”

From Pyle’s proud brow the bright banner waves,
 And Freedom her crest in Thermopylae rears,
 And silver-tinged Salamis the battlement laves,
 Where the Genius of Glory the red panoply wears,
 Whose sheeny effulgence, ’mid battle and war,
 Shed a glittering halo round the patriot’s path;
 While cuirass and morion,* from the thunderer’s car,
 Shot the flames of destruction over the dread falchion’s wrath.

The green-turbaned Emir sheaths this ataghan,
 For the crescent is hurled from the glory crowned-arch,
 And dark frowning Destiny ’neath her imperial ban
 Hath laid Paynim prowess in victorious march;
 The minaret shivers on the proud trophied mosque,
 Over fragile Al-Sirat rings the votaries’ tread
 Of the prophet’s dark Houris, — they leave the Kiosk
 The gory symar of the Mussulmaun dead.

O Freedom her Sparta, ’mid Thracia’s dread wild,
 With human-girt battlements of victory builds,
 And her lone craggy mountains, in majesty piled,
 Rear a monument to shades, that glory’s beam gilds,
 And will blazon, when pyramids, whose diadems rust,
 Shall scatter their fragments, and unhallowed be trod;
 But the laurel-wreathed warrior from his prison will burst
 Over the death circled field, and the blood-reeking sod.

The fierce Janizar wields his powerless brand,
 And his false comboloio cons the desperate vizier
 And in vain rings the tophaike over ocean and strand,
 For dim is the vision when the bright banner’s near;
 In the harem no more dark-haired almas give zest
 To the vine-crowned board of Miramolín supreme,
 The usher Muezzin cries *amaun* to the blest,
 And red are the fires that round revelry gleam.

But fays, fauns, and dryads on Peneus play,
 And age-slumbering Tempe awakens again
 In renovate bloom, when the lyre’s magic lay
 Breathes the wild tones of freedom, and the conqueror’s strain;
 Rich Arcadia smiles, and the Cyclades spread
 Their bright golden wings round the clime of renown,
 And Hymettus his sweet honied treasures will shed

Over Morea, ransomed Grecia's glory and crown.

Over the tombs of her tyrants the bright cross shall wave.
Over the Bey's shroudless corpse the armada sails
Over Moslem destruction the paeon of the brave
Shall be echoed by Sirocco, when it mournfully wails
'Mid grandeur's drear ruins; but Astrea resumes
Her untrophied mansion, and her wand will control
For the bright Star of Judah the long night illumes,
And the sunbeams of glory cheer the ethnical soul.

*helmet

in *Poems* (New York: E. Bliss ..., 1823), pp. 35-7.

“The Dirge of Rhigas” (1827)

Rhigas was the first of modern Grecian worthies, who, roused by inhuman oppression from the lethargy of hopeless slavery, invoked his countrymen to the declaration and achievement of their independence. He fell by treachery, in May, 1798.

From Thessaly's woods a voice goes forth, 1
 A voice of wrath over the shuddering earth,
 And the ancient hills, as it sounds along,
 Wail back the cry of a nation's wrong,
 And the Aegean Isles with a shout reply
 To the magic trump of victory.
 Olympus stoops to hear
 The voice of patriot power,
 And the gods of Greece draw near
 In this dark and fearful hour.

Men stand erect in their pride again 2
 And grasp the sabre that long hath lain,
 Like the soul of Greece, in the sloth and rust
 Of dead despair — and they shake the dust
 Of slavery from their banners proud,
 And swear they shall be their shield or shroud. —
 The deep wild voice of wrath wails on,
 And Oeta bows as it hurries by,
 And, as it sweeps over Marathon,
 The dead send up an awful cry.

That voice thrills through the hearts of men, 3
 Like lightning through a tomb: — the glen,
 The vale, the hill and the holy wood
 Return it back like an ocean flood,
 And the Priestess lights her sacred shrine
 And over it bends with a look divine;
 And helm and brand and spear
 In the altar's blazing glare,
 And the warrior dead appear
 With the solemn brow of prayer.

It sounds through the pass of the Persians' shame, 4
 And over the blue waters of the bounding seas,
 Like the victor blush of a glorious name,
 Or the wrongs of the nine lithoerides,
 And the Helot springs, at the magic word,
 From the tyrant chains of his Titan lord;
 And the Moslem beliefs fail
 Amid the pealing cries,

“The Greek Patriot”

Nay, look not thou so pleadingly,
 My life, my hope, my bride!
 What but a stern necessity,
 Could win me from thy side?

Oh, seek not to detain me here,
 I dare not tarry now;
 My country's wrongs are calling me,
 And laurels wait my brow.

I brought thee from thy childhood's home
 A warrior's lot to share,
 And bravely hast thou battled, love,
 With loneliness and care.

But now thine eyes with tears are dim,
 A cloud is on thy brow;
 What spectre cometh dark and dread,
 To haunt thy fancy now?

Hath not our God watched over me,
 Through many a peril past?
 Say, will He now withdraw His aid,
 And fail me at the last?

I know what dangers wait my steps,
 But fearlessly I trust,
 In Him who guards the innocent,
 He knows our cause is just.

Farewell — if victory crowns our arms,
 Ere yet another night,
 The beacon fires of liberty
 Shall gleam from yonder height.

But if we fail, the blood-stained soil
 Shall be my honored grave.
 Shouldst thou not rather I should die,
 Than live a coward slave?

in *The Book of Pearls: A Choice Garland of Prose, Poetry, and Art*
 (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1841), p. 206.

In the same volume “The Greek Girl” p. 200 by M.H.R., six octets,
 contemporary but not on 1821; and a PROSE sketch “Lord Byron” 236.

“The Woes of Modern Greece”
The Prize Poem

There was a harp that might thy woes rehearse,
In all the wild omnipotence of verse,
Imperial Greece! when wizard Homer’s skill
Charmed the coy Muses from the woodland hill;
When nature, lavished of her boundless store,
Poured all her gifts, while art still showered more; —
Thy classic chisel through each mountain rung,
Quick from its touch immortal labors sprung;
Truth vied with fancy in the grateful strife,
And rocks assumed the noblest forms of life,

Alas! thy land is now a land of woe;
Thy muse is crowned with Druid mistletoe.
See the lorn virgin with dishevelled hair,
To distant climes in wildered haste repair;
Chill consolation seeks her favored bowers,
Neglect, that mildew, blasts her cherished flowers;
The spring may bid their foliage bloom anew,
The night may dress them in her fairy dew;
But what shall chase the winter cloud of pain
And bid her early numbers breathe again?
What spring shall bid her mental gloom depart? —
'Tis always winter in a broken heart.

The aged Patriarch seeks the sea beat strand,
To leave — for ever leave his native land.
No one shall cheer him with so kind a beam,
No fountain bless him with so pure a stream;
Nay, should the exile through Elysium roam
He leaves his heaven when he leaves his home.

But, we may deeper, darker truth unfold,
Of matrons slaughtered, and of virgins sold,
Of shrines polluted by barbarian rage,
Of grey locks rifled from the head of age,
Of pilgrims murdered, and of chiefs defied,
Where Christians knelt, and Sparta’s heroes died.
Once more thy chiefs their glittering arms resume
For heaven, for vengeance, conquest or a tomb.
With fixed resolve to be for ever free,
Or leave all Greece one vast Thermopylae.

Columbia rise! a voice comes over the main,
To ask thy blessing, nor to ask in vain;
Stand forth in bold magnificence, and be
For classic Greece, what France was once for thee.
So shall the gods each patriot bosom sway,
And make each Greek the hero of his day.
But, should thy wisdom and thy valor stand
On neutral ground — oh! may thy generous hand
Assist her hapless warrior, and repair
Her altars scathed by sacrilege and care.
Hail all her triumphs, all her ills deplore,
Nor let old Homer's manes beg once more.

in *The Charleston Book* (1845), pp. 20-21.

Farmer, Henry T., a native of England, was for some time engaged in commercial pursuits in Charleston, S.C., and subsequently removed to New York, where he became a medical student, and was licensed as a physician in 1821. He practised medicine in Charleston, S.C., until his death at the age of 46. Whilst a student, he published a volume entitled *Imagination: The Maniac's Dream, and other Poems*. A specimen of his composition will be found in E.A. and G.L. Duyckincks' *Cyc. Of American Literature*.

“Marco Bozzaris’s Welcome to Death”

Thou art welcome, Death; thou bringst no pain;
 My soul long pines for thee;
Thou art welcome in thy direst forms,
 When ’tis for liberty,
I hear thee in the battle shout;
 I see thee in the smoke;
I hear thee in the proud hurrah,
 And in the sabre stroke.

’Tis liberty that makes thee sweet,
 And horror’s from thee fled;
They awful terrors down have lain,
 With beauty overspread;
The answer of my parting soul,
 It hails thee as its own;
My heart hath echoes yet for thee,
 Thou dread but welcome sound.

They leave me now; the flowers are dim,
 And all their beauties past;
The sun sends down another light
 But ’tis with glory cast.
Then welcome, O thou summoner!
 Hear my last cry again,
“To fight and die for liberty
 Is pleasure, not a pain.”

in *The Heart’s Musings* (New York: R. Craighead, 1850), pp. 123-4.
Fish wrote schoolbooks, primers, books for children.

Poet, editor, public official in Ohio; Lincoln's special collector of customs.

from "Childe Harold" 10 stanzas, pp. 46-8.

.
Give him, to climb Parnassian Mount,
That frowns over Delphi's rocky steep,
And pause upon its awful front.
.

Give him to tread Plataea's field,
Whose every foot its tale can tell
Or Marathon, — or where, with shield
Battered, and broken spear, *they* fell;
The heroes of Thermopylae —
He'll weep above their stoneless graves;
Ay, *weep*, that such a land should be
The heritage and home of despots and of slaves.

in *Erato* No. 2 (Cincinnati: A. Flash, 1835).

“The Greek Lovers”

Fly, Greek, for the gloomy battle cloud
Hangs darkling in thy rear;
The shout of the turbaned foe is loud,
And his flashing steel is near.

Thy ready sword, and thy gallant hand,
'Gainst a host would strike in vain;
Then hasten through to some refuge-land,
Across yon murmuring main.

The home is lost — thy friends are dead —
Beneath yon murky pall,
That casts its shadows wide and dread,
They sleep in their ghastly thrall.

They will not wake though the clarion rings —
Alas! how cold the Greek
Who sleeps while his bleeding country flings
Her call from each bannered peak!

Hoof torn, and sabre scarred, they rest,
Fathers, and sons, and brothers —
Lover and loved, still breast to breast —
And clinging babes and mothers.

The crescent waves over the trampled cross,
The Turks on the Christian tread;
Oh! stay not, Greek, to count thy loss —
A price is on thy head.

Thy path is over the deep — away!
The moonbeam lights the tide;
Launch thy swift shallop through the spray,
With that trembler at thy side!

Thy sheltering sword around her brow
Hath been a shield to-day;
And she is all that liveth now,
Young Greek, to thee — away!

in *The Outcast and Other Poems* (Boston: Russell, Shattuck, & Williams, 1836), pp. 121-2.

First in *The Token* (1830), edited by S.G. Goodrich.
Goodrich was author, poet, editor, publisher, and memoirist from Connecticut.

“Byron — At the age of Nineteen”

picture by Sanders

Does it not break upon thee now,
The vision of thine after years,
And bid the youthful spirit bow,
With misery too deep for tears?

Is there no sign to mark thy doom;
No prophecy on sky or sea,
To paint the glory and the gloom,
The woe and bliss awaiting thee?

The many hours of deep unrest,
From wounded love and wounded pride;
Thy years, unblest and unblest,
Unlifted mists and shadows hide.

Thou hast no vision of thy fame,
Like a bright star through darkness gleaming,
The glory of a deathless name,
With an unfading radiance beaming.

No! man may never idly gaze
On future time revealed to light;
And, kindly, all thy coming days
Are curtained with the clouds of night.

in *The Token*, vol. 5 (1832) p. 347. Edited by Samuel G. Goodrich.

“The Greek Girl’s Lament”

Soldier! thy fight is ended — heart! thy last, sad home, is here;
 Thou comest as only heroes come, on glory’s hallowed bier.
 Nor mourn I that thou art not mine, that death is on thy brow;
 A life of love had *then* been thine — eternal glory *now*.
 I ask for thee no prouder doom, for me no happier lot;
 Thy sleep shall be in glory’s tomb, thy name be never forgot.
 No! tho’ this aching heart may bleed, no woman’s tear shall start.
 No sigh that Freedom’s march should lead across that noble heart.

For honored does the hero fall, in honored dust is laid: —
 To Greece, to God, I owed my all; and well the debt is paid.
 Though Moslem footsteps over thee tread, there too shall Love’s repair;
 And well Affection’s eye may shed Affection’s tribute there.
 No lingering pang, no fond regret, shall wring one starting tear;
 No Grecian maiden’s eye be wet above her soldier’s bier.
 This soul may bleed — this heart may break — but proud that grief shall be;
 Who dies for Greece, for glory’s sake, shall never be wept by me.

And yet one lingering wish will rise, one thought that still is thine —
 That thou hast closed thy dying eyes upon this heart of mine;
 That heart on which thy throbbing brow so oft was lulled to rest —
 Not the dull leaden sleep that now weighs down that cold, cold breast.
 Then shroud from that manly face, that noble heart so true,
 I could have spared Love’s first embrace, but not its last adieu.
 Farewell! the heart I gave to thee, to thee I still resign;
 Thy lips but pledged thy vows to me, but Death hath *sealed* them mine.

in *The Boston Book: Specimens of Metropolitan Literature* (Boston: Light & Horto, 1836), p. 284.

“On reading an account of the horrid cruelties which were committed by the Turks, on the inhabitants of the island of Scio.” pp. 79-80.

How long, O God, dear sovereign Lord, how long
 Shall sanguinary monsters, in human shape,
 Bear rule, and with more than fiend like fury,
 Like hungry Lions, pounce upon their prey;
 And drench thy earth with blood of suffering saints,
 The blessed followers of thine only Son?
 See thro' Scio, what desolation reigns
 Full twenty thousand Christians murdered there;
 Ten thousand females, with their children dear,
 Were sold as wretched slaves in foreign lands:
 Some to a brutal soldiery given over,
 Whilst some to avoid the tyrant's galling chain,
 In sad despair, sought their relief in death.
 How long, just heaven, shall thy vengeance sleep?
 How long ere the besom of destruction
 Shall overtake those worse than savage men?
 Let kings and emperors in Europe's land,
 Who loud proclaim they're joined in *holy league*,
 Consider well there's now a holy cause,
 Imperiously demands their potent aid:
 Ignobly now, let them no longer plot
 To quench the sacred flame of liberty,
 And rivet fast a tyrant's galling chain
 On millions who have nobly dared to throw
 From off their galled necks a heavy yoke,
 Which now, sad thought, they are compelled to wear,*
 But let them rise, now, in majestic sway,
 Show an admiring, an astonished world,
 They are united firm in freedom's cause.
 Should they their powerful energies unite
 In Grecian cause and aid those sons of fame,
 Soon would the bloody Turk sound a retreat;
 And soon might their triumphant flag be reared
 Where the proud Sultan sits in all his pride.**
 O! that the sun of righteousness might rise
 Over eastern climes, in darkness enveloped,
 And by his bright, his animating rays,
 Mahometanism, that foul delusion
 And vile idolatry, quickly dispel;
 Just as the morning cloud or early dew,
 Flies before the all-powerful king of day;
 And may the banners of the christian cross,
 Quickly be reared on heights of Calvary;

And where the Turks the stately mosque have reared,
And where their daily orisons are heard,
There may the praises of our God be sung
In loud hosannahs, and by every tongue.

*the Italians and Spaniards

**Constantinople

in *Poems on Several Occasions...* Cincinnati: Looker & Reynolds, 1824.
Second edition.

Hiram Haines (b. 1802)
of Culperer County, Virginia

68-69

“Lines to the Memory of George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron, who departed this life at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19th, 1824 — in the 37th year of his age.”

BYRON! shall unskilled hand or untuned tongue,
Grasp the pen, or swell the trump to sound thy fame;
Can unknown minstrels sing thy noble worth,
When thy own matchless, magic strains have rung;
Far as the utmost bounds of listening Earth!
As well might the young and unfledged Eaglet try,
To soar aloft, and brave yon scorching Sun;
Or MEN, attempt to scale yon blue arched sky,
And tell what in its starry worlds is done!

Earth could not span the compass of thy mighty mind,
Nor space its scintillating flights control;
Stern FATE alone, thy mortal destinies could bind,
Stop thy career — but not enslave thy soul:
Deeper than Ocean’s depth, couldst thou Nature scan,
The regions of *dark chance*, dared to explore;
Shed light on darkness, spoke bolder truths to man,
Than had been thought, or listened to before!

GOD made thee noble, and men, but called thee so,
Beggars with souls like thine, free and unbought;
Had been as great as thou, and as noble too,
While *Kings* without it, are but drossy nought!
Titles are tinsel show — fit ornaments for those,
Who nought have else, their lean names to adorn,
Worshipped by hirelings, bent to, by meaner foes,
The great man’s toy, the truly wise man’s scorn.

BYRON! to bleeding Greece thou gavest thy manly heart,
Thy hand was opened and thy breast made bare;
In her’s and Freedom’s sacred cause thou took a part,
When sovereign powers trembling did not dare:
Well mayest thou over his hallowed ashes bend;
And shed a tear for him who graced thy patriot band,
For him, who was thy noble, generous friend.

BYRON! shall mortals dare thy principles condemn,
Who judge *unheard* and sentence them *unknown*;
Save by the slandering tongue, or the distorting pen,
For ’tis by such the gall dipt shafts are thrown.

What ever thou wast *in heart*, in acts thou wert a MAN,
And 'tis by *acts* the human heart we best can see;
Whatever thou lacked to fill thy great Creator's plan,
Is not for MEN to say — but rests with GOD and thee!

in *Mountain Buds and Blossoms, Wove in a Rustic Garland*. By the
Stranger, of Fairfax Lodge, No. 43 (Petersburgh, Virginia: Yancey
& Burton, 1825), pp. 112-3.

“The Turkish fleet, with troops, to commence against the Greeks the campaign of the season, have appeared among the islands — the Greeks are ready to make the best resistance in their power, and to accomplish all that skill and bravery can effect with their small force.”

National Intelligencer, 1823.

“A Grecian Ode, — in Four Parts. Alarm — Lament — Invocation — and Resolve.”

ALARM.

See, 'midst our isles a pompous fleet,
'Tis Turkish streamers proudly wave!
Come they as friends, come they in peace;
Or come they Grecians to enslave?

RESPONSE.

No signals of friendship float gaily on high,
No white flag of peace they display;
But broad the black pendants of cruelty fly,
Curst sign of Mohametan sway —
And ranked on each deck are the bloodthirsty band,
With weapons of death fast grasped in each hand —
They breathe 'gainst the votaries of FREEDOM their ire,
They breathe it in threats of destruction most dire —
While on high the proud Moslem standard they rear;
By the name of the infidel prophet they swear,
“That the flag of the FAITHFUL, in victory shall wave,
Over the innocent Greek — Over Liberty's grave!”

LAMENT.

Weep innocence — sweet beauty weep!
For thy spoilers, curst spoilers, have come —
Fair beauty may stop their fell sweep,
Or, soften the innocent's doom!
No — vain are thy tears, tho' in rivers they flow,
Vain for their mercy thy suppliant cry;
They never knew to pity — they never felt its glow
At misery's tenderest sigh! —
REMEMBER THE BUTCHERIES ON SCIO'S FAIR ISLE,
Where AGE was their victim and BEAUTY their spoil, —
What torrents of innocent blood was there shed,
What ruin wide over our Country was spread —

All that savage could do, was savagely done;
Never more may such scenes befall 'neath our sun,
For the infidels swore "That the Crescent shall wave
Over the innocent Greek — Over Liberty's grave."

INVOCATION.

Our Country's wrongs now loudly call
Each Spartan hero to the field —
They bid him march, they bid him fall,
Ere Liberty be meanly yield —

RESPONSE.

Then rise sons of Sparta, who're warm for the fight,
At the call of your country arise;
If you fall you shall fall for your country's just right,
And *deathless* reknown is your prize!
Remember the deed your forefathers had done,
Remember the laurel LEONIDAS won;
Then swear by those deeds, by that sacred name,
That the acts of the sons shall never tarnish their fame;
That the chains shall be severed your country has worn;
That the wrongs be redressed your country has borne,
That the Eagle of Greece to the Crescent won't yield,
If an arm's to defend, or a Greek on the field!

RESOLVE.

By the deeds of our sires we swear,
From danger nor death never to fly.
Nor tarnish the name that we bear,
But Freemen live — or Freemen die!

RESPONSE.

Yes! such were your sires recorded in story,
When Xerxes of old did invade;
And the young sons of Greece shall rival their glory,
Not suffer their laurels *to fade* —
For the spirit of Freedom now glows in each breast,
And the ensigns of battle wave high over each crest;
No dangers shall damp such a heavenly glow,
Tho' torrents of blood from Grecians shall flow;
Yet still towards the foe they onward shall bear,
Still the proud standard of Freedom they'll rear,
And the eagle of Greece to the Crescent won't yield
If an arm's to defend, or a Greek on the field!

in *Mountain / Blossoms ...*, pp. 134-7.

Mary W. Hale

73

from

“The Death of Leonidas”

The golden light of day was over;
The sun hath left the glorious west;
The birds' sweet notes were heard no more;
Nature around was all at rest.
That rest was well. To ancient Greece,
The morrow was a fearful day.
It brought her high-souled sons release,
Or bowed them to a tyrant's sway.

.

plus seven more stanzas.

in *Poems* (Boston: W.D. Ticknor, 1840), pp. 84-6.

John Hill Hewitt (1801-90)
'the father of American ballads'

74-75

"On the fall of Missolonghi"

(To him who despairs of Greece)

Despair of Greece? No, never while
There is a spark of Freedom left;
Ionia yet hath many an isle
Of hidden cave and narrow cleft.
The warrior's corse tho' cold it lays
'Neath Missolonghi's smoking walls,
Still bids the torch of battle blaze,
Still on the fearless Grecian calls.

Despair of Greece? — The Christian's God
Looks on his children; he is just,
And, though the temples blush with blood,
And holy altars fall to dust,
Yet, he beholds; and soon his wrath
Will flash upon the ruthless foe;
Vengeance shall tread oppression's path,
And strike the haughty crescent low.

Despair of Greece? — Oh no, the flame
Sleeps like the dead volcanic fire;
Soon it will burst, and earth's whole frame
Will tremble at its mighty ire.
What though the warrior's helm is riven,
And vultures on the valiant prey —
The cross of Greece is blest by Heaven,
And Freedom yet will gain the day.

Despair of Greece? — The fire of old
Still burns within each soldier's breast;
The tale of Marathon once told,
Wakens the soul, — God does the rest!
Faint hearted! go; — what did our sires?
Did *they* despair and sue for peace?
No, honor fanned the expiring fires;
They won their cause, and so will Greece!

in *Miscellaneous Poems* (Baltimore: N. Hickman, 1838), p. 120.

J.H. Hewitt (1801-90) Journalist, musician, poet, editor of magazines and newspapers, from New York; friend of philhellenic Senator Henry Clay.

“Greece”

Where Art's wide realm in mouldering ruin sleeps,
 And Science over departed glory weeps —
 Where wreathing joy shrouds in its dark array
 The desolating progress of decay —
 Where time is ranging with remorseless tread,
 Amid the trophies of the mighty Dead,
 There, Grecia's genius hovers over the scene
 Of ruined grandeur — glories that *have been* —
 Views the vast wreck of power with kindling eye,
 And kneels beside the tomb of Poesy.

Where Fame's proud relics strew her classic ground,
 In gloomy majesty she glides around,
 Pausing, with rapt devotion, to survey
 The prostrate splendours of her early day.
 Those ancient courts, where erst with wisdom fraught,
 Her Senate listened, and her Sages taught;
 Where that bold patriot, firm in virtue's cause,
 The immortal Solon, thundered forth his laws!
 The temple raised to Theseus' mighty name —
 The storied arch of Hadrian's deathless fame!
 Raises her eye to where, with beam divine,
 Apollo blushed upon the Delphic shrine —
 As bowed that chief to learn a *Nation's* fate,
 Who gave his royal life, to *save* the state.

With pride, she seeks Dodona's sacred grove,
 Where towers the temple of Imperial Jove!
 Frowning, in ruined majesty sublime,
 The proudest wreck that braves the blast of time!
 Shews the broad Stadium, where the gymnick art,
 Nerved the young arm, and energized the heart
 Gave a bold race of warriors to her field,
 Whose godlike courage was their only shield!
 Surveys that grot, where still her olives twine
 In wild luxuriance over its fallen shrine —
 Where Dian's vestal daughters came to lave
 Their snowy bosoms in Ionian's wave.
 All dark and tuneless are those laurel shades,
 Which once enshrined Castalia's classic maids —
 For barbarous hands have raised their funeral pyre
 And hushed the breathings of their seraph lyre —
 Save when the light of Heaven around it plays,
 And wakes the hallowed chaunt of other days!
 Oh! then, amid storied mounds, and mouldering urns,

Once more, the flame of inspiration burns!
Here, pilgrim Genius comes to muse around,
To wake one strain over consecrated ground!
From prostate fanes, and altars of decay,
He learns the glory of their former day —
And, in the tender blush of twilight gloom,
He writes the story of some ruined tomb!
From dark oblivion snatches many a gem,
To glisten in *his own* fair diadem.

Immortal Byron! thou, whose courage planned,
The rescue of that subjugated land —
Oh! hadst thou *lived* to rear thy giant glaive,
Thou 'dst bid the christian cross triumphant wave!
Marked the pale crescent wave mid seas of blood,
And stamped proud Grecia's *freedom* in the flood!
But, Oh! 'twas fate's decree thou shouldst expire,
Swan-like, amid the breathings of thy lyre —
Even in the sacred light of thine own song —
As sinks the glorious Sun amid the throng
Of bright robed clouds, the pageantry of Heaven —
Thy last retiring beam to earth was given.

Where Scio's isle blushes with Christian gore,
And recreant *fiends* still yet around her shore!
Where Missolonghi's bloody plain extends,
'Mid war's red bolts, Athenia's Queen descends!
Mark! where she comes — in all the pomp of woe —
Darkling around her sable vestments flow!
With throbbing bosom to the tempest bare —
Wild, on the breeze, floats her unwreathed hair,
Though learning's *classic diadem* is there!
Where fate's dark clouds the face of Heaven deform —
With steadfast brow — she marks the gathering storm!
Turns to Olympus with imploring eye,
And claims the aegis of her native sky!
Hark! round its base the eternal thunders roll!
And Jove's own lightnings flash from pole to pole —
His voice is *there!* he bids creation save
Miverva's "first born," from a barbarous grave!

in *The Memorial: A Christmas and New Year's Offering for 1828*,
edited by Frederic S. Hill (Boston: True & Greene), pp. 383-5.

“Byron”

Transcendant genius! yes, and thou art gone,
Down to the shades of death forever;
Far from thy home, with strangers and alone,
That home which thou shall see no more, no, never.

What powerful cause induced thee thus to rove?
Was it to seek that peace thy home denied? —
Say, didst thou fly from unrequited love,
The worst of ills which human life betide?

Or did a nobler theme inspire thy breast, —
The cause of suffering Greece, and Scio’s doom? —
Was pure philanthropy the kind behest,
That drew thy wandering feet so far from home?

If so, ’twas generous, ’twas nobly done,
A sacrifice the great alone can pay; —
And one such deed, methinks it should atone,
For many offence upon that trying day.

And here, the meed to merit, genius, due,
Though envy grudge it thee, the just shall pay,
The generous Greek will shed a tear for you,
And mourn over fallen worth, untimely snatched away.

And long remember how the stranger came,
Espoused his cause with time and interest too,
And down to future ages hand your fame,
And teach his children’s children thus to do.

in *Miscellaneous Poetry, or, The Farmer’s Muse* (New York: H. Ludvig, 1835), pp. 152-3.

“The Fall of Scio”

Ah, hapless Scio, helpless, hopeless, fallen Scio!
The tyrant's arm has passed over thee,
And thou art desolate; than thee, there was
None among the isles more beauteous,
None fairer to the eye, or richer in
All life's comforts; but now, alas, thy fairest
Fields are waste, thy dwellings low in ashes,
Thy temples prostrate, and wide spread ruin
Covers all the scene. Oh, would to God, this
Were the worst, — that this were the end, thy tale
Of woe is not begun; where are thy children?
Thy sires, thy sons, thy daughters, where?
All whelmed in one fate, death or slavery,
Worse than death. Oh God, thy arm is stronger
Than the despot's, yet thou sufferest things
To be thus on earth! with sympathy we
Yearn for the sufferings of our fellow
Mortals, then turn to thee a tearful eye,
And ask thee wherefore; but inscrutable
Are thy ways, and thy counsels veiled in darkness.
'Tis man's to perpetuate, but not to know;
And shall he ever know? shall dark futurity
Dispel the clouds that veil his understanding,
And shew him why his breast was fired with
Jealousies eternal, throughout his short
Sojourn on earth; and why he grudged to his
Brother mortal, a share of that boon which
Heaven so liberally designed for all;
And what impelled him to wage perpetual
And indiscriminate war against his
Offending or unoffending brother,
And wished to extirpate him from the earth,
And left untried no effort, till the dead
He has accomplished, or shared himself the
Same avengeful fate? Oh, could he once but
See his folly, and cease to persecute
His race, and learn the blest science, to do
To others as he would wish that others
Do to him, then peace henceforth should reign,
And earth would bloom an Eden once again.

in *Miscellaneous Poetry, or ...*, pp. 154-5.
Benjamin Hine

82-84

“Greece” (1824)

Lo, Greece has awoke from her sleep of long ages,
And the spirit which fired the breasts of her sages
And heroes of old, has from Heaven descended;
The same which the Straits of Thermopyla defended,
In the breast of Leonidas and his little band,
When the myriads of Persia invaded their land; —
The same which the battle of Platea won,
Which fought on the plains of dread Marathon,
In the days of her glory, when the patriot fire
Descended to the son, from his noble sire;
It was then roused to action, in the noblest cause,
The defence of his country, and her sacred laws;
It burnt in his breast, an unquenchable flame,
Till virtue expired, then infamy came,
By her conquests, her luxury, and unceasing broils,
The barbarian’s arm was enabled to foil
All her counsels, and to baffle her skill,
To bow her, and bind her, to his tyrannic will.
Then the spirit of freedom, neglected, offended,
Departed from Greece, and to Heaven ascended;
Hence, her children, long centuries inglorious have lain,
Enslaved, and oppressed, and trodden of men,
Till the times have passed over, by Heaven decreed,
For this fallen nation to suffer and bleed.
Their penitent cries have at length reached to Heaven,
Their crimes expiated, their follies forgiven.
Lo, the spirit of freedom revisits the earth,
Each Grecian descendant receives a new birth; —
From their inglorious slumbers, all, all have awoke —
The dread struggle is commenced, to cast off the yoke
Which so long has enslaved them, to quell the proud hand,
Which has held them in bondage, and wasted their land,
Profaned all its temples, to idolatrous uses,
The seats of the sciences, and haunts of the muses;
And all that was comely in arts, or refined,
By a barbarous policy to ruin consigned.
But the time is at hand, when Greece must be free,
And her children restored to their lost liberty.
To accomplish this task, their best blood flows amain,
And the scenes of Thermopyla are acting again,
With Leonidas, brave Bozzaris might compare,
Who thought not his life, for his country too dear,
A price to pay down, and his followers brave,
Who fought by his side found a like glorious grave;
And thousands may fall, ere the struggle be over,
And feel the effects of the expiring power

Of their barbarous foes; but the end shall be blest, —
 The justice of their cause shall ensure them success;
 But, Scio, fallen Scio, oh, how the heart bleeds
 When memory awakens the merciless deeds
 Perpetrated on thee by thy unfeeling foes;
 Thy children are plunged in unspeakable woes, —
 Thy sires and thy sons are sleeping in death, —
 Thy country is wasted by the pestilent breath
 Of thy savage enemies, whose thirst for cursed gold
 Thy matrons and maidens into slavery has sold,
 To hands not less savage, where no solace remains
 But to wear out their lives in bondage and chains;
 So forlorn and so hopeless, so wretched their state,
 That depth might be envied compared with their fate.
 But courage, oh, Grecians, maybe vengeance is nigh; —
 A deed so atrocious, Heaven will not pass by
 Unpunished; its vengeance shall burn,
 Till the black perpetrator shall fall in his turn,
 And it shall not be long first, sons of Greece, and ye firm
 Be fired every breast, and be nerved every arm, —
 Then, swear, that the contest you never will give over,
 Till your haughty and insulting foes are no more.
 Nor think that ye stand unaided and alone,
 Your cause in this far land of freedom is known; —
 Columbia approves it, she feels for your woes,
 And her wealth shall assist you to conquer your foes;
 Your foes, now made hers, by nature's just laws,
 For freemen, the world over can have but one cause.
 Let hand join in hand, then to hasten the day
 When the dark shades of oppression shall fly fast away;
 Let the hot bolts of vengeance at the oppressor be hurled,
 Till tyrants and tyranny are banished from the world.

in *Miscellaneous Poetry*, ..., pp. 158-161.

“Byron”

His hopes would fade like sunset clouds,
Which melt in blackening skies,
Until he sought that peace in crowds
A cheerless home denies.

He roamed, an Arab on life's waste,
Its kindly springs to drink;
A TANTALUS, from whose hot taste
The cooling waters shrink.

And when he would each trace forget
That marked his early course,
Remembrance brought but regret,
Regret became remorse.

And then he watched life's lamps go out,
Its friendships one by one
Decay, and leave his soul without
A light beneath the sun.

In *The Echo; or, Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation* (Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1844), p. 46.

N.P. Willis knew him as did Washington Irving. Hoffman edited the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and authored several books. Sketch by W.C. Bryant.

He also wrote “The American Female Poets,” *Literary World* (21 Oct. 1848) 749-750.

E. A. Poe on Ch. F. Hoffman: “He is chivalric to a fault, enthusiastic, frank without discourtesy, an ardent admirer of the beautiful, a gentleman of the best school — a gentleman by birth, by education, and by instinct. His manners are graceful and winning in the extreme — quiet, affable and dignified, yet cordial and *dégagé*.” *Dictionary of American Biography*.

“The Martyr of Scio”

“A native of Scio, who was taken captive by the Turks, was induced by the advantages offered him, joined to the fear of death, to adopt the Mahometan faith; after a little time had elapsed he rushed into the presence of his captors and exclaimed, ‘Give me back my faith; give me back my faith!’ Every effort was made to dissuade him, wealth and honors offered him, but in vain, he continued firm. He was beheaded and the Greeks of a neighboring convent obtained his body, and buried him at midnight with the forms of the Greek Church.”

He tore the turban from his brow,
And trampled it in the dust,
No fear was in his thrilling tones
“Give back my early trust!
Yea! give me back my faith again,
Let but my soul soar high,
'Twere freedom then to wear the chain,
'Twere victory to die!

“Give back my faith! A Savior’s love
Who died on holy cross,
Strengthens this weak and feeble heart
To bear its earthly loss;
Alas! that I, of all my race,
That pure faith hath betrayed,
Who with a sainted sister knelt
Beneath the myrtle shade.

“Before the memory of that hour
My idle fears are gone,
Welcome to me the touch of death —
Welcome the martyr’s crown!
Away! the falsely spoken vow —
Away! the Crescent’s light!
Sister, canst thou look down from Heaven
Upon an hour so bright?

“Dost thou in bliss, recall our prayer
Beneath the myrtle tree,
When fearful cries were in the air,
And last I knelt with thee?
Our vows to Him, who at the last
Shall come with clouds of fire,
While blazed the dwelling of our youth
Round like a funeral pyre!

“Give back, give back my early faith —
No longer in my dreams
May come that soft eye’s deep reproach,
Its spiritual gleams —
Oh! lightly falls the wrath of man,
When shines a light above,
I see my Savior’s crown of thorns,
I see his brow of love!

“I take again his holy cross,
I fain would share his crown,
My earthly gain I count as loss,
My life I lay it down!”
He paused before his eager foes,
And spurned with steadfast eye,
The costly gift, the whispered threat,
Alike with courage high.

“My faith! I ask no other gift,
Your wealth is worthless now,
My faith — that I again may lift
To Heaven a tranquil brow;
This little life! your words how vain —
Yet were it lighter load,
What boots the smiling lip of man
Before the wrath of God?

“Lord! Hath a follower of thine
So long a wanderer strayed,
And shall he ever pause again
To own thy faith betrayed?
No! every earthly fear hath past,
Light dawns upon my mind,
Yet witness all, that now I cast
Your fate creed to the wind!

“Let sorrows come! my closing hours
Be filled with earthly gloom,
Lord! what am I, that thou shouldst give
To me the martyr’s doom?
Oh! blessed for ever be thy grace,
That I for truth may die,
And take me home to thine embrace,
Lest I again deny.”

And he who pardoned Peter’s sin,
Who granted Peter’s prayer,
Turned not away his face from him
Who thus besought him there;
And when the convent’s bells that night

Tolled for a martyr's death,
Thanksgiving to the Lord of light
Proclaimed that martyr's faith!

in *The Complete Poetical Works of the Late Miss Lucy Hooper*
(New York: Fanshaw, 1848), pp. 120-23.

By the same title also a poem by Lydia H. Sigourney

“The Grecian Maid to her Lover”

A beautiful Thessalian maid
Sat weeping by an almond tree;
Beside her on the grass was laid
A warrior youth of Thessaly.
He had bright weapons in his hand,
And glorious fancies in his heart,
Yet much he loathed to join his band —
He loved, and could not bear to part.

She says to him, why art thou faint,
Why wet thine eye, and pale thy brow
What dost thou wear a coward’s taint,
Nor recollectest thy vow?
Thou once didst swear to bathe thy sword
In the best blood their ranks afford —
Go, and redeemest it now,
I see where wave yon cypress trees,
A Moslem banner in the breeze.

What wilt thou wed me while the land
Is yet in bondage and in tears?
Go join the brave Bozzaris’ band —
Him, leader of yon spears.
If thou but bearst thee well in fight,
Nor fickleness, nor misfortune’s blight,
Nor interval of years,
Shall tear me from thee, I will be
A wife for none, or wife for thee.

Thou knewst my sire, he dared the strife,
The vengeance of the turbaned foe,
Thou knowst he freely gave his life
To Greece, thou sawst his heart’s blood flow.
Go win thee fame, I’ll wed thee then —
I’ll be thy wife, but only when
Thou canst for trophy show,
Memorial of thy first essay,
A caftan cleft in mortal fray.

But if the fields where warriors meet,
A recreant lover, thou dost shun;
And deemest a life so purchased sweet,
Our league of love is done.
I’ll build for thee a lovely tomb,

And deem thee buried in thy bloom,
And human converse shun;
The widow of the fallen brave
And not the consort of a slave.

in *Atlantic Souvenir: Christmas and New Year's Offering* (1828),
pp. 306-7.

“STANZAS on hearing that the officials of Westminster Abbey had refused permission to bury there the body of Lord Byron.”

They have spurned the proud relics! well, thus should it be;
Oh thus should the bigots who feared him in life,
With the spirit of vampires exultingly see,
Over his ashes at least, they were victors in strife.

Let them peck at the laurels he nobly hath won,
Let them try the full tide of his glory to stem;
Let the eagle who blazoned his breast in the sun,
Be “hawked at,” for scorning to grovel with them.

As with Brutus of old, when Augustus denied
A place by his rivals in patriot fame,
Each Roman recalled his proud memory and sighed,
And frowned on the tyrant, and murmured his name.

Even so shall the Briton unborn, who shall tread
Those stones which the genius of England has made
All instinct with memory, turn from the dead,
To ask where the bones of his Byron are laid.

And then shall his cheek burn with blushes to know,
That his country permitted these things of a day,
To aim at the dead their inglorious blow,
And to wreak their poor vengeance on genius and clay.

Poor fools! did they dream that their meanness could blot
That glory whose blaze can all dimness consume;
That his claims in his coffin would all be forgot,
That they buried his fame with the flesh in the tomb!

What recks it where that which held genius may sleep,
Whether earth may rise over it, or oceans may roll;
The flight of the spirit what fetters can keep,
And what death can extinguish the life of the soul.

No, the treasures he gave us, the fame he bequeathed,
Are ours; yet we feel that the part which must die;
His bones shall outlast the vile slanders they breathed,
And be hallowed with worship wherever they lie.

And if England reject them, old Greece will receive
The relics of him who fell armed for her fight;

Over the tomb of the bard shall her warriors grieve,
In the muse of the bard shall her children delight.

And when Freedom and Genius in triumph return,
To rebuild their old temples, and visit the new,
The first, shall an altar erect over his urn,
And the strains of the second shall hallow it too.

(1828)

in *A Selection from the Writings of the late Jonathan Lawrence, Jr.*
(New York: Sleight & Van Norden, 1833), pp. 137-9.

“Greece — Fall of Missolonghi” (1829)

Immortal Hellas — long to slavery doomed,
Her ancient glory with the dead entombed,
And shrouded with the pall of mental night;
Beholds at length, a brilliant stream of light,
That breaks the slumber of a thousand years.
The voice of freedom gladdens Grecian ears,
Up starts the Spartan, with a joyous bound, —
His soul’s on fire, his spirit drinks the sound,
And all the awful spirits of the dead,
Who early Greece to fields of glory led,
Speak to the soul with voice that’s not in vain,
To arms to arms, and break thy tyrants’ chain,
Prove you are Greeks by deeds of bravery:
Deserve the name, Arise — Avenge — be free.

To arms they flew, and as the seasons roll,
New scenes of slaughter harrow up the soul,
The sword, like famine, pestilence and flame,
Exhaust their furies on the Grecian name.
Plunged in a fierce exterminating war,
The classick land is one great field of gore,
A vast Golgotha covered with the slain;
Yet still she spurns the haughty Moslem’s chain.
Nor less devoted to the glorious cause,
Though death still opens wide his greedy jaws,
By night, and day, and asks a fresh supply,
More hecatombs of Greeks to bleed and die.
Still over the ramparts high their banners wave,
The trench is dug for many a soldier’s grave,
In dark array around Missolonghi’s wall
Devoted patriots, wait its dreadful fall;
Beleaguered by a formidable host,
Whose blazing batteries now assail the post;
Far over the plain the bristling weapons glance,
Far on the breeze the plummy turbans dance,
High waves the crescent with a dazzling light,
Fierce burns the bosom of the Ottomite,
Red fiery battle roars in awful form,
Loud pealed the cannon and the bellowing storm,
Of winged death from every quarter flies,
Balls cleave the wind and rockets sweep the skies
Then fall and burst — their dire contents are thrown
A fearful tempest on the peopled town,
Where plague and famine, vent their deadly spite
To swell the horrors of the raging fight.

The streets, the avenues, the trench, the plain
Are blocked with heaps of dying, and the slain;
Some forward rushed in terrible array,
And cleave through Moslem ranks their bloody way
Some on the bulwarks still the conflict wage,
And breast to breast, and arm to arm engage,
Heads, limbs, and corpses in confusion fall,
Blood streams in torrents round the quaking wall,
Confusion loud and mingled clamorous rise,
Deep groans and screams, and wild terrific cries.
Now all is lost! the walls are gaping wide,
Their fierce assailants pour a sweeping tide
Upon the Greeks: who when the conflict's vain,
Fling the red match upon the sulphurous train
As quick as lightning darts the vivid flash,
Then peals the loud, the deep tremendous crash,
The distant rocks reverberate the roar,
And Missolonghi's heroes are no more.

O slaughtered Greece! well worthy to be free,
Our sympathetic sorrows flowed for thee,
In every clime, where freedom's votaries dwell,
Men shared thy grief when Missolonghi fell
The mourning world was wrapt in awful gloom,
And human nature shuddered at thy doom.
In that fell strife, the infant at the breast,
Felt the keen sword and with its mother pressed
The gory ground: with horrid joy were borne
A thousand heads, from Grecian bodies torn! —
O shocking sight, to view 'twixt earth and heaven,
From noblest forms, with brutal vengeance riven,
The human visage, gashed and mangled over
And woman's silken locks, all red with clotted gore.

Again proud Hellas, lifts her awful form
Above the fury of the raging storm,
A Phoenix risen from the funeral pyre,
In stern defiance of the Moslem's ire
Still waves the cross upon the classick shore,
And modern Greeks are brave as Greeks of yore,
Whose early deeds immortal Homer sung.
Ever Greece and glory rolled from Byron's tongue,
Yet when the noble Briton sought her shore,
A friend's, a patriot's, heart and hand he bore,
And when he drew the sword, or swept the lyre
His ardent soul was filled with freedom's fire,
For Greece and Liberty his bosom glowed,
For Greece his fondest, warmest wishes flowed
To her devoted, when he sunk in death
He loved, and blessed her with his dying breath.

(Written in 1829)

in *The Musings of Carol, Containing an Essay on Liberty ...*
(Wheeling, Virginia: A. and E. Picket, 1831), pp. 26-9.

reprinted in *The Poetical Works of Thomas J. Lees, Revised and
Improved.* (Wheeling, Virginia: James E. Wharton, 1839),
pp. 137-140.

“The Grecian Warrior”

That eye which now beams with the brightness of mind,
By the dark clouds of sorrow ere long will be shaded,
And that cheek, where the lily and rose are intertwined,
Soon, soon, to the pale hue of death must be faded.

On the red couch of battle, mid thousands of slain,
Lay thy warrior-love deeply wounded and gory;
As the last spark of life faintly glimmered, in pain
He conjured me to seek thee, and tell his sad story.

Where the foemen were thickest his falchion blazed high;
Where the death-din was loudest his light plumes were dancing:
His war-cry was “freedom!” Hope shone in his eye,
And deep flowed the gore ’neath his courser’s proud prancing.

“My country!” he cried, “thy redemption’s at hand!
The chains of the Moslem that bind thee we’ll sever!
We have sworn to restore thee, thou loveliest land;
We return to the free — or return again never!

On! on to the battle, Greeks! charge them once more!
Their turbans shall fly like the white foam of ocean,
And their shrieks shall resemble the waves’ angry roar,
When the wild winds have lashed them to furious commotion!

On! on to the battle once more!” was his cry,
As far flashed his blade, and high towered his crest;
Ah why sinks that weapon? — what dims that bright eye?
— The ball of the foeman is deep in his breast!

From his bosom fast gushes the warm stream of life;
He falls from his courser — his warfare is ended;
Unheeded now passed the wild tumult of strife,
And the name of his love with his last groan was blended!

He died on the field, unlamented, unknown;
But he died for his country, for freedom, for glory!
There is reared over his relics no proud sculptured stone,
Yet long will his memory be hallowed in story.

Oh weep not, fair maiden! thy warrior-love
Hath ascended in triumph to regions of bliss;
Mid his patriot-sires, in a bright world above,

His spirit will watch over thy safety in this!

in *Leisure Hours at Sea* ... (New York: Morgan, Bliss, White, 1825),
p. 49.

Leggett's liberalism had impressed Whitier and Whitman.

“Prayer for Greece”

Look down illustrious souls, look down,
And say to Greece be free;
Look from empyrean fields, and frown
On Turkish tyranny;
Shake heaven’s high halls with dreadful ire,
Send thunder from the skies,
Wrapt Moslem towers in flaming fire,
Till the strong demon dies.

Great spirits of the fallen brave,
Tread now thy classic shore,
The sun of Greece in freedom’s grave,
Has set to rise — no more.
Her lamp of learning, once so bright,
That lit a hundred hills,
Hath long since set in endless night,
Dark woe her bosom fills.

Her halls, where once sweet rapture rung,
No sounding lyre now sighs;
But where was heard the trumpet tongue,
Are heard but shrieks and cries;
And there the crimson crescent waves,
Where once the lyceum stood,
The cross in Grecian gore still laves,
The moon doth blush in blood.

Look down immortal Thunderer, look
On Homer’s happy land,
Thou who the heavens and earth hath shook,
Preserve the brilliant band;
And from her dungeon drag once more,
The genius of the brave,
Then Greece shall dig, in human gore,
The Turkish tyrant’s grave.

in *The Harp of Delaware; or, The Miscellaneous Poems of the Milford Bard*
(Philadelphia: Atkinson & Alexander, 1828), pp. 23-4.

“Greece”

The day shall dawn on glorious Greece,
And the sun of science rise,
When the torch of war is quenched in peace,
And the Moslem’s vengeance dies;
But many a burning brain shall feel,
The sabre’s direful blow,
And the battling ranks, in death shall reel,
And gulfs of gore shall flow.

And the crescent shall be drenched in blood,
And Moslem power shall fall;
And the cross of Christ, where the Turk hath stood,
Shall wave on victory’s wall.
But the sword of death shall deal its doom,
To the brave and butchering band,
Ere that flag shall float on the tyrant’s tomb,
And the Moslem leave that land.

The sons of Greece will wear no chains,
They live on a classic shore,
Where liberty dwelt on her flowery plains,
In the glorious days of yore.
And the land of song shall yet be free,
Tho’ the sun shall blush with blood,
And the tyrant Turk with tyranny,
Shall fall in a crimson flood.

O for the deeds of coming days,
When liberty shall retire,
And round the world in a brilliant blaze,
The sons of the earth inspire!
For the days shall come when Freedom’s star
Shall rise over monarchy’s throne,
And the North and South shall shine from far,
And the East hail liberty’s sun.

in *The Harp of Delaware* ..., pp. 87-8.

“Greece and Turkey”

In ancient times, as books relate,
There was, within the Roman state,
Hard scratching, and hard scrabbling;
And Rome was saved from ruin’s brink,
By simple words, the world will think,
A goose’s noisy gabbling!

But fowls no more, at night’s still moon,
Beneath the *crescent* of the moon,
Foretell the morning murky;
For Greece, the mistress of the mind,
Degraded and depressed, can find
No friendship in a *Turkey!**

When war and woe did wildly rave,
An Eagle over Columbia, brave
In days of danger, hovered,
But ah! high over the Grecian land,
High over the famous classic band,
Presides a Turkey-buzzard!

in *The Harp of Delaware* ..., pp. 109-110.

*puns with bird names and imagery

from

“The Grave of Byron”

Sons of the Greeks, 'mid the tumultuous flame
Of the fierce shock ye shall remember well
Who gave his life, his fortune, and his fame,
Yea his whole hope to break the accursed spell
Which ye must end; — but over his silent bier,
Till ancient Freedom smiling hovers high,
Ye may not waste another tear,
Nor one lamenting sigh.

[See also pp. 101-106 for a
Different poem by the same title](#)

This is the 5th octet of a song coming after stanza LIII in the poem which consists of LXXXVII Spenserian stanzas in the volume

The Grave of Byron and Other Poems (Boston: Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins, 1826), pp. 1-54 out of a total 84.

Lots of Byron-like Notes appended to it.

Lunt was a poet and historian with a Harvard degree, 1824.

“The Greek Cross”

Cross of the Greek! old legends tell
What on that glorious night befel,
When, like the flaming pillar given
To guide the tribes beloved of Heaven,
There to imperial Constantine
Didst glow, of faith and hope the sign.

Cross of the Greek! I see again
Along the battle tented plain
Thy broad effulgence blazing wide, —
And, rising with the patriot's pride,
The sons of honourable sires
Kindling their fathers' slumbering fires.

Arm of the Greek! thou still art strong, —
And every choral battle song,
Which tells a tale of olden time,
When hearts and arms were in their prime,
Must nerve thee in their sabre strife,
Where men strike deep for rights of life.

Son of the Greek! there are no streams
Flow thro' thy land of classic dreams, —
There is no heaven kissing mountain, —
No holy vale, — no sacred fountain, —
No spot of ground on which thou treadest,
Which is not worth the blood thou sheddest.

in *Leisure Hours, A Series of Occasional Poems* (Boston: Cummins,
Hilliard & Co., 1826), pp. 7-8.

“The Greek Poet’s Lament for Athens” (1828)

Oh, woe is me for Athens! I could weep
Like a pale boy for his young buried love; —
Yet when the cold wind hurries her to sleep
'Tis with the fresh earth and wild flowers above;
But dust and fiery ashes cover thee
Oh, mother of the nations! woe is me!

Oh, woe is me for Athens! could not all,
That made thee noble in the olden time,
Save one poor moment thine inglorious fall,
Mistress of arts and mother of the rhyme!
Now the spurned Persian triumphs over thee,
And the pale Frank betrays thee, — woe is me!

Oh, woe is me for Athens! now not even
One gray memorial of thy glory nods;
Nor time blessed temple lifts its face to heaven,
Mother of ancient gods and men like gods;
But from thy girdling mountains down on thee
Look savage men and smile, — Oh, woe is me!

Oh, woe is me for Athens! for they said
The Lion’s thunder should be with the Greek, —
That France’s lilied banner should be spread,
And the black eagle whet his eager beak;
But only vultures flap their wings over thee,
And hungry wolves are coming; — woe is me!

Oh, woe is me for Athens! times to come
Shall know how light and beauty, even like life,
Went out from thee, till deserts sprang to bloom, —
Know that the Cross waved over Freedom’s strife,
And blush that Christendom could coldly see
Thee and the Cross hurled down, — oh, woe is me!

Oh, woe is me for Athens! see, they weep,
These reverend ghosts, the noble and the sage!
And cities, thy dead children, come from sleep,
Amidst the dust of many a buried age!
But yesterday’s proud minions mock at thee,
Who didst give law to empires, — woe is me!

in *Poems* (New York: Gould & Newman, 1839), p. 67.

In the same volume of interest are “Ode to the Russian Eagle” 83-84, “Battle Song for Russia 65-6 which mentions Greek freedom, and “Invocation of the Greek Poet to Night” 64, on ancients only.

The “Lament ...” follows the sad news of the siege of the Acropolis in 1828 etc.

“Stanzas to Greece, 1828”

Land of the vine, — the song, — the lute,
 Land of the sword, — the spear, — the shield, —
 The Spartan blade and Doric flute
 Once more are on thy battle field;
 And high above the ranks of war
 Rings wild the Dorian *Alala!* (Αλαλή!)

Land of all great and glorious things,
 Whose soil is full of heroes' hearts,
 Back to the fountain of its springs
 The current of my life blood darts,
 To think, oh shame! that thou shouldst be
 For one short moment less than free!

The memory of a thousand years
 Is as a dream of yesterday,
 When in the waste no need appears
 To mark those ages past away;
 While the base offspring of the slave
 Crawls to his undistinguished grave.

But ye have risen, like the flush
 Of morning on a dreary night;
 And now be like the cataract's rush,
 Mighty and glorious in the light;
 On, torrents, on, — and sweep away
 Those barbarous hordes of haughty clay.

The spirit of an elder time,
 When men's right hands were made for swords;
 When Athens, on her rock sublime,
 Bought no vile breath of foreign lords;
 That spirit is upon you now,
 And like a glory lights your brow.

The voice of ages long gone by
 Comes awful from the shades below, —
 “Your father's sword is at your thigh,
 Your father's curse is on the foe;
 Son of the Greek! the veriest slave
 May seek for Freedom in the grave!”

And now the Cross is overhead, —

The sabre hilt is in your hand,
Beneath you are the glorious dead, —
Your foot is on your father land,
Rank, deluged with the blood and tears
Of twice two hundred festering years!

And generous hearts, that scorn alike
The tyrant and the willing slave,
Shall bless each noble blow you strike, —
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
From the sweet south's eternal smile,
To ocean's uttermost blue isle!

in *Poems* (1839), pp. 70-71.

“Verses Written for a Greek Fair”

If over the land of songs and flowers,
And clustered vineyards ruby bright,
Of orange groves and olive bowers,
And deep blue skies of cloudless light:

If over the land where every crag,
That frowns on vale and plain below,
Has heard the flap of Freedom’s flag,
And seen the freeman’s battle blow:

If over the land of arms and arts,
Of bard and hero, king and sage,
Where sovereign beauty ruled all hearts,
And swelled the lay and fired the page:

If, over the land of burning thought
And lofty deed, rude steps have trod,
Wasting what man’s fine hand had wrought,
Spoiling the nobler works of God:

If, over the land of ancient light
Tyrants have held their long control;
Thrown round the mind the pall of night,
And tenfold darkness round the soul:

Oh, let us tear the veil away!
Strengthen the weak and lead the blind; —
Oh, let us pour Heaven’s blessed ray
On the dull heart and clouded mind:

So shall our generous aid afford
Light to relume these hallowed shades, —
Give the Greek boy his father’s sword,
Their mother’s lyre those dark-eyed maids.

in *Poems*, pp. 128-9.

Lots of Byronic echoes in most poems!

George Lunt

THE GRAVE OF BYRON

I KNEW young Julian well; — that gentle youth,
Whose heart was as a maiden's; — by my side
He grew together with me, and in truth
His boyish sports were mine, whether we plied
The evening smoothness of the summer tide,
Or met the sunbeam on the mountain's brow;
I loved him well; — alas, for me! he died,
When the first Autumn winds began to blow
Foliage whose bright tints mock'd the soft-hued sunset glow.

He was indeed a strange and dreamy boy,
Wild as an Indian huntress, and as proud
As his young country's eagles; and his joy
Was even like theirs to listen to the loud
Clang of the tempest or the rattling cloud;
Yet loved all human kind, he was so mild:
What here is writ he gave me ere he bow'd
His head upon my bosom, as he smiled
His lingering life away, most like a slumbering child.

Free as the untamed thunder-levin rolling
Athwart the blackness of this drooping sky; —
Free as the winds controll'd not, yet controlling,
Free as the martyr's last prayer when to die
Is glorious gain; — free as despair's deep sigh,
Or as the waters when their chainless surge,
Lash'd to wild wrath, speaks to the storm on high,
Rise up, my soul, while proud hopes onward urge,
And perish in the whelming tempest, or emerge

To high and perilous emprise; — throw off
The bondage of all such as war with thought,
And trample on the fool's unmeaning scoff;
Why should'st thou bow to wealth, who art unbought?
What carest thou for forms, who art untaught
To smile when thou should'st frown? — thou wilt not sell
The holy birthbright of thy race for aught; —
Rise, then, my slumbering spirit, rise and dwell
Enshrined in quenchless thought, fearless of earth or hell.

The idols of my heart are fading fast,
And my own fragile being will not long
Endure the fatal memory of the past,
Still less the gathering ills of present wrong,

And unforgetful sighs, a tireless throng,
Which day by day sink deeper than before; —

Weak sighs, which still are mightier than the strong,
Soon — soon — oh, when shall the vain strife be o'er
And I repose in peace, and ye torment no more?

Yet will I hush this voice of weak lament; —
Yet will I conquer this unmanly grief; —
But the strong pain of passion first must vent
Its throbbing woes in words for sad relief:
'T is done, — my waning pilgrimage be brief, —
Though young and dying, scarcely can I mourn; —
Time cannot bind my feelings' shatter'd sheaf,
Nor bid the loved, the long, long lost return, —
Then welcome be my journey towards the perilous bourne.

Methinks it scarcely matters when we tread
The road which all must tread who have not trod,
Though the dark journey be replete with dread; —
Firm by the mercy of a pitying God,
And humbled at the chastening of his rod,
How sweet, this aching heart and painful head
Slumbering in peace beneath the grass-green sod,
To join those ancient worthies who have fled,
And meet the mightier spirits of the mighty dead!

With them and such as them I have conversed
More than with men, and thus the fruit has been
That they and their old mouldering tomes have nursed
Feelings and thoughts and hopes which do not win
Men's charity, though haply not of sin:
For Roman, Grecian lore has been to me
The mistress of my love; — 'mid cities' din
I've loved all Rome while yet she was the free,
And wander'd, lost in mists, through sage Philosophy.

Perchance it did not profit me; — at least,
I learnt that knowledge doth not always bring
The fabled pleasures of the mental feast; —
That intellectual streams might own a spring
Of bitter wave, whose sun-bright vapors fling
An arch of promise o'er the cheating source,
Lit by the ray of man's own hopes, which cling
To all delusion with a desperate force,
Till doubts and darkness soon obstruct their stumbling course.

Perchance my draught was shallow, and confused
The brain it did not sober — let it pass:
Even from my childhood upward I have used

To search into my being — but alas!
The scrutiny was fruitless; — that I was
Wretched I knew — but why I could not tell, —
Born but to perish as a blade of grass; —
One fate awaited all, I saw full well, —
Alike the sage and fool — the vile and virtuous fell.

For one grew ripe in honourable age,
And others at his voice all lowly bow'd
While he discoursed as from a pictured page
Most eloquent music to a listening crowd,
Who ever and anon fell shouting loud; —
Till with a golden circlet (save this crown
No other virtue had he,) terror-brow'd,
Came one they call'd a king, and at his frown
Blood from the old man's silvery locks went running down.

Another fell in manhood's ripen'd day,
In the full flow of his warm bosom's tide; —
His wasted strength like weakness pass'd away,
And his heart's lingering streams of life were dried
By the enduring shame of humbled pride,
Or rankling poison left by passion's sting,
Or foul disease ungorge'd, and gaping wide; —
For each hath plumed his shaft from Horror's wing,
And each ten thousand shapes of varying fate can bring.

And there was one who, by the kindling flush
And happiness which beauty round her shed,
Seem'd 'mid her pure hours, lit by that soft blush,
Some stray grace tripping o'er a violet bed,
In spring, — but ere the lingering aster fled,
They laid her ringlets 'neath the early snow; —
Men marvell'd that so fair a thing was dead,
And when flowers blossom, blue-eyed maidens go,
With memory's garland-gifts for her who sleeps below.

And dreamy boys in the rathe* bloom of youth,
Ere frozen years had bid them cease to lave
Their glowing cheeks with tears of joy or ruth,
Went down in silence to the marble grave,
Scorch'd by the flame of passions which they crave; —
Or else embarking all their hope upon
Some voyage of love; — and on the fickle wave
Of that false sea perchance the worshipp'd one
Made shipwreck of their hopes, and so they were undone.

And some, dishearten'd at the world's cold frown
And chilly aspect of its frozen eye,
Weep like the clouds, until they seem to drown

The life of their young ears, and sigh on sigh
Exhausts their being's source, and so they lie
Down in the loveliness of innocent youth
And welcome the Deliverer, as they die
Smiling for joy; yet do we feel, in sooth,
How wild the loss to us — how dark the frantic truth.

I know not if they sleep without the dreams
Which grim delusion wraps around the core
Of hearts which were not made to feel their streams
Mix with unfathom'd lakes of guilty lore; —
I know not if their pure souls upward soar,
Or in the green earth's ample breast abide; —
But he who wanders by the twilight shore
When long slow curls climb up its silent side,
May hear strange flitting notes die on the solemn tide.

But when in quick wild wrath the wave of fears,
Lash'd by careering winds from the fierce sleep
Where heavily groaning late he lay, uprears
The crested horror of his mountain heap; —
Ah, then go stand by the tumultuous deep
Alone, and if thou darest, try to cast
Away the mortal dread which then shall creep
Into thy soul, as on the shrieking blast
Mad mirth and devilish shouts peal round thee loud and fast.

Away, ye pleasant fancies; — let me now
Recall my vision, — and methought I stood
On a precipitous seashore's craggy brow; —
It was at evening, — and the level flood
Where the fledged younglings of the tempest brood
Sported of late, lay fair and placid, save,
As thoughts of their glad play would oft intrude,
They now reposing in their azure cave,
Sent pealing laughter upward on the curling wave.

Fold after fold of that long line of water
Unfurl'd its sullen length, — and like the stride
Of a strong phalanx ripe for battle-slaughter,
Came the firm slow march of the solemn tide
Towards the broad beach, whose huge rocks, high and wide,
Death-black as if the lightning of the thunder
Had spent its wrath upon some mountain side,
And half its monstrous bulk had riven asunder, —
There smiled on time and chance a mockery and a wonder.

Then as I stood by the bleak barren beach,
And gazed upon its vast magnificence,
While the proud waters vainly strove to reach

The bulwark'd summit of that rocky fence, —
Came on my soul some feelings so intense.
Roused by the glory of that mighty swell,
The exultation of my quivering sense
Joy'd in the power of some o'ermastering spell,
While from my enclosed lips these prompted accents fell:

Thou who hast grovell'd 'mid the things accursed
Which the world's dross hath spread about thy soul,
And thou, whose wayward bosom hath been nursed
'Mid frantic doubts which scorn Heaven's just control, —
Oh that ye heard with me the wondrous whole
Of these majestic waves' tumultuous din;
For standing where their starry summits roll,
Some overwhelming feeling must rush in
To blot for one blest moment each vile thought of sin.

Oh that the monarchs of the world were here, —
The demi-gods of fawning slaves who pour
The heartless tribute of their guilty fear
At the false shrines they hate while they adore; —
For musing by this moralizing shore,
Its beautifully grand array in sight,
Methinks one little hour would teach them more
How weakly faltering is their boasted height,
Than philosophic texts preach'd on for ages might.

O that the full-swoln monsters of the world, —
The rich in groaning wretches' sighs, might stand,
And see these glittering ocean treasures hurl'd
In proud profusion towards the golden sand; —
Might see the far deep, venerably bland,
In silver hoary, and the lavish shore
Mock the free offering of its wasteful hand, —
Might feel some generous glow unfelt before,
Or pious line sublime of gentle pity's lore.

O that the trampled world's nobility,
Proud of dull currents of degenerate blood,
And boastful of the antique pedigree
Which makes them worth contemptuous scorn, now stood
Where the slow marching waters of the flood
In solemn state majestic dash below, —
Then might they see each of that graceful brood
On the lone rock its destined being throw,
Though old Eternity saw its ancestral flow.

O thou illimitable ocean, — thou**
Shadowest the image of eternity; —
Thy many-sparkling waves are wanton now

Like reckless voyagers on that gloomy sea:
The thousand of thy billows momentarily
Ripple to being, then upon the shore
Shrink back to death and nothingness, — so we
Wake to the energies of life and pour
Our few sad sighs, — one gasp, — and then are heard no more.

* early

** It strongly echoes Byron's famous stanza in *Childe Harold*,
Canto IV, CLXXIX, lines 1603-1611

“Tomb of Bozzaris”

“No monumental marble emblazons his deeds and fame; a few round stones over his head are all that mark his grave.” — *Stevens*.

The Suliote laid his chieftain's head
Beside the ruins of his home;
With stones unhewn he marked his bed,
While rifled fane and fallen dome
Lay strewn around the hallowed spot,
To tell the Greek who there might tread,
How deep had been the damning blot,
The hated Moslem's hand had made.
Tho' scattered round were base and frieze,
He would not make his tomb of these.

Why rear the monumental stone,
To tell of triumph — such as his?
Not Missolonghi's plain alone,
Could be a tomb for Bozzaris.
His mangled body Greece may claim,
And on her breast his bones may sleep;
But to the world belongs his fame
The world will his memorial keep.
On history's deathless page 'tis writ,
Nor time, nor change may darken it.

Whose hand, of a dishonored race,
Shall rear the sculptured pile to tell
the honoured earthly resting place,
Where the brave Suliote's ashes dwell?
What monarch's tread? — what foot of slave,
That hurries at a monarch's nod,
Shall touch the glorious martyr's grave —
Shall desecrate the sacred sod
That hides the hero's blanching form,
From nature's and the tyrant's storm?

For Greece, her matchless chieftain drew
His sabre from its gilded sheath; —
For her in vengeance swift he flew,
A meteor amid the ranks of death.
His single arm upraised in wrath,
Made havoc of the Pacha's train;
It hewed for him a bloody path,

And piled his passage with the slain.
Behold him, Greece, — your gallant son,
For you, hath all but freedom won.

And many years over Greece must fly,
Ere she that freedom may obtain;
And many a valiant head must lie,
As low as her Bozzaris slain, —
Before the laurel circlet clasp
Her brow, so mangled now — so torn,
Still bleeding in the tyrant's grasp
As though no jewels it had worn.
She trembles at the tyrant's will,
But Greece in gloom is honored still.

And Greece hath ever had a dead,
That might redeem her darkest hour, —
That in her day of deepest need,
Hath wounded her oppressor's power; —
And Greece hath ever had a son,
Who dared to strike for liberty, —
As well may witness Marathon,
And witness dark Thermopylae.
And she hath shown in battle's rage,
A Miltiades for every age.

She brought him forth when Persian fleet
In millions over her mountains spread,
To force them back in swift retreat,
And strew their pathway with the dead; —
She brought him forth when Turkish knaves,
Upon her ruined temples stood;
And bade him teach the worst of slaves,
Her price for liberty was blood.
The first one humbled Persian pride,
The last for Greece and Freedom died.

The children of the Suliot's heart!
The wife! more dear to him than they,
Though death be in the hour they part,
He tears his hopes from them away,
And flings them 'mid the battle's ire,
Where falls the thunder's dreadful peal,
And flames the lightning's lurid fire; —
The roaring gun — the clang of steel,
And sabre ringing 'gainst the shield,
His only welcome to the field.

The smoking rock — the gory plain,
The hearth stone and the home must be

Of him who rises, right to gain, —
Who treads war's tempest to be free.
And who is there could stand unmoved,
and gaze on desolation made,
By ruthless hands on scenes he loved —
And see his home in ashes laid,
Nor feel the passion-swell begin,
The workings of a storm within?

Voices from Missolonghi call!
The mountains echo and the sea;
“How many with Bozzaris fall,
To make their bleeding country free?”
Two thousand answer, “side by side,
We follow where our chief may lead.”
No — for the base Mustapha's pride,
Two thousand Suliotes shall not bleed;
What to the pass the Spartan bore,
Three hundred, — we may ask no more.

Three hundred Suliotes leagued for Greece,
And each a new Leonidas!
Ere thy proud Moslem conquers these,
The last one's life stream stains the pass.
Their hearts are beating warm and high,
And theirs are sinews stern and strong;
They've registered their oaths to die, —
Die rather than endure the wrong
The heartless Turk designed should be
The Greek's unchanging destiny.

When midnight like a mantle spread
Over Missolonghi, — and her foes
Were sleeping, silent as the dead,
Secure amid their deep repose, —
Loud rang the voice of Bozzaris,
“When my fierce bugle's blast is spent,
On for the fight, — if me ye miss,
Ye' ll find me in the Pacha's tent.”
They found him there — the Moslem's lead
Had cleft his heart and cleft his head.

So died the brave — and who had not
In such a cause as nobly died?
He left his name without a blot,
The orphan's boast — the widow's pride.
The Suliote's and the Spartan's name,
And Greeks that fell at Marathon,
The cup hath filled of Grecian fame,
With deeds by valor nobly won;

Nor time, that rifles tower and tomb,
The glory of those deeds shall gloom.

O Greece? thou hast indeed a name, —
A glory that may never fade;
Though past may be thy years of fame,
Thy heroes in the tomb be laid,
Yet still there is a majesty
About thy being — live that must,
When nations that have trampled thee,
Are mingled with Oblivion's dust.
There is in thy proud sun though set,
A grandeur that doth gild thee yet.

Go Suliote! venerate the dust,
That hides thy chieftain from thee now;
If wear the Moslem's chain thou must,
Wear it not on thy manly brow,
The Turk his banner hath unfurled,
Over thy own blood-besprinkled plains;
But the Turk, and tell the world,
That thou wilt even be free in chains.
Thy heart may mourn their dark control,
But tyrants cannot bind thy soul.

When evening throws her twilight round,
And thou thy daily task hast wrought;
Go forth and seek the sacred mound
Which Suliote feet have often sought; —
Away from toil and taskmen steal,
To think on your Bozzaris true;
And bending over his ashes feel,
In thought and soul a freeman too.
Thy loved Bozzaris — proudly, free,
Breathed out his life for liberty.

His kindred of Columbia's land,
Who bared the breast — and braved the blow,
And rushed at Freedom's stern command,
Are slumbering with the Suliote now:
The grave has won them — safe they rest,
Beneath the soil they sanctified;
The millions they in dying blest,
And gave to freedom when they died —
Unhappy Greece, shall claim thy son,
The kindred of their Wahsington.

END

(Notes with details from newspapers — echoes of Halleck's poem).

in *Poems* (Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. and New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1840), pp. 71-77 out of 360.

He was an educator.

“SONNET – Constantinople”

The Crescent spans thy gate, Byzantium!
Barbaric hordes defy thee in thy might —
In wild, far gleaming sheen and pomp they come
To dare the Roman to the deadly fight —
They roll the storm of strong invasion on
And Calvary’s sign is shaken in the sky;
The warrior band that shook the world are gone,
The breach is made and Constantine must die;
Last of his race — alone — in fate’s thick gloom
His gleaming broadsword bit him to his tomb,
And, where he fell, dark boughs of cypress wave —
While eastern Rome, a meteor quenched in blood,
The earth’s proud lord, became the Moslem’s slave,
And wailing swept along Marmora’s chrystal flood.

in *Literary and Religious Sketches* (New York: T. Harries, 1832),
p. 71.

(A Methodist Episcopalian clergyman).

J. L. Martin (died 1848)

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from

Native Bards; A Satirical Effusion with Other Occasional Pieces
(Philadelphia: E.L. Carey & A. Hart, 1831), pp. 17-8.

(Byron)

And first, ye Yanke Byrons, take your part,
Ye mimic Harolds, feel the well earned smart,
Ye, whose wild strains, and dark, defying air,
Would ape the thrilling songster of despair;
Ye merchant Corsairs, legal Laras, lend
An ear attentive, to a candid friend,

Whatever thy life, how noble was thy death!
Martyr to Freedom, Greece, thou pouredst thy breath,

p. 20

Tired of low earth, they rush into the skies,
And spite of reason, nature, fate, would Byronize.

p. 21

from

(Byron)

.
I've stood with Byron, by some fancied aid,
When his dead spirit did the place invade.
When silent midnight, in her solemn hush,
Steals from the student's cheek health's rosy flush, —
I've seen him on that sweet, immortal page,
Record his own in HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE;
When MANFRED conjured, in the pride of scorn,
Macbeth-like, amid the spirits of the storm;
When CONRAD came, and when MEDORA'S hand
.

(this manner through the end).

in *Poetry. A Poem Delivered Before the Franklin Debating Society,*
January 17, 1830 (Boston: I.R. Butts, 1830), p. 9 (last one).

“Ode to Greece”

Greece, oh! Greece, once rich in fame,
Land renowned for classic lore;
Nations venerate thy name,
For thy deeds in days of yore.

When the people of the earth,
Groped in ignorance and night,
Thou didst give to science birth, —
Science on thee shed her light.

Long has the barbarian hand,
Over thee held oppression's rod;
Strike! then strike the savage band!
Save thy country — honour God.

Heroes of illustrious sires,
Bravely fighting to be free;
Wave your banners, light your fires,
Raise the song of liberty.

Scio's blood for vengeance cries,
Souls of martyrs throng the sky;
Missolonghi's ashes rise,
Tell how bravely Greeks can die.

Let some proud invader find,
As your thunders rend the air;
Dauntless souls together joined,
Every tent a lion's lair.

From beyond the ocean flood,
From where Freedom proudly reigns,
In thy cause will freemen's blood,
Flow profusely on thy plain.

Though in death thy children sleep,
Though thy daughters torn away,
Doomed in servitude to weep,
Thou, oh Greece! wilt yet be free.

See the Crescent on the wane,
Mecca's flag shall yet be furled;
Savage tyrants cease to reign,

Despots from their thrones be hurled.

in *American Minstrel* ... (Philadelphia: J. Mortimer, 1828), pp. 107-8.
Grenville Mellen (1799-1841) 124

from

*The Age of Print: A Poem Delivered Before the ΦBK Society,
26 August 1830* (Boston: Carter & Hendee, 1830), p. 16.

.....
Then let the bard in splendid rest remain
With glory sepulchred on Grecia's plain!
Be ours to view him when his living lyre
Felt Nature's passion, not his own, inspire;

.....
When Byron woke, new luster crowned the years p. 17
When Byron slept a world was veiled in tears!
.....

(The comments on Byron begin on p. 15 of the long survey).

“Ode on Byron”

I.

'Tis done! the Pilgrimage is over,
And Harold sinks to rest;
The minstrel dies on Grecia's shore,
In death how nobly blest!
Amid the tombs of great and glorious ones,
His heart and harp are lain;
Who from his dreams with Freedom's sons
Would summon him again!
He sleeps among her proudest slain!

II.

Alas, the heart and splendid lyre!
They both were bravely strung,
And then the thrice ethereal fire
That kindled on thy tongue!
'Twas borne from yonder bold Promethean height
The brighter for its realm!
Why should that spirit plunge in night,
Its beams might overwhelm!
Why doom to earth so pure a light!

III.

Thy heart was made to bless the world,
How lofty was thy muse!
Yet oft thou from her throne hast *hurled*
The fame thou had blushed to *lose!*
How more than vain for thee to curse mankind,
Whom earth hath known so well!
Thy death was love! — too unconfined
In stately shrine to dwell!
Hate could not blacken such a mind.

IV.

There is a wailing and a cry
Above thy sacred pall —
Yet who to win thy destiny,
Would hazard soul and all!
It went in doubt and darkness to the grave;
Its hope was but a child!
And over Time's retreating wave
What solace round it smiled!

The clime alone thou hadst dreamed to save!

V.

Thy heart was proudly desolate,
Yet desolate in vain;
For thou hast charged on guiltless fate
Thy self-inflicted pain!
And who would hope for God, that drove him hence,
For thine were hard unbending knees,
Thou hast but scoffed at Providence!

VI.

Who bade thee to this thankless world?
Thou hast not owned the power!
Who touched the lip so oft has curled
To curse thy morning hour?
Who sent, to jewel earth, that starry mind?
Thou hast but dimmed its ray,
Or flung its splendor on the wind —
Or lavished half its beams away,
And left a deadly light behind!

VII.

Thine was a high inheritance —
The fine poetic crown!
For thee young glory beckoned hence
And pointed to her throne;
How doubly blest to be both great and good,
And in Fame's glittering robe,
To tower unmoved above her flood,
Elate with sceptre and the globe! —
But thou hast tainted all thy blood.

VIII.

And were not thine the wealthy halls,
And birth — and joy — and love!
What more that from kind Heaven falls
Could clothe thee from above?
But thou thy wings of power around thee furled
In smiles of mockery —
And from her pride that Genius hurled,
Had made idolaters to thee —
The bard whose music drowned the world!

IX.

And did not Beauty bow to thee
Amid her bridal flowers,

And swear in holiness to be
Devoted for life's hours!
And couldst thou blast affection's wreath so soon!

To see its young leaves bow
And wither at thy manhood's noon!
Or was it that that fatal vow
Found woman's heart a senseless boon!

X.
Thine enemies thou hast called all men —
And Heaven thy veriest foe!
Thy foulest bitterness has been
A mimicry of woe.
How vainly hast thou trumpeted thy wrongs
Above thy vengeful lyre!
No tortured heart to such belongs,
As flash with such ungodly fire! —
Thou hadst laughed amid thy darkest songs!

XI.
Yet who hath won such high command
For such a homeless King!
Alas! each weak tho' holier hand
Hangs palsied over the string:
The astonished heart of half the world was thine,
Self-exiled prince of song!
Thou wast a wild portentous sign,
Like a lost planet, swept along —
Imperial monarch of the Nine!

XII.
Thou hast fallen with more than Caesar's pride,
Immortal Grecia's son —
Thy lyre's last thrilling swell hath died
Around the Parthenon!
Beauty and Valor, in his helm, are there —
A second Scio mourns!
And all that's godlike, brave, and fair,
To that cold pulseless relic turns* —
Thou hast the tribute of despair!

* It was said, probably for the purpose of effect, that his lordship bequeathed his *heart* to the country, to which, while living, its most fervent aspirations had been devoted.

XIII.

And up from England's sunny glades
Ascends a nation's cry;
While Tempe's and Olympus' maids
Gaze wildly on the sky!
And round, in mute distress, the Muses rave!
O, fear not for thy shroud —
A world shall roam that classic wave,
And mourn his memory, aloud,
About the Pilgrim-poet's grave!

in *The Martyr's Triumph; Buried Valley; and Other Pieces*
(Boston: Lilly, Wait, Colman & Holden, 1833), pp. 199-203.

Written at The Bower, Cape Elizabeth, on July 29, 1824.
First published on the front page of the *New-England Galaxy* of
August 6, 1824, signed 'Clericus.'

In the same collection his "The Burning of Shelley" pp. 260-
266. Many satires, allusions to Greece, Cochrane etc. Mellen
was a lawyer; wrote many books of poetry, recited many times
at ΦBK Society affairs. His father was Senator and Chief
Justice from Maine.

The Martyr's Triumph ... was inscribed by Mellen to Mrs.
Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Fenina Moise (1797-1880)

130

from

“New Year’s Address – 1828”

.
Oh! joy to the world, the avenger is near,
To shiver the Ottoman’s scepter and spear:
The vision still brightens — Hope’s kiss appears,
And GRECIA the charter of liberty hears.
.

in *Fancy’s Sketch Book* (Charleston, South Carolina: J. S. Burges, 1833), p. 80.

She was an energetic educator.

John Stethem Moore
from Maryland

131-133

“The Fall of Marco Bozzaris”

’Tis midnight, and the silvery moon
Her silent vigil keeps;
Whilst, hid beneath the misty gloom,
The turbaned Otman sleeps.

Hushed in the camp is martial noise;
And stilled the war steed’s cries;
The soldier grateful rest enjoys,
As on the sward he lies.

The crescent banner gently waves
Above the tented plain,
Where soon will hundreds find their graves,
In midnight watches slain.

The Pacha snatches calm repose,
Free from vexatious fear;
Nor thinks he that the feeble foes
Are to his tent so near.

Ah, Pacha! little dreamest thou
Thy sleep will be disturbed;
Thy slumbers, though unruffled now,
So soon will be perturbed.

’Twere better for thy host and thee
Ye never had seen this plain;
For shortly Greece and liberty
Over thee shall victory gain.

Full many of thy martial bands,
Now wrapt in Morpheus’ arms,
Pierced by the conquering foemen’s brands,
Shall sleep ’midst war’s alarms.

But hark! what breaks the stilly reign?
’Tis the shrill bugle’s notes;
Behold, on rush in murderous train,
The valiant Suliotes!

See bold Botzaris leads their troop

'Gainst the astonished throng,
And, like the eagle, at a swoop.
Bears death their host among.
Some of the slumberers wakening fly,
And leave the "tented field;"
Whilst others stand, and battling die,
Forced by their fate to yield.

Amid their squadrons, fast arrayed
By Luna's borrowed light,
The Grecian chieftain whirls his blade,
Armed with undaunted might.

But lo, he falls! his life blood flows;
The purple currents pour;
His troops from 'midst the yielding foes
Now bear him stained with gore.

Hark, he exclaims, with fainting breath,
While shouts of victory rise,
"Could Suliote die a nobler death?"
And shades steal over his eyes.

They lay him in his tent, and there
The hero breathes his last:
No more in martial field to dare,
Nor hear the bugle's blast.

Thus died a warrior brave, who well
Hath earned a patriot's name:
And doth a place with him who fell
At Thermopylae claim.

The glory of this valiant chief
Shall brighten history's page,
And shall afford a sweet relief
To tales of tyrant's rage.

June 18th, 1841.

in *The Oracle of Delphos and Other Poems* (Washington:
Alexander & Barnard, 1844), pp. 67-70.

The poem follows the battle news in a newspaper, probably
referring to the 20th anniversary of the beginning of the
Revolution, 1841.

from

“The Progress of Liberty”

.
From the slumber of ages the Grecians have sprung,
And heroes and sages the clangor have rung;
To freedom and light they are seeking the way,
And the Ottoman throne hastens on to decay.
Saw ye the lightning flash dart from the sky?
Heard ye the thunder crash roaring on high?
.

(It refers to the explosion in Missolonghi)

in *Selections of Juvenile and Miscellaneous Poems*
(Philadelphia: Desilver, Thomas & Co., 1836), pp. 50-55.

Park was ordained Episcopalian priest by Bishop George W. Doane of New Jersey, who was also professor of Divinity at Washington College and author of philhellenic poems.

Samuel Bartlett Parris, M.D. (1806-27)

135

from

“The Sultan’s Vision”

(ending lines):

.
The sun arose — and many a day
In pomp and splendour passed away —
But yet that vision oft was brought
At once to his astonished thought,
And filled his mind with fear and gloom
At thought of Missolonghi’s doom.

in *Remains* ... (Plymouth, Massachusetts: Ezra Collins, 1829),
pp. 161-8 out of 312.

Written in December 1826, after the fall of Missolonghi, it contains allusions to Chios, Missolonghi etc., a dream-like prophecy of Turkish doom akin to Shelley’s visionary verse. Parris was only 20 then.

from

“The Cross in the Sky”

(Six stanzas about Constantine the Great; the last one:)

And, is that sign less potent now,
To bless some conquering line,
Than when it floated proudly over
The band of Constantine?
“Conquer by this!” — the war-cry still
Of Christian hearts should be;
And, evermore, that heaven-sent Cross
The pledge of victory!

in *Footprints: or Fugitive Poems* (Philadelphia: J. Pennington,
1843), pp. 20-22.

Shellean echoes and imagery from *Hellas*; Byronic subtitle.

John Patch (1807-87)
a Bostonian

137

from

“The Suliote Maid”

(Ten stanzas, I and X the same; philhellenic but pessimistic, full of melancholy. The first stanza:)

On a broken column,
By the sounding sea,
Sat a Suliote maiden,
Weeping bitterly;
On a broken column,
There she sat alone,
Weeping for her country,
All its glory gone!

in *The Poet's Offering* (Boston: G. W. Light, 1842), pp. 133-6 of 372.

Mrs. Mary Emma S. Peace
of Newfoundland

138

“Reply to a Passage on the Character of Lord Byron in Pollock’s
Course of Time”

His groanings fill your land! ’Twas never deemed
Worthy to share the grief of that high mind,
Which scorned the world and all its little ways,
Alike to him its pity or its praise;

.
.

O Byron! thou wert but a son of Earth,
As such thou wert not faultless; — though thy birth
Were high and thy great talents higher still,
Such as few ever equalled or ever will,
Yet thou hadst spots; so alas has the sun,
Heaven’s most refulgent orb. But thou art gone,

p. 81

.

Peace be with thy great spirit; thou hast gone
Into that land whose secrets are unknown,
And Charity should own thy brighter side,
Forget thy faults, and hail thy name with pride.

in *The Convict Ship and Other Poems* (Greeknock: R. A. Baird, 1850),
pp. 79-81 out of 264.

“Thoughts Suggested by Reading Byron’s Last Poem”

BYRON, thy weary head
Hath found a peaceful rest;
A calm and silent bed
Now shields thy troubled breast.

Thy mighty spirit’s passed
Into a world unknown,
And thy broken heart at last
Is silent in the tomb.

O bitter was the fate
Which dimmed thy well-won fame,
And makes the canting crowd
Speak lightly of thy name.

But thy memory shall live
In every generous breast,
While thy frailties are forgot,
Or sunk with thee to rest.

in *The Convict Ship* ..., p. 215.

from

Athens; and Other Poems (Salem: Cushing & Appleton, 1824),
p. 24.

And thou, whose virgin vows for freedom breathed
My darling Country! to whose outstretched arms
The wretched flee for safety and repose,
Must thou too, all resistless as thou art,
Withhold thy timely succour in an hour
That or restores to Greece her noblest birth right,
Or else indissolubly binds her chains!
It cannot — shall not be! Greece shall survive
But hark! even now, methinks, I hear the shout
Of despot power, and now the deepening groans
Of an expiring land! Indignant Heaven!
The Moslem triumphs, while the sons of sires
Illustrious, drink death at savage hands.
Spirit of ancient Greece! that sittest enthroned
Upon thy everlasting hills, descend!
Stoop from on high — swell loud the heroic trump!
From impious foes quick snatch the bleeding band,
Burst their rude bonds, and crush, remorseless crush,
The stern oppressors of a glorious race.

(Up to p. 23 on ancients, then he turns to the modern scene).

Henry Pickering

141

from

“Scio”

.
Oh, what a dream of horrors has been mine!
Lost in a pleasing reverie at first,
Methought that on the instant I was borne
.
And, with the effort made, at once awoke.

(A nightmarish dream of destruction and horror; well read
about ancient and modern Greece, the war etc.)

in *Athens* ..., pp. 27-32.

“Greek Fugitives”

Was it for this, beloved one,
I bore thee from afar,
To shine upon my loneliness,
My light, my morning star?

To cheer me for a little while,
And with the bliss thus given,
To make this weary, weary, earth,
Almost too much like Heaven.

And must our morning's cheering light
So soon be quenched in gloom;
Must then I leave thee, Anasta,
And leave thee for the tomb?

Is it for this that thou hast left
A doting father's side,
To share the many toils that wait
Upon a patriot's bride?

The children thou hast given me
Are twined round my heart;
But even those life strings must be rent,
For they and I must part,

Alas! where are the dreams of life
So long, so fondly cherished
Lost in the clang of war and strife,
Their brightest hues have perished.

But God hath looked upon our woes,
And looketh not in vain;
His vengeance will overtake our foes
Ere many moons shall wane.

Then shrink not, fear not, Anasta,
Bear up, when I am gone,
And let the spirit of his sire
Descend upon my son.

Teach him his country's bitter wrongs,
And bid him seek the foe,
In their dark blood wash out the stain
Of this most dastard blow.
I fear not for thee, Anasta,
Thy courage will not fail,
For thou hast witnessed fearful scenes,
Nor has thy cheek turned pale.

Now lay me gently down to rest,
And watch me still, mine own:
Oh! God, I thank thee that I die
Nor friendless or alone.

in *The Literary Souvenir* (Philadelphia, 1844), pp. 92-3.
With a picture of the couple.

“Greece”

A sigh is heard in the evening air,
The voice of wailing and deep despair,
A mournful sound that shall never cease
While the crescent waves over the towers of Greece.

I hear the moan of the widowed one,
The orphans cry, undone! undone!
The piercing tone of a maiden's shriek.
And the dying groan of a warrior Greek.

I see, far distant, amid caves and rocks,
Despairing shepherds, and bleating flocks;
The Turk hath trodden their native hills,
The war horse drinks at their noon tide rills.

I see the glitter of swords afar,
And turbaned hosts prepared for war,
Unheard the suppliant suit for peace.
They rave, athirst for the blood of Greece.

in *The Hyacinth* (1831), p. 180.

anonymous, **Mrs. Caroline Mehitable Fisher Sawyer? (1812-94)** 145-146

“The Grecian Maiden”

Where the yellow sunlight sleepeth
On the blue Aegean sea;
Where the vine’s rich cluster weepeth
Over the jasmine scented lea;
Where the blooming almond vieth
With the pure white, feathery foam
Of the dashing breakers, lyeth
Far away my island’s home!

There my glad young brother playeth
Underneath the sheltering eaves;
There my gentle sister strayeth,
Shadowed by the clustering leaves;
There my mother sits and numbers
Heavily each weary day,
Weeping, even amid her slumbers
For her loved ones far away.

O, how happy was my childhood,
In that fair Ionian isle,
Dell and shore and bowery wildwood —
Heaven to me was in their smile;
But one fatal summer morning,
As upon the shore I stood,
Watching how the glorious dawning
Gilded the Aegean flood,

Suddenly there glittered round me
Naked steel and fiery eyes;
Ruthless hands in fetters bound me
Red with sanguinary dyes;
Heedless of my shrieks, they bore me
To their frightful pirate bark,
There with slavery before me,
All the world to me was dark.

Boots it now to tell what sorrow —
To the Musselman a slave —
Woke me to each hated morrow,
Far beyond the Aegean wave,
Twice two years of bondage — weary,

Hopeless years — I wore away,
When athwart my path so dreary,
Shot a beam of dawning day.

Every day it broadened, brightened
Human grew the Paynim's heart
Every day my fetters lightened
Till, "Fair maid, thou mayest depart!"
On my ear blest yester-morning
Fell with kindly beaming smile.
Ere another glorious dawning
I shall press my native Isle.

in *The Rose of Sharon*, editor Mrs. C.M. Sawyer (Boston, 1852),
pp. 194-5. With a beautiful picture.

SAWYER, Caroline Mehitable Fisher (Dec. 10, 1812-May 19, 1894), author and editor, was born in Newton, Mass., the daughter of Jesse and Anna (Kenrick) Fisher. She had a sister and two brothers: other children in the family died in infancy. Her father apparently died sometime during her childhood, and she grew up in the household of her grandfather John Kenrick, a prominent philanthropist and pioneer abolitionist. At eight she attended a Baptist Sunday school and could recite long passages from the Bible; before she was ten she was reading Shakespeare and Plutarch; before she reached thirteen she was composing poetry, some of which appeared in print. Her invalid uncle, Enoch B. Kenrick, another member of the household and an amateur botanist of note, removed her from the country school and tutored her for ten years, making her proficient in French and German and generally one of the better-educated women of her day. Thomas Jefferson Sawyer, a Universalist pastor and her future husband, described her at eighteen as a "tall, plain-looking girl" who "rather pleased me because she had ... an amiable disposition, a virtuous heart, and withal a sound head." They were married in Newton on Sept. 21, 1831, and went to New York, where Sawyer was minister of a church first on Grand Street, then on Orchard Street.

Caroline Sawyer devoted herself to her husband's interests. She helped organize and actively participated in the work of the Universalist Ladies' Dorcas Society to aid the poor. A group of Iowa Indians, for her kindness to them on a New York visit in 1843, conferred on her a name meaning "One who holds converse with the Great Spirit." The same helpfulness and understanding endeared her to her husband's pupils when he left the city to become principal of the Clinton (N.Y.) Liberal Institute in 1845. In 1853 he returned for a second pastorate at Orchard Street, resigning in 1861 to retire to a farm in Clinton. They had seven children: Anna Gertrude, born in 1834, who married the landscape painter Jervis McEntee; Thomas Jefferson (1836); Oscar Gerhard (1838), who became known as a war correspondent of the *New York Herald*; Theodore Alvan and Frederick Augustus, twins born in 1841; Mary Angela (1846); and Alice Kenrick (1850). Theodore and Mary died in 1848.

Throughout the busy years Mrs. Sawyer found time for a great deal of writing. She contributed stories, essays, and poems to Universalist magazines such as the *Christian Messenger* and its successor, the *Universalist Union*, whose "Youth's Department" she directed from 1840 to 1845, and to many other periodicals, including the *Democratic Review*, *Graham's Magazine*, the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and the *New Yorker*. From 1850 to 1858 she edited the *Rose of Sharon*, an annual gift book, and from 1861 to 1864 the *Ladies' Repository*, a Boston Universalist monthly. The *Repository* described her as "pre-eminent ... as a literary woman" with "talent, scholarship, taste, and a love of literature." Her first book, *The Merchant's Widow, and Other Tales* (1841), written when she was too ill for more active work, sold out a first edition of 1,000 copies in ten days; Horace Greeley praised it as the "gentle teachings of an earnest and holy spirit." In 1845 she published *The Juvenile Library*, a four volume collection of her stories. She was best known, however, for her poems, which her contemporaries described as "lyric music" and "inspired thought" evidencing "scholarly finish."

Caroline Sawyer's last twenty-five years were happy and serene. She lived at Tufts College in Medford, Mass., where from 1869 onward her husband was Packard Professor of Theology. There, as elsewhere, she opened her home to all—faculty, students, parents; and there in 1891 she celebrated her sixtieth wedding anniversary. She died three years later, at her home in nearby Somerville, of malarial fever. Her husband survived her by five years. In 1900, at their graves in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Hosea Starr Ballou, president of the Boston Universalist Club, dedicated a monument in the form of a cross as a mark of the “gratitude which Universalists everywhere owe to Thomas J. Sawyer, and scarcely less to his gifted wife, Caroline M. Sawyer.”

[The fullest account is in Richard Eddy, *The Life of Thomas J. Sawyer, S.T.F., L.L.D., and of Caroline M. Sawyer* (1900). See also Mrs. E. R. Hanson, *Our Women Workers* (1882); and brief notices in *Lamb's Biog. Dict. of the U.S.*, VI, 620, and Sarah J. Hale, *Woman's Record* (1853). Some of Mrs. Sawyer's poems appear in Caroline May, *The Am. Female Poets* (1848), and in T. Buchanan Read, *The Female Poets of America* (1849). Death record from Mass. Registrar of Vital Statistics.]

ELIZABETH F. HOXIE

“Greece” (March 1828)

HER harp strings are broken — the spirit has fled,
 That once waked the lyre on Hellas’s shore;
 The song of the muse that once caroled is dead,
 And Parnassus’s heights shall be vanquished no more;
 For the land of the poet and soldier has now
 Dropped the laurels of yore that encircled her brow.

Her prophets are mute, and her altars efaced;
 And no trace of what was the pride of her land
 Can be found ’mongst a people degenerate, debased;
 For their temples are spoils to the Mussulman’s hand
 And the country that once bore proud victory’s name
 To the robber and pirate has yielded her fame.

Fair land, could the grave but its inmates release
 From the spell that ever binds them to yield its sway;
 Could the spirits that guided in war and in peace
 But re-enter their frames — how soon would they say,
 “’Tis the land of my birth, tho’ the angel of death
 Hath blasted her hopes by his poisonous breath! —

And as long as yon bright orb shall roll in his track,
 We’ll rally around her, and dauntless oppose
 Thy tyrant’s base minions, and sternly drive back
 The crescent, fell emblem of infidel foes!”
 And now sons of Greece, as your Sires of yore,
 Take courage, and drive the rude foe from your shore!

in *Poems by a Collegian* (Charlottesville: C. P. McKennie, 1833),
 pp. 92-3. (The above was written among the first of the Author’s
 attempts in verse, which may probably furnish an apology for its
 insertion here.)

“On Seeing a Print, Entitled ’Soldat Grec defendant l’ entrée
d’ un défilé”

I.
Sparta and Marathon,
Call on the shades,
That have hallowed your fields
With their blood and their blades.
Crimson Thermopylae,
Thou too wilt rise;
For the voice of thy blood
Must ascend to the skies.

II.
Yea, speak of your land
Where your mighty ones dwell
With Brutus and Washington,
Emmet and Tell;
And say that it teems,
By its own mystic power,
Like the blood of Narcissus
With liberty’s flower.

III.
Oh, bid them behold
This defier of death;
His hand on his musket,
His knee on the heath;
And his eye on the Othman,
As tho’ the high game
Of Hellas’s salvation
Were cast on his aim.

IV.
Son of Leonidas,
Nurseling of slaughters,
That mingled their blood-tears
With Salamis’s waters;
Not vainly has Freedom
Resigned thee her trust,
As the foul blood confesses,
Thou hast poured to the dust.

V.
Pythagoras! fain
Would my spirit believe
The doctrines thou hast taught
Were not taught to deceive;
Else why did not centuries
Quench or control
The fire of that eye,
Or the strength of that soul.

VI.
In the war-shaken valley,*
The bones that are spread,
Are startling to life
From the dust of the dead.
Then awake, ye that slumber!
The chain of your story,
Tho' dark are some links,
Is electric with glory.

VII.
Awake! Let your pride
Be that land of your birth:
And still let that land
Be the watchword of earth,**
Fight on by the banner
Which Freedom unfurled,
And pray that its folds
May overshadow the world.

*Ezekiel, Chapter 37, verse 10.

**Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still, and theirs:
'Tis still a watchword to the earth."

BYRON'S *The Siege of Corinth*.

in *Adolph and Other Poems* (New York: W.E. Dean, 1831), pp. 159-162.

“On Seeing a Print, Entitled 'Femme Grecque — attendant l' issue
d' un combat'”

I.
Who from yonder rocky peak
Watches with dilated eye,
Streaming hair, and pallid cheek,
Lips apart and poisoned sigh
Over the bloody field below, —
Battle's fortune — friend and foe?

II.
Home abandoned and forgot,
War unfeared and foe disdained,
She has climbed the fearful spot
Foot of man has never stained.
Where the eagle safely sleeps,
There the wife her vigil keeps.

III.
Oh, the strength of woman's love!
Oh, the reach of woman's power!
In passion and in peace a dove,
A lioness in danger's hour:
No joy her smile may fail to grace
No care that smile may not efface.

IV.
Look! a boy of youthful years,
Reckless of his father's fray,
Reckless of his mother's fears,
Sleeps the battle-hour away.
Happy — happy — happy boy,
Still dream on thy dream of joy!

V.
“Hah! he fronts the lines of death
And the cannon's murderous flash,
Now I feel its fiery breath,
Now I hear the sabre's crash:
Where is he? oh, Saviour mild,
Spare him — spare him for his child!”

VI.

Fear not! if the God of love
Grant a prayer, that prayer is thine.
See thy ark's returning dove,
See the branch of promise shine.
Freedom triumphs — Heaven has smiled —
God has saved him for his child.

in *Adolph and Other Poems*, pp. 163-4.

He dedicated his *Contarf* to W.C. Bryant. In his son's Introduction he writes that he "has attained great popularity even in Great Britain," which is true judging from numerous reprintings he had in British periodicals, good reviews, sales.

In Canto II of *Adolpho*, after octet stanza XV, comes the lyric "The Lament of Hellas," and stanzas with references to Byron, Suli, Missolonghi, Hellas etc.

from *Adolph* (1831) Canto I consists of 94 ottavas and Spenserians and “To Thyrsa”; Canto II:57 ottavas plus “On the Death of Sir George Canning.”

Canto I, stanza XVII:

And one by one did Adolph cast away
 All that, in younger years, he found amusing:
 He wondered how the trinkets of past play
 Could be considered, even by boys, worth using
 His lyre imparted a maturer lay,
 And proved how fast young passions were infusing
 Theirs with his spirit; and he now divided
 That lay ’twixt different themes, as you and I did.

In Canto II after stanza XV we have “The Lament of Hellas”:

How oft my weary soul hath found
 All lesser thoughts retire,
 While listening to the absorbing sound
 Of Byron’s thrilling lyre.
 Then shall I not, though humbly, weep,
 Above the mighty dead —
 To lyre consigned to dreamless sleep,
 The soul that tuned it fled:
 No hand to wake its Teian fire;
 No voice the patriot to inspire.

Canto II, stanza XX:

Through the roused world had the electric tone
 Of liberty gone forth, Greece could but share
 The common glory, but she now alone
 Crushes the Hydra in his reeking lair,
 While to her mounting fame the jealous stare
 Of an allied despotism still clings,
 Beneath whose blighting influence none can dare
 Look up from where the hell of slavery wrings
 Life’s life from out the heart, to prop the throne of kings.

(Very, very Byronic!)

The Grecian stanzas in *Adolph* contain references to Byron, Suli, Missolonghi, Psara and Ipsariots, Hydra, Mycenae, Salamis, Sparta,

Marathon, Thermopylae, Teian, Olympus, Ida ... then he moves on to America! The short lyrics are good Byron imitations, too.

John Augustus Shea

“Greece”

in *The Dublin and London Magazine* (February 1827), 154-5.

LAND of the sword—the shrine—the lyre—
The artist’s skill—the poet’s fire;—
Land of the many glorious fights—
Land of the thousand hero-lights
That shone through many a weary age,
Unquench’d undimm’d by tyrants’ rage :
What though in chains thou long has slept;—
What though thou’st wak’d and only wept;—
The day of infamy has pass’d,
And thou art “living Greece” at last!
Awake! awake through mount and glen,
The war-song of your mighty men;
'Twill cheer the free—'twill chill the slave—
'Twill charm from out the very grave
The spirits of the buried brave!
Yes! give again to cliff and shore
The shouts they answer to before,
When Salamis’ victorious water
Was purpled with the Persian slaughter.
Louder awake it!—louder still:
By plain and altar, hearth and hill!
Have ye not yet the Doric Mothers?
And are ye not the heirs of those
Brave few, whose battle-crash arose
More fiercely than a million others’?
O! there is nothing—nothing now,
That brings the soul-flash to the brow,
Sooner than that almighty shout
Returning liberty flings out!
Aye! Let it make the very wave
Echo defiance to the slave.
You did not, Greeks, the spell forget!
'Tis burning in your bosoms yet,
And if it hath not bade ere now
The dawn of triumph gild each brow,

And wake you from that shameful sleep,
'Tis that your slumbers were too deep,
Too vile the chains you sank, to seek
For aught but heaven itself to break !

And heaven *hath* wak'd you from your trance,
And burst your chains, – arise ! advance !
Remember all the classic plains,
 On which your fathers fought;
Their blood is boiling in your veins ---
 Then seek the fields they sought;
And let the present world behold
The deeds that shook her heart of old,
And where her farthest billow roll'd,
Your name – your fame – your freedom told.

* * * * *

Alone your purple path you trod, –
Alone you pray'd unto your God ;
Alone ye bled – alone ye won –
While laughing kings look'd coldly on : –
Then, Greece ! if though canst pray to heaven,
For strength restor'd – for fetters riven –
For the proud step --- the iron hand –
The burning soul – the onward brand –
Oh ! by thy bright unbending brow,
By all thou hast been, and art now : –
Yes, *now*: for he who strikes the blow
Boldly against his country's foe,
Hath half redeem'd her. --- Oh ! by all
Thy hope restor'd – thy foeman's fall,
Renounce ! renounce th' ambitious slave,
Who'd o'er thy sons a sceptre wave.*

 Grecians, be Greece your own !
No aiding monarch deign'd to stand
Between you and the Turkish brand ;
 Then live without a throne :
For you have darkly felt the frown,
 That lowers for Greeks beneath a crown.

Hellas ! Thy freedom is but young !
Thy olden days are not unsung !
Cast not that freedom, or that fame,
Upon the board for royal game :
Thou need'st a purer monarch far,
Than any yet have been, or are.
Yes – if our modern monarchs be
Like him whom foes would give to thee,

* These lines were written when it was intended to give a monarchy to Greece.

Oh! be as thou *hast been*,—unsold,
'Till time shall make a worthier mould!

155

Barnard Shipp (b. 1813)

“Greece and America”

When Greece beheld the pride of Persia pour
Her hostile legions to her barren shore,
And proud Oppression lift his brazen spear
To shed his terrors over the fields of fear,
Her soul, exulting in her warrior's might,
Prepared her paeon and provoked the fight;

.
.

I feel there lives a spirit breathed of yore,
That still survives on fair Columbia's shore;
That glorious deeds as ever the Grecian fired,
To touch his harp with heavenly lays inspired,
Some future bard, in Freedom's favoured reign,
Shall sound immortal in his lofty strain.

(Grand Lake, Arkansas, 1839)

in *Fame and Other Poems* (Philadelphia: E.H. Butler & Co., 1848),
p. 75 out of 212.

Almost exclusively on ancients.

Josiah Shippey, A.B. (b. 1778)

156

from

“The News Carriers’ Address, 1828”

.....
That Greece whose classic soil so oft I’ve trod,
With Homer, Xenophon, and Hesiod?
How changed, how altered from thy former state,
Thou art little now, though once they called thee *Great!*
But thy long agony will soon be over,
And Turk Ibrahim waste thy plains no more.
And, when in peace thou sittest beneath thy vine,
Then think my country was a friend of thine.”
Enough of her thou hast given old Greece her due,
Now of her master Turk let’s hear a few.
.....

in *Specimens, or Leisure Hours* (New York: J.B. Allee, 1841),
pp. 58ff.

(Light and humorous though philhellenic).

MISSOLONGHI
By Lydia H. Sigourney

FAMINE hath worn them pale, that noble band; — 1
Yet round the long beleaguer'd wall,
With wasted frame, and iron hand,
Like watching skeletons they stand,
To conquer or to fall.

Hark! — Hark! the war-cry. Swells the shout 2
From wild Arabia's wandering rout,
From turbid Nilus' swarthy brood,
From Ibrahim's host who thirst for blood,
'T is answer'd from the echoing skies,
Sons of Miltiades, arise! —

Aged men, with temples gray! — 3
Why do ye haste to the battle fray? —
Home to the couch of ease, and pray. —
But ah! I read on those brows of gloom,
That your sons have found a gory tomb,
And ye with despair and grief opprest,
Would strike ere ye share their clay-cold rest. —

With feature pales, yet sternly wrought 4
To all the agony of thought,
Yon widow'd mothers mount the tower,
To guard the wall in danger's hour: —
Fast by their side in mute distress,
Their little sons unwavering press,
Taught from their cradle-bed to know
The bitter tutelage of wo,
No idle fears in their bosoms glow,
But pride and wrath in their dark eyes glance,
As they lift their martyr'd father's lance.

Yet more! — Yet more! — At bent of drum 5
With wildly flowing hair,
Helle's beauteous maidens come,
The iron strife to dare. —
Sadly sweet from those lips of rose,
The death-song of Bozzaris flows,
It is your dirge, ye turban'd foes! —
Rise, soul of Pindar! strike the shadowy lyre,
Start from your sculptured tombs, ye sons of fire!
Snatch, snatch those gentle forms from war's alarms,
And throw your adamant shield around their shrinking

charms.

Louder swells the battle-cry; 6
God of Christians! from the sky
Behold the Turk's accursed host
Come rushing in. — 'T is lost! 'T is lost! —
Ye bold defenders, die! —
Oh thou, who sang'st of Ilion's walls the fate,
Unseal thy blinded orbs, *thine own* are desolate.

The stifled sob of mighty souls 7
Rises on the glowing air,
And the vow of vengeance rolls,
Mingled with the dying prayer:
“Now, by the spirits of the brave,
Sires, who rode on glory's wave,
By red Scio's wrongs and groans,
By Ipsara's unburied bones,
Our foes beneath these reeking stones,
Shall find a grave.”

Earth heaves, as if she gorged again 8
Usurping Koran's rebel train,
She heaves, with the blast more wild and loud,
Than when with trump of thunders proud,
The electric flame subdues the cloud,
Torn and dismember'd frames are thrown on high,
And then the oppressor and oppress'd in equal silence lie.

Come, jewell'd Sultan, from thine hall of state! 9
Exult o'er Missolonghi's fall,
With flushing eye, and step elate
The blood-pools count around her ruin'd wall. —
Seek'st thou thus with glances vain
The remnant of thy Moslem train? —
Hither they came, with haughty brow,
They conquer'd here, — where are they now?
Ask the hoarse vulture with her new-flesh'd beak,
Bid the gaunt watch-dog speak,
Who bay'd so long around his murder'd master's door, —
They, with shriek and ban can tell
The burial-place of the infidel,
Go! bind thy turban round thy brow of shame,
And hurl the mutter'd curse at thy false prophet's name.

Ancient and beautiful! — who stand'st alone 10
In the dire crusade, while with hearts of stone

Thy sister nations close the leaden eye
 Regardless of thine agony.
Such friends had He, who once with bursting pore,
On sad Gethsemane a lost world's burden bore. —
 Leave, leave the sacred steep
 Where thy lone muses weep,
 Forth from thy sculptured halls,
 Thy pilgrim-haunted walls,
 Thy classic fountains' crystal flood,
Go! — angel-strengthen'd to the field of blood.
Raise thy white arm, — unbind thy wreathed hair,
And God's dread name upon thy breastplate wear,
Stand in *His might*, till the pure cross arise
O'er the proud minaret, and woo propitious skies.

also anonymously published in *The Philadelphia Album, and Ladies' Literary Gazette*, II, No.32 (January 9, 1828), 256.

from

“Heads of Poets”

VIII — BYRON

— For Byron’s home and fame,
It needed manhood only! Had he known
How sorrow should be borne, nor sunk in shame,
For that his destiny decreed to moan —
His muse had been triumphant over Time
As still she is over Passion; still sublime —
Having subdued her soul’s infirmity
To aliment; and, with herself overcome,
Overcome the barriers of Eternity,
And lived through all the ages; with a sway
Complete, and unembarrassed by the doom
That makes of Nature’s porcelain common clay!

in *The Cassique of Accabee... with Other Pieces* (Charleston:
pp. 85-6. J. Russel, 1849).

“Byron”

Ah! too much does thou resemble
Him [Daniel] for sacrilege renowned;
Would, thine heart, like his might tremble,
Ere thy guilt his fate hath found.

.
.

In *his* [God's] power to save exulting?
Is *thy* love to him supreme?
God is all omniscient Spirit!
Thee, the temple of his grace,
Doth the Holy One inherit,
Consecrated to his praise?

.

in *Evangelical Review of Modern Genius; or, Truth and Error
Contrasted* (New York: D.A. Borrensteinm 1823), pp. 28-32 of 116.

(A tasteless series of poems on contemporary poets).

“Byron”

We sat down and wept for thy sorrow,
Oh Byron, and thought of the grief
High hearts of a thoughtless world borrow,
Touch-pained like the sensitive leaf —
That thy span of to-day and to-morrow
Was darkened, though brilliant and brief.

We would that thy life, like a river,
Had mirrored the sun of thy mind,
And, not like that stream, give forever,
Its spirit to each idle wind, —
That a passion thy calm could not sever,
But mind be the king, not the hind.

But we knew, even the sun is oft shaded,
The mighty oak, breeze-stirred, is curled;
The high mountain-top, granite bedded,
Is lost when the clouds are unfurled;
And thus thy great mind was invaded
By the clouds and the winds of the world.

in *The Potapso and Other Poems* (Baltimore: Nutticken, 1841), p. 62.

It had a second edition, too.

from

“Athens”

(Many quatrains, mostly on ancients; the last two:)

Now, Athens' fragments all, have each a story,
A light that mocks oblivion's 'whelming wave,
Her temples, heroes, and her ancient glory,
No longer sleep in time's unhonored grave.

She has a name, a light, a spirit being,
That holds communion with the passing time,
An energy of soul from bondage freeing,
That bids her yet resume her ancient prime.

in *Wreath of Wild Flowers* (New York: E. Walker, 1848), 191-2
out of 276.

“Crete”

Though Arkadi's shattered pile
Hides her dead without a dirge,
Lo! where still the mountain isle
Fronts the angry Moslem surge!
Hers, in old, heroic days,
Her unfettered heights afar
'Twixt the Grecian Gulf to raise,
And the torrid Libyan star.

From her bulwarks to the North
Stretched the glad Aegean Sea,
Sending bards and warriors forth
To the triumphs of the free;
Ill the fierce invader throve,
When, from island or from main,
Side by side the Grecians strove;
Swift he sought his lair again!

Though the Cretan eagle fell,
And the ancient heights were won,
Freedom's light was guarded well, —
Handed down from sire to son;
Through the centuries of shame,
Ah! it never wholly died,
But was hid, a sacred flame,
There on topmost Ida's side.

Shades of heroes Homer sung —
Wearing once her hundred crowns —
Rise with shadowy swords among
Candia's smoking fields and towns;
Not again their souls shall sleep,
Nor the crescent wane in peace,
Till from every island-keep
Shines the starry Cross of Greece.

in *The Poetical Works* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1860-91),

pp. 299-300. Repeated editions with added poems during 31 years!

Stedman was a Yale-educated author, critic, theoretician of literature, poet, working as a stockbroker. Very prolific writer.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan (1794-1849) 163-164

“Prayer for Greece”

Written on hearing of the fall of Missolonghi.

Thou, Worshipped! Thou! forever nigh,
Who wearest the title, “King of Kings;”
Hear the petition, O, Most High!
That feeling to thy footstool brings.

Thou seest when of thy rites and name.
The scornful Moslem makes a boast;
O, from thy chariot wheels of flame
Look, and confound the godless host.

Over the once lovely Grecian plains
Rolls desolation like a flood;
The solitude of ruin reigns
Along those vallies, steeped in blood.

The robber and assassin stand
Where tributaries bent the knee;
And from that stricken, weeping land,
Rise spire and shrine, but not to Thee!

And yet her strife — she knew Thee not —
Thou sawst, when the shamed Persian fled,
When Sparta, on one glorious spot,
Numbered her choicest with the dead.

And Lord! when Persecution’s star
In later time, hung over *our* night,
Didst thou not, Mighty One in war!
Go with *our* armies to the fight?

Leader in that unequal fray!
Didst thou not smite the spoiler dumb,
When on that teaming, awful day,
Fled foeman at thy thunder-drum?

Deliverer! thus to hapless Greece
Be thou a present help and shield;

Thine be her battles, Lord! till peace
Wave dove-like pinions over the field.

Speak! and where mocking crescents wane,
Behold the Banner-Cross unfurled!
And Greece, restored, become again
The beautiful Eden of the world.

in *Lyric Poems* (Philadelphia: Ash & Mason, 1826), pp. 38-9.

Two more pages under the same title, without references directly to Greece.
He was a prolific writer of dramas, poems, books. Shelleyan echoes in some titles.

“Scio — 1822”

Beautiful Scio! Thou wast fair,
 Gem of the Archipelago!
 Thou shonest like morning's lovely star
 Rivalling its sisters; — thine the glow
 Of skies, deliciously serene,
 Along thy vales overgreen
 The vine and olive flourished, —
 Thy maidens dwelt with innocence,
 Thy young men, Liberty had nourished,
 Her proud invincible defence;
 Beautiful Scio! thou wast fair,
 Gem of the Archipelago!
 At morn, a voice was heard in thee,
 It was the voice of gladness, —
 The star of peace arose on thee,
 'Tis shrouded now in sadness!
 Star of the Grecian! thou hast set
 In darkness over yon Eden isle;
 Thine altars fallen, the minaret
 Rises over tears, and blood, and spoil!
 And thou art now a hideous wild
 Where reckless Ruin drives its share
 Over hapless mother and the child;
 Beautiful Scio! once so fair,
 Gem of the Archipelago!

in *Poems* (Philadelphia: H. Perkins, 1834), pp. 170-1.

In the same volume, “To the Crescent” p. 88 (1822) hotly anti-Turkish;
 “To the Holy Alliance” p. 277 (1826, they are criminals!), “The Cross”
 p. 307, only religion; “Europe — 1826” p. 356 (no mention of Greece).

from

An Appeal to American Patriots ... October 13, 1835 (Hollowell, Maine: Glazier, Masters & Smith, 1836), 14 pages.

Stanza X.

But, Greece, thy day is past; thy glory's over!
 Thy suns and stars have sunk to rise no more! —
 All Europe now breaks forth in brilliant light,
 And rolls her clouds on thee; — a horrid night! —
 How dark thy lot! — and darker yet thy fate
 Must ever be, if ever to renovate
 Thy former fortune, thou shouldst vainly strive
 To break thy servile chains. — Thy lords now drive
 Thy sons. A slave thou art; a slave thou ever must be.

.

Stanza XXXVI (the last one):

.

And ye lights
 Which mighty Mercy gives you, turn your eyes on Greece,
 And then on us! — Speak, from heaven, speak, your land release.

Many Spenserians; VI to X discuss Greece. He was a Wesleyan Seminarian, quite Byronic.

Jessie Burgess Thomas (1806-50)

167

from

“Liberty”

4. The high-born Greek by freedom bade,
 Threw back the tyrant’s claim,
 And brandished his avenging blade,
 For liberty and fame.

.

(eight quatrains)

in *The Incantation and Miscellaneous Poems* (Convington, Kentucky:
R.C. Langdon, 1844), pp. 64-5.

from

“New Years’ s Address,” from the *Geneva Gazette* I-1-1829.

.
And Greece — alas! the Muse with shuddering turns
From these devoted shores, where ceaseless burns
The fire of ravage, and as ceaseless flows
Red streams, with mingled shrieks and groans and woes.
But turn thee, Fancy, to a brighter scene;
Let hope arise thy sadder thoughts between:
For Greece yet lives; the God of battles stayed
Her streaming blood — combining kings have laid,
With one decisive and overwhelming blow
The false and impious Prophet’s banner low.
And even from our loved shores to suffering Greece,
Go messengers of mercy and of peace;
Wafted by fervent prayers the envoy speeds,
To reach the hallowed spot where freedom bleeds.
.

in *The Lyre of Tioga* (Geneva, New York: L. Bogert, 1829), p. 145
out of 180.

“To Greece”

“If any war was ever justifiable, it is that of an oppressed nation contending for its altars and its homes.”

Fair land of song! and must thy soil
Where Freedom's foot so oft hath trod,
Become a proud invader's spoil,
And quail beneath a tyrant's rod?
Must thou, fair Greece, of yore the nurse
Of science — now be captive led —
And Despotism's bitter curse
Be poured on thy devoted head? —
Oh! no — the spirit, which sublime
Upheld thee, in the olden time,
When Miltiades led thee on
To victory at Marathon,
And mailed in Solon's wise decrees,
Thou fought beneath Themistocles —
Which filled thy realm in every place,
From Sparta even to utmost Thrace,
This spirit still pervades thy land,
And wakes every heart and hand
To strike for Freedom's sacred right,
By holy Nature's hand bestowed —
Deprived of which, however bright,
Existence were a weary load.
Maintain the contest, land of song!
The rightful struggle still maintain,
And let thy arm be lifted strong
To break the fell barbarian's chain.
Still in the righteous cause be bold —
And, like the patriarch of old,
Wrestle through despotism's night,
Until thou mark the coming light,
And Liberty's triumphant sun
Bid thee behold the blessing won.

Courage! for nations from afar
Look anxious on the fearful fray,
And think they see the rising star,

That ushers in thy glorious day.
Their hopes, their fears, their prayers are thine,
Their hearts are beating for thy fate —
And everyday that chance to shine
On thee they hail with joy elate.
Ah! who that knew thy ancient story
Of wisdom, valor, worth, and glory,
And still in fancy loved to stray
Back to thy bright and early day,
And who, that saw thee since began
Thy slavery 'neath the Ottoman,
And marked the agonizing strain
Thy long-lost station to regain,
Who could thy desperation see,
Loving the name of Liberty,
Nor let the sorrowing heart expand
In pity to thy suffering land? —

Onward! nor slacken in thy pace,
Stretch to the course with heart and soul,
Nor quit the dread and weary race,
Until thou gain the wished-for goal.
Strengthen thy arm, till victory quell
The fury of the infidel —
Till Freedom's banner take the field,
And to the Cross the Crescent yield.
Think of the immolated host,
That bled on Scio's rocky coast,
Where, stalking on the ensanguined shore,
Oppression shouted, drunk with gore —
Think on the slain — and let the thought,
Like brands from Ceasar's death-pyre brought,
Deal fierce destruction on the foe,
Till tyranny shall feel the blow,
And her ensanguined triumph over,
Sink in thy grasp, to rise no more.

Then cheer thee, Greece, the hour is near,
When Freedom shall requite thy wrong,
And thou again the note shalt hear
Of Liberty's enraptured song; —
When days of yore shall seem again
To breathe and brighten in the strain;
And, like the rod which Aaron bore,
Thy greenness shall revive once more,
And from thy trunk, so dry and sear
Through thralldom's winter doomed to lie,
The growth of Freedom shall uprear
Its branches in thy radiant sky —
Thus to thy hapless children made

Alike a shelter and a shade.

in *Elliner, and Other Poems* (Philadelphia: Marot & Walter, 1826), pp. 16-9 out of 98.

Charles West Thomson

172

“Stanzas, on viewing the portrait of Lord Byron.”

p. 56

There is majesty and beauty in that face,
A speaking spirit in that radiant eye —
In all those lineaments a noble grace,
Which seems to say such were not born to die.
In fame’s bright course he soared supremely high;
On wings that dared the boldest, loftiest flight —
But fate, before the morn of youth went by,
Had sunk a heart, which should have been most light
Into the deepest shade of desolation’s night.

.

p. 60

Peace be upon thee, bard of the brightest lyre!
Years shall roll over thy grave — but none shall gird
That harp upon him — round its golden wire
Mosses shall cling, where none to wake it more aspire.

in *The Sylph, and Other Poems* (Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Carey, 1828), pp. 56-60 out of 110.

Many good Spenserians.

from

“New Year’s Address for 1823”

. [the Muse]
 And next to Greece she turns, Land of the lyre!
 To view again revived, her ancient fire —
 Tho’ since her glory in its zenith shone,
 Years have elapsed, and centuries have flown,
 Still she perceives that noble strength of soul,
 Awed by no sway and bowed by no control,
 That dauntless spirit, once her greatest pride,
 Which death or danger equally defied,
 Those patriot flames which warmed her noble sires
 And those high hopes that kindled freedom’s fires! —
 “Advance and prosper!” is the Muse’s prayer,
 Prove you are worthy of the name you bear,
 ’Tis freedom calls, and may success attend,
 And smiling Victory wait you in the end,
 May all your deeds, to men proclaim aloud,
 “We ask but this, our freedom, or a shroud!” —
 And Albion! Thou who pledst the negro’s cause
 And banished thralldom by thy righteous laws,
 Canst thou behold this nation prostrate laid
 Beneath injustice, and refuse thine aid? —
 No! let thy powerful arm her cause maintain
 Aid on the shore, and succour on the main,
 So shall applause thy well meant efforts crown,
 A nation rescued, echo thy renown!

in *Rhymes. By a Young Baltimorean* (Baltimore: J. Robinson, 1836),
 p. 54 out of 160.

Richard H. Townsend
from Baltimore

174-175

“To Greece”

Land of the Patriot! — now the muse
On thee, with anxious eye is gazing;
Thy noble deeds with pride she views,
Her prayers for thy success are raising. —
Once shone thy glory far and wide,
The mistress of the land and ocean,
And Liberty, thy country’s pride
Was worshipped with supreme devotion!

Still nobly burn those patriot fires,
They glow unquenched, undimmed, unfaded,
Thy sons are worthy of their sires,
Thy glory yet is undegraded! —
Fair Freedom calls, — thy sons arise
In native might, in native splendor,
Resolved to hold the glorious prize
Or, but with life, the boon surrender!

Advance with firmness, for thy cause
Is just before the eye of Heaven,
Advance, nor in thy progress pause,
And win the meed to valor given —
The spirits of thy ancient chiefs
Are, tho’ unseen, still hovering near thee,
Advance! — revenge thy recent griefs,
Thy friends, applaud, thy foes shall fear thee.

What tho’ are past thy days of song,
Thy days of *fame* are yet returning,
Then rouse thee, in thy valor strong,
With patriot spirit, toil disdaining —
Haste! haste thee on! lift thy hand
And in the strife be quickly closing,
And never from thy native land,
The hostile hosts thy cause opposing.

Land of the Lyre! shall many a bard,
To future time thy deeds be telling,

Thy Valor claims its just reward,
Thy fame is praise itself excelling —
Shine on — may years succeeding show
Thy fame, thy lustre still unclouded,
Be hence the time when thou shalt know,
In darkness, all thy brightness shrouded.

In *Rhymes* ..., pp. 65-6.

“To the American Volunteer for Greece”

Haste, Freedom’s champion, over the wave,
And join the standard of the Cross;
Haste, and the God of Empires save,
If Ocean’s angry billows toss —
Fair be the gale that carries thee,
A volunteer for Liberty.

.
.
(a total of nine stanzas. The last one:)

That land so happy and so fair,
Now bleeds beneath oppression’s rod;
A league of tyrants lord it there,
And mock, by theirs, the power of God —
Go — make a suffering nation free,
And purchase — immortality.

in *New England Galaxy* January 21, 1825

from

“Childe Harold”

(in six parts; the end:)

.
Italia brightly breathes of thee,
And Scio with her coral sea! —
Immortal Greece hath caught the tone,
The Alps repeat it on their throne!
.

in *The Battle of Tippecanoe ... and Other Poems* (Cincinnati:
P. McFarlin, 1837), pp. 83-7.

About Byron, after his death; also mentions Britain's refusal of
burial at Westminster Abbey; very Byronic. He was a friend of Poe.

in *Specimens of American Poetry with Critical and Biographical Notices*,
in 3 vols. Edited by Samuel Kettell. Boston: S.G. Goodrich & Co., 1829.

vol. II **KATHARINE A. WARE.** 291-293 under pen-name Augusta*

GREECE.

WHERE Art's wide realm in mouldering ruin sleeps,
And Science o'er departed glory weeps —
Where wreathing ivy shrouds in dark array,
The desolating progress of decay —

Where time is ranging with remorseless tread,
Amid the trophies of the mighty dead,
There, Grecia's genius hovers o'er the scene
Of ruin'd grandeur — glories that *have been* —
Views the vast wreck of power with kindling eye,
And kneels beside the tomb of Poesy.
Where fame's proud relics strew her classic ground,
In gloomy majesty she glides around,
Pausing, with rapt devotion, to survey
The prostrate splendours of her early day.
Those ancient courts, where erst with wisdom fraught,
Her senate listen'd, and her sages taught;
Where that bold patriot, firm in virtue's cause,
The immortal Solon, thunder'd forth his laws!
The temple raised to Theseus' mighty name —
The storied arch of Hadrian's deathless fame!
Raises her eye to where, with beam divine,
Apollo blush'd upon the Delphic shrine —
As bow'd that chief, to learn a nation's fate,
Who gave his royal life, to save the state.
With pride, she seeks Dodona's sacred grove,
Where towers the temple of imperial Jove,
Frowning, in ruin'd majesty sublime,
The proudest wreck that braves the blast of time!
Shows the broad Stadium, where the gymnastic art,
Nerved the young arm, and energized the heart —
Gave a bold race of warriors to her field,
Whose godlike courage was their only shield!
Surveys that grot, where still her olives twine
In wild luxuriance o'er its fallen shrine —
Where Dian's vestal daughters came to lave
Their snowy bosoms in Ionia's wave.
All dark and tuneless are those laurel shades,
Which once enshrined Castalia's classic maids —

For barbarous hands have raised their funeral pyre
 And hush'd the breathings of their seraph lyre —
 Save when the light of heaven around it plays,
 And wakes the hallow'd chant of other days!
 Oh! then, 'mid storied mounds, and mouldering urns,
 Once more, the flame of inspiration burns!
 Here, pilgrim Genius comes to muse around,
 To wake one strain o'er consecrated ground!
 From prostrate fanes, and altars of decay,
 He learns the glory of their former day —
 And, in the tender blush of twilight gloom,
 He writes the story of some ruin'd tomb;
 From dark oblivion snatches many a gem,
 To glisten in his own fair diadem.
 Immortal Byron! thou, whose courage plann'd
 The rescue of that subjugated land —
 Oh! hadst thou lived to rear thy giant glaive,
 Thou'dst bid the Christian cross triumphant wave!
 Mark'd the pale crescent wave 'mid seas of blood,
 And stamp'd proud Grecia's freedom in the flood.
 But, Oh! 'twas fate's decree thou should'st expire,
 Swan-like, amid the breathings of thy lyre —
 Even in the sacred light of thine own song —
 As sinks the glorious sun amid the throng
 Of bright robed clouds, the pageantry of Heaven —
 Thy last retiring beam to earth was given.
 Where Scio's isle blushes with Christian gore,
 And recreant fiends still yell around her shore;
 Where Missolonghi's bloody plain extends,
 'Mid war's red blots, Athena's Queen descends.
 Mark, where she comes — in all the pomp of wo —
 Darkling around her sable vestments flow —
 With throbbing bosom in the tempest bare —
 Wild, on the breeze, floats her unwreathed hair,
 Though learning's classic diadem is there.
 Where fate's dark clouds the face of heaven deform —
 With steadfast brow — she meets the bursting storm,
 Turns to Olympus with imploring eye,
 And claims the aegis of her native sky.
 Hark! round its base th' eternal thunders roll,
 And Jove's own lightnings flash from pole to pole —
His voice is there! he bids creation save
Minerva's "firs born," from a barbarous wave.

* first published in *The Bower of Taste*, I (Mar. 22, 1828), 191-192.

“Greece”

Greece! How I kindle at thy magic name,
Fell of thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame
Thy scenes sublime and lofty visions rise,
In ancient pride, before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycourgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her hated hero's dashing spear.
Here, hung with many a lyre or silver string,
The laureate valleys of Ilissus string;
And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Here Plato walks his olived Academe.

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age;
No more the groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the loved abode.
Fallen is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduced, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

On the front page of *New-England Galaxy*, No. 226 (February 8, 1822), Boston — from *The National Gazette*.

“Byron”

Oh! bard of nature! Harp of matchless power,
Earth cannot boast a muse one half so gifted,
No minstrel's lays ever charmed the passing hour
Like thine, whenever thy magic harp was lifted.

So sad and melancholy seem thy lays —
Pensive yet sweet, enchanting though profound,
That while the world is teeming with thy praise,
We mourn the fate of him who caused the sound.

Child of the muses! Melpomene's own!
Thy lot was wretched as thy fame was bright.
Thy lay seemed like a suffering spirit's moan —
Despair's lament over hopes that suffered blight.

in *Castalian Dews* ... (Baltimore: W. Taylor, 1849), p. 111 of 144.

“Greece! To Arms!”

Grecians, awake! your foes disdain!
And forth to fight your legions pour,
Stretch the invader on your plains,
Or sink to rest in seas of gore!

Remember Marathon’s dread field,
Where once your arms victorious shone;
Think of those chiefs who scorned to yield!
Think of the deeds your sires have done!

Think of Thermopylae’s glorious day,
When that renowned, devoted band,
Checked the proud Persians’ long array,
Till death unnerved each valiant hand.

Awake! arise! the foe draws nigh;
Oh! hear yon hapless female scream;
Lift, lift the rallying standard high,
And pierce the battle’s thickest gloom!

To horse! to horse! gird on the brand;
Away! away! to combat speed!
And like a fiery bulwark stand,
Where freedom, Greece, and Virtue bleed!

God, and our land! your battle words;
Charge! charge! the Turks in terror flee;
Nerve to your arms! edge to your swords!
And Greece may yet be blest and free!

(pp. 59-60)

Harp of the West ...

“The Spartan Mother to Her Son”

Farewell! my boy! the startling cry
Now rings throughout our outmost bounds,
To arms! to arms! the standards fly,
The thundering drum resounds.

For combat boldly nerve thy arm,
For freedom's cause now bravely stand,
And breast the battle's fiery storm
For thy dear native land.

Oh, scorn the coward's base retreat,
Thy gallant sire did never flee,
He never bowed beneath defeat,
His mind now shines on thee.

Thy noble war horse paws the ground,
And loudly snuffs the invading foe,
Then go where freemen rally round,
Thine be thy father's blow.

Oh, never disgrace the blooming soil
That wraps his dear and honoured breast,
Contented bear each martial toil
Till victory makes us blest.

Farewell, undaunted be thy heart,
No burning tear I shed for thee,
Act well the faithful patriot's part
Or never return thou to me.

in *Harp of the West: A Volume of Poems* (Cincinnati: Dawson & Fisher, 1839), pp. 161-2 out of 204.

“Greece”

Land of the pencil and the lyre,
The marble and the dome!
Whose name is to the muse a fire,
Whose temples are a home:
Clime of a wealth unbought!
Where Genius long enshrined
His treasury of thought,
The Peru of the mind.

Land of that unforgotten few!
The breathing rampart-rock
That towered a Pelion to view,
When burst the battle shock!
Clime of the fair and brave!
When will the tale be over,
Of warriors in the grave —
Of maidens in their gore?

Land of the fettered slave!
Thy bonds shall burst asunder —
Freedom is on the wave,
Hark to her echoing thunder!
The red-cross banner gleaming —
And Gallia’s white field streaming —
And the black eagle screaming —
Sweep over the Aegean sea;
The Moslem horde is shrinking —
The Crescent’s glory sinking —
And the land of song is free!

in *Lexington, with Other Fugitive Pieces* (New York: G. C. & H. Carvill, 1830), 34-5. Epigraphs from Byron, Brooks, Halleck; wrote also “The Russian Retreat.” Pages 88. Notice Byronic subtitle.

“Byron”

I hear a voice, impassioned and sublime,
Mourn, with dreary pathos, over the wrecks of time;
While striking, with a bloody hand, the lyre,
Immortal BYRON breathes his song of fire.
He weeps, imperial Rome, thy fallen might,
Tells thy proud glories over, now set in night,
And wailing through that wild and soaring strain,
Red war he paints on Waterloo's grim plain;
Castalia's fount, Muse haunted now no more,
And the lost splendors of fair Hellas's shore,
Soft Andalusia's vine clad hills and fanes,
The castled Rhine, the Switzer's bleak domains,
The Eastern garden with its deep dyed rose,
Moonlighted Venice! her sad prison woes,
His mighty genius gives at once to view,
Clothed with its own dark grandeur, bold and true.
In that deep lore, — the knowledge of the heart,
How skilled, let his soul stirring song impart.
Nature he loved, and drew from starry night
Visions inspired of more than mortal light, —
The giant mountain, and the leafy grove,
The emerald earth, the soft blue heaven above,
Old ocean's thundering roar and waveless sleep,
The summer breeze, the north wind's ruder sweep,
Keen lightning's vivid flash, and twilight dim,
His varied themes, — are nobly sung by him.
Upon his pale poetic brow was wrought
A power enstamped by majesty of thought:
Disdainful of all trammels, mocking schools,
Spurning cold critics, heedless of their rules,
Mounting aloft to regions his alone,
He sits supreme upon his minstrel throne!

in *Poems* (Charleston, S.C.: J.B. Nixon, 1850), pp. 191-2 out of 296.

from

“Happy New-Year, 1824”

.
And has Greece, once again, from her ashes now risen
Awoke from her slumbers, and burst from her prison?
Come forth in new splendours, her heroes so brave,
Have now bared an arm their sad country to save.
Great God! from the throne of thy glory look down,
Oh stoop from thy heaven their efforts to crown;
.

in *Original Poems on Various Subjects* (Providence, Rhode Island:
H. H. Brown, 1828), pp. 72-3 of 108.

SPECIMENS
OF
AMERICAN POETRY,
WITH
CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL
NOTICES
IN THREE VOLUMES

see also p. 188

BY SAMUEL KETTELL

VOL. II.

BOSTON, - S. G. GOODRICH AND CO.

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HILL, GREDERIC STANHOPE (1805-Apr. 7, 1851), actor, playwright, was born in Boston, Mass. At an early age he showed a slight talent for versifying, and at twenty-one he published a small volume of verse, *The Harvest Festival with Other Poems* (1826). Undistinguished in form and content, these poems represent his only attempt in the field of verse. At the death of his father in 1827, Hill inherited a small fortune. He then abandoned the study of law and began the publication of the *Boston Lyceum*, a literary journal. In 1830 he bought the *Galaxy*, a weekly magazine, but in a little more than a year he was forced into chancery, having lost his money in his publishing ventures. Now, with no previous stage experience, he decided to become an actor. On Mar. 12, 1832, he made his first appearance on the stage, playing Hotspur at the Richmond Hill Theatre, New York. On Mar. 22, he acted Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Duff, and on Mar. 30 he played Orlando in *As You Like It*. Having won a measure of approbation from the New York public, he returned to his native city where, on Apr. 22, 1832, he made his début to Boston audiences at the Tremont Theatre, playing Romeo to Mrs. Barrett's Juliet. He subsequently played Charles Surface in *The School for Scandal*, Frederick in *The Poor Gentleman*, and Charles Austencourt in *Man and Wife*. In this same year William Pelby, a Boston producer, secured him as stage-manager for the Warren Theatre (renamed the National in 1836). Hill held this position as actor and stage-manager until 1838. In 1834 he wrote two plays which won some contemporary praise. Both were adaptations from popular French melodrama. His first piece was named *The Six Degrees of Crime; or, Wine, Women, Gambling, Theft, Murder, and the Scaffold*, a melodrama in six parts. It was first played at the Warren Theatre, Boston, in January 1834, then taken to Philadelphia, where Hill made his first appearance in that city at the Arch Street Theatre, Mar. 6, 1834, and on Mar. 19, it was put on at the Bowery in New York. In it Hill was cast as the profligate Julio Dormilly. His second play was *The Shoemaker of Toulouse; or, the Avenger of Humble Life*, an adaptation from *Le Savatier de Toulouse*. This four-act drama, with all the paraphernalia of melodrama, was produced at the Warren in 1834 and revived at the Tremont in 1840. For almost a score of years these two plays were stock pieces in the American theatres. After 1838 Hill had but a nominal connection with the theatre. His health began to fail and he retired from the stage, making brief returns to acting from time to time. His last appearance was at the Howard Athenaeum (Boston) in the character of Cassio in 1851. As an actor his happiest parts were in light comedy. On June 7, 1828, Hill married Mary Welland Blake, and on Aug. 4, 1829, Frederic Stanhope, their only child, was born.

[An unsigned memoir which prefaces *The Six Degrees of Crime* (Boston, 1855) contains some biographical material and a list of Hill's plays, but it is vague and not very trustworthy. The Shaw Theatre Collection at Harvard University contains a briefer though more reliable memoir. Brief references to Hill as actor and playwright are found in G.C.D. Odell, *Annals of the N. Y. Stage*, vols. III and IV (1928); W.W. Clapp, *A Record of the Boston Stage* (1853);

T.A. Brown, *Hist. of the Am. Stage* (copyright 1870), p. 176; Walter M. Leman, *Memories of an Old Actor* (1866), p. 95; *Boston Transcript*, Apr. 8, 1851.]

H. W. S. — g — r.

American Anthologies

The Poet's Gift, ed. John Keese. Boston: T.H Carter, 1845. Among others: E. Embury, G. Hill, H. Ware, W.H. Burleigh, L. Hooper, P.M. Wetmore, J. Lawrence Jr., P. Benjamin, H. Pickering, G. Lunt.

The Poets of America, ed. George B. Cheever. Hartford, Connecticut: Silas Andrus, 1854. Includes: L. M. Davidson, N. P. Willis, G. W. Doane, F. Halleck, G. Mellen, J. G. Percival, H. Pickering, J. Pierpont, E. C. Pinkney, L. H. Sigourney.

Golden Leaves from the American Poets, ed. John W. S. Howes. New York: F. J. Huntington, 1864. Includes: S. L. Fairfield, C. F. Hoffman, A. C. Lynch, W. R. Wallace etc.

The Poets of New Hampshire, ed. Bela Chapin. Claremont, New Hampshire: Charles H. Adams, 1883. Includes: N. H. Carter, W. B. Tappan etc.

The Oxford Book of American Verse, ed. Bliss Carman. Oxford University Press, 1927. Includes: S. Woodworth, J. Pierpont, F. Halleck, G. Lunt, E. C. Pinkney, N. P. Willis, W. W. Story, E. D. Allen etc.

American Criticism

Isaac Clark Pray, Jr., *Prose and Verse from the Port Folio of An Editor*. Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Co., 1836. In the essay, "Sketches Of American Poets," he discusses Brainard, Bryant, Dana, Fairfield pp. 289??, Halleck 29-30, Millhouse, Longfellow, Peabody, Percival, Pierpont, Pike, Sprague, Whittier and Willis.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman (1813-71), *Thoughts on the Poets*. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 1846 (316 pages), among others he discusses Bryant, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans, Drake etc.

Biographical Entries in

Dictionary of American Biography.
Notable American Women, 1607-1950.
American Authors, 1600-1900, ed. Stanley J. Kunitz (1968).

The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature, ed. Max J. Herzberg (1962).

American VERSE

- Thomas Semmes, "Lines Occasioned by the Anticipated Fall of Constantinople by the Russian," *Poems by a Collegian* (1833), pp. 41ff. Hostile to Russians, "bloody Czar"; no Greek allusions.
- Carlos D. Stuart (1820-62), "Prometheus," *Ianthe and Other Poems* (New York: C. L. Tickney, 1843), pp. 74-80 out of 222.
- Rev. J. W. Curtis, M. A. has lines on Greek liberty in his *Poems* (New York, 1846), writes Leonard, p. 75.
- Frederick William Thomas (1806-66) friend of Poe; lawyer, editor, novelist, preacher has a very Byronic poem, *The Emigrant, or Reflections While Descending the Ohio* (Cincinnati: A. Flash, 1833), 48 pages, XCI ottavas, musings, melancholy, Notes, etc.
- Rev. Carlos Wilcox (1794-1827), entry in *American Authors*, in his *The Religion of Taste* (London: Hamilton & Co., 1832) has many Spenserians on Byron, vague musings etc., like: "All these was Byron, and was doubly these
From his unhallowed genius travelling free ..." (XLIX)
- Horace Greeley (1811-72), "The Death of Pericles", *Occasional Verses* (1838?) long and philhellenic on ancients.
- Edward Conway Jones, A. M. (1820-65), "The Greeks at the Feast," in *Echoes of the Heart. Original Poems* (Philadelphia: King & Baird, 1850). Religious, Greeks wish to see Christ.
- Hiram Kaine, "Fall of Byzantium," *Braddock's Field and Other Original Poems* (Pittsburgh: Hiram Kaine, 1842), pp. 30-33. Twenty-one quatrains.
- Sarah Towne Smith Martyn (1805-79), *Ioni: A Dramatic Sketch* (New York, 1848), 35 pages. Byronic, Athens scene in Roman times.
- Caroline Matilda Thayer, Warren (died 1844) "collected and arranged" *Poems, Moral and Sentimental by Mrs. Harriet Muzzy* (New York, 1821)
- Sarah Allen Nowell, "Stanza to the figure of a Greek woman bending over a dead child," seen on an ancient medal, *Poems* (Boston: A. Tompkins, 1850), p. 19. Christian sentiments.
- Ianthe = Emma Catherine Embury, a Byronic poetess, (c. 1806-63) in *DAB*. contributed to *New York Mirror*, did seven books of poetry

E. A. Poe, "...poetic capacity of no common order."

Mary Aiken, poetess, wife of J. G. Brooks (Florio)
Related American VERSE

John Parker, *The Pilgrimage of Ormond, or Childe Harold in the New World* (1831). Canto I: 111 Spenserians plus a Song in quatrains; Canto II: 121 Spenserians plus "The Wanderer's Song." All Stanzas about American history. In its prefatory Note, Parker speaks of his imitation of Byron. Byronic epigram, "Crede Byron, Lege Ormond."

Henry Stark, "The Turkish Flag Ship," *The Western Souvenir* (1829), 192. Eight octets. For burning; no Greeks mentioned.

Grenville Mellen, "The Cross and Crescent," *The Atlantic Souvenir* (1827), 230-34. Sixteen sestets about the Holy Land.

anonymous, "Stanzas — Byron," *Autumn Leaves: A Collection of Miscellaneous Poems from Various Authors* (New York, 1837), 62-4. Seven octaves; good but no Greek allusions or details.

Anne C. Lynch, "Prometheus," a sonnet, *The Memorial* (1851), 283. Later Mrs. Botta.

J. G. Brooks, "Greece — 1832," *The New York Book of Poetry* (G. Dearborn, 1837), 55-8. Disappointment in 1832. (in my 1973 book)

anonymous, "Byron's Dream," *The Snow Flake* (1846), 33-6. Painting by Harding, many quatrains; could be the work of its editor, T. S. Arthur. A painting by the same title in the Tate Gallery, the work of Charles Lock Eastlake.

anonymous, "Byron at the Age of Nineteen," *The Token*, ed. S. G. Goodrich (1832), 347f, plus picture by Sanders. Could be Goodrich's?

S. "Voice of American Children to the Children of Greece," *The Wreath: A Sunday School Annual*, ed. J. W. B. (New York: Doolittle & Vermilye, 1837), 185. Six quatrains.

Alexander Coffin, "Lord Byron," *Voices from the Press: A Collection of Sketches, Essays, and Poems by Practical Printers*, ed. James J. Brenton (New York: Charles B. Norlon, 1850), 50. Seven hostile quatrains: "His soul is dark as Erebus."

Rev. John Newton Brown, "To the Author of Don Juan" (1821), *Emily, and Other Poems* (Concord: I. S. Boyd, 1840), p. 46. Very hostile.

John Neal (1793-1876) critic, poem on Byron, editor of *The Portico*; frequent contributor to English magazines in the 1820s.

American PROSE

- Louis R. Noble, "Tale of the Greek Revolution," *The Western Souvenir* (1829), 173-91. Anastasius, Demetrius etc.
- Godfrey Wallace, "The Heroine of Suli," *Atlantic Souvenir: Christmas and New Year's Offering* (1828), 253-83. Very long.
- S. G. Howe, "A Modern Greek," *Autumn Leaves ...* (New York, 1837), 336-40.
- G. Cochrane, "The Captive of Tripolitza," *Cabinet of Modern Art* (1852), 109-115. About Karaiskaki mostly.
- Hugh S. Legaré, "The Greek Language," *The Charleston Book* (1845), 290-293. Essay on classical Greek.
- anonymous, "The Massacre of the Greeks at Scio," *The Hyacinth* (1831), 80-84.
- Colonel H. T. ——— y, "Zanteot Lovers," *Leaflets of Memory: An Annual for 1849* (Philadelphia), 291-8 About Gerasimo etc.
- author of "Theresa Contarini," "The Fall of Nicosia — A Dramatic Fragment," *The Magnolia for 1837* (New York), 55-74.
- B. B. Thatcher, "The Fall of Missolonghi," *The Token* (1833), 169-79. Blowing up of the citadel, good!
- anonymous, "Lord Byron," *The Unique* (1829), 32. Biography with Caroline's picture.
- anonymous, "The Grecian Woman," *The Visitor* (1829), 32-4. An island attacked by the Turks.
- anonymous, "Mission School at Athens, Greece," plus "Address of the Sciote Boy," *The Wreath* (1837), 183-90. Story with a picture of school, verse from St. Paul's epistle.
- Margaret Junkin, "The Greek Sailor's Bride," *The Iris: An Illuminated Souvenir*, ed. John S. Hart, D.D. (Philadelphia: Lippincot & Crabo, 1853), 91-101. About Ione, Andrea, an Aegean isle; with two songs inserted, one of four sestets (not on 1821), the other of four long quatrains, a love lyric; both titled "Song."
- T. H., "Greece," *The Pearl: or, Affection's Gift* (Philadelphia: Thomas Ash,

1832), 175. Essay.

American PROSE

- Dr. Bedell, "Claims of the Greeks," *The Philadelphia Book* (1836), 89-91. Very dramatic, about Scio etc.
- J. E. H., "Grecian Customs," *The Philadelphia Souvenir* (1826), 182-99. Essay on ancients.
- Demetrius Stamatiades, "Syra," *The Religious Souvenir for 1839*, Article with photograph, pp. 60-65.
- Miss M. A. Dodd, "The Greek Maiden," *The Rose of Sharon* (Boston, 1842), 119-140. Fiction about early Christians.
- Miss Louisa M. Sheridan, "The Grecian Wife," *The Remember Me* (1852), 171-9. Melancholic fiction.
- James A. Kirkpatrick, "The Greek Lovers," *The Snow Flake* (1849), 247-64. Article on painting by Stone.
- Oliver Bell Bunce (1828-90), *Marco Bozzaris*, a drama (New York, 1850) Bryant's friend, Bunce was an erudite editor and dramatist with successful plays in New York. The drama is in verse.

Biographical Entries

In *The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, Max J. Herxberg, ed. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1962):

Gallagher, Goodrich, Clarke, Stedman, Fairfield, Doane, Halleck, Hoffman, Leggett, Mellen, Moise, Percival, Pinkney, Story, Thomas, Crosby (Van Alstyne), Wallace, Willis, Bunce, Barker, Bryant, Simms, Sigourney, Catharine Maria Sedgwick the 'Maria Edgeworth of America.'

in *American Authors, 1600-1900*, ed. Stanley J. Kunitz & H. Haycraft (New York: The H. W. Wilson Co., 1968), some more entries:

Brooks, Burleigh, Embury, Hewitt, Hoffman, Hooper, Lunt, Martyn, Pierpont, S. E. Apostolides, Henry Ware, C. Wilcox, Catharine Read A. Williams.

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contains

Ebenezer Bailey "The Triumph of Liberty"

vol. III, 308-311.

"And Greece, — the golden clime of light and song,

.....Webster plead!

George Lunt "The Grave of Byron"

25 Spenserians 342-347

vol. II L.H. Sigourney "Missolonghi" 210-212

Katharine A. Ware "Greece" 291-293.

G. W. Doane born 1799

prof. at Washington College. He was Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, too.

The 3 vols. contain A LOT of the poets
whose lyrics I have in Athens

An Address for the Benefit of the Greeks, delivered in Newark, New Jersey,
Jan. ????, 1824. By William W. Miller, Esq. 8?? pp. 28. Newark: W. Tuttle & Co.

reviewed favorably under "Miscellaneous Notices"
in *The North American Review* No XLIII Boston
(April 1824), 411-412, ???-Greek reviewer
Oliver Everett, publisher ίσως ο κριτικός
αναφέρει σφαγή Χίου και βάσανα πολεμιστών.

