

# **THE TEMPLE OF MEMORY**

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The temple of memory by Kenelm Henry Digby

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**KENELM HENRY DIGBY**

**THE TEMPLE  
OF MEMORY**



THE  
TEMPLE OF MEMORY.

BY  
KENELM HENRY DIGBY.



"Magna vis est Memoriæ, nescio quid horrendum, profunda et infinita multiplèitas; et hæc animus est, et hoc ego ipse sum."—  
S. AUGUST. CONFESS., Hb. x. c. 25.

London:  
LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER.  
1874.

LOAN STACK

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## PREFACE.

THE object of this Poem was to visit, with the aid of St. Augustin, some of the wonders of Memory. There are added autobiographical sketches comprising various remarkable characters, public events, artistic scenes, and even personal incidents connected with them, in which it was thought the general reader might take an interest.

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# THE TEMPLE OF MEMORY.

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## CANTO I.

### PRELUDE.

OF temples and their wonders poets sing,  
Who through past ages oft their flight will wing  
Towards Egypt and the ancient domes of Nile,  
To Tibur's banks or the Ægean Isle.  
What do not men there measure, scan, describe?  
What will not then explain each learned scribe?  
Karnac or Ammon the first temple built  
After the Deluge consequent on guilt,—  
Great Temple of the Pharoahs—this they know,  
And Dandour in the Nubian deserts low,  
No less Dracontia and the Pyramids,  
Which last to class with temples nought forbids;  
To others monolithic do they speed,  
Their sculptured forms and strange inscriptions read,  
To Balbec and Palmyra where the sun  
Was worshipp'd once, nor would they e'er have done  
Till that of Belus they beheld still lower  
Where once had stood famed Babel's haughty tower.

Then Esneh, Denderah, Persepolis  
Attract them on ; nor Luxor would they miss.  
For such a study they extend their span  
To Pandoo Koolies of grave Hindostan ;  
Cambodia, Siam, Angkor showing all  
Whole cities form'd of temples great and small.  
They pierce through sacred woods, Olympia near,  
Where men would Jupiter and Juno fear.  
Then they would scan the temple over Python,  
There too to gaze and meditate and sigh on  
Apollo's Delphic shrine ; or they will stand  
On lofty summits in the Grecian land.  
Of whispers, secrets, things sublime and old  
Within these porches graver men have told.

But I would visit what exceeds their walls  
Of Memories the vast capacious halls !  
The farthest bounds of India thus surpass'd  
For temples here though not in ruins, last ;  
As many there are too as there are minds ;  
Whole cities of them therefore thus one finds.  
One of the smallest I propose to show  
That can be found in any laud I know.  
But there's no want of guides if we should call  
Others to show what's greater to us all,  
Each is mysterious, such as still defies  
The longest searching of created eyes  
To scan its depths, its wonders to explain,  
Which render human efforts wholly vain—