

XI.

Methinks from Argos' shore, Mycenæ's strand,
I view th' heroic navy sweep along,
Beneath stern Agamemnon's high command,
To wreak their wrath on Troy for Paris' wrong :
Gilt'ring in arms I see Alpheides stand
Upon the prow, amid a warlike throng,
And with a royal brow where vengeance low'rs
Point with his shining sword to lion's tow'rs.

XII.

Next—the worn chief, in war and council sage,
Steers with white sail from fair Calypso's isle ;
Th' enchantress sees, and cloaking well her rage,
Still woos him back with many a wanton wile.
But all in vain ; his ocean pilgrimage
The chief pursues, nor heeds her harmful guile ;
To his own rocky home I see him wend,
To bid Penelope's long sorrows end.

XIII.

Oh ! blind old Bard !—how sovereign was the spell
Wherewith thy strains entranc'd my bosom young !—
How at thy voice did my wild spirit swell
With glorious dreams, and rove those scenes among,
Gilt by thy muse with light ineffable,
And peopled with a dazzling world of throned
Immortal as the verse in which they live ;—
Mine was a bliss no strains but thine could give.

XIV.

Thy genius, like the clime that gave thee birth,
Resplendent, rich, robed in celestial rays,
Hath more of heav'n than of low-lying earth ;—
A sunlike halo with refulgent beams
Circles thy fame ;—time shall behold no dearth
Of votaries to crown thee with fresh bays—
Undying Homer ! peerless lord of song—
Thine stream but wafts more wide thy praise along.

XV.

From Balearic Isles, that like green gems
Adorn the deep, new deck'd by hand of spring,—
Dorne by the balmy breeze our strong ship stems
The surge, and flies as falcon on the wing.
Fair France—thy pictur'd coast to harbor'd hem
The full-brimmed tide : while like a welcoming
Sardinia sends her wafted fragrance o'er
The purpling sea, and smiles from her far shore.

XVI.

Proud Gulph of Lyons !—loathly do I leave
Thee and thy reminiscences behind ;
But, onward, on the haughty billows heave
Their foamy crests ; while favouring is the wind,
The destin'd port doth now our bark receive.—
O'er Genoa, mid her snow-white walls enshrin'd,
Her lordly palaces, her marble halls
Of princely pomp, the golden day-light falls.

XVII.

Not much is here to bid the traveller stay ;
Yet hath her hist'ry many a stirring tale ;
And names whose glory will not soon decay :—
Columbus,—Doria, who made Venice quail,
Naught mistress of the Seas for many a day—
Made the noon blaze of her renown wax pale ;
Muzzling her Lion's mouth. No more clate,
And Genoa mourns those years in widow'd state.

XVIII.

Isle, where Theocritus sweet sung his lays,
His charming pastorals in Doric strain,—
Trabacria, where wanton nature plays
Her sportive tricks and gambols not in vain ;
On ev'ry side, where'er the trav'ler strays,
Thy plains and valleys team with golden grain,
Vine-yards, and orange-gardens, olive groves,
And chequer'd forests, far as vision roves.

XIX.

Fair Isle—bright Sicily !—haunt of the Muse—
Full many a pleasing tale she tells of thee—
Dion's renown—the seer of Syracuse—
Th' asserter of man's right—sweet liberty ;
Him too he conquer'd—not unskill'd to use
Reverses, with a spirit calm and free—
The philosophic tyrant Dionysius,
Who chang'd for rods his sceptre, wise and specious.

XX.

Scylla still roars, but her sea-dogs are dead ;
Cæarybdis now no more the current sways :
No more with whirling waves, attraction dread,
Its eddying vortex the stout bark betrays,—
No longer Etna thunders overhead ;
But calm in pride the scene superb surveys,
Tow'rs o'er the prospect with parental smile—
The guardian genius of Earth's loveliest Isle.

XXI.

'Tis said, that Plato, in far distant days,
Once sped from Greece to Etna's height supernal,
To see from thence the sun diffuse his rays
At morn—bright image of the King eternal ;—
Now in our times, when steam hath all the praise,
With locomotives, gas, machines infernal—
He would be deem'd a strange, half-witted wight,
Who sped so far to view such glorious sight.

XXII.

Oh !—days poetic !—have ye fled for ever ?
Is man, with all his mind, a mere machine—
His spring the love of wealth—relaxing never,—
To grub for money Wisdom's golden mean ?—
No—there are cords within that naught can sever,
Strung in the soul, that yet shall thrill, I ween ;
And Man, the slave of steam, and shares and stocks,
Shall bless the pow'r, which now he, scornful, mocks.

XXIII.

Steam hath its day and Poesy had hers,—
Mankind have changeful minds—not the mere mass ;
Nature on few the gift of thought confers—
The many-headed monster's still an ass,—
But Man—the noblest one—full often errs,
Still rushing from extremes t' extremes—alas !—
Now for Utilitarianism stern and real
Then catching at a cloud and forms Ideal.

XXIV.

Solomon says on earth there's nothing new ;
What is has been, still changing all around ;—
That once 'twas so, we grant with reverence due,—
But many novelties have moderns found—
Percussion Guns—with rifled cannons true—
Galvanic clocks—air tunnels, that astound—
Professor Brunsen's fell arsenic fume,
That wraps the woes of war in deadlier gloom.