

SELECT VIEWS

IN

GREECE

WITH CLASSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

H. W. WILLIAMS, Esq.

F. R. S. E.

VOLUME SECOND.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN;
AND ADAM BLACK, EDINBURGH.

M.DCCC.XXIX.

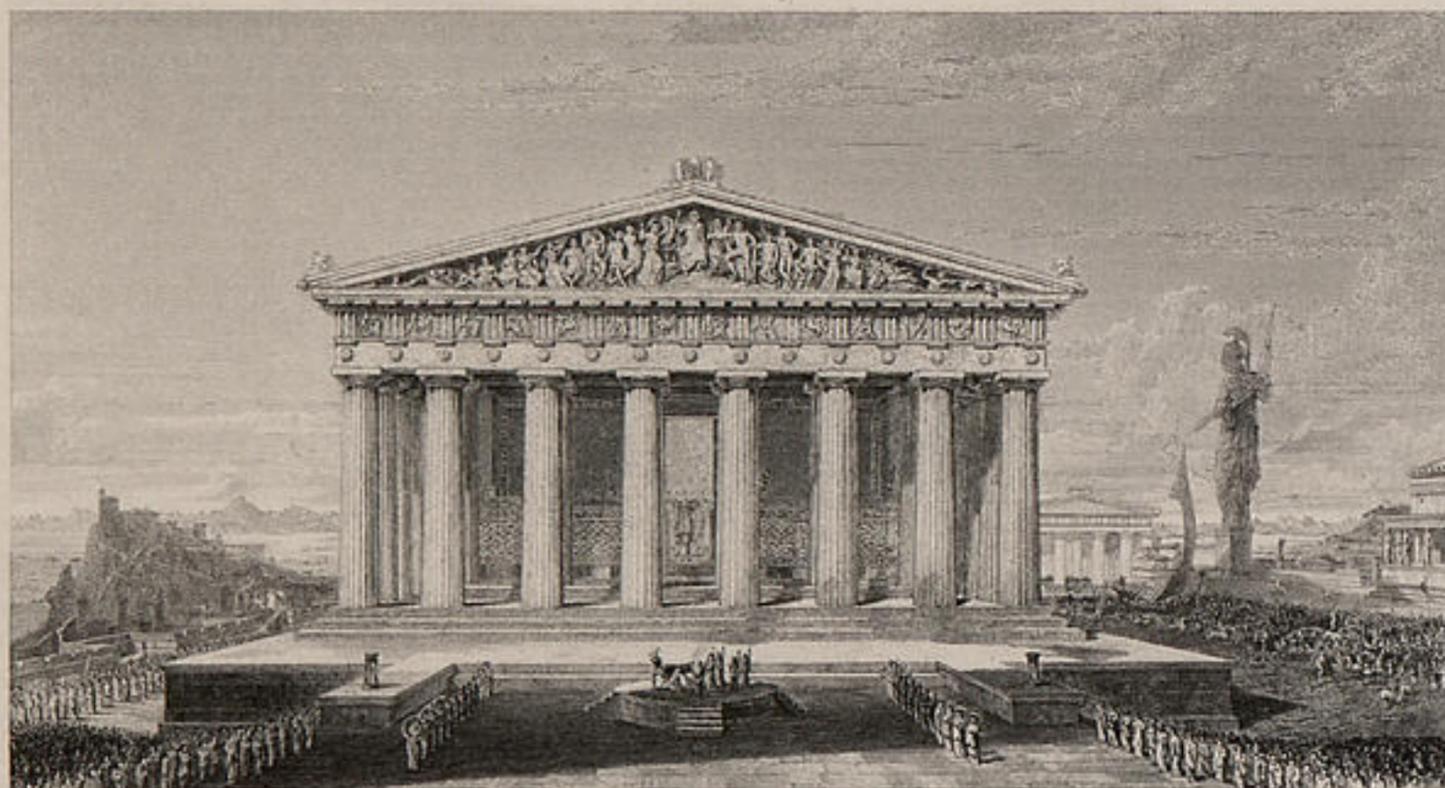
ATHENS RESTORED.

“ Παρθενοι ὀμβροφοροι,
Ἐλθωμεν λιπαραν
Χθονα Παλλαδος, ἐνανδρον γαν
Κεκροπος οψομεναι πολυηρατον,
Ἵου σεβας ἀρρητων ἱερων, ἵνα
Μυστοδοκος δομος
Ἐν τελεταις ἀγίαις ἀναδεικνυται,
Ἵουρανοις τε θεοις δωρηματα,
Ναοι δ' ὑψερεφεις και ἀγαλματα,
Και προσοδοι μακαρων ἱερωταται,
Ἐυστεφανοι τε θεων
Θυσιαι τε, θαλιαι τε
Παντοδαπαισιν εν ὥραις·
Ἵρι τ' ἐπερχομενω Βρομια χαρις,
Ἐυκελαδων τε χορων ερεθισματα,
Και Μουσα βαρυβρομος αυλων.”

ARISTOPH. NUB. 298.

“ Nymphs of the rain!
Let us visit again
The city by Pallas beloved, the home,
The populous home, of choicest delights;
Where for the appointed secret rites,
From year to year the mystic dome
Duly unfolds its hallowed portals;
And gifts are there to the powers divine,
And many a statue and lofty shrine,
And pomps for all the blessed immortals.
Banquet and wreathy sacrifice,
Hallow each season as it flies;
And ever at the voice of spring,
Bacchus his mirthful grace renews;
Sweet choirs in strife melodious sing,
And all the festive echoes ring
With thunders of the scenic muse”

J. P.



Drawn by C.R. Cockerell

Engraved by L. Horsburgh

PARTHENON OF ATHENS,
RESTORED.

PARTHENON OF ATHENS
RESTORED.

“ O LONGUM memoranda dies ! quæ mente reporto
Gaudia ! quam lassos per tot miracula visus !
Urbis opus, longoque domans saxa aspera dorso,
Digna Deæ sedes, nitidis haud sordet ab astris.
Pendent innumeris fastigia nixa columnis ;
Robora Dalmatico lucent satiata metallo ;
Circa artes, veterumque manus, miroque metalla
Viva modo, dignis invitant Pallada templis ;
Si quid Phidiacæ jusserunt vivere doctâ
Arte manus.”

STAT. SYLV.

“ O long remember'd day ! what visions bright
Of beauty flash'd on my astonish'd sight !
Along the mountain crest, a nation's toil
Stretch'd its colossal yet harmonious pile ;
Meet shrine to call a goddess from the sky,
So like divine its grace and majesty !
Lo ! colonnades of endless length uphold
Carv'd architraves, that flame with sculptur'd gold.
Around, the miracles of ancient art
Arrest the eye, entrance the raptur'd heart,—
Forms that in seeming animation stand,
Call'd up from death by Phidias' magic hand.
Come then, O Pallas ! in thy power divine !
Thy Athens calls thee to a worthy shrine !”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams

Engraved by J. Horsburgh

INTERIOR OF THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS,
FROM THE PROPYLEA.

INTERIOR OF THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS,
FROM THE PROPYLEA.

“Phalereus Demetrius Periclem principem Græciæ vituperat, quod tantam pecuniam in præclara illa Propylea conjecerit.”—CICERO DE OFFICIIS, II. 17.

“Phalereus Demetrius severely blames Pericles for having, in the course of his administration, lavished such enormous treasures on the erection of those Propylea, the magnificence of which is so highly celebrated.”—J. P.

“TRITONIDA conspicit arcem,
Ingeniis opibusque et festâ pace virentem,
Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.”
OVID. Met. II. 794.

“Tritonia’s citadel she soon descried,
Adorned by Art with all his various pride.
With peace and splendour Envy saw it crowned,
And wept, for that no cause of tears she found!”
J. P.

“Est et Athenæis in mœnibus, arcis in ipso
Vertice, Palladis ad templum Tritonidis almæ;
Quo nunquam pennis adpellunt corpora raucæ
Cornices; non quum fumant altaria donis.”
LUCRET. VI. 749.

“Within the Athenian walls’ wide-circling sweep,
The guardian fortress crowns a craggy steep.
There on the loftiest peak the columns shine
Of famed Tritonia’s tutelary shrine;
O’er which no raven dares to flap his wings,
Even when the altar smokes with offerings.”
J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by Jas. Stewart.

ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS,
TAKEN NEAR THE PNYX, OR ANCIENT FORUM.

ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS,

TAKEN FROM THE PNYX OR ANCIENT FORUM.

“ ——— Collis ubi ingens
Lis superûm, dubiis donec nova surgeret arbor
Rupibus, et longâ refugum mare frangeret umbrâ.”

STAT.

“ The hill where the immortal rivals strove,
Till sprang the olive on the wond'ring steep,
And stretched its shade victorious o'er the deep.”

J. P.

“ Pnyx erat locus Athenis juxta Acropolin, ædificatus antiquæ simplicitatis ritu, non ad posterioris theatri splendorem.”—POLLUX.

“ The Pnyx was a part of Athens adjoining to the Acropolis, of which the architecture was in the style of antique simplicity, and not according to the ornate fashion of more modern times.”—J. P.

“ Πνύξ τόπος Ἀθήνησι, ἐν ᾗ αἱ ἐκκλησίαι πάλαι μὲν ἔγοντο πᾶσαι.”—HESYCH.

“ The Pnyx was a place in Athens, where all the assemblies of the people used to be held.”—J. P.

“ Δήμος Πνύκτης.”—ARISTOPH. EQUIT.

“ The Pnyx-frequenting populace.”—J. P.

“ Ἐὰν δὲ ἡ πόλις (τινα στεφανοῖ δεῖ ἀνειπεῖν) ἐν Πνυκί, ἐν τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ.”

DEMOSTH.

“ When the city confers a crown on any one, it must be proclaimed in the Pnyx at a full assembly.”—J. P.

“ Here to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.”

MILTON.

“ Blue-eyed ATHENA*! what a dream wert thou!
 Oh! what a glory hovered o'er thy shrine—
 Thy hill—where darker error nestles now!
 Yet art thou hallowed—though no more divine!
 The worship of all noblest hearts is thine,
 Tho' the dull Moslem haunts the sacred earth
 Where sprung the olive o'er its bower of vine,
 And watched above thine own Cecropia's birth.—
 Truth, that should chase such dreams, were surely little worth!

“ For oh! thou art the very purest thought
 That fable e'er conceived!—and, on thy hill,
 Thine own blue hill,—where time and Turk have wrought,
 In vain to break the charm that lingers still,—
 The heart that owns a better faith, may kneel,
 Nor wrong his creed, while bending o'er the sod
 Where gods—and men like gods in act and will—
 Are made immortal, by the wizard rod
 Of him whose every thought aspired to be a god†!

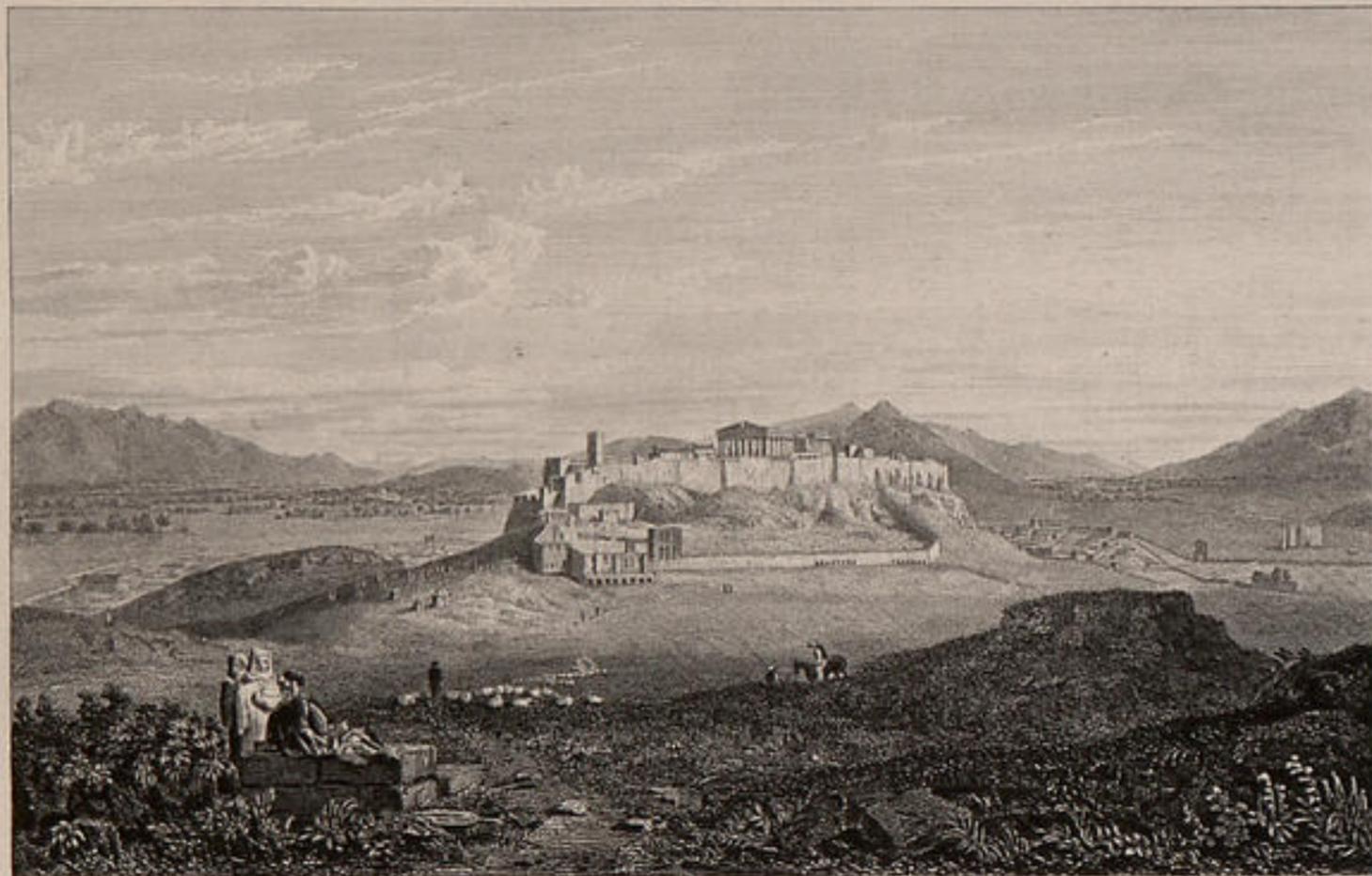
“ Mount of the free—Olympus of the earth!
 Fair as a temple—lonely as a tomb!
 Shall the dark robber rear his household hearth
 Where fabled gods contended for a home—
 Those bright abstractions of a truth to come?
 No—by the gift Trœzene's monarch gave ‡!
 No—by thy withered olive's early bloom!—
 The sea-god's offering calls upon thy brave,
 Mount, and replant the tree—upon the Moslem's grave!”

T. K. HERVEY.

* Minerva.

† Phidias,—the noblest of whose works adorn the citadel.

‡ “ King of Trœzene ” was a title given to Neptune, by Jupiter. His gift to the Athenians was a horse, as the symbol of war.



Drawn by H.W. Williams

Engraved by I. Horaburgh

ATHENS,
FROM THE HILL OF THE MUSEUM.

ATHENS,

FROM THE HILL OF THE MUSEUM.

“—— On the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
ATHENS, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence; native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream.”

MILTON'S PAR. REG. IV. 238.

“Ancient of days! august ATHENA! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering thro' the dream of things that were.
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower
Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.”
CHILDE HAROLD, Canto II.



H.W. Williams, del.

Engraved by Jas^d Stewart.

TEMPLE OF THESEUS, ATHENS.

Published by Longman, Rees & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1826.

Printed by M. Quinn.

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS,

AT ATHENS.

“ Πρὸς δὲ τῷ γυμνασίῳ Θησέως ἐστὶν ἱερόν· γραφαὶ δὲ εἰσι πρὸς Ἀμαζόνας Ἀθηναῖοι μαχόμενοι· γέγραπται δὲ καὶ ἡ Κεντάυρων καὶ ἡ Λαπιθῶν μάχη· Θησεύς μὲν οὖν ἀπεκτονῶς ἐστὶν ἤδη Κεντάυρον τοῖς δὲ ἄλλοις ἐξ ἴσου καθέστηκεν ἔτι ἡ μάχη· ὁ μὲν δὲ Θησέως σηκὸς Ἀθηναίοις ἐγένετο ὑστερον ἢ Μῆδοι Μαραθῶνα ἔσχον, Κρίωνος τοῦ Μιλτιάδου Σκυρίους ποιήσαντος ἀναστάτους, δίκην δὲ τοῦ Θησέως θανάτου καὶ τὰ ὀστᾶ κομίσαντος ἐς Ἀθήνας.”——PAUSAN. I. 18.

“Near the Gymnasium is the temple of Theseus, which contains a representation of the war carried on by the Athenians against the Amazons, and likewise of the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. Theseus has already slain a Centaur, while, with regard to the other combatants, the contest still remains undecided. This temple was built by the Athenians, after the occupation of Marathon by the Medes, when Cimon, the son of Miltiades, having subdued the Scyrians, took severe revenge on them for the slaughter of Theseus, and transferred his bones to Athens.”——J. P.

“Nullus Erechthidis fertur celebratior illo
Illuxisse dies. Agitant convivium patres
Et medium vulgus. Necnon et carmina, vino
Ingenium faciente, canunt tibi, maxime Theseu,
Consonat adsensu populi, precibusque faventium
Regia; nec totâ tristis locus ullus in urbe est.”

OVID. MET. VII.

“O! ne'er with deeper joy did Athens burn,
Than, Theseus, when she hailed thy proud return,
Laden with triumphs. People, princes, all,
With wine and song held common festival;
With prayers the palace rang, and loud acclaim,
And sadness fled the streets before thy name.”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by W. Miller

PLAIN OF ORCHOMENOS FROM LIVADIA.

Published by Longman, Rees, & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1829.

CITY AND CASTLE OF LIVADIA.

THE ANCIENT LEBADEA, IN BŒOTIA,

LOOKING TOWARDS THE PLAIN OF ORCHOMENOS, LAKE COPAIS, AND
MOUNTAINS OF EUBŒA.

“The city of Lebadea lies adjacent to the territory of the Orchomenians, and consists of two distinct towns, one upon the hill, and the other on the plain. The former constituted the original city, and was at first called Midea, after the mother of Aspledon.”—PAUSAN. IX.

“Aptior armentis Midee, pecorosaque Phillos.”

STAT. THEB. IV.

“Et valles Lebadea tuas, et Hyampolin acri
Submissam scopulo.”

ID. VII.

Midea in herds, and Phillos rich in flocks,
The Lebadean vales, and rugged rocks
That shade Hyampolis.

J. P.

“Ουδ' ὅσ' ἔς Ὀρχομενὸν ποτινίσσεται.

HOMER. ILIAD. IX.

“Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town.”

POPE.

“Οἱ τ' Ἀσπληδόνα ναῖον, ἰδ' Ὀρχομενὸν Μινύειον.

HOMER. ILIAD. II.

“To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.”

POPE.



Drawn by H. W. Williams.

Engraved by W. Miller.

PROMONTORY OF SUNIUM.
FROM THE SEA.

Published by Leneman, Ross, & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1828.

Printed by R. D. Green

PROMONTORY OF SUNIUM,
FROM THE SEA.

“ Ἄλλ' ὅτε Σουνιον ἱρὸν ἀφικόμεθ' ἄκρον Ἀθηνῶν.

HOMER. ODYSS. III.

“ At length to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame.”

POPE.

“ Τὸν αὐτοῦ γε νεῶν βάλλει, καὶ Σούνιον, ἄκρον Ἀθηνῶν
Καὶ τὰς δρῦς τὰς μεγάλας.”

ARISTOPH. NUB.

“ Jove aims his thunder at the high, nor spares
His own proud fane, nor Sunium's beacon-cliff,
Bulwark of Athens, nor the mighty oaks.”

J. P.

“ Fair clime ! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the western wave.”

BYRON'S GIAOUR.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh.

MOUNTAINS OF EPIRUS,
AS SEEN FROM SEA NEARLY OPPOSITE TO PARGA.

THE MOUNTAINS OF EPIRUS,

SEEN FROM ON BOARD OF SHIP.

“Portubus exierant, et moverat aura rudentes,
Obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos,
Cornuaque in summâ locat arbore, totaque malo
Carbasa deducit, venientesque excipit auras.”

Ov. MET. XI. 474.

“The canvas stretched its snowy bosom wide,
The oar in rest hung by the vessel's side,
Each lofty mast was crowned, and gentle gales,
Singing amid the cordage, filled the sails.”

J. P.

“Certatam lite Deorum
Ambraciam versique vident sub imagine saxum
Judicis, Actiaco quæ nunc ab Apolline nota est;
Vocalemque suâ terram Dodonida quercu,
Chaoniosque sinus.”

Ov. MET. XIII. 711.

“They pass Ambracia's shore, whose olden name
Now wanes before Phœbean Actium's fame;
There erst in strife immortal rivals met,
Transformed to stone there stands the umpire yet;
Afar Dodona's vocal oaks are seen,
And old Chaonia's laps of softest green.”

J. P.

“ Ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦλθες πρὸς Μολοσσὰ δάπεδα,
 Τὴν αἰπύνωτόν τ' ἀμφὶ Δωδώνην, ἵνα
 Μαντεῖα ἄκος τ' ἐστὶ Θεσπρωτοῦ Διὸς,
 Τέρας τ' ἄπιστον, αἰ προσήγοροι δρῦες.”

ÆSCHYL. PROM. VINCT.

“ Then shalt thou wander in thy devious track,
 Where old Dodona rears her ridgy back;
 And with oracular power, all-present Jove
 Inspires the mystic grot, and vocal grove.”

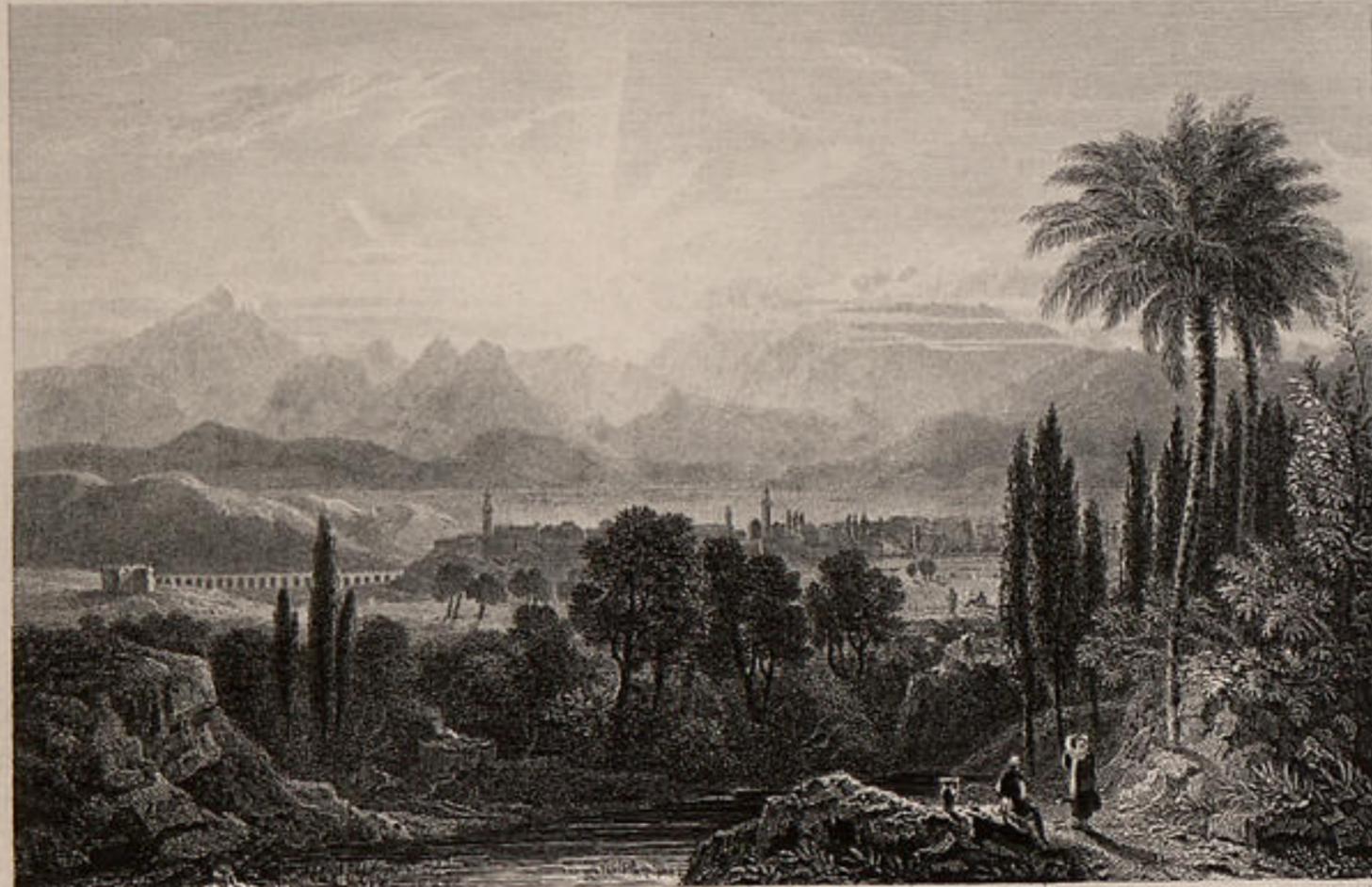
J. P.

“ Linqere tum portas jubeo, et considerare transtris,
 Certatim socii feriunt mare, et æquora verrunt.
 Effugimus scopulos Ithacæ, Laertia regna,
 Et terram altricem sævi exsecramur Ulixei ;
 Mox et Leucatæ nimbosa cacumina montis,
 Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.
 Litoraue Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
 Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.”

VIRG. ÆN. III.

“ And now the rowers, summoned from the shore,
 Line all the deck, and ply the flashing oar ;
 We pass the kingdom of the prince of guile,
 With rapid keel, and curse Ulysses' isle ;
 Soon we discern Leucate's cloud-capt head,
 And dire Apollo's rock, the sailor's dread ;
 Then hail the Epirot shore, and, gliding past,
 Rest in the hoped Chaonian port at last.”

J. P.



Drawn by H. W. Williams.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh.

THEBES IN BCEOIA.

THEBES, IN BŒOTIA.

“————— *QUIS* satis Thebas fleat?
Ferax Deorum tellus, quem dominum tremit?
E cujus arvis, eque fœcundo sinu
Stricto juvenus orta cum ferro stetit;
Cujusque muros natus Amphion Jove
Struxit canoro saxa modulatu trahens;
In cujus urbem non semel Divôm pater
Cælo relicto, venit; hæc quæ cælites
Recepit, et quæ fecit, et (fas sit loqui)
Fortasse faciet, sordido premitur jugo.
Cadmea proles, civis atque Ophionis,
Quo decidistis? tremitis ignavum exsulem
Suis carentem finibus, nostris gravem;
Qui scelera terrâ, quique persequitur mari,
Tenetque Thebas exul Herculeas Lycus.”—SENECA:

“THEBES! who shall weep aright for thee,
No more the valiant and the free?
Thou cradle-land of many a god,
Stoop'st thou beneath a tyrant's rod?
She,—from whose fields together rose,
The sworded bands of spell-born foes,—
Whose walls to rear, Amphion's tones
Led, as in dance, the charmed stones;—
For whom so oft eternal Jove
Hath left his radiant seats above:—
To whom in former years was giv'n,
To shrine her favourites in heav'n;
Who, haply, gods will yet create,—
She bows beneath the cankering weight
Of iron bondage and disgrace.
How are ye fallen, Cadmean race!
Shall a proud outcast vilely spurn
Your freedom's rights, ye dragon-born?
Shall he usurp your country's throne,
A sordid exile from his own?
Whose crimes affront the land and main,
Shall he Herculean Thebes profane?”—J. P.



H.W. Williams del. from a Drawing by C.R. Cochrane Esq.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh.

MISTRA,
THE ANCIENT SPARTA.

MISITRA, THE ANCIENT SPARTA.

“ RURA mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius. O ubi campi,
Spercheosque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta! O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!”

VIRGIL. GEORG.

“ Be mine to love the fields, the woods, the rills,
And rushing floods, that shine among the hills!
Unknown by fame, my tranquil years to spend,
Where plains in wide luxuriant pomp extend;
Roam where Spercheos winds his wizard stream,
And in the shadowy vales of Hæmus dream;
Or thine, Taygetus, where, on the days
Of festal joy, the Spartan virgin strays!
There let me rest, deep in some glimmering glade,
Beneath a boundless canopy of shade!”

J. P.

“ Taygetique phalanx, et oliviferi Eurotæ
Dura manus. Deus ipse viros in pulvere crudo
Arcas alit, nudæque modos virtutis, et iras
Ingenerat: vigor inde animis, et mortis honoræ
Dulce sacrum; gaudent natorum in fata parentes
Hortanturque mori; deflet jamque omnis ephebum
Turba, coronato contenta est funere mater.”

STAT. THEB.

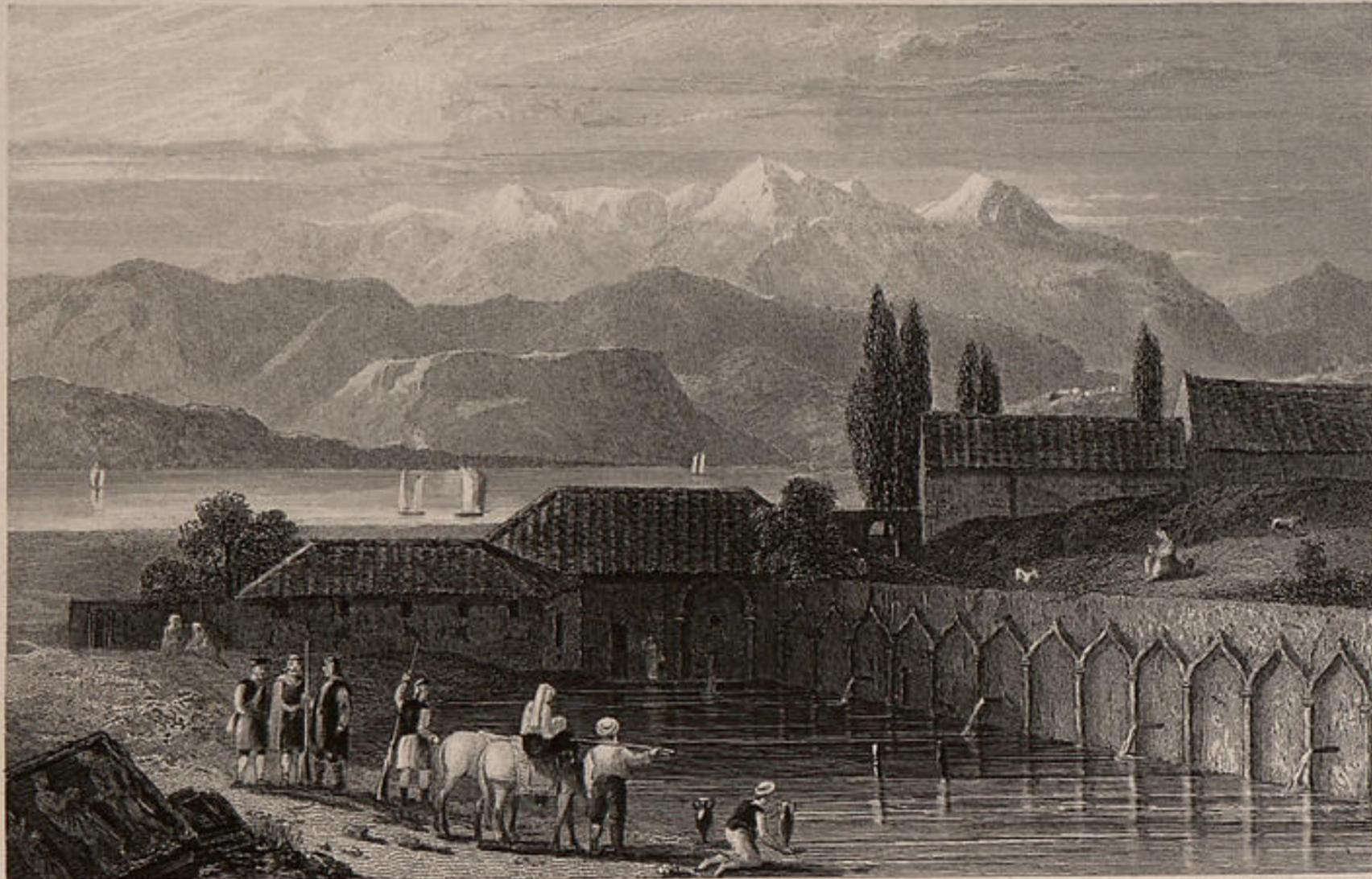
“ Next of Taygetus the warrior ranks
Advance, from olive-crowned Eurotas' banks,
Where, nursed to valour by the Arcadian god,
A hardy people have their proud abode,
And daily draw, from use of martial arts,
Strength to their arms, and courage to their hearts.

Sires lead their children to the battle-plain,
 And bid them earn the honours of the slain ;
 They, at the word, to arms exulting fly,
 As t'were a sweet and sacred thing to die.
 And even the mother, while the youthful dead
 Is wept by thousands, proudly lifts her head,
 And, (for he lies upon a laurelled bier),
 Beholds his gory corse without a tear !”

J. P.

“ ————On Morea's land,
 Fair Misitra ! thy modern turrets stand.
 Ah ! who, unmoved with secret woe, can tell,
 That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell ?
 Here once she flourished, at whose trumpet sound
 War burst his chains, and nations shook around !
 Here brave Leonidas, from shore to shore,
 Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar !
 He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
 Advanced with Persia's sumless troops to war,
 Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
 And Greece dismayed beheld the chief draw near,
 He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
 His force repelled, with Sparta's glorious train ;
 Tall Æta saw the tyrant's conquered bands
 In gasping myriads bleed on hostile lands.
 Thus vanquished Asia trembling heard thy name,
 And Thebes and Athens sickened at thy fame.”

FALCONER'S SHIPWRECK.



Drawn by H. W. Williams.

Engraved by Jas. Stewart.

FOUNTAIN AT VOSTIZZA.

THE ANCIENT AEGIUM.

Published by Longman, Rees, & Co. London; and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1827.

Printed by M. Deane.

FOUNTAIN AT VOSTIZZA,

THE ANCIENT ÆGIUM.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE CRISSEAN SEA, AND MOUNTAINS
OF PHOCIS.

“ Est nitidus, vitreoque magis perlucidus amni
Fons sacer, hunc multi numen habere putant ;
Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus ; tenero cespite terra viret.
Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus,
Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.”

OVID. EP. XV.

“ There springs a fount, more pure than crystal stream,
The haunt of gods, as neighbouring rustics deem ;
Itself a grove, the lotos blooming round,
Shades with o'er-arching leaf the emerald ground ;
On that green couch my weary limbs I threw,
When, lo! a Naiad stood before my view.”

J. P.

“ Separat Aonios Actæis Phocis ab arvis
Terra ferax.
Corycidas nymphas, et numina montis adorant,
Fatidicamque Themis, quæ tunc oracla tenebat.”

OVID. MET. I.

“ Between the Actæan and Aonian plain—
Fair region! Phocis rears her mountain-chain ;
They, landed there, Corycian nymphs adore,
And mountain-gods that haunt the summits hoar,
And Themis, uttering thence her dim prophetic lore.”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams

Engraved by J. Stewart.

ATHENS.
FROM THE EAST.

ATHENS,
FROM THE EAST.

“GREAT source of science! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame;
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
The first in Virtue’s cause his life resigned,
By heaven pronounced the wisest of mankind;
The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
The soul’s fine essence never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That fled Pisistratus’ vindictive rage.
Just Aristides here maintain’d the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon’s laws.
Of all her towering structures, now alone,
Some scattered columns stand, with weeds o’ergrown!”

FALCONER.

“————— Oh! who can look along thy native sea
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate’er the tale,
So much its magic must o’er all prevail?
Who that beheld that sun upon thee set,
Fair ATHENS! could thine evening face forget?”

BYRON’S CORSAIR, III. 1223.

“————— πόλιν
Τὰν καὶ Ζεὺς ὁ παγκρατῆς
Παλλὰς τε φρουριον θεῶν νεμει
Ρυσίβωμον Ἑλλα-
νων ἄγαλμα δαιμόνων.”

ÆSCHYL. EUMENID.

“The city where almighty Jove
And Pallas hold their seat divine;
Her all the gods of Hellas love,
Protectress of each hallowed shrine;
Which her own hands have taught to rise,
And be the pride of deities!”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by W^m Forrest.

ARGOS.

Published by Longman, Rees, & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1829.

Printed by M. Lucas.

ARGOS.

AN ancient city, capital of Argolis in Peloponnesus, about two miles from the sea, on the bay called Argolicus Sinus. Juno was the chief deity of the place. The kingdom of Argos was founded by Inachus 1856 years before the Christian era, and after it had flourished for about 550 years, it was united to the crown of Mycenæ. Argos was built, according to Euripides, Iphig. in Aulid. v. 152, 534, by seven Cyclops who came from Syria. These Cyclops were not Vulcan's workmen. The nine first kings of Argos were called Inachides, in honour of the founder. Their names were Inachus, Phoroneus, Apis, Argus, Chryasus, Phorbas, Triopas, Stelonus, and Gelanor. Gelanor gave a kind reception to Danaus, who drove him from his kingdom in return for his hospitality. The descendants of Danaus were called Belides. Agamemnon was king of Argos during the Trojan war; and 80 years after, the Heraclidæ seized the Peloponnesus, and deposed the monarchs. The inhabitants of Argos were called Argivi and Argolici; and this name has been often applied to all the Greeks without distinction.

“Το γὰρ παλαιὸν Ἀργὸς, οὐ ποθεῖς, τοῦδε,
τῆς οἰστροπληγῆς ἄλσος Ἰναχοῦ κόρης.
Ἄυτη δ' Ὀρεστα, τοῦ λυκοκτονοῦ Θεοῦ
Ἄγορα Λυκεῖος οὐξ ἀριστερὰς ὀὐδὲ
Ἦρας ὁ κλεινὸς ναὸς οἱ δ' ἰκανομέν,
Φασκεῖν Μυκηνας τὰς πολυχρυσοὺς ὄραν
Πολυφθορον τε δῶμα Πελοπίδων τοῦδε.”

SOPHOCL. ELECTR. 4.

“Lo! this is ancient Argos—this the city
Which thou hast sought so long; the wooded haunt
Of Inachus' sad daughter, whence she fled
Chased by the avenging gad-fly. This, Orestes,
This is the street of the Lycean god,
The wolf-destroyer. There upon the left
Is Juno's famous temple. Where we stand
Thou mayest behold Mycenæ's palaces,
Splendid with gold. It is indeed the home
Of the dark-destined Pelopidæ.”

J. P.



Engraved by W.H. Lizars.

MOUNT OLYMPUS.

Published by Longman, Ross, & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1827.

Printed by M. Deane.

MOUNT OLYMPUS.

“Οὐλυμπόν, δ’ ὅθι φασὶ θεῶν ἕδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ
Ἔμμεναι, ὅντ’ ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται, ὅντε πότ’ ὄμβρῳ
Δεύεται, ὅντε χίῳ ἐπιπίλναται, ἀλλὰ μάλ’ αἴθρη
Πέπταται ἀννεφελος, λευκὴ δ’ ἐπιδέδρομεν αἴγλη.”

HOMER. ODYSSEY. VI.

“On old Olympus’ top, the deathless gods
(So sings tradition) hold their blest abodes;
Unshaken by the blast its deep repose,
Unharm’d by drenching rains or sprinkled snows,
It stands for aye with cloudless ether crown’d,
And with white-glancing sunlight girdled round.”

J. P.

“Πολυδείρας, ἀγάννιφος, εἰνοσιφύλλος Ὀλυμπος.”

HOMER. ILIAD.

“Olympus many-forked, snow-diademed, begirt
With billowy foliage.”—J. P.

“Ut altus Olympi
Vertex, qui spatio ventos hyemesque relinquit,
Perpetuum nullâ temeratus nube serenum,
Celsior exurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitrua calcat;
Sic patiens animus, per tanta negotia liber
Emergit similisque sui, justique tenorem
Flectere non odium cogit, non gratia suadet.”

CLAUDIAN. DE THEOD. CONSUL.

“Even as Olympus, with his summit shrin’d
In the blue ether, leaves the blast behind;
Majestically calm, his awful form
He lifts above the rains; he hears the storm
Beneath his feet rave impotently loud,
And tramples on the muttering thunder-cloud;
So, mid the storms of life that compass thee,
Thy godlike mind, magnanimous and free,
Emerging tranquil, holds its high career,
By favour unseduced, unterrified by fear.”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh.

MOUNT HELICON.

Published by Longman, Rees, & Co. London; and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1827.

Printed by R. Smeath.

MOUNT HELICON,

TAKEN NEAR THE ACROPOLIS OF DAULIS, IN PHOCIS.

“ Nuntia votorum celeri jam fama volatu
Moverat Aoniis audito consule lucos ;
Concinuit felix Helicon, fluxitque Aganippe
Largior, et docti riserunt floribus amnes.”

CLAUDIAN. DE THEOD. CONS.

“ Swift through Aonian groves the tidings rang,
And Helicon with all his voices sang ;
Blest Aganippe rolled a fuller tide,
And brighter flowerets laughed along its side.”

J. P.

“ ———Cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago,
Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris.”

HORAT. OD. III. 12.

“ Whose honoured name does Clio order
Sweet Echo's voice to swell,
From out her airy cell,
On Helicon's umbrageous border ?”

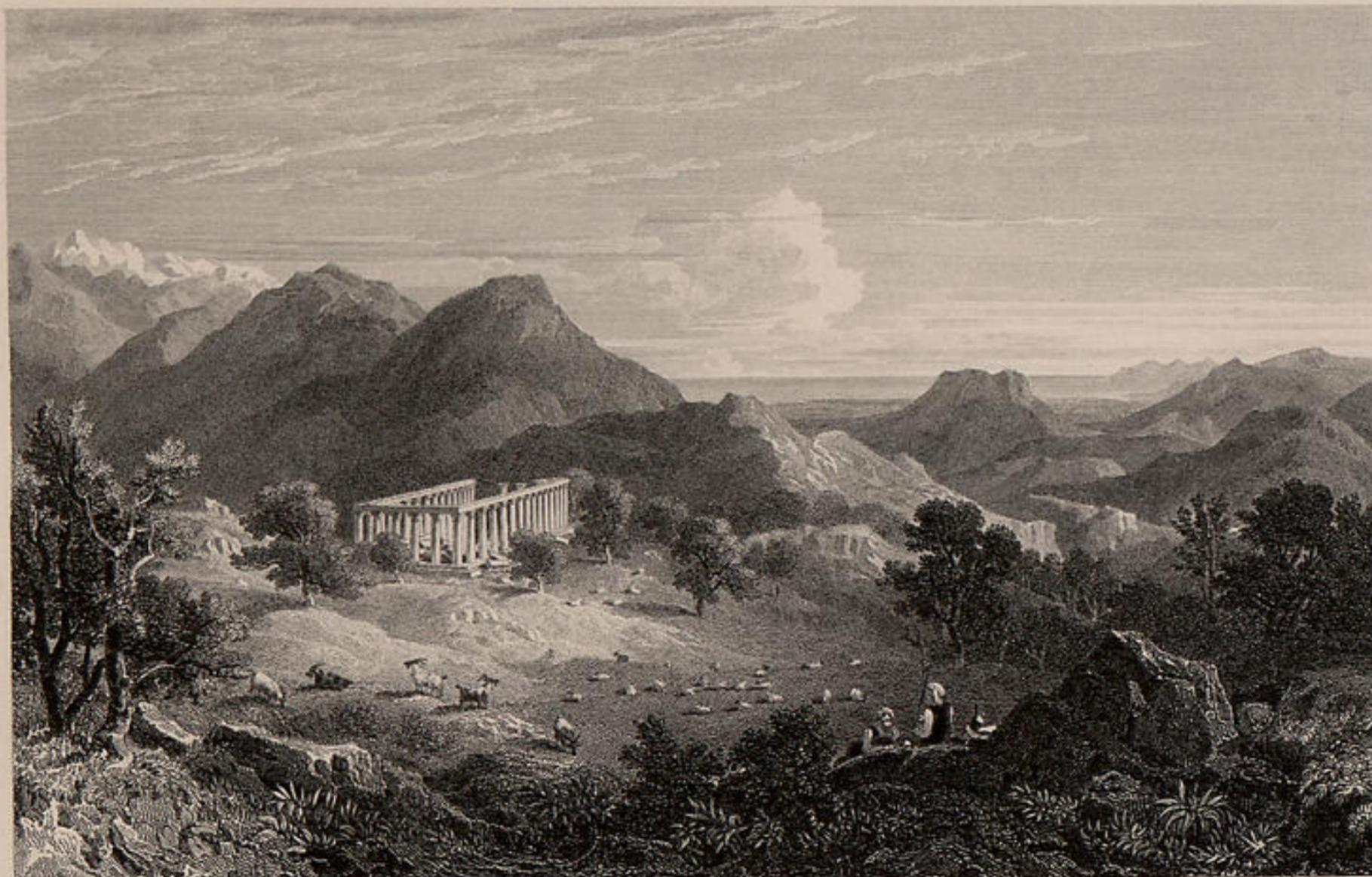
J. P.

“ Sola virum non ultra piè mæstissima mater
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Itym.”

OVID. EP. XV.

“ Yet mindful of her murdered son,
Her dire revenge, her cruel wrong,
The Daulian bird, unseen, alone,
Sad mother ! pours her soul in song !”

J. P.



H.W. Williams del. from a Sketch by C.R. Cockerell, Esq.

Engraved by T. Horsburgh.

TEMPLE OF APOLLO EPICURIUS, ARCADIA.

Published by Longman, Rees, & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1827.

Printed by W. Lacey.

TEMPLE OF APOLLO EPICURIUS,

ON MOUNT COTYLION IN ARCADIA.

“UPON the mountain Coty lion, there is a place called Bassai, with the Temple of Apollo Epicurius, the roof of which is of marble. This Temple is more admired than any in the Peloponnesus, after that at Tegea, both on account of the beauty of its stone, and the harmony of its structure. The name of Epicurius, or the Helper, was given to Apollo on account of the aid which he afforded to the inhabitants in a pestilential malady. Ictinus, who lived in the time of Pericles, and built the Parthenon, was the architect of this temple.”—PAUSAN. VIII. 41.

“Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignemque pharetrâ
Fraternaue humerum lyrâ.
Hic bellum lacrumosum et miseram famem
Pestemque a populo—
Vestrâ motus aget prece.”

HOR. OD. I. 21.

“Extol Apollo’s vale for ever;
The island of his birth divine;
The shoulder where his own bright quiver
And brother’s lyre united shine!
Extol the guardian-god who, moved
By youthful prayers, hath driven afar—
Far from the people that he loved—
Black plague, keen famine, tearful war!

J. P.

“Huic parere dati, quos fertilis Amphigeneia
Planaue Messene, montanaue nutrit Ithome.”

STAT. THEB. IV.

“Beneath the banners of his high command
Marched rich Amphigeneia’s warrior band,
With those who reaped Messene’s fruitful plain,
And whom Ithome* nursed amidst her mountain-reign.”

J. P.

* The flat-topped mountain seen in the view.



H.W. Williams, del.

Engraved by W. Forrest.

ON THE GULF OF CORINTH.

Published by Longman, Rees & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1826.

Printed by M. P. ...

VIEW

LOOKING TOWARDS THE GULF OF CORINTH,

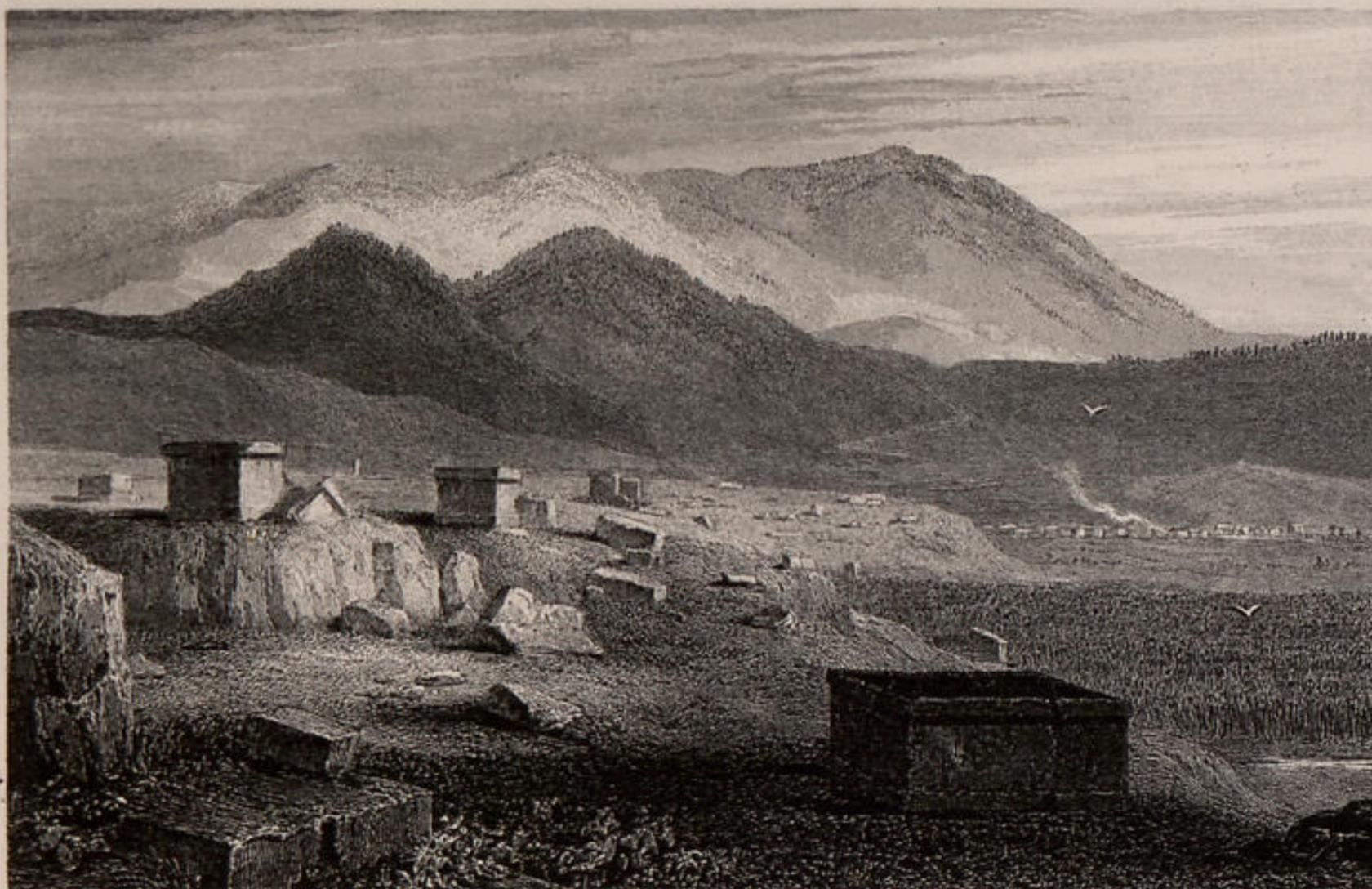
A SHORT DISTANCE FROM SICYON, THE MOST ANCIENT KINGDOM IN GREECE.

“ Ionium tegitur velis, ventique laborant
Tot curvare sinus; servaturasque Corinthum
Prosequitur facili Neptunus gurgite classes;
Et puer, Isthmiaci jampridem littoris exsul,
Securâ repetit portus cum matre Palæmon.”

CLAUDIAN. IV. CONS. HONOR.

“ Far gleams the Ionian with a thousand sails,
To fill whose bosoms pant the labouring gales;
Fleets that to Corinth's aid triumphant ride,
Followed by Neptune with a gentle tide;
Again Palæmon safely, as before,
And Ino sport along the Isthmian shore.”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by Jas. Stewart.

MOUNT CATHLAMON.
FROM THE TOMBS OF PLATEA.

Published by Longman, Rees & Co. London and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1827.

Printed by M. Lewis.

MOUNT CITHÆRON,

NEAR THE CITY OF THEBES, IN BŒOTIA.

“ On such an eve his palest beam he cast,
When, Athens, here thy wisest looked his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered sage’s latest day !
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain’s once delightful dyes :
Gloom o’er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frowned before ;
But ere he sank below Cithæron’s head,
The cup of woe was quaffed, the spirit fled ;
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.”

BYRON’S CORSAIR, III.

“ On dim Cithæron’s ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears.”

BYRON’S SIEGE OF CORINTH.

“ —Qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyias, ubi audito stimulant triterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithæron.”

VIRG. ÆN. IV.

“ As when the vintage god’s enthusiast call
Rouses to frenzy each bold Bacchanal,
Tumultuous orgies wake the midnight sky,
And all Cithæron’s echoes shout reply.”

J. P.



H.W. Williams, del.

Engraved by W. Forrest.

CHEERONEA.

Published by Longman, Rees & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1826.

Printed by M. Dawson.



CHÆRONEA.

“Λεβαδέων δὲ ἔχονται Χαιρωνεῖς· ἐκαλεῖτο δὲ ἡ πόλις τούτοις Ἄρνη τὸ ἀρχαῖον. Χαιρωνεῦσι δὲ ἐστὶν δύο ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ τρόπαια, ἃ Ρωμαῖοι καὶ Σύλλας ἔστησαν, Τάξιλον καὶ στρατιὰν τὴν Μιθριδάτου κρατήσαντες· Φίλιππος δὲ οὐκ ἀνέθηκεν ὁ Ἀμύντων τρόπαιον· οὐ γάρ τι Μακεδόσιν ἰστάναι τρόπαια ἦν νενομισμένον.”

PAUSAN. IX. 40.

“Adjacent to the Lebadeans lie the Chæroneans, whose capital was originally called Arne. In their territory are two trophies erected by Sylla and the Romans after the defeat of Taxilus and the army of Mithridates. No trophy was erected here by Philip the son of Amyntas, for it never was the practice of the Macedonians to erect such monuments of their victories.”—J. P.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

Ἐπι τοῖς Ἀθηναίοις ἐν Χαιρωνείᾳ πεσοῦσι.

“Οἶδε πάτρας ἔνεκα σφετέρας, εἰς δῆριν ἔθεντο
Ἵπλα, καὶ ἀντιπάλων ὕβριν ἀπεσκέδασαν.
Μαρνάμενοι δ' ἀρετῆς καὶ δείματος οὐκ ἐσάωσαν
Ψυχὰς, ἀλλ' αἰδὴν κοινὸν ἔθεντο βράβην,
“Οὐνεκεν Ἑλλήνων, ὡς μὴ ζυγὸν ἀνχένη θέντες,
Δουλοσύνης στυγεράν ἀμφὶς ἔχωσιν ὕβριν.
Γαῖα δὲ πατρίς ἔχει κόλποις τῶν πλεῖστα καμόντων
Σώματ', ἐπεὶ θνητοῖς ἐκ Διὸς ἠδὲ κρίσις.
Μηδὲν ἀμαρτεῖν ἐστὶ θεῶν, καὶ πάντα κατορθοῦν,
Ἐν βιοτῇ μοῖραν δ' οὐτι φυγεῖν ἔπορεν.”

DEMOSTH. DE CORON.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΗ

ON THE ATHENIANS WHO FELL AT CHÆRONEA.

“They girt their harness at their country's call
Upon their valiant breasts; and when the foe
Of freedom triumphed, they received the blow,

But spurned away the shame ; for so to fall
Was prouder victory, higher joy than all
That life prolonged in bondage could bestow !
The grave was their reward ; though dark and low
They sleep, they share not in their country's thrall ;
Their country, whose maternal arms enfold
The urns, and guard the consecrated mould,
Of those that in her ranks so proudly fell ;
So heaven hath willed, and heaven wills all things well.
Jove's dread decree its even course must hold,
Nor may a mortal man the stroke of fate repel."

J. P.



H.W. Williams del^t

Engraved by Jas^t Stewart.

MOUNTAIN OF SOPRA CANINA, GULF OF AVLONA.

Published by Longman, Rees & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1826.

Printed by W. Law

MOUNTAIN OF THE SOPRA CANINA,
GULF OF AVLONA, ANCIENT CHAONIA.

“ Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania’s hills,
Dark Sulli’s rocks, and Pindus’ inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise, and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer ;
Here roams the wolf, the vulture whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.”

BYRON’S CHILDE HAROLD.

“ Urbis conspectum montana cacumina velant
Tranquillo prætenta mari. Ducentia portum
Cornua pacatas removent Aquilonibus undas ;
Hic exarmatum terris cingentibus æquor
Clauditur, et placidam discit servare quietem.”

CLAUDIAN. EPIG. LXXXV.

“ There lies a city, nestled ’neath the steep
Of giant hills, that line the tranquil deep ;
Projecting thence, her arms the land extends,
And from the blast a lovely bay defends ;
So, safe in that embrace, the Ocean’s breast
Sleeps, like a lake’s, in deep unbroken rest.”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by W. Miller.

MOUNT OLENO,
PELOPONNESUS.

MOUNT OLENO,—PELOPONNESUS.

“ Τόφρα γὰρ οὖν ἐπόμισθα δι’ ἀσπίδιος πεδίοιο,
Κτείνοντίς τ’ αὐτούς, ἀνὰ τ’ ἔντια καλὰ λέγοντες,
Ὅφρ’ ἐπὶ Βουπρασίου πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ἵππους,
Πέτρης τ’ Ὀληνίης.”

HOMER. ILIAD. XI.

“ So, slaying still, and spoiling still the slain,
In hot pursuit we swept along the plain,
Until our panting coursers, worn and spent,
Paused at the Olenian mountain’s steep ascent.”

J. P.

“ Quod petis Oleniis, inquam, mihi missus ab arvis
Flos dabit, est hortis unicus ille meis.”

OVID. FAST. V.

“ Afar in the Olenian fields,
Unrivalled in its worth and power
By all the herbs my garden yields,
There grows a strange and mystic flower.”

J. P.

“ Nascitur Oleniæ sidus pluviale Capellæ,
Illa dati cœlum præmia lactis habet.”

OVID. FAST. V.

“ The Olenian goat, that for her udders given
To infant Jove, now shines a star in heaven.”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by F.R. Hay.

THEATRE OF ATTICUS HERODES,
ATHENS.

ODEUM,

OR THE THEATRE OF ATTICUS HERODES, ATHENS.

THIS fabric was designed by Pericles for the musical contests, which he regulated and introduced at the Panathenæan solemnity *. The building was finished by Lycurgus, son of Lycophron. It contained many rows of seats and marble columns. The roof was constructed with the masts and yards of Persian ships, and formed to imitate the pavilion of Xerxes. Here was the tribunal of the archon, or supreme magistrate; and here the Athenians listened to the rhapsodists rehearsing the poems of Homer, and to the songs in praise of the patriot Harmodius and Aristogiton, and Thrasybulus. Aristion and Sylla set it on fire; the former, when he fled to the Acropolis, because the timber would have enabled the enemy to raise machines for an attack without loss of time. King Ariobarzanes the Second, named Philopator, who reigned in Cappadocia not long after, restored it. He was honoured with a statue by the people, as appears from an inscription. Before the entrance were the statues of the kings of Egypt. This was the edifice in being when Pausanias published his Attica; afterwards, as he informs us, it was rebuilt by Atticus Herodes, in memory of his wife Regilla. This fabric was roofed with cedar, and Greece had not a rival to it in dimensions and magnificence. The wall of the inner front of the proscenium is still standing, very lofty, with open arches, serving as part of the out-work of the Acropolis.

CHANDLER'S Travels in Greece, vol. ii. page 74.

* In allusion to this edifice, Cratinus takes occasion to ridicule Pericles in his play called Thrattæ:

Here comes our Jove, escaped an exile's doom;
And on his head behold the music room!

PLUTARCH'S Life of Pericles.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by W. Lizars.

CASTLE OF PATRAS,
ANCIENT PATRAE.

THE CASTLE OF PATRASS,

AT ANCIENT PATRÆ.

“ ———Undique Graiæ
Circum errant acies, et, ni mea cura resistit,
Jam flammæ tulerint, inimicus et hauserit ensis,
Hic ubi disjectas moles, avulsaque saxis
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
Jam summas arces Tutonia, respice, Pallas
Insedit nimbo effulgens et Gorgone sævâ ;
Ipse Pater Danaïs animos viresque secundas
Sufficit.”

VIRG. ÆN. II.

“ Long years of blood and labour hath she cost,
That fortress proud, to Grecia's patriot host.
But she is doomed ; the hour draws nigh at length,
When fire and steel shall tame her haughty strength ;
On yonder giant rock, her massive wall,
Midst smoke and dust, now totters to its fall.
With cloudy robes, and Gorgon buckler, see
How Pallas calls her sons to victory !
And, smiling on their path, the heavenly Sire
Hath filled their arm with might, their hearts with patriot fire !”
J. P.

* The Castle of Patrass is the principal fortress which the Turks now possess in the Peloponnesus.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by W. Forrest.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CORINTHIAN SHORE.
AS SEEN FROM A HEIGHT APPROACHING VOSTIZZA.

Published by Longman, Rees, & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1828.

Printed by M. Brown.

GENERAL VIEW
OF
THE CORINTHIAN SHORE,

AS SEEN FROM A HEIGHT APPROACHING VOSTIZZA, THE ANCIENT ÆGIUM.

“ Say, memory, thou from whose unerring tongue
Instructive flows the animated song!
What regions now the flying ship surround?
Regions of old through all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme, the muse's boast,
Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost.
Did they whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unconscious pass this famous circling shore?”

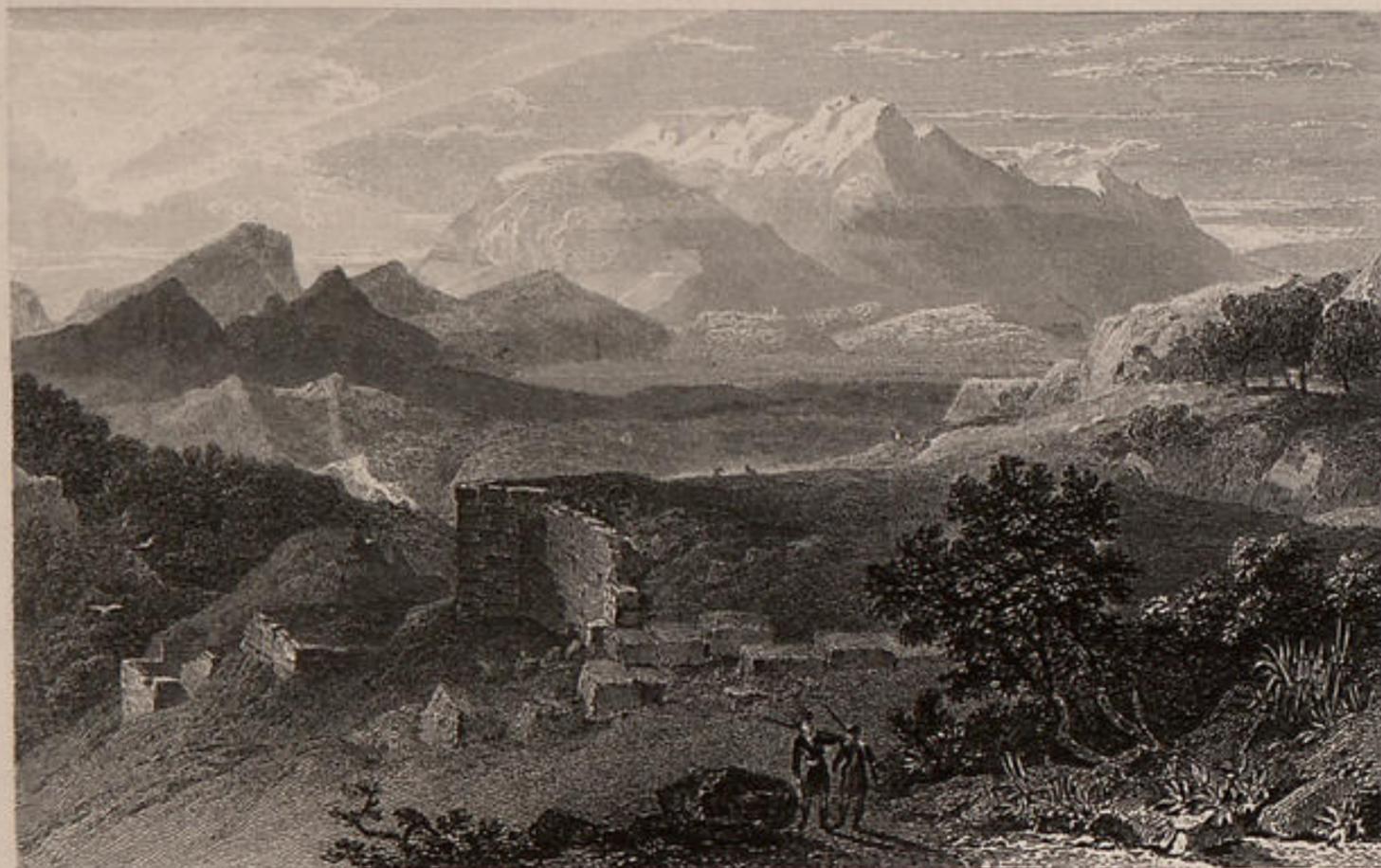
FALCONER.

“ Ἄφνειόν τε Κόρινθον, ἐκτιμένας τε Κλεωνάς,
Ἵρνεϊάς τ' ἐνέμοντο, Ἀραιθυρέην τ' ἐρατεινήν,
Καὶ Σικυῶν' ὅθ' ἄρ' Ἀδρηστος πρῶτ' ἐμβασίλευεν,
Πελλήνην τ' εἶχον, καὶ Ἄιγιον ἀμφενέμοντο
Ἄιγίυλον τ' ἀνὰ πάντα.”

HOMER. ILIAD. II.

He drew his hosts from Corinth's wealthy halls,
Orneia, and Cleonæ's rock-built walls;
From Sicyon,—palace of the ancient reign
Of brave Adrastus; from fair Thyria's plain,
From Ægium's, from Pellene's gates they pour,
And every nook of that deep-winding shore.

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams from a Sketch by C.R. Cockerell Esq.

Engraved by J. Stewart.

MOUNT PARNASSUS,
FROM THE WALLS OF PANOPEUS.

MOUNT PARNASSUS.

“ HESPERIO tantum quantum semotus Eoo
Cardine, Parnassus gemino petit æthera colle,
Mons Phœbo Bromioque sacer ; cui numine misto
Delphica Thebanæ referunt trieterica Bacchæ.
Hoc solum, fluctu terras mergente, cacumen
Eminuit, pontoque fuit discrimen et astris.”

LUCAN. PHARSAL.

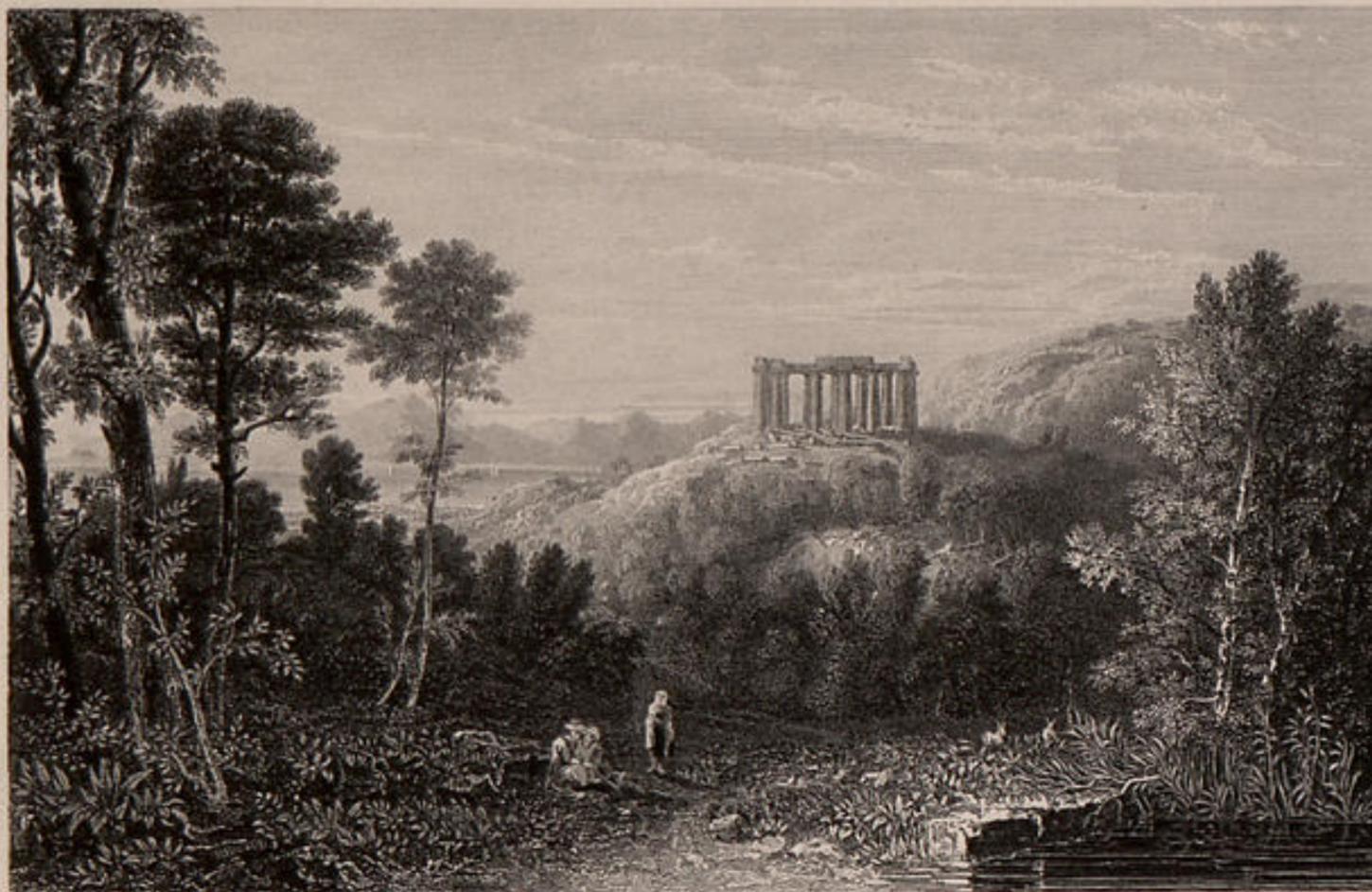
“ Midway between the east and farther west,
Parnassus lifts on high his double crest ;
Sacred to Sol and Bacchus stands the Mount,
And maids inspired their double praise recount,
When, at each third revolving summer's fall,
Delphos and Thebes hold common festival.
Once, swelling from its bed, the dread abyss
Of waters whelmed each mountain top save this ;
Proudly it reared its lonely head on high,
Sole bound between the ocean and the sky !”

J. P.

“ Oh, thou, Parnassus, whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky
In the wild pomp of mountain-majesty !
What marvel, if I thus essay to sing ?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one muse will wave her wing.

“ Oft have I dreamed of thee, whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore.
And, now I view thee, 'tis, alas ! with shame
That I in humblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy clouded canopy,
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee !”

BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER PANHELLENIUS. AEGINA.
LOOKING TOWARDS HYMETTUS.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER PANHELLENIUS.

ISLAND OF ÆGINA.*

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills the setting sun ;
Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O’er the hush’d deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina’s rock, and Idra’s Isle,
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O’er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.”

CORSAIR, CANTO III.

See No. II. Plate 4.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh.

TEMPLE OF MINERVA SUNIAS,
CAPE COLONNA.

THE
TEMPLE OF MINERVA SUNIAS,

ON THE PROMONTORY OF SUNIUM, NOW CAPE COLONNA, THE SOUTHERN
EXTREMITY OF ATTICA, OVERHANGING THE ÆGEAN SEA, AT
THE ENTRANCE OF THE SARONIC GULPH.

“ ————Eois longe speculabile proris
Sunion, unde vagi casurum in nomina ponti,
Cressia decepit falso ratis Ægea velo.”

STAT. THEB. XII. 621.

“ Sunium, that, gleaming in the western light,
To the far sailor rears its headland height ;
Whence, mocked by the false sail, sad Ægeus gave
His life and name to the unpitying wave.”

J. P.

“ Sunion expositum, Piræaque tuta recessu——”

OVID. FAST. I.

“ Sunium, that braves the ocean shelterless,
And calm Piræus, in its safe recess.”

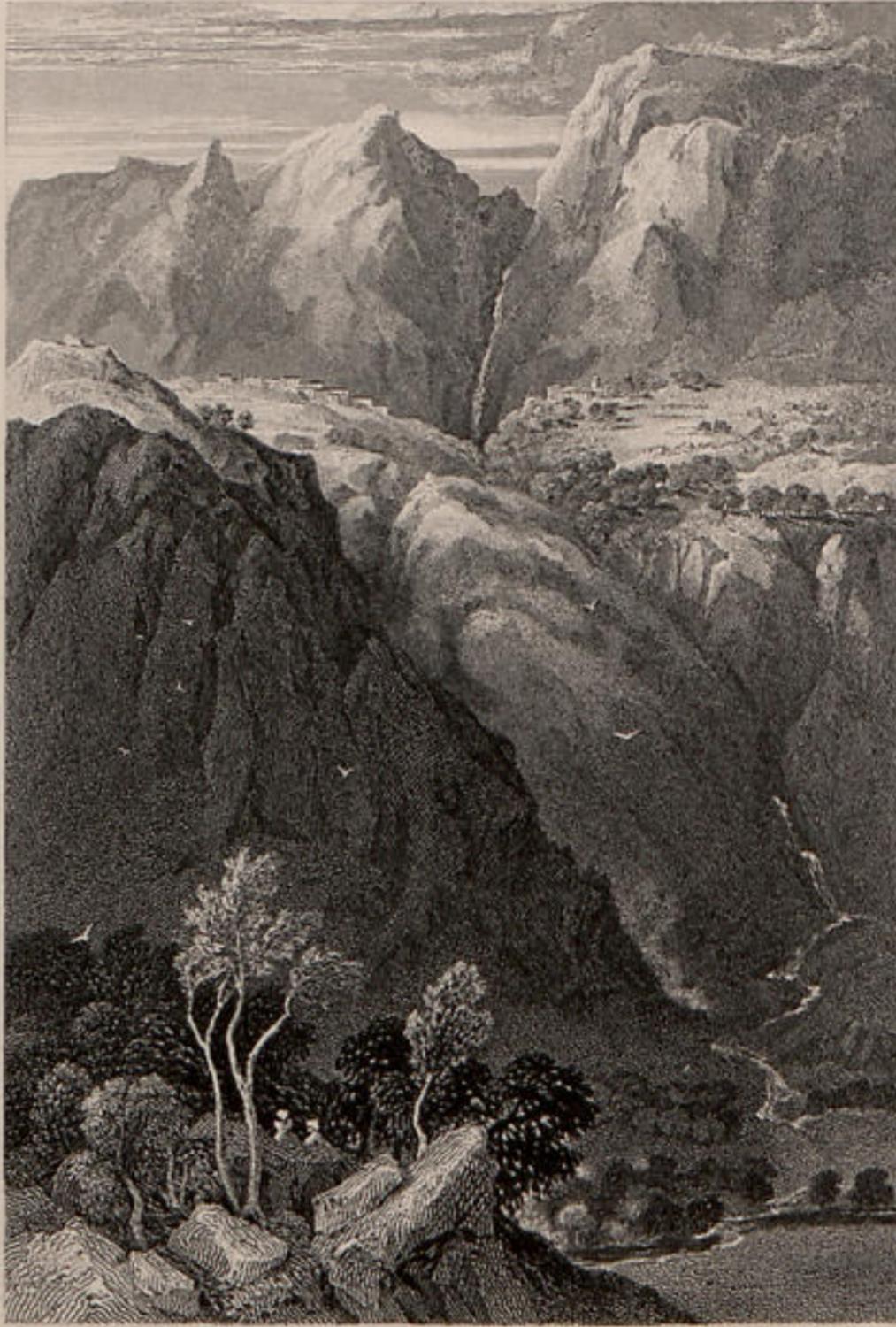
J. P.

“ But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns from high ;
Where marble columns, long by time defaced,
Moss-covered, on the lofty peak are placed ;
There reared by fair Devotion, to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane.”

FALCONER, Canto III.

“ ————Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave.”

CHILDE HAROLD Canto III.



Drawn by H.W. Williams

Engraved by W. Miller.

DELPHI.

CASTALIAN FOUNTAIN ON MOUNT PARNASSUS.

THE CASTALIAN FOUNTAIN, PARNASSUS.

“URANIA ad latices deducit Pallada sacros,
Quæ mirata diu factas pedis ictibus undas,
Silvarum lucos circumspicit antiquarum,
Antraque et innumeris distinctos floribus herbas,
Felicesque vocat pariter studiique locique
Mnemonidas.” OVID. MET. V. 263.

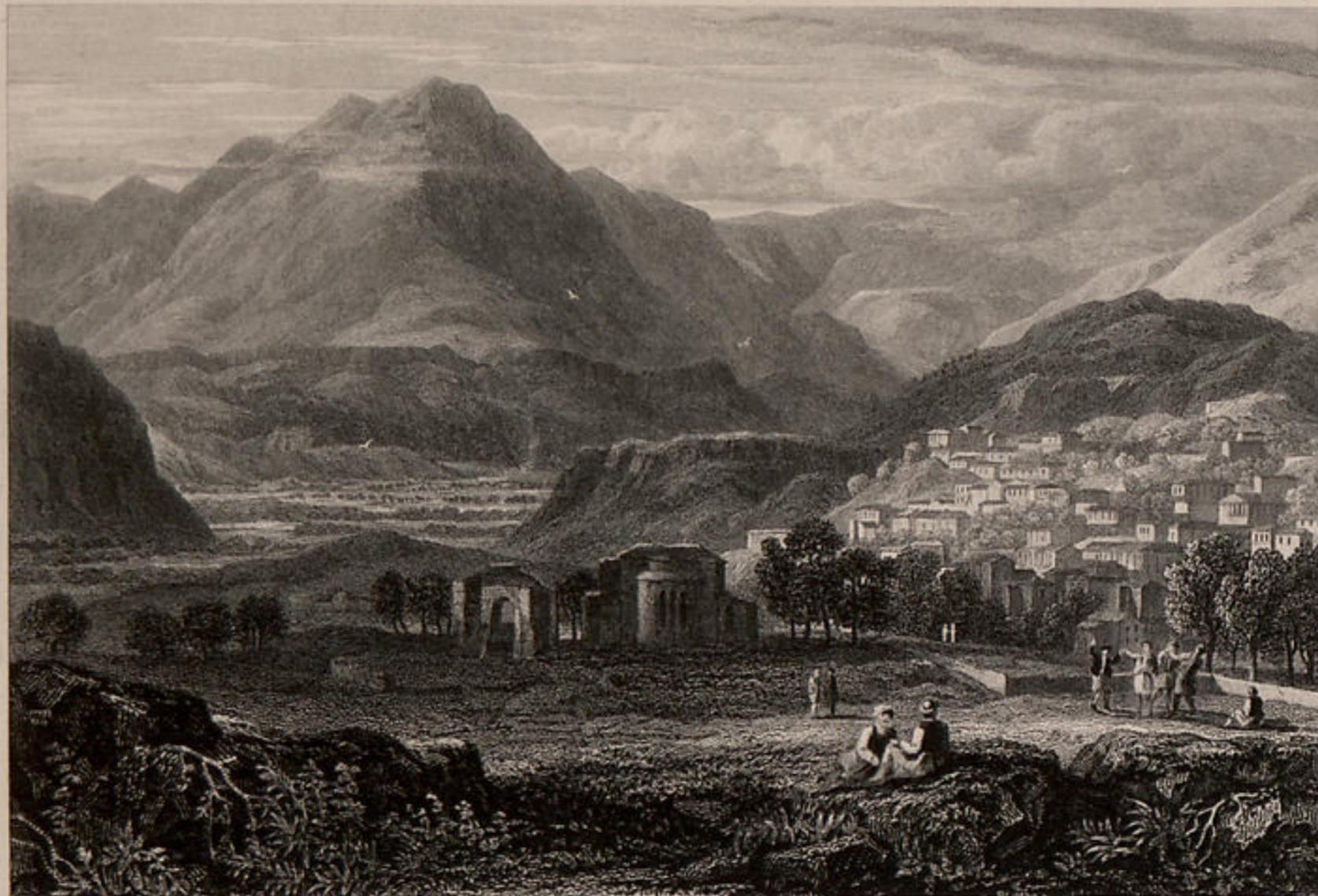
“The goddess, guided by the willing muse,
With rapturous gaze the hoof-struck fountain views,
Welling 'mid ancient trees, and shadowy bowers,
And grass, enamelled with a thousand flowers;
And blest alike she deemed the sacred Nine,
In their charmed dwelling, and their task divine!” J. P.

“Mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus,
Nomine Parnassus, superatque cacumine nubes.”
OVID. MET. I. 316.

“Parnassus lifts his forked summit high
Above the clouds, and hides it in the sky!” J. P.

“O thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,
Muse! formed or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
Yet there I've wandered by thy vaulted rill;
Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine!”
CHILDE HAROLD, Canto I. v. 1.

“Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides, with glassy foot, o'er yon melodious wave!”
CHILDE HAROLD, Canto I. v. 412.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by W. Forrest.

CRISSA ON MOUNT PARNASSUS.
LOOKING UP THE VALE OF SALONA ANCIENTLY AMPHISSA.

Published by Longman, Rice & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1828.

Printed by M. Zuercher.

CRISSA, ON MOUNT PARNASSUS,

LOOKING UP THE VALE OF SALONA, THE ANCIENT AMPHISSA.

————— “ Πυθῶνά τε πετρήεσσαν,
Κρίσσαν τε ξαθέην.”

HOMER. ILIAD. II.

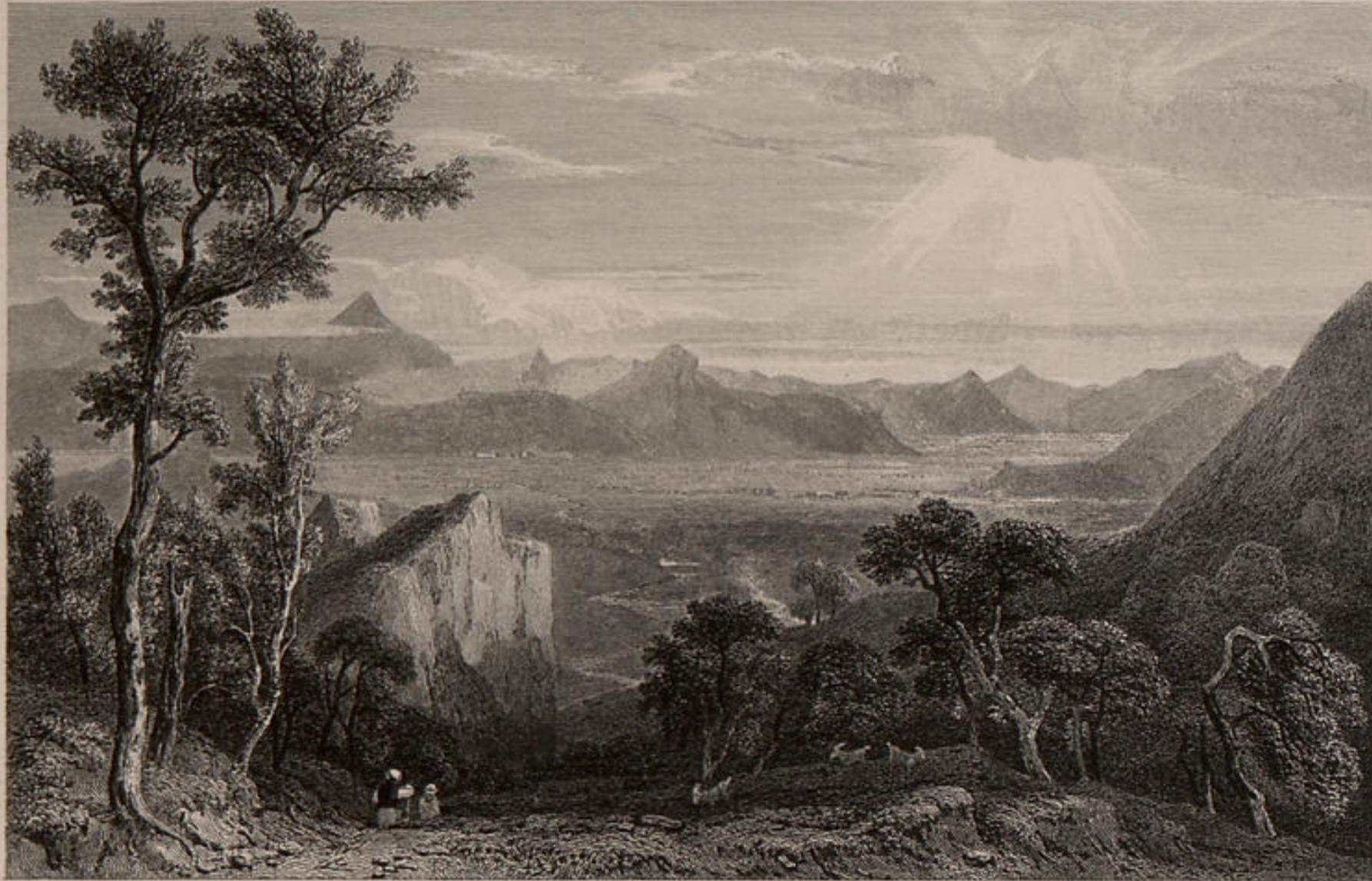
Python the rocky, Crissa the divine.

“ Phocaicas Amphissa manus, scopulosaque Cyrrha
Parnassusque jugo misit desertus utroque.”

LUCAN. PHARS. III.

“ From either peak Parnassus swell'd the host,
Amphissa's vale, and Cyrrha's rocky coast.”

J. P.



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by Jas. Stewart.

PLAIN OF CHERONIA.

Published by Longman, Rees, & Co. London, and Adam Black, Edinburgh, 1828.

Printed by McQueen.

THE PLAIN OF CHÆRONEA.

Χαιρωνεια δ' εστιν Ορχομενου πλησιον, όπου Φιλιππος ο Αμυντου μεγαλως νικησας τους Αθηναιους, τε και Βοιωτους, και Κορινθιους, κατεστη της Έλλαδος κυριος δεικνυται δε κενταυθα ταφη των πεσοντων δημοσια. —STRAB. IX.

“ Not far from Orchomenus is Chæronea, where Philip, the son of Amyntas, having vanquished the Athenians, Bœotians, and Corinthians, in a great battle, became supreme ruler of Greece, and where is still pointed out the tomb, erected by the commonwealth to the memory of those who fell.”



Drawn by H.W. Williams.

Engraved by Will^{ms} Forrest.

GRECIAN LANDSCAPE.

Published by Longman, Brown, & Co. London, and Alan Black, Edinburgh, 1829.

Printed by McQueen.

GRECIAN LANDSCAPE.

“ WHERE’ER we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole!
Beneath, the distant torrent’s rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll,
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.”

“ Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From Heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
The plain is far beneath—Oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnant with disease;
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

"HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave ;
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee?"——

BYRON.

I CANNOT take leave of this Work, without repeating my acknowledgements to the gentlemen, to whose assistance I have been indebted in the course of the execution of it. In a more especial manner, must I express the very great obligations which I owe to Mr COCKERELL and MR PATTERSON ; to the former, for the inimitable beauty and accuracy of the sketches which he has furnished for many of the Engravings, and to the latter, for the masterly manner in which he has assisted me with apposite quotations and original translations for the subjects.



