

**MEMORIALS OF A TOUR
IN SOME
PARTS OF GREECE:
CHIEFLY POETICAL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649647217

Memorials of a Tour in Some Parts of Greece: Chiefly Poetical by Richard Monckton Milnes

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

**MEMORIALS OF A TOUR
IN SOME
PARTS OF GREECE:
CHIEFLY POETICAL**

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR

IN SOME PARTS

OF

G R E E C E :

CHIEFLY POETICAL.

BY

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

"Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of Thought and its Eternity."—
SHELLEY.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER-STREET.

MDCCKXXXIV.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, (LATE T. DAVISON),
WHITEFRIARS.



TO

HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

It may excite some just surprise both in others and yourself, that I have ventured to prefix to these light leaves a name so grave and exalted in English letters. But I have a motive for so doing which I would fain believe that you will appreciate and approve. If I have ever entertained pleasurable anticipations connected with the publication of any production of my mind, they have owed not a little to the thought that I should thus be enabled to give, in my humble way, an open testimony to the affectionate admiration with which I regarded one, whom I loved with the truth of early friendship, and you with a parent's passion. It has pleased that high Will, to which we must submit every thing, even our loves, to take Him away, in whom the world has lost so much,

6-23-32 Hunt. Trans. 1.03

3790
.13
364 (RECAP)

718940

and they who knew him so much more. I would therefore delude my grief by the fancy, that in offering this little book to your name, I am paying my feeble but ardent homage to him who is gone.

You and your family have a supremacy of sorrow on which no one can dare to intrude; but still we, the contemporaries of your dear son, have one source of regret, which, in the nature of things, is spared you. We are deprived, not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor in all the serious concerns of existence, of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in every thing else, as he is now in the way of life.

I hold his kind words and earnest admonitions in the best part of my heart, I have his noble and tender letters by my side, and I feel secure from any charge of presumption in thus addressing you, under the shield of his sacred memory.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your deeply obliged

And obedient Servant,

R. M. MILNES.

London, Nov. 1833.

INTRODUCTION.

Let not any one, about to travel in Greece, be induced by any thing under absolute necessity to undertake the long week's journey from Naples to Brindisi or Otranto. There is no district of Italy so devoid of beauty and interest, and few parts of Greece itself where he will meet with more personal inconvenience. Some fifty miles of bare mountain road, not without majestic glimpses, lead into the undulating plain which forms that southern portion of the Capitanate, to which every century has paid its tribute of blood, from Hannibal to Napoleon. It is impossible, however, to give any meaning or power to the associations which scenes so familiar to history might be expected to call up. The multiplicity and confusion of the events, as well as the nature of the ground, prevent the imagination from acting freely: it cannot abstract any one clear and definite picture from the motley tumult of nations, and times, and causes, which rises on the memory, dazzling to blindness. Roman and African and Greek, Norman and Saracen, Spaniard and French, press

forward, host upon host, in such rapid succession, that the impression left by the whole is as that of a vacant theatre, where an unceasing variety of noble events have been fictitiously represented, rather than that of a scene where the presence of that which is enduring and unchanging realises to the mind of the spectator that which was fortuitous and transitory. I remember to have experienced this feeling, in a fainter degree, on the plain of the Marchfeld, thrice eventful to the house of Hapsburg* : but here the indistinctness of association is immeasurably greater ; for even could the position of each battle be accurately determined, they are so numerous, and the different inequalities of the plain so totally without individual features, that it is almost impossible to get beyond the simple consciousness, that we are passing over a great charnel-field of humanity. It is perhaps the circumstance of the most important conflicts being decided in flat districts, that renders the impressions of the places of their occurrence so little vivid. All battles, at least to the eye of the imagination, are so like one another, and so few plains have any peculiar character, that to give an ideal life to this twofold monotony, is as difficult for the poet as for the painter ; it is as hard for the one to give truth and energy to so vague an image in his own mind, as for the other to invest it with any high interest in art.

The spot which an uncertain tradition has consecrated to the disasters of Canosa, has nevertheless something definite about it. The modern town of Canosa, built on a bleak sand-hill, rises out of the solitude with a picturesque solemnity, and prepares you for the scene.

* In 1260—1278, and at Wagram.

Save where Garganus, with low-ridgèd bound,
 Protects the North, the eye outstretching far
 Surveys one sea of gently-swelling ground,
 A fifty-moulded "Orchestra of War."
 Here Aufidus, between his humble banks
 With wild thyme plotted, winds along the plain,
 A devious path, as when the serried ranks
 Past over it, that past not back again.
 The long-horned herds enjoy the cool delight,
 Sleeping half-merged, to shun the deep sun-glow,
 Which, that May-morning*, dazed the Roman sight,
 But fell innocuous on the subtler foe.
 We feel the wind upon our bosoms beat,
 That whilom dimmed with dust those noble eyes†,
 And rendered aimless many a gallant feat,
 And brought disgrace on many a high emprise.
 And close beside us rests the antient well ‡,
 Where at the end of that accursed day,
 Apulian peasants to their grandsons tell,
 The friend and follower of wise Fabius lay ;

* The battle was fought on the 21st of May, B. C. 216.

† Vulturinus, a south-east wind, probably a local name.

‡ The only localities preserved in the tradition are this large fountain which goes by the name of the "Consul's Well," and "The Place of Blood," a farm-house on the other side of the river, where they say the Roman prisoners were massacred.